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THE  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

OR

BRITISH REGISTER

OF

LITERATURE, SCIENCES, AND THE BELLES-LETTRES.



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New Series. **PRESENTED**

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LONDON:

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## PREFACE TO THE NINTH VOLUME.

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AT the commencement of a new year, the Proprietors of the MONTHLY MAGAZINE address the Public with a highly gratified feeling of the general and effective reception which its principles have experienced throughout the British Empire.

We shall not now more than allude to the peculiar bias of the MONTHLY MAGAZINE under its original proprietorship. It is of higher importance to observe, that having fallen into our hands, it has totally flung away all that seemed erroneous in its earlier spirit, and has since been emulous only of being distinguished among the foremost defenders of the Crown, the Constitution, and the Religion of the Empire.

This change took place at a time when there might have been strong temptations to the contrary—when every art was adopted to mislead or fetter the public mind—when a formidable attack on the British Constitution was meditated, and the first object was to intimidate the public writers of the country.

It is now unnecessary to say how far those purposes succeeded. But we have the right to say, that *we* looked on the crisis only as a summons to more active vigilance, and more vigorous exertion; that we felt the general decay of honour, only as an evidence of the stronger necessity for the most open declaration of British principle; and that the sudden apostacy even of the highest ranks, only excited our deeper abhorrence, and more fearless appeal to the remaining integrity of the British mind.

For the proof of this service, we refer to the whole of our last year's publication. From what public question did we shrink? What official delusion did we suffer to go undetected? What instance of tergiversation—let the culprit be who he might—did we leave undevoted to national scorn? What open, prompt, and honourable hostility did we not array against the breakers-down, and the breach, of the Constitution?

A ruinous and hated measure was brought forward, first with the subtlest artifice, next with the most daring scorn. We resisted it from the beginning. We would have crushed the serpent in the egg. We as unhesitatingly assailed it, when it had swelled into portentous venom and magnitude, and seemed rising to wrap in its spirals the civil and religious liberties of England. What we have done, we shall do still. We look upon the "Catholic Question" as an enormous political folly—if it do not assume the deeper dye of an enormous political crime. But its history is not to be terminated by its record on the books of Parliament. Out of that measure a teeming harvest will spring. Political treachery, popular weakness, sullen superstition, and fierce Jacobinism, have already followed each other's footsteps, and sown each their portion over the field: the time of ripening will rapidly come, and with it the sternest trial that can try the strenuousness of empires.

## *Preface to the Ninth Volume.*

Until that time come, we shall be found at our post, determined on doing a duty, than which none higher is reserved for the imperfect powers of man—the great and sacred duty of struggling for the truth ; of giving a free course to the aspirations and opinions of those men of ability, virtue, and honour, who still love their country ; and of resisting to the death the designs of every enemy to the hereditary rights and hallowed belief of the English Nation.

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In the more general features of the work, we have attended to the varied tastes of our readers. London society is in a state of perpetual excitement—London literature in a state of perpetual change. Singularities of character, eccentricities of manner, displays of mental power, pleasantry, fantasy, and folly, are hourly revolving before the eye, in this boundless metropolis, with the vividness and interest of a living panorama. Of all those, we have the adequate command. To seize and embody those phantoms in every shape of Narrative—Papers on the leading Questions of Public Life—Tales of Manners—Individual Traits—Opinions on Books—Local Descriptions, &c. are within the means only of a publication like ours. We have already largely availed ourselves of our direct opportunities, and propose to extend this department.

The topics of the day have been remarked on with an exactness which might make our Journal, to future days, among the most accurate memorials of the habits, the topics, and the pleasantries of English life. Our “Notes of the Month” will continue to form a permanent characteristic of the Magazine. Our Theatrical intelligence has been derived from the best sources, and we have made arrangements for giving new interest to a subject which naturally excites and gratifies so large a portion of the public: the sudden revival of the winter theatres will give us increased opportunities on this head.

A multitude of striking Tales, of foreign and domestic manners and adventure, are now awaiting our publication. Poems, on subjects grave and gay ; Anecdotes of public men and peculiar circles ; brief Biographies of celebrated persons ; Letters from intelligent travellers ; details of the Fine Arts, &c. are already on our table. Reviews of all books that in any degree deserve public attention, shall be given immediately on their appearance ; news of forthcoming Literature will be regularly inserted ; the usual lists and statements of the Agricultural, Commercial, and Financial Affairs of the empire will be suitably attended to ; and thus a performance offered to the Public, which, for completeness, accuracy, and *earliness* of general information—for, we shall hope, easy and various amusement—and for (we will pledge ourselves) uncorrupt and incorruptible public principle—will have a right to stand, at least side by side, with any publication of its kind in the annals of national literature.

THE  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND THE BELLES LETTRES.

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VOL. IX.]

JANUARY, 1830.

[No. 49.]

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ANNUS MIRABILIS;

OR,

FAREWELL TO THE YEAR 1829.

BEGONE, thou dullest of all Years !  
Let Wordsworth o'er thee shake his ears ;  
Let Southey, for his pipe of port,  
Pay to thy majesty his court ;  
Let Milman, weary of the Jews,  
Fall on his nose to kiss thy shoes ;  
Let pungent Crabbe, let classic Bowles,  
For thee forsake the cure of souls.  
Leaving in peace his northern hovels,  
Let Scott abjure for once his novels ;  
Let Moore leave Byron to his doze,  
And give thy dying hours to prose.  
Dramatic Baillie, lofty Campbell,  
The host that round Parnassus ramble—  
From epic bards to tiniest wits,  
In albums who embalm their hits,  
Whose sonnets, well entitled *strains*,  
Give proof of every thing but brains ;—  
Old Year ! let all around thee weep,  
Right glad *we* see thee fast asleep.

But let us, like true Britons, sing  
First, as in duty bound, our King.

His Majesty has left his hut,  
So long the Windsor wittings' butt ;  
Forsworn the eel and gudgeon slaughter,  
And left in peace Virginia water :  
(That water, whose deep mysteries  
Awoke such hosts of prying eyes ;



That water, on whose sunny breast  
 Reposed the barge—a gilded nest ;  
 That water, by whose hidden shore  
 So often flashed the royal oar,  
 While swelled the loyal surges—proud,  
 Of course, to be so nobly ploughed).  
 His brick-and-mortar troubles past,  
 The King has left the Lodge at last ;  
 Has made his way through Windsor's wreck,  
 Without the hazard of his neck ;  
 Has lit his Castle's chilling halls,  
 Has hung his pictures on his walls ;  
 At last sent Signor Wyatville,  
 With bag and baggage, down the hill ;  
 (That Signor, with the dove-tailed name—  
 His first was far too short for fame ;)—  
 Laid up his curricule and ponies ;  
 Brought round him all his ancient cronies—  
 Sir Andrew—ever-punning Fife—  
 In fact, wants nothing but a wife ;  
 Sees Wellington but once a week ;  
 Leaves rogues and fools to “ chew their leek ;”  
 Cares not a straw for all that Grey,  
 In all his bitter soul, can say ;  
 Leaves Brougham to do his worst, or best ;  
 Beats Lyndhurst at a ready jest ;  
 Asks once a month who's in or out ;  
 Laughs at the winter and the gout ;  
 And, glad to call a roof his own,  
 Fights off old Care with old Bourgeois.

Now, having made our bow to kings,  
 We turn our glance to mortal things.

With gentle look, but desperate hand,  
 Lord Lowther has knocked down the Strand ;  
 All changed !—yet, wit of wits, Jack Russell,  
 (Whose muse is famous for a *bustle*,  
 Resolved, whichever wind may blow,  
 To have his fame, or high or *low*,)  
 Declares that though through wrecks you range,  
 For his part he can see *no* 'Change.  
 Alas ! its pedlars out are thrust ;  
 Peace to their penknives and their dust !  
 The lion has resigned his *stall*,  
 (Sparke sees in this the church's fall.  
 'Tis true the lion had no heir,  
 To fat and fasten on the lair ;  
 But if a beast *can* keep his station,  
 There's *no* such vice as resignation) ;  
 Its wolves no longer bay the moon ;  
 Off goes the “ grand blue-rumped baboon ;”  
 That smiling thing, the alligator,  
 (Soft emblem of a Lord Dictator !)—



All gone, by order, to the Ark—  
 That glory of the Regent's Park ;  
 (Where the young heroines of the City,  
 Afraid no longer of Banditti,  
 Trill their soft souls to Erard's harps—  
 Tremendous work for flats and sharps !  
 Or learn, from Colburn's last romance,  
 How Hebes of the *haut ton* prance ;  
 The price of Lady Jersey's horses ;  
 The new machinery for divorces,  
 That, like the locomotive carriage,  
 Makes one scarce feel the shocks of marriage).  
 The brutes are gone—hyænas, tigers—  
 To meet their Noah, Mister Vigors ;  
 Prepared, as soon as summer's sky  
 Shall leave their miry valleys dry,  
 Boldly to scorn the narrow den,  
 And fatten on the aldermen.  
 Delicious morsel, in the shade  
 To lunch upon a nursery-maid ;  
 Or catch a pair of human plovers,  
 And sup on both the moonlight-lovers !

Roar all your roars, ye Essex beeves !  
 Sigh all your sighs, ye London thieves !  
 Fleet Market, honour of the land,  
 Has shared the fortunes of the Strand.  
 The stranger pocket-picked, no more,  
 By my Lord Waithman's shawl-hung door,  
 Shall see the master of his fob  
 Defy him from his kindred mob ;  
 No more, enveloped in a tide  
 Of Lincoln bullocks, take his ride ;  
 Or, tossed up fifty feet in air,  
 Smile down upon the Fleet-street fair.  
 Fleet Market, weep ! thy fame is gone,  
 Lost in new-fangled Farringdon !

But, gentle Muse, increase thy speed,  
 And run, that " he who runs may read ;"  
 Tag as thou wilt thy rambling rhyme,  
 Let boobies wait for tide and time.  
 The march of geese once saved a state ;  
 But Goderich shews them out of date.

The Year commenced with wind and rain ;  
 A royal love-letter from Spain,  
 (Which made the monarch's wife his niece) ;  
 Another batch of " truths" from Greece,  
 (That land of heroes and of honey,  
 Which perishes without our money—  
 But " *one* loan more" they'll ever pray—  
 In short, do all—but fight, or pay) ;

A poem, from that poem-showering  
 Master of jargons, Poet Bowring,  
 (Who, after having in his clutch  
 Grasped all the laurels of the Dutch ;  
 Sung all the gallant Cherokee  
 Discusses to his favourite she ;  
 Collected on the native spot  
 The raptures of the Hottentot ;  
 By virtue of his boundless charter,  
 Is gone to poetize the Tartar).

Lord Crowder has assumed the Chair,  
 In brain and belly a Lord Mayor ;  
 Charles Wynn has made a dozen speeches,  
 Surnamed, by courtesy, his screeches—  
 (The old ambition to be Speaker,  
 Still limited to " Mr. Squeaker ;"  
 Still, when he tries his nightly croak,  
 The House all crying out, "*Squoke ! Squoke !*")

Two boys from Siam, or baboons—  
 Human, but in their pantaloons ;  
 And brutes, but in their want of tails—  
 Came over, packed in India bales.  
 The wretches by the ribs are tied,  
 Through life to wander side by side :  
 Yet where's the shew ? Ten million wretches,  
 In nooses tighter than Jack Ketch's,  
 Pass the long drudgery of life ;  
 Yet no one pities man and wife.  
 They walk, they talk, they drink, they fight—  
 None gives a sixpence for the sight :  
 They starve, they feast, they hang, or drown—  
 Who hawks a placard through the town ?

The Court had packed up all for Brighton,  
 Till came a countermand from Knighton.  
 Le Sage says wisely, " Overlook  
 All sorts of insults in your cook,  
 Lest the first omelet close your supper,  
 In regions under ground or upper :"  
 So he who loves life's sunny borders,  
 Will take for law his doctor's orders.

The Donna Bonaparte Wyse  
 Flew from her macaroni skies,  
 Of which her kinsmen were the pillars,  
 To scold that handsome wretch, *Stuart Villars*.  
 Then, tarlike, having passed the line,  
 Took water in the Serpentine !  
 Ah ! Italy—as poets sing,  
 High mounted on the goose's wing—  
 Love sees no spot, from sea to sea,  
 So fit for love as Italy !

No spinster sighs in vain in thee,  
 Land of the soul, soft Italy !  
 No holy friar needs sip his tea  
 Without a love in Italy !  
 There matrons rove, as zephyrs free,  
 And monks are blest, dear Italy !  
 There maids are—what maids wish to be—  
 Contributors to Italy !  
 Land of *chevaliers d'industrie*,  
 Thief, harlot, slave—sweet Italy !  
 Farewell, half-dungeon, half-café !  
 Thou rascal's home, base Italy !

The Signor Bonaparte Wyse,  
 To raise the requisite supplies,  
 Bedaubs the mighty Agitator,  
 With ephithets of ass and ——— !  
 Such language may not seem polite—  
 But take our oath, the birds *won't* fight ;  
 If “ braggart, knave, and blockhead,” *pass*,  
 They slide from those, like rain off glass.  
 You'll never find the heroes tripping,  
 Under severest threats of whipping ;  
 They wisely scorn all satisfaction,  
 Except a handsome King's Bench action :  
 Long may they live, by horsewhips awless,  
 Though brandished in thy paw, Jack Lawless !  
 Long may they keep their backs and bowels  
 From kicks and bullets of the Dowells ;  
 From Mahony keep skin and bone,  
 For patriots' lives are not their own ;  
 Their duty's to keep kings in awe,  
 Then calmly yield to Ketch and law.

The theatres have broke their fast,  
 The banyan-day is done at last ;  
 Miss Fanny Kemble's *Belvidera*  
 Has made what lord mayors call an *hæra*—  
 A Siddons', Crawford, Yates' revival ;  
 The elephant's her only rival—  
 That mighty fair, with every charm  
 The stern to soothe, the cold to warm ;  
 That bringing all her chattels over,  
 The only goods unsearched at Dover ;  
 Plays Mathews' mistress every night,  
 Though none can deem her conduct *light* ;  
 Speaks to five hundred men, though dumb ;  
 No *reasons* gives, yet brings a *plum*.

Three mighty club-rooms have been built,  
 Where the three corps of Guards might tilt ;  
 Three club-rooms, where you'll get a slice  
 Of bacon at three times the price ;  
 Three club-rooms, where a mob of fools  
 Make and unmake “ eternal rules ;”

Three club-rooms, where a twaddling group  
 Combine for nonsense and cheap soup ;  
 Three club-rooms, solely made to fill  
 The architect's unending bill !  
 Temple of Folly ! Athenæum !  
 Round thee the hod-men sing *T'e Deum* ;  
*Te Deum* all the Burtons sing,  
 Thou body, without head or wing !  
 The plasterers triumph in thy frieze,  
 Worthy the " race who write with ease ;"  
 Legs upon legs—a donkey-pound—  
 An endless, puzzled, mill-horse round ;  
 Fit emblem for that brick Parnassus,  
 Where all the Pegasi are asses.

Three Juries, men of brains and Bibles,  
 Have given three verdicts on three libels,  
 Which some would term—" three paragraphs,  
 Just worthy of so many laughs."  
 For our part, in these ticklish days,  
*We* feel no talent but for praise.  
 If mighty men are turned to laughter,  
 Who knows what Earthquake comes hereafter ?  
 Who knows but half-a-dozen sneers  
 May to the dog-star blow the Peers ?  
 Who knows but half an epigram  
 The current of the Thames may dam ?  
 And (through the special care of Heaven)  
 Swamp all thy orators, St. Stephen !  
 So, when we see a rascal ride,  
 We wisely turn our heads aside,  
 Well satisfied, in times so nice,  
 There lives no Virtue but in Vice.

The Russ has *pacified* the Turk  
 In Edinbro' fashion, à la Burke ;  
 While Malcolm's fleet at anchor lay,  
 Boldly resolved—to see fair play.

The Parliament has passed a session,  
 In the grand duty of confession,  
 Finding that mere old women's fears  
 Had shut their eyes three hundred years ;  
 The Commons scorning all requitals,  
 In shape of places, pensions, titles ;  
 The Lords, in honour quite as zealous,  
 With panegyric's largest bellows  
 Puffing the Premier's silken sail.  
 So ends the moral of our tale !

Farewell, thou Year of woe and shame !  
 Is there no scourge of tenfold flame  
 To lash, till every fibre wring ? —  
 But hush, sweet Muse ! here furl thy wing ;  
 Keep wisely to your laughing rhyme,  
 But choose your man, and take your time.



## THE BRITISH EMBASSIES, AMBASSADORS, AND THEIR SALARIES.

THE commencement of the Duke of Wellington's administration, was memorably distinguished by the number of its pledges—pledges for the support of the agricultural interest; of the manufacturing interest; of the colonial interest; for the reform of the circulation, of the tribunals, of the laws, and principally for the maintenance of the constitution, and for that rigid principle of strict and wise economy in the national expenditure, without which all constitutions are but a dead letter; an exigent government being always either a tyrant or a slave, and a bankrupt country only waiting for the conqueror that comes with bread in one hand and chains in the other;—pledges of all kinds offered with suspicious prodigality, and followed by niggard performance;—lofty promises, dying with their echo;—and stately reforms, worth the ink that wrote them down, and no more.

Of the constitution, we shall now say nothing. There one promise of another kind was kept to the letter. Mr. Peel declared that it was to be broken in upon; and if he shall ever be impeached of an utter want of credibility, let this act of his political life stand up in vindication, and satisfy the world that he can keep his word.

But, for the retrenchment we are to wait with an humble reliance on ministerial good intentions, which is by no means realized by their history. Nothing has been done; or worse than nothing; a few clerks in the lowest situations have been dismissed, and a few hundreds a year saved for the government, which, in a multitude of instances, must be paid to the workhouse. But the retrenchment that we desire to see commenced, that we shall never see commenced under this administration of pledges; and which is the only one capable of either lightening the pressures, or restoring the confidence of the country, is the extinction altogether of those great official emoluments, which form the trading stock of patronage in high places.

We shall for the present advert to but one branch of this trading stock; glaring in its waste and worthlessness, yet but little known to the public in its details; capable of retrenchment with at once the greatest possible fitness and the greatest possible ease; and yet perfectly secure of never being curtailed to the amount of a single shilling—the English embassies.

*Ambassadors.*

There are Seven Classes of Embassies. So much for the arts of subdivision and contrivance, for the wants and wishes of political dependency. Of those, the first class consists of five—Paris, St. Petersburg, Vienna, Madrid, and the Netherlands; and for each the salary and allowances are the same: the salary being eleven thousand pounds sterling a year! A sum of no less than four thousand pounds being allowed for the ambassador's outfit, and one thousand pounds a year being allowed for house rent. But this is not all. The ambassador thus showily provided for in money, must be provided for in brains; and this costs the salary of a secretary of embassy, at the rate of one thousand one hundred pounds a year, and four hundred pounds a year for a house, &c.

In this statement, which is *official*, we have omitted the infinite minor charges of all kinds, for journeys, estafettes, letters, snuff-boxes, douceurs, the whole inferior tribes of attachés, &c. As it is not our purpose to enter into minute matters here, we must limit ourselves to a few general observations.



That it may be of importance to have agents at foreign courts is unquestionable. But that unless they are men of ability, vigilance, and knowledge, they are useless or directly injurious, is equally unquestionable. Now, from what rank of mankind are the candidates for those five great appointments chosen? In nine instances out of ten they are peers, or chosen from the class of noble blood, the sons or immediate relatives of the peerage; and in ninety-nine instances out of a hundred, men less fitted for those appointments or any others, could not be chosen.

But let us look at their enormous emoluments. A place of twelve thousand pounds a year, would be an abuse, even in the high salaries of English office, and would be an enormous income even in the dearth of every article of English life. But those emoluments are not for the scale of English, but of foreign life. To take the most expensive capital of the continent: in Paris, though 300*l.* a year will scarcely support a family better than in London, yet the proportion decreases prodigiously as the scale of property rises. A man who spends 3,000*l.* a year in Paris, will have as much luxury for it, as he could have for 6,000*l.* in London; because in Paris, though the necessities of life may be not much cheaper than in London, the luxuries are. The scale varies still more with the advance, and a British functionary with an income in Paris of 12,000*l.* a year, would be on the footing of an Englishman spending in London 30,000*l.* a year—a sum actually equal to the viceroyalty of Ireland, without any of the establishments of a court, and with scarcely any necessity for keeping up an official show.

This, no man knows better than Lord Stuart, who lives on an expenditure even ridiculously narrow, and whose notorious want of hospitality is the laugh of the English in Paris. Some of his lordship's pursuits may be costly enough, but as they are certainly not displayed in the house of embassy, we leave them to other inquirers. This ill-mannered and very niggardly personage, may make no model for diplomatic courtesy; but it is certain that one fourth of the salary would be sufficient for all the necessary hospitality, and even for all the ceremonial and show of an English embassy in Paris.

We should mention that there is no obvious allowance for a house, the British government having some years ago purchased a hotel in the Rue St. Honoré; and as the ambassador has thus no rent to pay, none is allowed; but the house requires furniture, repairs, &c. and the repairs are no trifle, for a short time since the bill amounted to fifteen thousand pounds!

Thus, between outfit, secretary, and so forth; the first year of the English ambassador in Paris, costs 16,500*l.*! and every following one 12,500*l.*, independently of the interest and repairs of his house of embassy. But we have not done with him yet. He claims a retiring pension after a term of service, and the weight of this on the country in his person, may be estimated by the extraordinary fact, that in 1816, the period when the last public returns were made, those retired pensions amounted to no less a sum than fifty thousand pounds a year!

The Embassy at Vienna has the same outfit, salary, secretaryship, &c., but with still higher advantages in point of emolument. Austria is one of the cheapest countries in Europe; and in Vienna, the English pound, even when exchange is at par, is worth very little short of four pounds in London. This would raise the Ambassador's salary of 12,000*l.*, to not much less than 40,000*l.* But the exchange is always greatly in favour of England; and the English pound is often worth half as much more from the mere depression of the Austrian money. This would raise the salary to between 50, and 60,000*l.*, on the lowest calculation; and this

we pay for the services of the Duke of Wellington's brother, at Vienna. His services ought to be extraordinary ! Vienna is the favourite location of ministers' brothers, and no wonder.

The next in the list is Madrid, where the same allowances are made, though Spain is proverbially a country of excessive cheapness, the dollar, in Madrid, actually purchasing as much as the English pound in London ; the habits of the court being remarkably secluded ; those of the population, even in the higher classes, singularly frugal ; the chief luxuries of life, being sleep, fresh air, and cold water ; and the chief expense of entertainments, consisting of cigars for the gentlemen, and lemonade for the ladies.

The Netherlands' Embassy has the 12,000*l.* a year and the same outfit, &c. The Netherlands being also proverbially cheap, as our men of broken fortunes know, and fly to them ; the court being as Dutch in its habits as in its origin, and the value of English gold being as highly appreciated in Brussels, as on the counter of any usurer in Europe. At this quiet court, for ten years, resided the Earl of Clancarty, transacting satisfactorily all that was necessary to be done ; receiving his 12,000*l.* a year, and doing his duty as well as any of his contemporaries. He was no diplomatist, and was too honest a man to pretend to any thing of the kind. But no diplomatist is necessary to play whist with the king of the Netherlands, and send his compliments, on every Sunday morning, to ask after the health of the queen. He was a much better thing ; an Irish gentleman, without a particle of exaggerated passion, or restless ability in his composition ; an excellent silent member of the Peers, and a Ballinasloe sheep-feeder on the soundest principles.

St. Petersburg is expensive ; yet the chief expense is in show, &c., which however is chiefly left to the court and the noblesse of the highest rank. From these the Ambassador is exempted ; the principal drain on the income of the nobles being from the multitude of servants, with whom an idle national custom, and a barbarian pride, induce them to crowd their establishments, to the amount of hundreds. But with those a stranger is, of course, unburthened ; and the British Ambassador's contribution to the pomps and glories of Russian life, is generally limited to a few balls, and dressing himself and his suit in muffs and tippets, on the sight of the first snow. Nothing could exceed the courteous manners, or the moderate hospitality of Sir Charles Bagot, during his sojourn in the capital of the Czar.

The second class of the Embassies contains but Constantinople, where the salary is 8,000*l.*, and the outfit 3,000*l.*, with two secretaries—the Secretary of Embassy, with 1,000*l.* a year, and 300*l.* for an outfit, and an Oriental Secretary at 1,000*l.* A palace having been given by the Sultan, after the battle of Aboukir, no allowance for house-rent is made. But, from the rate of exchange and the cheapness of Pera, the salary may be calculated on an average of 16,000*l.* a year. But the Ambassador has other profits. The sole privilege of licensing merchant vessels, under his ambassadorial protection, is of high value ; and used to produce large sums. Whether the Russian conquests and the opening of the Dardanelles will change the direction of those profits, in some degree, is a question ; but, while the Porte stands, the situation of Ambassador will be commercially lucrative.

#### *Envoys Extraordinary and Ministers Plenipotentiary.*

The second order of Foreign Diplomacy are the Envoys Extraordinary and Ministers Plenipotentiary. Their mission comprehends the third, fourth, and fifth Classes.

Prussia forms the third class of embassies. The Envoy to Prussia



receives 7,000*l.* a year; with an outfit of 2,500*l.*; and for house-rent 500*l.* a year. Attached to this appointment is a Secretary of Legation at 700*l.* a year, and with an allowance of 250*l.* for outfit.

The expense of Berlin is about a third of that of London. Entertainments among the men of rank are frequent, and (for the country) costly. But the British Envoy is generally some untitled dependent, exempted, by his inferiority in diplomatic rank, from the necessity of giving entertainments, and generally extremely willing to avail himself of his lucrative immunity. The only man, during the last thirty years, who made himself in any degree conspicuous in the Prussian Embassy, was Sir George Rose, a gentleman by habit and accomplishment. His predecessor was a flighty person of the name of Jackson. Who the present Envoy may be, we leave to the research of the Court Calendar.

The fourth class comprehends Portugal, The Two Sicilies, and America. All with the same allowances. The Envoy at 5,500*l.* a year, 2,000*l.* for outfit, and 500*l.* for the rent of a house; and a Secretary of legation, at 550*l.*

Of those, Portugal *was* the most expensive, the exchange having been sometimes against England; though, for this, allowance has been claimed. But since the return to cash payments this can seldom occur. At present there is no English Envoy in Portugal; but Mr. Mackenzie, lately appointed Consul, may be considered as acting minister.

The fifth class comprehends Sweden, Bavaria, Denmark, and Sardinia. The Envoy's salary being, in cash, 4,500*l.*, the outfit 2,000*l.*, and the house-rent 400*l.*; with a Secretary of Legation at 500*l.*, and for outfit 200*l.*

#### *Envoys Extraordinary.*

The Envoys Extraordinary form the third and lowest order of Foreign Ministers, and are appointed to the sixth and seventh classes of Embassy.

The sixth class contains Wirtemberg, Tuscany, Switzerland, and Saxony. The Envoy having an allowance of 3,600*l.* a year, 1,500*l.* for outfit, and 300*l.* for a house; and the Secretary of Legation having an allowance of 500*l.*, and 150*l.* for an outfit.

The seventh class is Hamburgh; where the Envoy's allowance is 2,300*l.*, the outfit 1,000*l.*, and 300*l.* for a house; and the Secretary of Legation has 300*l.* a year, and 100*l.* for an outfit.

On a recapitulation, the whole of this expensive machinery costs the country, in direct salaries to the various classes of Ambassadors, 135,850*l.*

In house-rent, 9,100*l.*

In pensions to retired ministers, 52,000*l.*

Making the formidable sum of 196,950*l.* for our higher Diplomacy.

But the affair is not done with yet; for, besides those Envoys and Plenipotentiaries, we have a host of Consuls, whose salaries amounted at the time at which the estimate was made (twelve years ago) to 30,000*l.* And since that period, Mr. Canning's poetical determination to balance the East by the West augmented the Consular ranks. The South American allowances amounting to about 20,000*l.*, and all those officials becoming successively pensioners upon the country in their retired allowance.

Nor have we yet exhausted our list; for the South American governments have been, within the last five years, honoured with Envoys, with allowances of, we believe, from three to five thousand pounds a year—but of these we have yet seen no return.

The whole Diplomatic Expenditure may be, fairly calculated, about

300,000*l.* a year, which, at the rate of three per cent, for which money can now be had, and which is nearly the rate of the government stock; is equivalent to ten millions of pounds sterling!

That this enormous expenditure will not be curtailed for any representation of ours, or any body else, we have the most positive conviction. But we have a conviction equally decided—that the whole business of England, at any court in Europe, might be transacted at a fifth part of the expenditure; and that, for 2,000*l.* a year, men might be found adequate to the utmost vigour of Lord Cowley, or Mr. Lamb, or Lord Stuart, or Sir Robert Gordon; nay, men who would transact the business with ten times the activity, ability, and knowledge, of any one of them. As to the supposition that such men would not be found to accept of the situations at the lowered salaries, we must laugh, and the Duke of Wellington must laugh as loudly as we; for he well knows what a troop of applicants wait on the steps of patronage, and how reluctantly men, even of the highest ranks, would see an office of 2,000*l.* a year slipping through their hands.

The fact is, that the whole is an antiquated abuse, which cannot be put an end to too soon. The whole Diplomacy of England, and of every other country, ought to be transacted by individuals little above the rank or allowances of Consuls; men not sent out to provide for them, but men accustomed to the country in which they are to have their appointments; thoroughly acquainted with the habits, the language, the prejudices, and the passions of the nation. The present system sends out an incumbrance of the Foreign Office, who knows no more of foreign life than he could learn from flirtation in the green-room of the Opera; or some dandy Peer who hangs heavy on the minister's hands, and who, if he but speak the worst French that ever issued from the lips of man, and can fold a letter, looks on himself as qualified for the conduct of affairs. The system is old, and its result has been, that British Diplomacy has been a proverbial subject of burlesque on the Continent; that we have been admonished to our teeth, by the fact, and that the sneer has amounted to an established political maxim, that whatever the English have won by the sword, they have lost by the Ambassador.

But if we are to be told that every other country sends Ambassadors with high appointments to England, and that we must, in decorum, do the same to them, the answer is obvious. It was the early custom of foreign countries to send men of rank, because, from the general slavery and ignorance of those countries, men of rank were almost the only men of education, except the priesthood; and because, from the aristocratic nature of those governments, nobles were almost the only leaders of armies, ministers of state, or directors of national business. The original Embassies, too, were temporary, brief, and occupied with little more than the immediate object of the mission. Large expenditure was a natural concomitant of a rank equal to that of princes, and the briefness of their stay rendered that expenditure a matter merely temporary. Thus when the Embassies became permanent, the system of rank had been settled. England, at all times a much dearer country than the Continent, required a large allowance; and the English government, partly not to be outdone in liberality, gave its Ambassador, in the cheap country, the same sum which was sufficient for the expenditure of the foreign minister in England. What pride sanctioned, the spirit of patronage stimulated. And on this principle we have, at this hour, an English Ambassador in the Rue St. Honoré, with an income equivalent to three times the income of the French Ambassador in Portland-Place.



But whatever may be the foreign necessity of looking to the noblesse for Diplomatic functionaries, the necessity has long passed by in the general information and manly ability of the middle orders of England. America had the merit of first proving, that a man might be a Diplomatist without supporters to his arms; and Franklin, Silas Deane, and Jefferson, managed their business as well as if their coats were covered with orders, or their pedigree dated from some Imperial bastard, or Italian desperado.

The American system, thus shown to be efficient, should be instantly adopted. The American minister is seldom suspected of doing his country's business ill, though he may not make the most graceful bow at Almack's, and though he gives but few Diplomatic banquets, and perhaps no balls. But his country consoles herself for the humiliation, by recollecting that he costs her but 2,000*l.* a year.

As to our offering any offence to foreign courts by substituting plain Mr. A. or B., for my Lord C. or Marquis D., every one who knows what the mind of foreign courts is on the subject, knows the idea to be an absurdity.

The fact is, that nothing would delight them, one and all, so much, as to see a total change. However we may feel the expenditure, they feel it ten times worse. No foreign court is rich; scarcely any one among them can more than pay the year; and they groan in their inmost souls at the idea of the enormous sums wrung from them by the intolerable etiquette of vying with the richest, and certainly the most wasteful, nation of Europe. Nothing would rejoice them more than to see the whole painted and gilded system that plunders them of so many thousands yearly, knocked into fragments; and, instead of the lounging coxcombs, or worn-down Lord Lumbercourts of the ministerial bench, insolent in proportion to their imbecility, to see a succession of intelligent English gentlemen in plain coats, unceremoniously attending to the concerns of England and her allies.

The breaking-up of the system would be attended with the most obvious advantages to England. In the first place, its general tendency would be to substitute men who had no claim but their ability, for a race of men who had no claim but their rank. Lords and lordlings would still, of course, be found, glad to get any thing that they could get; but the great leviathans, the huge wallowers in court patronage, would fall off; the country's purse at home, and character abroad, would be equally relieved; and for the most incapable *genus* of public pensioners, we should have able and useful men.

Another advantage would be, the thinning of that minor swarm of *attachés* which make the scoff of the English name at every foreign residence, and return to this country only to pervert public habits by foreign vices and foreign foppery. It is from this export of our raw material to return upon our hands fabricated in the foreign pattern, that we have the crowd of miserable coxcombs, whom one meets in every public place, and whose lisping and lounging, whose smatter of broken French and Italian, and whose degrading effeminacy of manner and mind, make them fitter for a coterie of French milliners, than for association with English gentlemen. This is the cigar and moustachio generation that disfigures our streets, and look more like the representatives of a community of baboons, than a portion of rational mankind.

But, with the silliest exterior of the silliest part of foreign life, they introduce evils of a more revolting nature. The idler of rank abroad has seldom more than two resources for getting rid of the burthen of time—gaming and intrigue. The wretched and almost universal corruption of



the higher orders abroad, gives all the requisite facilities for both ; and the taste which this flower of diplomacy has learned abroad, follows him across the Channel. It would be only offensive to the delicacy of the English mind, for us to enter into the results. But the perversion of manners in the higher circles since the peace, is notorious ; and we know where to look for the principal cause.

Abroad, the habits and acquirements of this brood of diplomatists are proverbially puppyish, idle, and offensive. If the traveller has any difficulty to encounter, let him not go to one of the English *attachés*—the Royal Lumbertroop of ambassadorship. He will find the young official either too busy with his friseur or his guitar, or pulling on his boots to visit his favourite Countess of Bocca-grande ; or immersed in writing a billet-doux to the more favourite Duquesa di Trema-mondo ; or be received with a sneer, and, after lingering for his answer and his passport a week, be consigned to a valet, who consigns him to the consul, or his own banker—the luckiest thing that can happen to him after all.

The whole tribe of this coxcombry must be swept away like chaff. The Lord Fredericks and Lord Alphonsos—the whole *élite* of that incomparable caste of younger brotherhood, should be cashiered, or sent back to school, and their place supplied with the educated and manly young men, who are so easily to be found in the middle classes of English life.

Mr. Peel's palpable and mean neglect of the rising ability of our colleges ought to be exchanged for a zealous cultivation of the vigorous minds that are there hourly rising into life, and from whom the true and only efficient ministers and ambassadors are to be formed. The foundation once laid in solid scholarship and manly English feeling, a few years' residence abroad in the subordinate stations of diplomacy, would qualify those young men for the most serious services to the State, whether at home or abroad ; and the Lord Aramintas might be happily left at home to carry the pocket-handkerchiefs of the Lady Amaranths, or hang their legs out of the balcony of the Guards' club-room.

But the system, let its change of men be what it may, should be reformed in point of expense. Three-fourths of the diplomatic stations are at courts, where they are no more necessary than if they were planted in the belfry of St. Paul's. Of what conceivable importance can be a British ambassador at such courts as Sardinia, Tuscany, Saxony, Switzerland, Bavaria, Denmark, and Hamburgh ? What influence have such courts on either English or continental affairs ? or what is there among them that could not be transacted much more efficiently by a Consul ? Yet the embassies to those utterly unimportant courts cost, without considering the outfit, rent, or minor charges, in the simple salaries of the ambassador and the secretary, not a shilling less than 35,000*l.* a-year, or a sum little short of the interest of a million.

What is the actual business of an ambassador at any of those minor courts ? To deliver his credentials, and be asked to a ball at court ; to give a ball in return, and thenceforward to receive the London newspapers daily, a despatch from an under-clerk of the foreign office once a month ; draw his salary once a quarter ; and act as master of the ceremonies to the young English of rank, who look in upon him at his hotel in the Jungferstrasse, or the Teufel's Platz, on the grand tour.

The solemn occupations of such diplomacy may be judged from the state of the Tuscan legation, where Lord Burghersh finds leisure to make an opera every three months ; see it damned in his own palace, in spite of Italian pliancy ; and have another ready before the laugh has expired. An ambassador thus weightily employed, naturally selects an assistant

of similar faculties ; and a few years ago the Italians were at once delighted and astonished by seeing his lordship select for his fellow-diplomatist, an English music-master. The thing is beyond question. The man had been a public teacher of singing in London, had even exhibited his faculties at Vauxhall, and was known in the concerts about town. The situation suited the music-master : if the pen was stubborn in his touch, the piano at least was responsive ; and he thrived accordingly.

It is worth while to pursue the fortunes of this lucky manipulator of crotchets and quavers. After a few years' residence at the embassy, a foolish Irish countess came in his way ; she was a widow, and with a large jointure. The man of diplomacy and pianos fell desperately in love with her at first sight, as was natural. The lady had something of the ambassador's taste, and thought that a mastery of the keys must comprehend all perfection. They married, and the secretary is now master of the countess, and ten thousands a year.

This is said in no disparagement of the man : he was a very well-behaved, well-looking, and simple performer on the piano. Nor is it said in the slightest disparagement of my Lord Burghersh, who, though the most luckless composer on this side of the Styx, is yet a very honest and well-behaved man, for an ambassador, and in Italy too ; and is by no means a contemptible performer on the piano.

But the blame is not his ; if he scribbles the most unmanageable harmonies from morning till night, he has only to say, and with acknowledged truth, that he has nothing else to do ; that he might have done much worse things, and that, compared to the general life of the ladies and gentlemen of all complexions round him, the most atrocious discords, or the most illegitimate counter-point, may be a virtue.

The subject is exhaustless ; but we must close. Of course, no one will deny the importance of having agents at the leading foreign courts. But those agencies ought to be conducted exclusively by sensible men, and at the rate which would be the fair remuneration for a sensible man, not pampered by the ridiculous extravagance of English high life. Let us adopt the American standard in both, and perhaps we shall have our public business done as well as the American. We must "broom away," as Napoleon used to say, the whole insect brood of noble second sons, and so forth ; and if we deprive noble lords of the opportunity of feeding their families at the public expense in this quarter, we may safely leave it to the peerage-instinct for the national money, to take care that they shall not starve for want of a salary in some more domestic shape.

But the grand evil is, the ruinous and profitless waste that pervades every part of the system. Of the expenditure of the inordinate sum of 300,000*l.* a-year, two-thirds might be returned to the public, and with no less practical advantage than financial. We should have the business not merely done, with the relief of an enormous burthen ; but with the change of activity for indolence, and talent for hereditary blockheadism. The race of buffoons would be put out ; and if fewer returned to us, degrading our manners by the fopperies of the Continent, and infecting our morals by their vices ; we might be reconciled to the loss of those "gay creatures of the element," those diamond snuff-box-men, those "*dulcissimi rerum*," by the recollection that we escaped an infinite mass of blunders, and saved TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS A-YEAR besides.



## THE PROGRESS OF PHYSICAL DISCOVERY.

WE could have wished, if our space had permitted, and if their number had been less overwhelming, to have abstracted the principal discoveries in the whole field of natural philosophy; but their mass has been growing so large, that an outline of them generally would give but a faint idea of their magnitude, and we are compelled to confine our observations to one branch of the material sciences, viz. the Physical one. The knowledge of the *properties* of bodies seems a necessary prelude to their classification, as performed by geology, zoology, &c.; or to their application, as in medicine. The progress of physics is consequently a good index to our advances in the study of nature in general. It is, moreover, an important element in history; yet it belongs not to the annals of particular nations so much as to the records of mankind. That memorable epoch, the French Revolution, when the old fountains of government were broken up, and a new state of society commenced, was also the æra from which the spirit of physical inquiry, which has since led to such brilliant results, takes its date. A peaceful revolution in chemical principles was effected in France, whilst her cities were still flowing with the blood of civil warfare. Those principles have been further developed, and made the stepping stones for the discovery of truths of still greater moment, by the philosophers of the rest of the continent, and by those learned men, the memory of whom sheds a lustre on our own country. It is for future ages to signalize the energies of the human mind during the last half century with the distinction it may merit, compared to the years that are to come; but a very slight sketch will enable us to perceive that, with reference to past times, our æra, in its knowledge of nature, and the consequent power of mind over matter, stands unrivalled, and alone.

The most important and comprehensive principle known in physics is unquestionably that of molecular attraction, upon which depend, subject to the action of heat and analogous causes, the phenomena of the attraction of cohesion, and of chemical affinity. By these latter are explained the formation of minerals, and the composition of the air and water; and if the theory of life were revealed, they would also impart to us the structure of living bodies. We are not indeed able to deduce consequences from this great principle with mathematical precision; but in contemplating one branch of its phenomena, that of crystallization, we seem to have arrived at a degree of certainty with regard to the forms of homogeneous particles when united, which almost entitles this theory to a place in the exact sciences. The difficulty experienced by chemists, prior to 1772, in reconciling the apparent variety of form in salts and stones, was, in some measure, relieved in that year, by Romé de l'Isle, who first recognised a general form belonging to each species of crystal, from which all others might be deduced, according as their angles were more or less deeply truncated. Gahn, a pupil of the celebrated Swedish chemist Bergman, soon after observed the regularity with which secondary crystals break off their laminæ, and disclose a central nucleus, which coincides with the primitive form of all calcareous spars; and the Abbé Haüy having, without communication, made the same remark as Gahn, published his famous *Essay on Crystals* in 1784, thereby shewing that secondary crystals only differ from their nucleuses, inasmuch as the laminæ which envelope the latter diminish in size,

according to certain regular proportions; and that the various crystals of the same kind, formed upon the same nucleus, differ from each other, because the laminæ of each of them also decrease in different proportions. This theory M. Haüy verified by a succession of experiments, and determined, by analysis and trigonometrical measurement, the forms of the nucleuses and elementary molecules of all known crystals. His *Treatise on Mineralogy*, in 1801, may be said to have created a new science—a science worthy of the most honourable mention, not only by reason of its own importance, but because it affords an example within our own memory of the happy results of the experimental or Baconian method of searching after the truth. The subject has received a fresh light from M. Haüy's *Treatise on Precious Stones*, in 1817, and by the researches of M. Budant, reported to the French Academy in 1817 and 1818. The latter has drawn attention to the mechanical combinations which take place in crystallization, by the interposition of heterogeneous substances between the molecules of the real crystal, and to the extraordinary predominance which particular substances enjoy in such combinations, by virtue of which they compel other bodies to yield to their forms and laws, although those bodies compose by far the greatest portion of the combination, and have peculiar forms of their own. Sulphate of iron, for instance, in solution with sulphate of copper, in the proportion of one part to nine of the latter, has been found to crystallize the whole mass, in the form peculiar to itself, viz. an acute rhomboid, though the form of crystallization of the integrant molecule of sulphate of copper is an irregular oblique-angled parallelepiped. The means by which the rhomboidal molecules are enabled to range themselves to form the general crystal, notwithstanding the interruption of a superior number of molecules of another figure, is still a mystery which presents an extensive field for inquiry. The causes which change the forms of salts from those of their primitive molecules to secondary figures, have also been investigated by M. Beudant. It had been ascertained by Fourcroy and Vanquelin, that the presence of uric acid gave to sea salt an octohedral form, whilst in pure water it crystallized in tubes like its constituent molecules; and that upon muriate of ammonia its effect is exactly the reverse. This and other instances led M. Beudant to submit the crystallization of salts to the influence of all circumstances capable of affecting it; and he discovered that chemical precipitates and mixtures, in the same solution, vary materially the secondary forms, and that they depend in some degree also upon the proportions which the crystallizing principles bear to the crystallized substances. Similar researches have also been applied to minerals; but here the impossibility of experiment necessarily limits the extent of our knowledge. It was however shewn by M. Mitscherlich, in 1824, that the mutual inclinations of the surfaces of crystal of carbonate of lime varied considerably with the temperature: so much so, that from  $3^{\circ}$  to  $100^{\circ}$  the difference was  $8\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ . It appears to be established that, in general, heat, distributed uniformly in a crystal, diminishes its double refraction, and, in M. Mitscherlich's opinion, that it always tends to scatter the molecules of crystal the most at the point where they are condensed the closest. Further observation will probably confirm this opinion; but experience with regard to crystals is at present imperfect, though its fundamental principles, as a science, have, as we stated, been laid down by the Abbé Haüy. The question whether the same substance must of necessity



have constantly the same primitive molecule, and the same nucleus, on which many others depend, remains still undecided, notwithstanding the labours of Vauquelin, Biot, and Thenard; and it is possible that the primitive molecules of many substances, both saline and mineral, remain still undiscovered.

The true nature of chemical affinity, tables of which had been constructed by Geoffroy, in 1718, was recognized by the French chemist Berthollet, in 1803. He first saw that there was no such thing as absolute affinity, but that it was in fact a general tendency of any substance to unite itself to others, whose force, with reference to each of the latter, is measured by the quantity of them it can seize, and augment with its own quantity; that this force would continue to act when three or more substances are mixed, if it were not counterbalanced by opposite forces, such as the indissolubility of one of the resulting combinations; that it is these latter causes which produce separations or decompositions; and that heat and pressure are two causes opposed to each other, which vary affinity in different degrees. These views, the correctness of which has been proved by a multitude of experiments, have a natural tendency to connect chemistry with sciences, from which it was formerly isolated, inasmuch as the chemist, who is now obliged to consider accessory circumstances, and calculate their forces, cannot dispense with a knowledge of geometry and general physics. And it is a thing by no means unimportant to the interests of science, that the minds of investigators should be turned occasionally into other channels than that which they have chosen for their peculiar studies, for it is only in proportion to the variety of his knowledge that a man can possess adequate conceptions of the unity and harmony of nature.

Our knowledge of the phenomena of those chemical agents whose materiality is not yet ascertained, such as light, heat, and electricity, has, within the last forty years, been increased by scores of valuable observations. We are especially indebted to Count Rumford for his *Inquiries*, in 1799, into the Propagation of Heat by Friction, which seem to favour the opinion that heat is a mere vibration of the molecules of bodies. His thermoscope, and the differential thermometer of our countryman, Leslie, are of well known utility. M. Biot, by following up the researches of Richman, Franklin, and Ingenhouz, on conductors of heat, has established the law according to which it extends itself along the length of bodies. The different manner in which heat is distributed in liquids and solids, and the process by which, in liquids, the molecules are displaced by dilatation, to make room for others which are heated in their turn, are facts discovered also by Count Rumford, the consequences of which are very great in the arts of domestic economy, building, and clothing. The sensation we call heat, indicates, in effect, that we lose less caloric at a given moment than in that immediately preceding: thence the influence of bodies of various capacities, more or less conductors of heat, and of different sorts of clothing. But a still more important discovery was that of latent heat, first propounded by Black, in his lectures delivered at Glasgow, who established the fact of the retention, by every substance, according to its kind, of a certain portion of heat which does not act upon the thermometer, and, consequently, that bodies, whose heat might be marked by the same degree, would differ often essentially in the caloric they contain. Black, and his disciple Irvine, Wilke, the Swede, and Delaplace, respectively laboured to

remedy this inconvenience ; and the calorimeter now in use was invented by the latter. These researches on capacity led to the recognition, by Lavoisier and Delaplace, of the combination of heat with bodies, in an elastic or gaseous state, which is reproduced with violence, when the combination is separated, as is the case with the explosion of gunpowder. The modification of chemical affinities by heat, and the degree of influence of pressure in such modifications, have occupied the attention of Sir James Hall, of Lavoisier, Dalton, and Watt ; and the employment of steam as a moving force, has formed a new æra in society, and is one of the most striking proofs that can be adduced of the influence of science upon the prosperity of nations.

The production, transmission, and chemical action of electricity have been the studies of Cavendish and Wollaston—names that will long live in the annals of English chemistry—as well as of Pfaff and Van Marum. Its production, by the contact of bodies, called Galvanism, has perhaps excited more curiosity than any other branch of physics, whether considered in its effect upon the animal economy, as first developed by Galvani ; in its nature and origin, as demonstrated by Volta ; or in its peculiar chemical action, recognized by Rutter, Carlisle, Davy, and Nicholson. The experiments of Sir Humphrey Davy, in particular, ascertained in 1807, that acids combine with alkalis and metallic oxides, in consequence of their being in opposite states of electricity ; from which results the important truth, that the simple contact of heterogeneous substances has the power of altering the electric equilibrium, and that this alteration may extend to the chemical affinities of all surrounding bodies. Our illustrious countrymen seems by this discovery to have opened a new source of light in natural philosophy, for it is easy to perceive the great influence of this tranquil and continued action upon the surface and interior of the globe, and perhaps upon the complicated movements of life.

The theory of combustion, so important in its application to the arts, and the uses of domestic life, as well as in its influence over the phenomena of nature, was unknown to the ages preceding our own. It was within the period of the present generation that the discovery of latent heat, by Black ; that of the disengagement of air from the ashes of mercury, reduced without attrition, by Bayen ; and that of the production of fixed air in the combustion of carbon, and of water in that of inflammable air, by Cavendish, formed the ingredients from which Lavoisier had the glory of ascertaining the true nature of combustion in general. It was from him that we learned, in 1774, that all combustible bodies absorb, in burning, only that portion of air that is pure or breathable, and that, in a quantity precisely equal to the augmentation of the weight of the alkalis or acids produced, they emit this air in reducing themselves, and that the air returned is changed into fixed air when they are reduced by carbon. Upon this was founded the new system called French Chemistry, which was proclaimed not only by Lavoisier himself, but by Fourcroy, Berthollet, and Guyton, and the other distinguished men who, discarding all rivalry and jealousy, ranged themselves at once under his banners, and promulgated his principles in their works and their lecture rooms, in a way as honourable to themselves as to the annals of science. The French theory, which is now almost universally received, was endeavoured to be modified by Winterl, of Pesth, in 1800, who asserted the existence of two principles of acidity



and basicity, the tendency of which to unite, occasions, according to the Hungarian chemist, all chemical combinations. These principles, however, involve the existence of a third, that of the adhesion of bodies either to basicity or acidity, which, being of an immaterial nature, belongs to metaphysics rather than physics; and Winterl's system, as the Baron G. Cuvier has observed, does not consequently yet rest upon demonstration; besides which, several of the experiments on which he relies have been falsified by Berthollet.

The new nomenclature brought into use by Lavoisier and his disciples, has naturally tended in a high degree to facilitate and simplify the study of chemical science, and to divest it of that air of mystery, and that character of magic, which it had assumed in the hands of the quacks of the middle ages. Nothing was more necessary than a vocabulary, which should give to the primitive elements of substances simple names, and should derive from these, by combination, words proper to express the kind and proportion of the constituent elements of compound bodies. This change of names, together with the change of system, effected by the introduction of a mathematical spirit into physics, as exhibited in the works of Bergman, Priestly, and Cavendish, must be classed among the principal causes that have furthered the progress of natural philosophy. Lavoisier's "*Traité Élémentaire de Chimie*," of 1789, has been deservedly accounted a masterpiece, in respect of both the importance of the new chemical doctrines it develops, and the precision and clearness of the reasoning by which it explains and demonstrates them.

The great physical principles thus ascertained during the first half of the last forty years, were accompanied by very numerous discoveries in the elements of chemistry properly so called. It will suffice to mention here that, in 1809, the number of metals known was twenty-seven; ten of those were ascertained in the space of twenty years, which was the same number as had been discovered during the whole middle ages, the ancients knowing only seven, the identity of whose number with that of the planets, of the notes of the gamut, and the colours of the rainbow, had given rise to a host of absurd superstitions. Of earths, the ancients knew no distinction, calling them all by the vague name of *Caput Mortuum*. Stahl, medical professor at Halle, who died in 1734, first divided them into calcareous, siliceous, and argillaceous; and the discovery of magnesia by Black, and barytes by Schule and Gahn, made the number amount to five in 1789, which in 1809 was increased to nine. The alchemists of the middle ages had found out but three acids—the sulphuric, nitric, and muriatic, whilst in 1809, we were in possession of at least thirty, besides what are formed by some of those combining with different proportions of oxygen.

This period was also characterised by the discoveries of a variety of unknown substances in organic matter, amongst which the recognition of the three distinct gelatinous, fibrous, and albanicuous principles in animal bodies, by Fourcroy; of albumen in vegetables, also by Fourcroy; of gluten in the farina of wheat, by Bechari; of the saccharine matter, called picromel, in bile; that of osmazome in the taste of boiled meat, by Thenard; and of the astringent matter, called tannin, in plants, by Seguin, are a few out of a multitude. The doctrines of the transformation of substances, of the mixed properties of organized bodies, and of transudation, received their share of investigation by Four-

croy, Vauquelin, Thenard, and other first-rate chemists, who paved the way for the still more recent advances.

Of those advances, to detail the particulars with any adequate degree of fulness and precision, would be an undertaking which appears to be demanded at the hands of some natural philosopher, who, with ample space, should devote himself to the honourable task of commemorating the advancement of modern times in physical knowledge. It is not certainly within the capacity of this review, nor can so rapid a sketch as that we are about to offer of the progress of physical discovery for the last twenty years, possibly do justice to the importance of this branch of science. Yet we feel the same kind of satisfaction in paying our individual tribute, however trifling, to the genius of the age in which we live, as each inhabitant of Mexico had in adding one stone, as he passed along the road, to the great pyramid, that was thus raised up in the midst of his country,

We have already mentioned the celebrated discovery of Sir H. Davy, of the agency of galvanism in the decomposition of salts, which was sufficient to produce an alteration in all former ideas of chemical affinity, by proving that the formation of all compounds may depend on the electrical state of the materials of which they are composed. This was of itself a revolution in physics; but it was only a small part of the truths which this clever man was destined to bring to light; for, in 1809, he announced to the Royal Society that he had succeeded in the decomposition of the fixed alkalis. Sir H. Davy perceived that in this process potash and soda experienced a disoxygenization, and that there resulted a metallic substance, remarkable for its extreme affinity for oxygen. This substance he named in the one case potassium, and the other sodium; and although the experiments of M. Gay-Lussac and Thenard at first led them to believe that the changes of potash and soda were due to a combination of those alkalis with hydrogen, and that they were consequently hydrurèts instead of metallic oxides, the French chemists within a year altered their opinion, and were determined by the results of further experiments, "*à pencher*," as they express it, "*en faveur de l'hypothèse qui consiste à regarder le potassium et le sodium comme des corps simples*."

The years 1808 and 1809 were distinguished also by the separation of the basis of three acids, whose composition had been formerly unknown, viz. the boracic, fluoric, and muriatic, by the voltaic pile; and of the oxides of barytes, strontian, lime, and magnesia, by the same powerful agency. The observations of M. Gay-Lussac on the combinations of gaseous substances with each other, have been highly useful; and M. Guyton de Morveau, for the first time, decomposed water, by the diamond, at an elevated temperature, and produced carbonic acid gas. The diamond had been shewn, in 1797, by Mr. Tennant, to be neither more nor less than crystallized carbon; and we presume, that few of those who now adorn themselves with its indestructible brightness are ignorant that it is the same substance as the basis of common charcoal. Yet mankind have gone on digging out of the earth, and then worshipping, this simple carbon, with as little knowledge of its nature, as the ancient Romans had of the nature of the sun.

The phenomena resulting from chemical observations upon organized bodies, are far more complicated and obscure than those of inanimate



matter, and hence this study, until the time of Fourcroy, had been almost entirely neglected. We have alluded to some of the researches of that illustrious man, which, in 1809, were followed up by Vanquelin, in his analysis of tobacco, in which plant he discovered, among other properties, an animal albuminous matter, and an acrid and volatile principle, different from all yet ascertained in the vegetable kingdom, which gives to it its peculiar qualities, and can be separated by distillation. The juice of the *Belladonna*, whose effects are so similar to those of tobacco, was found to contain no such principle. In this year, also, the Count Chaptal, whose name will long live in honour for his exertions in the application of the sciences to industry, analysed seven specimens of colours found at Pompeii; one of which was a deep and rich blue, which Mr. Chaptal showed to be owing to a combination of oxide of copper, lime, and alumine, urging, at the same time, as it was superior to the blue of Cobalt, or any other blue yet known, the necessity of further researches into the method of the ancients. About this time, also, that useful compost, called plaster of Paris, was first brought to perfection.

The year 1810 produced the admirable treatise of Dessaignes on the Circumstances and Causes of Phosphorescence, which is defined as a durable or fugitive appearance of light, that is not provided sensibly with heat, nor attended with any alteration in unorganized bodies. All its phenomena, according to M. Dessaignes, may be classed under four heads; *viz.* Elevation of Temperature—Insolation, or Exposure to the Sun—Collision—and Spontaneous Phosphorescence; and their several effects are well detailed in his essay. The phosphorescence of the sea he attributes to the presence of phosphoric animalculæ emitting a luminous matter, or of the matter itself dissolved in the water; but there seems still room for investigations into this phenomenon. Bérard of Montpellier, about this time, completed the researches of Wollaston and Thomson, on the combination of oxalic acid with different bases; and Berthollet discovered a process for making artificial muriate of mercury, or calomel, by the intervention of oxygenized muriatic gas. The latter also analyzed sugar and oxalic acid, by reducing them to gas; and Gay-Lussac and Thenard, after analyzation by the same method, framed a rule of division of all vegetable substances into, 1st. Those in which oxygen and hydrogen exist in the same proportions as in water (*viz.* 85 parts of oxygen, and 15 of hydrogen); 2d. Those which contain an excess of hydrogen; and, 3d. Those having an excess of oxygen. Vauquelin analyzed the constituent parts of sugar of the cane, of gum, and of milk, and ascertained that the two latter differed from the former from containing, the first nitrogen, and the second an animal matter; and Guyton communicated to the French Institute some valuable observations on glass-making, and refuted, to the satisfaction of the mineralogist Dolomien, the notion that the fire of volcanoes acted in a different manner from that of ordinary furnaces. It is now settled that there is no distinction of this nature.

The Swedish chemist Wilke, as well as Black, had ascertained that evaporation never takes place without the bodies absorbing a large quantity of heat, and that all evaporation cools the body from which it emanates so much the more in proportion to its quickness; that the pressure of the atmosphere retards evaporation, and that this change of state never takes place so quickly as in a perfect vacuum. In 1811, Mr.

Leslie, of Edinburgh, found means of augmenting the effect of the suppression of air, by placing under the receiver of an air-pump substances having a great avidity for moisture, which, possessing themselves of the vapour as fast as it forms, multiply the production to any extent; and water is thus frozen in a very few minutes. Montgolfier, with the improvements of MM. Clement and Désormes, contrived in this year a method of drying the sugar of plants, and especially the juice of the grape, by the air-pump. The utility of a process of preserving in a small compass the alimentary substances of bodies, and the fermenting matter that will yield wine and alcohol, is obvious, particularly for long voyages and travels. The idea of heating by steam, first imagined by Count Rumford in 1798, was this year applied to distillation with singular success, by a distiller named Adam, of Montpellier. He first conceived the process of heating the wine put into distillation by the steam of brandy which rises from the boiler, and of making this steam pass through a series of vessels in which it deposits its aqueous parts, so that the pure spirit of wine alone condenses itself in the last cooler. The beneficial effects of chemical knowledge upon manufactures was never more strikingly exemplified than by this method of distillation. Instead of heating first to obtain brandy of 19 degrees, from which, by successive heatings, spirit was obtained of the required strength, the spirit is by this made at once of any strength desired. Adam's still can be heated eight times a day, while the old one could only be heated twice; it extracts a sixth part more spirit from the same quantity of wine, and saves two-fifths of combustibles, and three-fourths of manual labour. The results have already been highly beneficial to the wine districts of France. Count Rumford, who has enriched physical science with so many important discoveries in light and heat, this year turned his attention to the question which had divided the chemical world for more than a century—*viz.* Whether light is a substance which emanates from luminous bodies; or a movement impressed by those bodies on a fluid otherwise imperceptible and expanded throughout space? Count Rumford, after a variety of experiments with lamps and candles, found that the heat disengaged in a given time was always in proportion to the quantity of oil or wax burnt, whilst the quantity of light furnished in the same time varied to an astonishing degree, and depended in particular upon the greatness of the flame, which retards its cooling. Thus whatever can maintain the heat of the flame, contributes to augment its light; and Count Rumford, having constructed lamps, or flat matches placed parallel to each other, which keep one another warm, made them produce a light equal to forty candles; and he is of opinion that any degree of intensity may thus be created.

The theory of chemical affinity had until this year only been applied to the reciprocal decomposition of soluble salts, and it remained to be ascertained whether insoluble salts are not also capable of exchanging their principles with certain soluble ones. A memoir was now presented to the French Institute by M. Dulong, stating that he had arrived at the result that all insoluble salts are decomposed by carbonates of potash and soda, but that the mutual exchange of their principles can never, in any case, take place completely; and, on the other hand, that all soluble salts whose acid forms an insoluble salt with the base of insoluble carbonates, are decomposed by them, until the decomposition has reached a certain limit which cannot be passed; so that, in identical circumstances, com-



binations directly opposite are produced. And these results are of great moment, inasmuch as nothing can more strongly refute the old theory of Bergman, or confirm the principle laid down by Berthollet, of the influence of the mass of substances in chemical phenomena, and that there is no such thing as absolute elective affinity.

The year 1812 was signalized by the great additions made by Count Rumford to our knowledge of the sources of heat. His main idea was to measure the quantity of water that passes from a fixed degree to another, also fixed by the combustion of a given quantity of each substance. In applying this process to the determination of the quantity of heat developed by the combustion of different kinds of wood, he arrived at the singular result that the specific weight of the solid matter which forms the timber of wood is nearly the same in all trees; and that the ligneous part in the oak in full vegetation only forms four-tenths of the whole; the air being one-fourth, and the root being composed of sap. Dry wood contains, in general, water equal to one-fourth of its weight, and even in timbers a century old there is not less than a tenth of water. Count Rumford has concluded that the peculiar matter of wood is identical in all trees, and that there exists round the carbonic fibre, or the skeleton of the wood, another substance, which may be compared to the muscles, and which he calls vegetable flesh. It is this substance that fire first attacks, because it contains hydrogen, which makes it inflammable, and which contributes mainly to the heat yielded by each wood. It would be impossible to particularize the many new facts ascertained in the course of these experiments by this great chemist; but amongst them may be mentioned that of the capability of carbon to unite with oxygen, and form with it carbonic acid of a temperature much lower than that where it burns visibly. In respect of the greatest possible produceable intensity of heat, he has established that the temperature of water, at the instant when it is formed by the combination of oxygen and hydrogen, is eight times higher than that of red-hot iron, and that the capacity of steam for heat diminishes together with its temperature.

The prize offered this year by the French Institute for the determination of the capacity of oxygen gas, carbonic acid, and hydrogen for heat, was awarded to MM. Delaroche and Bérard, whose tables are still undoubted authority. M. de Saissy of Lyons, soon after, ascertained that aeriform fluids have only the property of disengaging light by compression when they contain oxygen gas free or weakly combined; a fact which throws additional probability on the side of the opinion, that heat and light are distinct substances. Lampadius, in distilling martial pyrites with carbon, had obtained a liquid and volatile substance, whose nature had been hitherto doubtful; the German chemist, as well as A. Berthollet, had considered it as composed of sulphur and hydrogen; and Clement and Désormes, as a combination of sulphur and charcoal. M. Thenard now ascertained that it was composed of 85 per cent. of sulphur, and 15 per cent. of carbon, without either nitrogen or hydrogen. Vauquelin's observations on vegetable principles are also valuable, particularly his remark that acrid and caustic vegetable substances are oily or resinous, and do not contain any developed acid, in which they resemble poisonous plants; whence he concludes that we ought to be cautious in using any plants which do not contain acid.

In 1813 Professor Leslie brought to still greater perfection the freezing

apparatus we have already alluded to; and Mr. Hutton, of Edinburgh, froze the purest spirit of wine. Professor Configliacchi, of Pavia, also froze mercury by the simple evaporation of water. The dilatation of bodies by heat occupied the attention of M. Biot, who, taking for his term of comparison the dilatation of mercury, found that that of other liquids could always be given by the sum of this dilatation of its square, and of its cube, in multiplying each of these three terms, by a particular co-efficient to be determined for such liquids, but which, once determined, remains the same at all degrees. M. Biot calculated the co-efficients for eight liquids; and it is from him we derive the benefit of the application of mathematical formula to researches, the excessive nicety of which would otherwise constantly deceive the observer.

Those accidental combinations, sometimes so fatal to experimentalists, had in this year nearly deprived chemistry of Sir Humphrey Davy, in his researches on the metallization of alkalis and earths; as well as of Professor Dulong, of Alfort, whose loss of one of his eyes was remunerated by a brilliant discovery—that of a combination of nitrogen with oxymuriatic acid, which yields an oil that explodes violently when brought into contact with any combustible substance. A new substance was extracted from the brine of the soda of sea-weed, by sulphuric acid and distillation, by a saltpetre manufacturer at Paris, which, among other peculiar properties, has that of rising in a beautiful transparent violet gas. It has undergone long examinations from M. Gay-Lussac and Sir H. Davy, who gave it the name of *iodium*, which it still retains.

The raw platina, imported from Peru, besides pure platina, has been found to contain iron, copper, and mercury; and the four new metals, which the successive researches of Wollaston, Tennant, Descostils, Fourcroy, and Vauquelin, have made known to us, under the names of palladium, rhodium, osmium, and iridium; and the subsequent inquiries of Vauquelin and Langier, in this year, threw additional light upon the nature of the new metals.

The peace of 1814 added a fresh impulse to the activity of the republic of science. Another series of experiments was made, on both sides of the Channel, on the newly-discovered iodium. M. de Saussure reported to the French Institute the result of his examinations into alcohol and æther; from whence it appears that in alcohol the watery elements form the third of the whole, and in æther they form the fifth; so that the action of sulphuric acid upon alcohol, to produce æther, would only consist in removing a portion of its water. M. Vauquelin made further researches on the nature of iridium and Osmium; and Darcet, by his experiments upon bronze, ascertained that it does not harden, like steel, by chill, or immersion in cold water, but obtains its hardness, on the contrary, after having been made red hot, and left to cool slowly in the air. M. Darcet took advantage of this property to construct cymbals, which had hitherto only been made in Turkey, and, as was pretended, by a single workman of Constantinople, who possessed the secret.

We have alluded to the great chemical system of Lavoisier, which is, however, not entirely perfect, by reason of those acids without oxygen, or *hydracids*, which appear to form a distinct class. It was, in 1815, ascertained that there yet remained another substance to be added to this class, viz. the prussic acid, which enters into the composition of Prussian blue. The chemical action of the solar light, so well worthy attention



on account of its influence on the phenomena of animated nature, now occupied the studies of Vogel, who observed that ammoniac and phosphorus, which do not act upon each other in the dark, disengage, by the solar light, phosphorated hydrogen gas, and deposit a black powder, composed of phosphorus and ammoniac closely combined. Phosphorus does nearly the same with potash. The action of the sun's rays is not always alike; the red ones produce no effect upon a solution of corrosive sublimate in æther, whilst the blue ones, as well as perfect light, effect upon it a mutual decomposition. M. Chevreul, in his researches upon soap, found that the action of potash produces among the elements of fat new modes of combination: whence result substances which did not exist before in their perfect forms; and two of which, margarine (so called from its resemblance to pearl), and a sort of oil or thick fluid, acquire all the properties of acids; that the same effects are produced by soda, alkaline earths, and various metallic oxides; that the quantity of alkali necessary to convert into soap a given quantity of fat, is precisely that which is enough to saturate the margarine and oil produced by this fat. M. Chevreul has indeed done for soap, what a larger share of attention had previously done for salts; and his inquiries are of the more importance, inasmuch as they regard an article of such essential use for the practical purposes of domestic economy. It was in this year, also, that our illustrious countrymen, Sir H. Davy, made that most useful and ingenious invention of the safety lamp, for coal mines, an invention which has preserved innumerable lives, and would of itself procure him immortality in the annals of civilization and science. Whether we advert to his discovery of nitrous oxide; to his investigation of the action of light on the gases, and on the nature of heat; to his discrimination of proximate vegetable elements; or to his last invention of the safety lamp, we cannot but lament for the great light that is now gone out.

The very different degrees in which bodies are dilated by heat was, in 1816, the subject of the investigations of M. Gay-Lussac, who, in endeavouring to discover some law to indicate the rule of these degrees, set out from a point variable as to temperature, but uniform as to the cohesion of molecules—*viz.* that where each liquid begins to boil under a given pressure. Among the delicate questions in chemistry, was that of the proportions in which elements can unite, so as to form combinations of different degrees. It had been remarked that there were certain limits marked with preference by nature, and expressed generally in simple terms; and M. Gay-Lussac now shewed that this was especially the case with gaseous combinations, in respect not to their absolute weight, but their volume under an equal pressure. The gas called olefiant gas, which yields an oily liquid by mixture with chlorine, was now further investigated by Robiquet and Colin, who found that it is as chlorine, and, united directly to super-carbonated hydrogen, that chlorine enters into the oily liquid.

The effects of the distribution of heat on solid bodies are referable to three variable qualities; *viz.* their capacity for caloric—their internal conductivity, or the greater or less facility with which heat distributes itself in them—and their external conductivity, or the greater or less facility with which they put themselves in unison of heat with the air or surrounding bodies. The first of these qualities had been long understood; the third had been referred, by Count Rumford, in a great measure to the state of the surface; and, in 1817, M. Despretz constructed a



table of the time taken by the principal metals to cool at the same degree; and, in comparing this table with that of capacities, he obtained the external conductibility. Lead possesses the highest degree; then iron, tin, zinc; and, lastly, brass. The new nomenclature had placed what was called liver of sulphur in the general class of sulphurs; but since the brilliant discovery of Sir H. Davy, that fixed alkalis are nothing else than metallic oxides, it became interesting to know if they entered into sulphur, as oxides or metals: in other words, whether, in entering into it, they preserve or lose the oxygen to which they were united. M. Gay-Lussac now confirmed the former of his opinions, which had indeed been previously adopted by Vauquelin.

The efficacy in medicine of particular roots or herbs depends frequently not upon the whole of their component principles, but upon some one in particular, which the action of the others as often weakens as it assists. When chemistry, therefore, can discover and extract the peculiar principle, it is of eminent service, as was exemplified by the analyzation of ipecacuanha by Majendie and Pelletin. The root of brown ipecacuanha contains 16 per cent. of the emetic property, while the woody part within the same root only possesses 1 per cent. In the bark of grey ipecacuanha, there are 14 per cent. of emetic, and 5 per cent. in the whole of the root of white ipecacuanha. The analyzation of opium by Dr. Sertürner, of Eirnbeck, in Hanover, led to the discovery of a new alkali in it, united to a new acid; the former of which has received the name of *morphine*, the latter of *meconic*; and it is in the morphine that the soporiferous qualities of opium are found to reside, for opium divested of it is wholly inefficacious.

(The Conclusion in our next.)

#### THE CLUB-ROOM.

#### THE CARICATURES.

*A dining room, magnificently furnished. The cloth removed.*

*The conversation has gone on for some time in a whisper. The bottle before Mummy, who seems to have been drinking bumpers to himself. The Chairman is thrown back in his chair; he is asleep, and murmurs a word now and then in a dream.*

*Mummy.* I think, in the interval, we might order in a dozen more of Burgundy. The Chairman's health ought to be drunk, now that he is absent. For by his last words, I think his soul must be taking a survey of the stars.

*Rat.* Then let me propose it. And we can make a minute of the whole to present to him on his awaking. No man likes those little attentions better.—Gentlemen (*he rises*), I never found myself under a more serious difficulty than at the present moment. The presence of this Honourable House; poh! I meant this honourable table, the consciousness of the infinite magnitude of the task imposed upon me, the inapproachable dignity of the subject, the inexhaustible variety of —.

*Pounce.* Ha! ha! ha! Come, my dear Rat, say something to the purpose, unless you mean to kill us with laughing; and there's Culverin yawning like the gateway of Pimlico House.

*Rat.* Pounce, you must allow every man to know his own talent best. Mine is for perplexity. I never could utter a straightforward sentence

in the whole course of my life. You might as well expect our friend Oldbuck to be on as good terms with his handsome countess, as with a brick from the ruins of Babel, or a Venus without a nose; our friend Culverin to know the difference between a colony and a corporal's guard; or our champagne-loving friend Mummy, to think of anything but his profits, his bottle, and his unprovided progeny. But I pledge—*(a general laugh)*.

*All—confusedly.* Spoke twice—spoke twice. Hang it, no pledges here; you know you're among friends.

*Lancer.* You will awake the Chair, and then you dare not call your souls your own two minutes together. But begin; we must have something to tell him about when he opens his eyes. Hark, he speaks. Silence.

*The Chairman (disturbed in his dream, strikes alternately his forehead and the table, and seems feeling for a sword).* There—there.—Nothing short of fifty thousand men!—Addresses from the city. Nonsense. Magna Charta! Ay, old Noll had a rhyme for that—the most capital one in the language. The papist members, as staunch as any slaves from Scilly to Siberia. Charge—

*Oldbuck.* Ay—

“Charge! Chester, charge!  
On! Stanley, on!”

I think that somebody ought to awake Marmion.

*Pillage.* But, who will venture the experiment? Saints defend me from touching the whiskers of the mighty. George, you are a soldier, and have been in the secret so long, that—

*Culverin.* Egad, I don't like to bell the cat a whit the more for having felt its claws before now. But, as “we may hear more than we ought to hear,” as Lady Macbeth's doctor says, I had better try a dose of the true cephalic, puffery, *(gradually raising his voice)*. Gentlemen—I propose the health of the most extraordinary combination of talents and virtues that ever lived. *(aside.)* I propose the health of the Chair.

*All.* Bravo!—Hear, hear!—Bumpers, gentlemen! Nine times nine.

*The Chairman—(starting up).* Why, what the deuce!—are you all mad? Yet, gentlemen, whether with the business of to-day, or the wine, or witchcraft, I have been dreaming of all sorts of out of the way affairs—crowns, cabinets, and criminals have been dancing before my eyes for the last half hour. And the drama concluded with a *finale*, that makes every nerve in my body shake with the recollection. But “Richard's himself again.” It was but a dream; and right glad am I to find myself at this table. But you shall hear.—I was riding—

*Culverin.* With submission, may I hope that you will not give yourself the pain of recapitulating. The thoughts which could disturb your mind, must bring agonies into those of your friends. Look round the table; you see Mummy's nose has already lost the hue enamelled on it by so many years of bumpers; Oldbuck looks as yellow as the crocodile in his own chamber; Ringle's favourite locks have fallen out of curl with the distillation from his brow; Lancer dreads to lift his eyes from the dearly beloved triple lace of his own regulation cuffs; Pillage and Jonathan Wild are trying to remember a prayer; Rat is fainting; and Flourish actually holds his tongue.



*The Chairman.* (looking round him with supreme scorn.) What, Sir ! have I not said it? And who here presumes to thwart me. Here—in all places in the world—in the midst of this set. Go, give them a glass of water apiece, or ring for smelling bottles.

(All recover instantly, bow towards the chair, and put themselves in attitudes of the most profound attention.)

I dropped asleep when Rat had got through the first three sentences of his speech on the Caricatures. I felt the well-known narcotic of his voice, and sank into irresistible slumber.

I thought that as I was galloping back to Town, I found myself suddenly benighted on Runnymede, my horse ran against the column, and I was forced to dismount, and left alone. But I was not long alone. Those insolent Caricatures were busy in my brain ; and I thought that all their monstrosities were embodied before me. The plain spread away further and further, to a boundless extent ; and every spot of it was crowded with every form of fierce ridicule, vengeance, scorn, and terror. Every emblematic snake, spectre, and beast of fang, every wild grotesque of the pencil, was suddenly living round me. The air was filled with strange and horrible burlesques of the human form ; the ground teemed with serpents, that tracked their way by poison, and curled their enormous trains, glittering with venom and fire, above my head ; the roots of the trees and weeds seemed instinct with a horrid life, and curled and twined into monsters, that gnashed their fangs close to my eyes, and bound me in hideous fleshly chains.

I now heard tempests rising from all quarters of the horizon ; and soon felt the whirlwind that lifted the dust and ashes in suffocating heaps round me. The thunder roared, and the rain burst over me in torrents and cataracts.

Yet in the midst of the loudest rage of the elements I constantly heard a voice, as low as a whisper, but as distinct as if it were uttered into my ear ; and its perpetual word was “ Ambition ! ”

At length, maddened with terror, and in the strength of madness, I made one tremendous spring ; bounded into the air to an incredible height, and alighted in a distant country. There all was quiet. The landscape was new to me ; mighty rivers, luxuriant forests, nature all on a magnificent scale. I was now surrounded by human beings ; and I felt something of the play and cheerful motion of human feelings. But the thunder roared again ; I was wrapped in the same furious storm ; the ground teemed, swelled, and festered again with horrid life ; and at a new roll of the thunder, up burst from its corrupted bosom the same terrible forms of unnatural torment. The serpent again crushed my limbs ; the dragon again stooped on his pinions above my head, and drenched me with gore from jaws fresh stained with carnage ; the tyger dashed against me in his speed ; and the lion howled and tore up the sand at my feet. Still the same fearful voice muttered in my ear “ Ambition ! ” Agony unspeakable !—I once more tried to escape, and was once more lifted into the elements. My feet now rested on the summit of a range of mountains from which I looked down on a new land, diversified with rich plains and ranges of mountain ; and with a sky over head that was serenity itself. My spirit recovered its tension ; a new breath of life seemed to penetrate my frame ; I heard martial shouts, and, like the war horse, snuffed up the sounds of the battle afar off, and rejoiced in the thunder of the captains and the shouting.

But the tempest came once more, and I was overwhelmed, my strength was withered up; I felt that with years a subtler spirit had wound itself into me, and the consciousness was made an instrument of added agony. The voice now still more loudly spoke, "Ambition!"

Again I rushed upward. A long scene of strange and furious confusion followed. I saw kingdoms wrenched away, thrones consumed, nations suddenly put to flight, the precious things of earth trampled under foot by the flyers and the pursuers; the ground suddenly spouting up founts and cataracts of blood; and turbans, helmets, and diadems alternately flung up and buried in the smoking tide. In the midst of this ruin, which looked like the general upbursting of the foundations of the earth, I shook with every rocking of the ground—I was scorched by every arrow of the lightning—I was dyed in every gush of gore. I in vain attempted now to fly. All nations were absorbed in this tremendous encounter. Again the old horrors came, as if they were commissioned against me alone. The air darkened with the dragon shadowing me with his whirlwind wings; the serpent, huge as the tallest tree, rolled his colossal bulk around my frame. The beasts of the forest, with new instruments of destruction, talons more than of the lion or the tiger, and blasts of flame and poison from their dilated nostrils, clustered round me by troops of thousands. The agonies of this moment seemed to have pushed nature to its extremity, and I cried aloud for instant extinction. There was a deeper torture to come.

To a wild and woeful sound, that afflicted my soul with a sensation of incurable melancholy, arose from the earth a multitude of shapes, human only so far as to show that they had once borne the form. They were skeletons. I saw in their hollow skulls the brain still preyed upon by things of restless torture—in their fleshless ribs, the heart still quivering with innumerable stings—in their bony fingers they still clasped sceptres and swords, with which, from time to time, they struck their own white and naked frames, and whose every touch brought out a flash of keen flame from the limb, and an exclamation of agony from the chapless skull. As they swept round me I knew their faces, and I heard their warning words. At length, while I stood paralyzed with a horror deeper than all that the past sufferings could have inflicted, they all approached me; all their swords and sceptres were pointed to me at once; flame burst from them all; I was enveloped in a circle of flame; a circle of flame hovered above my head—a footstool of flame rose under my step—a car of singular and terrible grandeur, every jewel of which was a mass of flame, received my form. The voice again uttered "Ambition!" but it was now with the roar of a thousand thunders—and I was suddenly borne up a viewless height into the air.

Talk of the scaffold or the rack, talk of years of the dungeon, with but the reptile for our companion; or the flames of the martyr's pile!—as I rose from cloud to cloud, from tempest to tempest, from flash to flash of the lightnings that gathered round me in their own kingdom, with what joy would I have exchanged my hideous loneliness for all the concentrated deaths of man. At length, the agony subdued my power of suffering, and I seemed to myself to die. (*He sinks back in his chair exhausted, draws his handkerchief over his face, and remains in reverie. The rest sit with their eyes fixed on the table; at length Culverin whispers.*)

Culverin. We must think nothing of this, and say as little. I have



seen him in this way frequently. But no man throws his complaints off his mind in higher style. This is merely the nervousness of a long ride, or perhaps some bad news from head-quarters. Let us revive him, if we can.

*Mummy.* By all means ; do something absurd, Rat. We must not let him lose his spirits. Turn the subject ; you can turn any thing. Give us a song.

*Rat.* I really must beg to be excused. I have not recovered my fatigue. My exertions, night after night, required the throat of a whipper-in: the lungs of a boatswain would have given way. I can scarcely swallow my wine as it is.

*The Chairman.* Poh ; you can swallow any thing. Do as you're bid, without delay.

*Rat.* I beg a thousand pardons. Your slightest wish is with me a command. I never felt in better voice in my life.—(*He sings.*)

Here's a health to the Cabinet, early and late,  
The brains of the empire, the props of the State ;  
Of Europe the wonder, of Britain the pride,  
Who, though all still unchanged, to a man have been tried ;  
Who had sworn with the country to stand or to fall,  
Until office saluted their souls with a " call !"  
If Holland and Grey pine to share in their pelf,  
Let them pine ; for each member's a host in himself.

Here's his Grace, the Dictator ! of Europe the lord !  
Who shines with the pen, as he shone with the sword !  
The Frenchman scarce mutters his mind in a squeak,  
And humbly asks, what shall be done with the Greek ?  
The Dutchman, before he gets drunk for the night,  
Sends a courier to London to ask if " all's right ;"  
The Prussian, determined to keep a whole skin,  
Thanks his stars that Whitehall is so far from Berlin.

The Russian, in honest regard for his nose,  
No longer depends on his ices and snows ;  
He knows that there's one who will trip up his heels,  
So he takes special care how he butchers or steals :  
If he filches a kingdom, or peppers the Turk,  
'Tis plain as a pikestaff he does the Duke's work ;  
That he longs at this moment to kiss his great toe—  
For he knows that with him it's a word and a blow !

Then Ireland, that plagued us all worse than a wife,  
By his Grace in a fortnight was settled for life ;  
Little Shiel was knocked up, big O'Connell knocked down,  
Doctor Curtis was dished, Doctor Doyle was done brown ;  
The Papists all blush when they hear of the " Rent ;"  
The towns are all trade, and the land cent. per cent. ;  
All are fattening and quiet, like so many calves—  
His Grace never does his sublime things by halves !

No Protestant now in his door turns the key ;  
No women and children are shot at their tea ;  
No parson now walks half a yard from his gate,  
Next day to lie under a new coffin-plate ;  
No magistrate now dreads the use of his tongue,  
Forewarned that, ere morning, his knell will be rung ;  
No man walks his fields, with his gun at half-cock,  
And the priests and the Papists have cut Captain Rock.



Old England, that grumblers would send to the dogs,  
 Stands bluff to the world, like the bull 'mid the frogs;  
 Her looms but too busy, her merchants too rich;  
 Like his Grace, all her husbands in sight of the flitch;  
 Her taxes a shadow, her debt but a dream,  
 Her Parliament matchless, her statesmen supreme:  
 'Twas his Highness' hand worked the miracle all,  
 And Great Britain is now one great Harmony Hall.

*The Chairman.* But what reports have you picked up in my absence from town? Are the public reconciled to Rowan and his blue-devils yet, Rat?

*Rat.* Not an atom. The only change that has taken place is, that instead of calling them spies, as they did at first, they now call them paupers; for blue devils, poor devils; and that, instead of looking on them as a new regiment of Guards, they give the scattered and frozen wretches soup and sixpences, and recommend them to the next hospital.

*The Chairman.* A strong government must have a strong police. But more of this anon. *Apropos*, Rat, have you finished your caricatures—cursedly impudent things! and deserving of—not that any one cares a farthing about them. Let them enjoy their holiday; it may not be too long. But let me see them, Rat; what have you got there in your hand?

*Rat.* A production that I tremble to look at;—a caricature, entitled “Take care of your Pockets; or, a Hint for the Orthodox.”

*The Chairman.* Nonsense! Hand it up to me at once.—Ha, ha, ha!—Capital!—the subject expressive in the first style!—The Bishop (Derry, I suppose) with a face full of 15,000*l.* a-year, besides renewal fines to the amount of as much more, hurrying on with the step of one who knew that his pockets were infinitely the best part of him; ruddy with burgundy, and rotund with venison.—Ha, ha, ha!—And then the pickpocket—that hooknosed fellow in the Guard's jacket—plucking out the handkerchief behind him. Who that hooknosed fellow is, I cannot conceive. Not myself, certainly?

*All.* Certainly *not*. It has not the least resemblance in the world.

*The Chairman.* But the minor pickpocket behind him—that fellow with every feature quivering with small rapine—the tiptoe step, the eager visage, the fingers nervous down to their tips, the whole shape made upon the thieving principle; lank as a weasel, stealthy as a cat, a living petty larceny! By Jupiter! the likeness is matchless, is irresistible, unmistakeable!—Ha, ha, ha! But pass the bottle to Pillage, who sits there, lost in alternate meditation on his poundage and his prayer-meeting, with one eye turned on the skies, and the other on the pocket. How the devil has he escaped the caricaturists? He would make a grand improvement on the Siamese boys; two bodies under one coat—Wesley and Rothschild joined together; and both working together for the main chance in the most perfect harmony.—However, Pillage, what news of the last quarter?

*Pillage.* Your pleasantry is always of the most irresistible order, and I shall sit for Cruikshank immediately. As to the last quarter, if it be worse than any of the preceding, it is better than——

*The Chairman.* Than what? None of your side speeches here—no mystification—no muttering—but all as plain as the drill. Better than what, I say?

*Pillage.* Since you demand facts—better than any that are likely to come. Yet it is not for want of public servants to collect the revenue. We have a legion of custom-house officers and an army of excisemen. But the one go to their offices to read the newspapers, and give a receipt for their pay; the others rove the country, with their hands in their pockets, instead of thrusting them into every one-else's. Yet I defy taxation to be pushed further by human ingenuity.

Man is taxed all over—from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot; in his goings in, and his comings out; in his eating and his drinking; in the field he walks in; in the bed he sleeps on; in the fire that warms him; in the air that cools him; in the water that drowns him; in the earth that buries him. From the first hour to the last, the spirit of taxation pursues him; it duns him in the day; it haunts him at midnight—the dun that no payment can pacify, and the ghost that no exorcism can lay. It is the true embodying of the arrow that flieth by noon, and the pestilence that wasteth in darkness; it seizes the wretch with the first shirt that is put upon him in the cradle, and it fastens on him in the night-cap that is never to be exchanged for another. As the wise man sayeth, “He that oweth money, and seeth no hope of the payment thereof——”

*Rat.* Must go to the Swan River.

*The Chairman.* They must have a budget for all that. I know nothing about getting up things of the kind; but, *Pillage*, if you are not sufficiently in the secret yet, apply to your friend Wild there. Poor Lord Goosepie gave a character of him in the newspapers, as kind as if he had been a favourite “gentleman out of livery”—a confidential valet, too deep in “matters of confidence” to be discharged with impunity.—But what tax can be proposed?

*Ringlet.* Any one you please, but on curling-irons and cold cream.

*Flourish.* Any one, but on the Clare brogue and the St. James's Clubs.

*Mummy.* Any one, but on boroughs and burgundy.

*Lancer.* Any one, but on mustachios, and man-millinery.

*Oldbuck.* Any one, but on solemn bungling, broad Scotch, and Babylonian broomsticks.

*Pounce.* Any one, but on professional bulls, and the memory of Joe Millar.

*Pillage.* Any one, but on tracts, and trimming.

*Rat.* Any one, but on purity of pledges, and Sir Masseh Manasseh Lopez.

*The Chairman.* Well, gentlemen, difficult as it is to reconcile so many strong objections, I have thought of a measure which must gratify you all alike. What do you think of a tax on sinecures?—(*General confusion. They all rise.*)—Ha, ha, ha! I see, “there lives a patriot spirit in you still,” as the play says. But I must be spared your speeches. I have frightened you sufficiently for one night, though there unquestionably is no tax under the sun that could include all your feelings so completely.—But what paper are you speculating over so angrily, *Pillage*?

*Pounce (aside to Wild.)* Whatever it is he is poring over, no man in England can put a *worse face* on the business. Ha, ha, ha!

*Flourish.* Very good, indeed. How I envy your memory!—the true example of



The story into every service prest—  
The ready riddance of a punster's breast.

*Pillage.* I have a production here, on which I hope the most colossal vengeance will be visited. It has been just transmitted to me by my friend, the Great Architect, whose designs so strikingly recal the days of Palladio, Wren, and Jones—the sublime embellisher of our renovated metropolis—or, to sum up his merits in one word, the fabricator of that ninth wonder of the world—the Palace of Pimlico; a performance, which I shall make bold to say has not been equalled in the history of royal residences, as a proof of the benefit of building on the model of a twelfth cake—in sight of a stagnant pool, in the smoke of a whole army of steam-engines, and in the closest contact with a suburb population. The offence to which I beg to draw attention, is entitled, “An appropriate Emblem for the Triumphal Arch of the New Palace. Dedicated to the poor, penniless, priest-ridden, and paralyzed John Bull.”

*Flourish.*

By apt alliteration's artful aid,  
Licentious libel thus on libel's laid:  
Thus beggared Britain buries gold in brick;  
Soane makes us more than smile—Nash, more than sick.

*Jonathan Wild.* Where did you get that, Flourish? Stolen, of course?

*Flourish.* I forgive you the surmise, it is so perfectly natural to you. But it was not from your portfolio, at least.

*Pillage.* The scene of this intolerable performance is the front of the palace. On the summit of the triumphal arch stands a figure, in a Merry Andrew's jacket, with a cap and bells over the most rueful countenance imaginable, intimating, it may be presumed, that John Bull has been made egregiously to play the fool upon the occasion, with a touch at the Jack-pudding style of architecture. But the costume changes downward; his skirts are in remnants—his breeches in rags—his stockings are falling off his emaciated legs—his knees are turned in through weakness, which, my friend Pounce here would say, was a sign of his being *in-need*; his meagre hands are drawing out the linings of two huge breeches' pockets, once huge for other purposes, with the inscription on one of “To let;” and on the other, “Empty.” A flight of crows are gathering round him, sagacious of prey; and, to judge from the impoverished wretch's countenance, they are not likely to be long disappointed. In the rear is the palace, surmounted by three figures, “the Man wot drives the Sovereign,” “the Cad to the Man,” and, backed by the cupola, that emblem of a Norfolk dumpling, or a bald head, or a punch-bowl, or any other architectural monstrosity capable of white-wash, stands a third figure, not to be mentioned without a prostration.

*The Chairman.* Well, let those men of mortar sink or swim, what care I for the contempt thrown on a generation of bricklayers? There is one comfort about the business, which I wish I could say about those of their betters, that their faults are *made to be forgotten*. There is not a blunder of theirs that will not be covered deep in its own dust within a dozen years. The clay will sink into its kindred clay; the iron be as rusty as old Bexley's finance; the plaster gods and goddesses have every grimace washed away, and the whole leave a clear space for the erection

of new barracks. But, Pounce, I see you busy with your tablets. We are getting dull in this club-atmosphere. Are you conning an epitaph or an epigram, or, in your old style, preparing an extempore?

*Pounce.* In turning over some notes of the late sittings, I have found a song, which a certain friend of your's wrote on one of the Cambridge elections. It escaped into print in spite of all his modesty. The story is—the electors had been applied to in the newspapers, by Bankes, to compare his force with Goulburn's, and give up the *weaker*.—(*Sings*)

THE CAMBRIDGE CICEROS; OR, HOBSON'S CHOICE.

Bankes is *weak*, and Goulburn, too;

No man e'er the fact denied;

Wich is *weaker* of the two,

Cambridge can alone decide.

*Chorus.* 'Twixt the donkeys, Cambridge, pray,  
Tell us which can louder bray.

Goulburn for his place afraid is,

Bankes as much afraid as he;

Never yet did two old ladies

On one point so well agree.

*Chorus.* 'Twixt the donkeys, &c.

Each a different mode pursues,

Each the same conclusion reaches;

Bankes, is silly in Reviews,

Goulburn silly in his speeches.

*Chorus.* 'Twixt the donkeys, &c.

Each a different foe doth d—mn,

When his own affairs have gone ill;

Bankes he d—mn—th Buckingham,

Goulburn d—mn—th Dan O'Connell.

*Chorus.* 'Twixt the donkeys, &c.

Bankes, accustomed much to roam,

Plays with Truth a traveller's pranks;

Goulburn, though he stays at home,

Travels just as much as Bankes.

*Chorus.* 'Twixt the donkeys, &c.

Once, we know, a horse's neigh

Fixed th' election to a throne,

So which gives the louder bray,

Choose him, Cambridge, for thine own.

*Chorus.* 'Twixt the donkeys, Cambridge, pray,  
Choose which first and last shall bray.

*Mummy.* Confound that long winded fellow; while he screams, the bottle stands. I propose a bumper to "The Age of Emancipation, Renovation, and Double Salaries." But while you are filling your glasses, let me disburthen my conscience. The work on which I have to call down reprobation at present, is one of the most mystical insolence. Its title is—"The Apostates and the Extinguisher, or Kissing the Pope's Toe!" His Holiness, the present august head of the spiritual world, is sitting in his pontifical chair, in an attitude of studied contempt. His Morocco-slipped foot is held out to a noble suppliant in a military coat; which suppliant bears features too stately for me to describe.



With one hand this suppliant presses the pontifical toe to his adoring lips, and with the other drops a triple crown, as the Extinguisher, upon a toy strongly resembling the one on which the Pope's legate trampled in the days of John of pious and pope-kicked memory. At his side kneels, what I am afraid was intended for the representative of one of my friends. Beside him lies a box, with the words *candid*, or *can-died*, *orange*, which perhaps alludes to some forgotten period of history. In front of him a stove burns a bundle of records, inscribed "William and Mary; James I.; Car. II.; Exclusion Bill," &c. The portion of the picture at the side of his holiness is peculiarly insolent and emblematic. A heavy, black brute, with a fiery band between its horns, inscribed "Papal Bull," is goring a British bull dog, muzzled, on the ground. A view of the Monument, broken, is lying under the dog's paw. Above him is a volume of the Lives of the Popish Saints, with a frontispiece of Guy Fawkes, in the uniform of the guards; and, filling the centre of the foreground, is a scroll describing the several changes essential to the improved Constitution of 1829.

*The Chairman.* Let them rail on. A papist can be taught the value of a vote like any other man; and if there are bigots among them who think that the Pope carries the keys of heaven and hell at his girdle, or that St. Ursula's knee-pan is good for the choleric, or that St. Agatha's *os sacrum* cures mares of barrenness, and horses of the staggers, so much the better. Your fat friars are the antipodes of your thin philosophers; your red-gilled abbots are the last men in the world to turn upon the hand that fills their rotundity; and if the whole land were papist, from St. James's Square to St. Kilda, though we might have dirt, laziness, and licentiousness, a rich increase of illegitimates, and a change from the night population of the Strand to the holy preserves of the nunnery; though we might have treachery in our councils, foreign gold in our legislature, spies in our houses, and scaffolds in our streets, the country would escape a very considerable quantity of political grumbling.

But what are you smuggling under the table there, Ringlet?

*Ringlet.* Oh—nothing; a sketch of a public character, quite unworthy of attention.

*The Chairman.* Let me see it, however. (*It is handed to him.*) Ha! ha! ha! I quite agree with you, Ringlet, in the insignificance, but certainly not of the artist's part; that is capital. "A Cabinet Curiosity." Ha! ha! ha! It will make the fellow's fortune. Look, Rat, how incomparably the *cidevant jeune homme*, the by-gone dandy, is touched in every line. See the dull dignity, the grave absurdity, the dry foolery that stiffens from top to toe. What can surpass the affected fashion of the dress, the relay of coloured inside waistcoats, the buckramed coat, with Stultz' and silliness worked in every seam of it, the sliding feet, that look as if they anticipated the slipper age, and were already basketed in their grand climacteric, compounds of flannel and chalkstones? Then the visage, a measureless void; a *carte blanche* of diplomacy; a sheet of unwritten parchment, with an embroidered border of lovelocks; Madame La Hortense's screws, *à la Cythère*, drooping over the cream coloured cheek, and the whole forming a matchless portrait of blighted sentimentality. Do you know the subject, Ringlet? Eh.

*Ringlet.* Not any more than yourself.

(*A servant brings in a letter to Culverin.*)

*Culverin.* I beg pardon for a moment—(*opens it, and reads: the words*

escaping him at intervals.) "Sixteen parishes up in arms.—Governor in Council, proclamation.—10,000*l.* Reward for Quashee, dead or alive.—Thirty-third regiment—desperate business—supposed to be all eaten.—The whole of the Leewards.—Sugar canes blazing—Bishop roasted whole.—American squadron, troops on board—seen at the back of the island.—Martial law.—Missionaries drilling.—Solicit instant succour.—Whites all flying."—(He puts the letter in his pocket.)—Only a few lines from a friend.—Belmore, a little perplexed by the ordinary occurrences of West India governorship. The *novitas regni* passes with him for the *res duræ*. I beg pardon for quoting Latin in this party. But the translation is, that when he is a few months more accustomed to a Jamaica life, he will only wonder every morning he rises, that his ears are upon his head, or his nose on his visage.—The news, on the whole, is excellent.

*Mummy.* Come what will, we must not let the Americans get hold of the Windwards and Leewards; the price of candied ginger, potted pines, turtle, and ten years' old rum, would be raised intolerably.

*Lancér.* Patronage would fall fifty per cent.; and gentlemen's sons would be forced to die of old age at home, instead of making a handsome exit of it, with the yellow fever, or a negro bullet.

*The Chairman.* No; neither Jonathan, nor King Quashee, nor President Boyer, nor the Czar Nicholas, must have a foot of sand in them. And yet they give a confounded deal of trouble. There is something in their rum-and-sugar-bloods that will not listen to reason. If they are told that they must submit to orders from home, and so forth; they answer, that the makers of those orders know no more of the West Indies than they do of the kingdom of Prester John, and are much fitter to sit for a Jew borough, or make a treasury bargain, than to govern colonies three thousand miles off. If the government propose the emancipation of the negroes, they declare that the measure would only make the planters beggars, and the negroes banditti. If they are told that the slaves must at all events be set free, they demand by what right their purchased property is to be meddled with, and insist on being paid its value. If it offer them the saints for their governors, they have no hesitation in calling the saints sinners, except when they make an exception in favour of those who are either dupes or enthusiasts, surcharged with folly or mad with fanaticism. If it soothe, they call out "hypocrites." If it threaten, they point their insolent fingers westward, and talk of America. Pray, *Mummy*, was it not once intended to send you out to broil there?

*Mummy.* The scheme was knocked on the head, by the necessity for keeping me at home. In the various public changes of the time, I had gained the character of being the most useful stopgap alive; combined with all parties for the last thirty years, I was perfectly understood to have no aversion to any.

*Flourish (who has been talking to Ringlet.)* You write a comedy! Ha! ha! ha! Though you might make a most capital figure in one, rely upon it, you could never get beyond the first page. The opening dialogue of the Footman and the Chambermaid would leave you as exhausted as Hertford's hospitality; and, after a pun or two, you would expire.

*Ringlet.* But Glengall has done something that *has* languished even through three nights; is talked of in the newspapers; and, it is said,



though I disbelieve the report, may bring him in upwards of fifty pounds.

*Flourish.* Absurd! *He* no more wrote it than you. It was, like himself, the offspring of the Countess;—and a delightful, clever creature she is. I remember her in my Irish boyhood, the most brilliant and fearless dasher of her circle, handsome as an Houri, gay as a lark, light as gossamer, and fantastic as a French Marquise. I have seen her in the course of a day drive a curricule and four for one wager, and horsewhip a posse of aids-de-camp for another; put a mob to flight, and throw a review into disorder; out-look, out-talk, out-smile, and out-shine every belle at the Castle in the evening; break down the master of the ceremonies in a waltz; extinguish the official wit of the Secretary at supper; send the Chancellor home with every lamp double in his eyes; and finish the night by playing queen at a masquerade till eight in the morning.—Heigh, ho!—(*A general laugh. Mummy, who had fallen asleep, starts up.*)

*Mummy.* Eh! What's the matter. The Ministry changed! In troubled times every man must look to himself; and it is my determination, at all hazards, to serve my country.—(*General amazement.*)

*The Chairman.* Well said, Mummy. Gentlemen, spare yourselves the trouble of being astonished. The maxim is a true working one, though it may not always have the advantage of being so distinctly expressed.

*Mummy.* But the bottle stands. I propose, “May his Highness live a thousand years.”—(*All rise, and drink the toast with three times three.*) But what was the source of the disturbance?

*The Chairman.* The double discovery that Glengall did *not* write his comedy, and that Flourish is furiously in love—both of equal importance; and which may be equally left to the decision of posterity within the next half dozen days. As to Glengall, I must not have him laughed at: he employs himself better even in copying Alvanley's puns, than if he were playing Treasury tricks; and Ringlet himself will acknowledge that Covent Garden is as secure a place for a man's purse as Crockford's.

*Culverin.* Not when the new actress plays. I am told that half a hundred of our young heirs are ready to fling themselves at her feet already.—That St. James's is only a sort of preserve for her; and that she may bag guardsmen, diplomatists, from fifteen to five and twenty, and lords by courtesy, like pheasants, for the mere trouble of a shot at them. She is certainly clever; and for the good of the falling or fallen stage, will, it is to be hoped, be contented to be a Tragedy Queen, without being in a hurry to be a tenth-rate Countess. She has figure, voice, and features for the theatre. All imperfect still. But she has dramatic thought, palpable poetry of conception; and a strong sensibility to the grace, force, and majesty of the stage.

*Lancer.* Apropos; what is become of the other lordly aspirants for the bays? The flight of callous nobles, who a season or two ago fluttered their illustrious winglets with such a general cawing and screaming? I felt an instinctive fear that the desperate list of “royal and noble authors” was about to be recruited; the world to be overrun with the “Della Crusca,” revived; tragedy dressed in the frippery of the drawing-room; comedy sicklied into the jargon of Almack's; and farce crammed with the manners of Newmarket, the stratagems of Tattersall's, and the morality of Crockford's, until the land cast them out,



and some new exhumator, born for the purpose ; some coxcomb-gatherer ; some compiler of the labours of the idle, and the intelligence of the ignorant, Horace-Walpoled them once more out of their dust, and gibbeted them into a sinister fame.

*Culverin.* They are gone out, like the light of their own cigars ; and, luckily for the country they leave, gone off, too. For creatures of their supreme refinement, the manly manners of England are too harsh ; for their responsive delicacy of frame (the appropriate case of an instrument so exquisite as their sensitive souls) the climate is too horrid ; their finely-tuned ears cannot abide even the sound of the English language ; so off they go, to spend the next twenty years in the land of soul and scoundrelism, to lisp Italian, languish to guitars, sigh the slip-shod nonsense of the most miserable and mindless race that burthens the globe ; and be the worthy payers and prey of a herd of opera singers, professed gamblers, and fictitious titles.

It has more than once stirred up my indignation, idle as it may be to be moved by such things, to see a great, lubberly, seven-foot-high Yorkshire clown, a fellow modelled on one of his own bullocks, play the foreigner—with no more sensibility than a dumpling, or grace than a dromedary, subduing his tally-ho throat into "*Ah che gusto ;*" or *Idol mio*—sinking in agonies of clumsy rapture at the flourishes of a figurante, or a prima donna ; and, in the midst of the filth, the intolerable and innumerable disgusts of foreign habits, with fever in every puff of wind, foulness in every thing that he eats, drinks, or sees, pestilence in his bed, and poison in his dish ; protesting against the country that gave him birth, and supplied the means of his useless being ; lauding the tainted society of a gang of fiddlers, swindlers, and buffoons ; and surrounded by a groupe of titled harlots, and ribboned, and laced impostors, who are picking his pockets at the moment, uttering, with the sigh of an expiring dray horse, his homage to "*Bella Italia,*" and his shuddering abhorrence of the hyperborean climate and gothic habits of England.

*The Chairman.* Why, George, you seem very angry on the subject. Have your Spanish recollections left nothing to soften your wrath against those poor devils of Italians ?

*Culverin.* Quite the contrary. It is impossible to have lived among the general population of Spain, without seeing in them the materials of a great people : courage, constancy in arms, fidelity to their word, and generosity to all. The Spaniard has in him still every quality that three centuries ago made him the first soldier, the first discoverer, the first statesman, and the first poet of Europe. That all those noble attributes have been stripped of their use—have been made worse than useless—have been so often embittered and envenomed into fierce prejudice, sullen bigotry, and cruel superstition, is the work, not of Nature, nor of time, but of a government of monks. Popery has chained the limbs of the strong man, either to rack them, or to force them to rack others. Ignorance not passive, but malignant ; fear turned into the fury of the coward ; and superstition, not droning over its altars and censers, but lighting the firebrand at them, and scattering it in civil ruin and misery over the land, are the palpable gifts of popery to Spain.

*Ringlet.* Treason, George ! Egad, your description spoils one's curls ; it makes the hair stand on end.

*Culverin.* I hate the name, and say so, as we are here in confidence.

But the plague which has fallen but partially on the Spanish peasant, hidden in his valleys, and accessible only through mountains and tracts of desert; has worked its full effect on the Italian, lying open to the thickest effluvia of monkish corruption, under the very grasp of Rome, and incapable of escape from the eye or the extortion of popery, unless he escape into the forests, take a leaf from the priest's book, and, like him, live on the public. Happy country! where the only virtues of their ancestors live in the bosom of banditti!

*Mummy.* Where's Mulgrave's son now? Writing an edition of the Statutes at large? or a History of England during the Phipps' dynasty? Did he not once move an Address?

*Flourish.* Yes once, before he knew whether he was Whig or Tory. To make sure of all sides of the House—for he had the Mulgrave principle strongly within him, green as he was—he got old Burdett to write the sketch of the speech; Melbourne, then a neutral, to fill it up; and Canning to correct it. The thing was of course applauded, for every man recognized a piece of himself, and admired it accordingly. Mulgrave was in raptures, for he was the farthest of any from discovering the secret; and his only fear was that the hope of his house would be tempted by this success, to rushing into the arms of party, before he had time—

*Pillage.* Yes.—Do you not recollect the Whig joke? that Mulgrave must have looked upon Normanby's exploit with the same sort of terror and wonder that makes a hen, which has hatched a brood of ducks, flutter and cackle, as she sees them take their first plunge into the parish pond. Where's Normanby now?

*Flourish.* I forget the person and the place, equally; probably somewhere on the "velvet banks of Arno;" or gazing on the "blue sea;" or inhaling the "blue breeze;" or writing sonnets to the "blue hills;" or enamoured of the "blue moon."

Moon twice as big as that which deigns to smile  
On the dull wretches of our swampy isle.  
Moon that works sonnets in jackass's brains,  
Sharing the reader's with the writer's pains;  
Moon that disdains to look on Britain's boors;  
But plays the go-between to rogues and —.

*Pillage.* Why, Flourish, you excel yourself to-night. Is the story about the champagne true? I think I discover the laureat of that celebrated dispenser of good things at the Opera House door.

*Flourish.* No. There my muse gives way to more potent inspiration, or rather to an assemblage of inspirations. Luttrell and Nugent are presumed to be the permanent bards; but, on extraordinary occasions, Alvanley is whispered. In fact, all the Marquis's friends are set down for contributions.

*Jonathan Wild.* Then, you believe the report of Hertford's casting the sunshine of his face on the concern. I wonder what they would ask for a share.

*Pillage.* Then you must lose no time; for a fit of prudence has seized the Marquis. The Piccadilly house has been turned into pounds sterling. The Tuscan villa, that stare of the Sunday promenaders of the Regent's Park, with its indescribable back-fronts, and brick umbrellas, its gilded balls, and all its gew-gaws, is going to be shut up;



and will, of course, after a year or two's growth of cobwebs, be let for a coffee-house, or an ormolu cow-house to that very fashionable body, the Zoological Society.

The retreat of the Marquis is occasioned by his having *only* 100,000*l.* a year, a sum on which no marquis can support existence, and on which any man of the true kind of feeling in these matters, *ought* only to starve. So, he goes abroad, like our operatives to America, for cheap bread. He will save some pence a day on the Continent, have macaroni at first cost, and die as valuable to mankind as he lived.

*Mummy (awaking).* You were talking about champagne, were you not? Has a new batch arrived? any of Hertford's?

*Lancer.* No: you may lead the life of a water-drinker, and die with no more gout than a charger, if you wait till you open a flask of his. Have you not heard the story? Ah, but you're of the Royal Society and, of course, know nothing of what the world is talking about.

The Marquis's cook, who of course enjoys with him the privileges of the most supreme authority, at one of his feasts, insisted on stewing the venison in champagne. This extravagance was met by something approaching to rebellion on the part of Monseigneur le Marquis. But Monseigneur le Casserole was too conscious of the strength of his position to yield. As in family battles, like all others, the victory is *au plus opiniâtre*, as Napoleon says, the cook triumphed, and the champagne was to be sacrificed. But my lord had been too long about the skirts of a court to be without a contrivance in time of need. He privately despatched a messenger to his friend Wright, for a dozen. The dozen was sent; the cook mystified; the dish pronounced unique; the Marquis's *cuisine* lauded to the skies; and all this triumph enhanced by the delight of conceiving that he had purchased it for thirty shillings!

*Jonathan Wild.* There is not a man from this to Jerusalem that brings his money to a better market than the Marquis. But how did this drive him abroad? it was much more likely to have kept him at home.

*Lancer.* In a week after, the vintner waited on him, to thank him for having introduced his wine into high life, and presented his bill. My lord was electrified. It came out, that the fellow, thinking that his ordinary commodity could not have been intended by the order, had actually procured some first-rate champagne; and with this the venison was stewed. The vintner was settled with, of course; but the Marquis never smiled again.

*Rat (talking to Flourish, aside. They are looking over a succession of caricatures).* The affair is too delicate. They might put him out of humour. It might be thought impudent.

*Flourish.* Never fear the march of talent; impudence is the true security. Impudence works its way with kings, queens, and rabble. It is the only faculty of nine-tenths of all the rising fellows of the day. See how it supplies the place of education, brains, birth, and breeding. It teaches one all that he knows of finance, and the English language; another, all that he knows of common law, or common sense; to another it is principle; and to all profit. It catches the ear of a monarch, and the heart of a mistress. I have known it give a dasher the reputation of a rent-roll; with three executions on his tandem, and his worldly possessions limited to his coat; and give another the reputation of



sainthood, with his coat so shabbily turned, that it would have been a kindness to strip him of it altogether.

*Rat.* Why, what a burst of eloquence ! But I can add something better still to your "*in laudem impudentiæ*." I know an instance, in which it has given a certain friend of mine four thousand pounds a year ! After that we need talk no more of its miracles. However, "give me the dagger," as Shakspeare says ; give me the caricatures.

(*He places the caricatures before the chair.*)

I have the honour to call your attention to this extraordinary series. They form a regular gradation of burlesques on individuals, and if not speedily extinguished, threaten to make them laughed at in all directions by day, and frightened out of their senses at night.

*The Chairman.* Poh, Poh, Rat ; always talking nonsense, without Flourish's palliative of talking it new. Ha, ha, ha ! Look here. The Swell—the Cad—the Guard. Excellent. The vulgar tongue a little distinguishable in their titles ; but the designs incomparable. Look there. *The Swell not drives when hever he likes.* See the portly figure, retaining, at sixty-six, the look of the dasher that used to make St. James's pavement shake with his four-in-hand. The attitude how stately, yet how characteristic. The costume complete. The green-lined, umbrella hat ; the knowing surtout, with a rose in its button-hole ; the hands thrust into the pockets ; the face a fine compound of joviality, conscious power, and easy scorn. The design is worthy of Raphael.

But what comes next, Rat ?

*Rat.* An attempt to sketch the face and figure of one of the cleverest fellows alive. It is entitled "*The Cad to the Man not drives the Sovereign.*"

*The Chairman (surveying the print).* Better and better still. The self-satisfied look ; the lips puckered into the smirk of a pickpocket in the moment of having made a seizure ; the hat tossed on the top of the head, as if it had been in the habit of being plucked off for every halfpenny wrung from the passengers by clamour or cringing. The rat-trap in one hand, and the other ready for operations on the world. The whole is capital.

Ha ! what have we here ? "*The Guard not looks after the Sovereign,*" a petticoat ; but no longer of the fair, fat, and forty school. This is the soft, sleek, and sixty. The hat, a supereminent slouch ; the royal mail uniform, covering a multitude of beauties ; the plump cheek ; the practised eye ; the person as rich as the plum-pudding, on which it is modelled. Who, upon earth, is she, Rat ?

*Rat.* I am positively in the dark—unless it be the Lady Mayoress.

*Jonathan Wild.* Or Lady Holland. But, no—she is broken hearted. Since the widows have taken to writing their husband's lives, she fears that all the laurels of that style will be cropped before she has the opportunity.

*Flourish.* It must be Miss Wickham. But no—instead of carrying a carbine, her implement, not much less hazardous, would be a coach-whip. Her bag would probably be loaded with pheasants and partridges, instead of papers ; and as to the inviting eye, she never cast a tender look on any thing, in her life, but on a horse or a pack of stag-hounds.

*Mummy.* She has her merits, however. From Bucellas to Burgundy,

I know no better cellar. But I thought that *the* lover had carried her off at the last Newmarket meeting.

*Lancer.* No: he has besieged her twice the years of Troy, and is yet far enough from a capitulation. To do the poor devil justice, nothing could be more persevering. He first made his approaches in the regular way, talked in the tenderest style of a rational admirer, and proposed an immediate junction of the messuages, tenements, fishponds, and poultry-yards, &c., on both sides; but this failed.

His next experiment was in the conventicle style. "He boo'ed, and sighed, and sobbed, and turned up the whites o' his een;" but the saintship failed. Another experiment was in store. He kicked off the saint, like Sterne in Languedoc, one slipper into one ditch, and another into another, and fell to captivity as a regular Newmarket hero. The papers give him credit for having lately exhibited on the back of a horse, riding upwards of *six* miles within the hour, to the astonishment of the whole course, with the closest possible resemblance to the grace of a young Alexander.

*Culverin.* And the lady, still unmelted and unmoved?

"Dwells such an iron heart in beauty's ribs?"

*Lancer.* Aye; hard as her own hunting-cap, and tough as her favourite leather pantaloons. The story goes, among the Newmarket population, that the Venus told the Adonis, as her final answer, that there were eleven things on the face of the earth to which she had a particular aversion:—ten tall boys and girls in a house, and the papa of the one, and the lord of the other.

"I cannot say how the truth may be,  
I tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

*Rat.* But we have wandered from the question before us. I conceive the lady to be one who claims with the blood royal, and who has given as much trouble as if she were Queen Caroline herself. It must be the Princess Olivia of Poland, Brunswick, and Little Britain.

*The Chairman.* Is there any truth in the report that she is going to be married to Harrington; and that his resignation of the "Bedchamber" is preparatory to his adopting the royal liveries?

*Rat.* Rowan has already been ordered to send in a list of all the tailors between Whitehall and Whitechapel, with a detailed account of every button in their custody, to prevent the insurrection.

*Culverin.* Ha, ha, ha! The colonel will do it *con amore*. But Harrington never will be entangled in the trammels of woman: he is too busy with his patent for a new wash-ball. He has been annoyed with the report, even to the dislocation of his whiskers; and is said to have retaliated in his own pleasant style by a lampoon on a certain great house near the Kensington road. Where the report was first heard, perhaps Flourish can tell.

*The Chairman.* Flourish, let us have the lampoon. Sing or say it, which you please.

*Flourish.* I am only too happy in your favourable opinion.—(*He coughs.*) This confoundedly foggy weather would destroy a prima donna. But the song is *not* by Harrington: he notoriously flies all spinsters from a fear of being caught in some among their spinnings; and the nine ladies of Helicon, living unmarried, are of his terrors. The song

was written on the occasion of a *fête champêtre*, to which the author was not invited. Of the authorship, I shall say no more than——

*The Chairman.* Come, "leave your damnable faces, and begin."

*Flourish.* (*Sings, giving himself the key-note from a musical snuff-box.*)

#### THE FETE CHAMPETRE.

Tune—*The Woodpecker.*

I knew by the smoke of the flambeaux so curled,  
By the belles and the blue-devils clustering near,  
That if there were fools to be found in this world,  
The man that loved folly might feast on it here.  
For if for the bluest of nonsense you'd ask,  
At Vassall's it's sure to be found—in a mask.

No more on back-benches a dumble to pine,  
Here the Whig may his passion for pension disclose;  
Burdett speak his lungs out; nay, Jack Russell shine;  
Here Tierney and Jekyll may pun nose to nose:  
Here the fondest confession that party can ask  
May breathe from the lips—if it breathes in a mask.

Here the radical patriot, the asinine peer,  
Finds the courage of crowds, for they're all of a trade—  
The same breadth of conscience, the same length of ear,  
The same solemn blunder! no more must be said.  
If the wine of reform turns to lees in the cask,  
Here you'll have—But my speech must be under a mask.

Here Brougham might look civil,—here Denman might pray;  
Here Lloyd (or his ghost) might look honest awhile;  
Here Hume might look human—a tiger at play;  
Here men feel no shudder, though Arbuthnot smile.  
All's candour and honour—But how? you may ask;  
'Tis by pasteboard and whitewash—the spell's in the mask.

[*The Chairman yawns, and they all rise. He waves his hand towards the door, and they retire in solemn silence, as he rings the bell.*]

#### A NIGHT ON DARTMOOR.

IN journeying through the south of Devon, especially through that luxuriant portion of which Dawlish forms the commencement, and Torquay, with its romantic air-hung terraces, the termination, the admired of the picturesque must have often marked with astonishment, not unmingled with awe, the forbidding aspect of a gloomy, barren range of hills—rising in some places to the dignity of mountains—which abruptly bound the inland horizon. From whatever point of view beheld, whether from the still and lofty lanes of Bishopsteignton, the bluff cliffs of Teignmouth, or the *unique* villa-studded Babicombe, this range wears the same inhospitable character; tracing its bold outline on the sky, not gracefully, like the sylvan perspectives of Claude, but in the fixed, massive, gigantic spirit of Michael Angelo. While every other part of the landscape glows with varied magic, Dartmoor—for it is of this vast deserted region I am speaking—stands sternly out in her desolation. The very sunbeams that light up in beauty the



meadows which repose at her feet, that deck the hedges with the varied embroidery of the seasons, and bid a thousand hill-born streamlets roll in liquid silver along their channels, tend only to enhance her gloom. In the serenest hour of the serenest day in summer, she wears ever a frown on her brow, and, like Satan in Eden, seems to envy the happiness she cannot share. Though she be the fruitful mother of half the rivers that roll laughing through the vales of Devon, she yet feels no joy in her maternity, but hurries them, one after another, from her presence. Silence and Solitude stand sentinel on her borders, and within sits Ruin, throned on some mighty Tor, coeval with the birth of time. Vast morasses, over which, unseen of man, the shy raven sweeps like an ill-boding fiend; rough sombre crags, within which the wild fox nestles; stunted heath-broom, glooming in long and apparently endless succession on the sight; patches of scanty verdure whereon the lizard glides, and the red snake trails its length; streams, sluggish or active, either creeping along the plains, or rushing headlong from the heights, here lonely and unsheltered, there fringed with dense forests of rushes, which give out a sullen tone, as the fierce hurricane passes over them;—these varied objects complete a scene of desolation, barrenness, and sublimity, such as no other spot in England can parallel.

It was over this appalling wilderness that I happened to be passing some few years since in June, just as the sun was going down in a sky that seemed to promise a fine night. I had left London a month previously, in order to pay a visit to my cousin Harriette at Bishopsteignton, who for weeks had been a serious invalid; but having luckily found her so far renovated as to be able to leave her room, and even ramble with me as usual about the neighbourhood, I left her sooner than I had intended; and after making a hasty tour through the south of Devon, took up my quarters at South Zeal, with the intention of exploring Dartmoor, which, I was assured, abounded in objects of interest. On the day on which the following adventure occurred, I had been rambling the whole morning, wherever a secure footing presented itself, about the moor; and having satisfied my relish for the picturesque, was desirous to ensure a safe and speedy return to my snug little village *auberge*. Putting, accordingly, my best leg forward, and timing my progress by the sunset, I calculated that I should have just sufficient glimmer to enable me to reach South Zeal. I was in high spirits, full of health, with an octogenarian pulse, and nerves in the finest possible condition. My fancy, too, had been excited by the contemplation of the wild scenes over which I had passed, and the genial influence of the twilight that dropped like a transparent veil around me, softening the rugged features of the moor, till they wore almost a smile, kept up the delightful stimulus.

Of all the myriad sources of enjoyment which nature unfolds to man, I know few equal to those elicited by a balmy summer sunset. The idea is old, but the reflections it excites are perpetually varying. There is a something, in this hour, so tender, so holy, so fraught with simple, yet sublime associations, that it belongs rather to heaven than earth. The curtain that drops down on the physical, descends also on the moral world. The day, with its selfish interests, its common-place distractions, has gone by, and the season of intelligence—of imagination—of spirituality, is dawning. Yes, twilight unlocks the Blandusian fountain of fancy: there, as in a mirror, reflecting all things in added loveliness, the heart surveys the past; the dead, the absent, the estranged, come throng-

ing back on memory ; the Paradise of inexperience, from which the flaming sword of Truth has long since exiled us, rises again in all the pristine beauty of its flowers and verdure ; the very spot where we breathed our first vows of love ; the slender, girlish figure, that, gliding like a sylph beside us, listened entranced to that avowal, made in the face of Heaven, beneath the listening evening star ; the home that witnessed her decline ; the churchyard that received her ashes ; the grave wherein she now sleeps, dreamless and happy, deaf alike to the Syren voice of praise, and the withering sneers of envy — such sweet but solemn recollections sweep, in shadowy pomp, across the mind, conjured up by the spells of Twilight, as he waves his enchanted wand over earth.

While journeying on my winding road, now pausing to mark some crag that jutted boldly out beside me, and now looking forward to where the distant village of South Zeal lay sleeping fearlessly at the giant feet of Dartmoor, drenched in the golden beauty of one world, while its little tapering church spire pointed upwards to another, I felt the full influence of the feelings I have just described. The landscape was indeed irresistible. The rich meadows that skirted the moor, with their numerous rivulets winding through them, like silver threads, and the tall hedges relieving what might otherwise have seemed monotonous in their aspect, lay stretched in peaceful loveliness before me ; while the tinkling of the distant sheep-bell was the only sound that broke the Sabbath stillness of Nature, who seemed, in respectful awe, to watch the last looks of the king of day, as he furled his blood-red banners, and, lit by a thousand torches in the west, rushed like a conqueror to his grave.

Absorbed in this expressive sight, I had passed unconsciously over five long miles of moor, and calculated, that about four more would bring me to my desired haven. Unluckily, on passing round a projecting cone, at the base of which ran the only accessible path-way, I abruptly lost sight of my guide, the church-spire of South Zeal. To increase my embarrassment, the road, forming an acute angle at the point where I now stood, branched off in two different directions, both of which led close beside a morass, and unrelieved by the companionship of house, hedge, or sign-post, seemed to stretch away to an endless distance. In this perplexity, ignorant which path was the right one, I looked round me for assistance, but in vain ; not a soul was near, all traces of animate nature were extinct ; on either side blackened a tremendous expanse of wilderness, behind me the same repulsive landscape, varied here and there by the abrupt rising of some spectral elm, which stood frowning with outstretched arms in the distance.

Twilight meanwhile crept on : already the west looked dark, and the inky shades of night fell thick and murky on the moor. There was evidently not a moment to be lost ; so selecting the road which seemed most likely to lead me into the desired track, I hummed a lively air, to show that I was not afraid, and moved briskly forward, keeping up my spirits by the recollection of the good dinner, the cheering wine, the snug inn parlour, with its warm flowing curtains, and the various other items of comfort that awaited me at my journey's end.

By this time darkness, with a giant's step, had traversed the whole moor. My very path-way looked dim and doubtful, and so far from leading out, seemed only to lead further into the waste. Still I kept slowly plodding—plodding onwards ; though every step I took, became more and more insecure from the marshy nature of the ground.



My situation now began to be alarming. I knew that I was surrounded by morasses, between which it was impossible to pick my way at night-fall, and that one false step would plunge me headlong into the midst of them. In this condition, after a moment's hesitation, I resolved to go back a few paces towards a fragment of rock against which I had just stumbled, and there await the rising of the moon, which, I doubted not, would soon afford light sufficient to enable me to continue my journey. It was not without difficulty that I found even this imperfect shelter, and when at length I had seated myself beneath the crag, what with the chill drops that trickled down its side, and the heavy clinging mist that wrapt me round like a mantle, my situation was little, if at all, amended.

To sustain my cheerfulness I had recourse to the exercise of my fancy. I endeavoured to look at my situation in the light of an uncommonly good joke, which would tell well among my friends in town, and prove, that a traveller may be quite as picturesquely located in an English, as in an African desert. I then took a higher flight. I recalled the ancient glories of Dartmoor, when the voice of the warrior Druid, as he stood beside some gigantic Tor—that cathedral, fashioned by Nature's own hands, in which alone the Seer would condescend to offer up his bloody sacrifices—was heard pealing through the depths of the wilderness, summoning the brave to battle, and breathing courage into the heart of the coward; when the moor itself was peopled with aboriginals, and its old oaks, from beneath whose branching arms the elk stole timidly forth, rung to the hunters' shout of triumph, the stag-hounds' deep-mouthed answer, and the last faint yell of the free-born red deer.

But imagination ill accords with an empty stomach. You may blunt grief by reflection, and passion by philosophy, but I am yet to discover what mental specific can take the edge off a craving appetite. The gastric juice is not to be reasoned into submission; it is a stubborn Catholic that knows its rights and will maintain them.

I felt this truth most acutely, and had spent upwards of an hour in the vain endeavour to disprove it, when my attention was diverted by the sound of the distant evening chimes from South Zeal. There is something peculiarly affecting in the tone of village bells. They are the vocal newspapers of the parish, a species of melodious obituary, fraught with a high moral interest from their close connection with life and death. At any other period I should have listened to them with transport, but at this particular juncture their music was peculiarly provoking. It reminded me that I was but three miles from South Zeal, yet that, nevertheless, an impassable gulph lay between us. It was a cuckoo song of mockery: a refinement in torture worthy of Procrustes himself.

I have observed, that it was dark when I reached the rock, but this does not adequately express the character of the gloom that momentarily deepened on the moor. It was not mere darkness, but a frightful, ebony, determined, unwholesome blackness, worthy to vie with the raven's wing, or the velvet pall of death. Above, around, beneath—all was one uniform hue, spread over the earth like a shroud. Then, too, the silence—the strange, solemn, unnatural silence, of the desert, which seemed to have borrowed its intensity from the grave; words cannot describe the deadening weight with which it gradually sunk into my heart! But half an hour before, I had listened to the village chimes with impatience,



bordering upon indignation: I would now have given worlds to have recalled their music. I would have prized even the howl of the wild fox, as it would have convinced me that I was not wholly desolate.

Another dreary hour elapsed, and still all was gloom. The night-mist had now deepened to a fog—a thick, clammy, substantial fog—beneath whose paralysing influence I felt my respiration impeded, my limbs stiffening to stone. Still I did my best to uphold my courage. In a few minutes, I said, with a forced attempt at a laugh, I shall become ossified, I am evidently freezing upward, and by to-morrow's dawn shall constitute an elegant petrification, worthy to be visited and admired by the most fastidious tourist. But this effort to be cheerful served only to increase my sufferings. The fiend of despair was beside me. I felt him tugging at my heart-strings, icing my veins, and peopling the chambers of my brain with the wildest and most fantastic shapes of fear.

One further attempt I yet resolved to make at my safety. Rising accordingly, though with considerable labour, from my seat, I staggered a few paces onwards, groping my road, as carefully as I could, through the dark. But the effort was abortive. Each step I proceeded plunged me still deeper in the morass. First my ankles, then my knees, were engulfed, and God knows to what extent I should have ultimately sunk, had I not with the little, the very little, strength that was left me, contrived to blunder my way back towards the rock. Here I sat, waiting hour after hour, the dispersing of the fog, and the rising of the moon, but in vain; the gloom continued unabated, the moon was lost in heaven, not a star, not even a single tiny star, glimmered in the jet-black firmament. How drearily the time stole on! I had no spirits to enliven, no fancy to beguile my solitude; both were sunk in torpor, while a vague undefined apprehension of something horrible, just sufficed to keep up a slight thrilling warmth about my heart, though without imparting it to my extremities, which were now stone cold. In this truly dreadful condition, helpless, frozen, and self-abandoned; alone at the dead of night, listening to the vulture's cry, as anticipating his carrion repast, he flapped his heavy wings above my head; with little or no hope of being able to keep life within me till the morning;—in this alarming condition, exhausted alike with pain, vexation, weariness, and hunger, I at length dropped into slumber.

Yes, I slept, but how wild, how incongruous, how appalling, were the visions of that sleep! A distempered fancy kept watch over my thoughts, which, deprived of the counteracting energies of health and reason, drifted loose over a troubled sea of horror. Had my dreams merely been, what they but too often are, grotesque, absurd, or farcical; had I been a bird, a fish, or a wild beast; had I invited a flock of sheep to a musical party, sat down to cards with a coach-horse, or taken a trip to the moon with Mr. Sadler the aeronaut; such extravagances would have left but an evanescent impression on my mind; but to realize, though only in imagination, the most fearful horrors of Eastern romance; to consort with beings of another world; to be buffeted by an ocean, and stifled by a tornado; to be drowned, starved, and parboiled; to be sent to wander among charnel-houses; and, worst of all, to be compelled to survive the loss of those I most sincerely loved;—the idea was inexpressibly terrific!

First, I dreamed that I was pacing, alone, by sunset, over an Ara-

bian desert. Thick leaden clouds sailed slowly above my head, a drowsy heaviness weighed on the air, the sands scorched my feet like fire. Spent with fatigue I looked round me for shelter. There was none. I then prayed for but one little drop of water to moisten my baked lips, and relieve the thirst that drunk up my blood, but my voice half choked me in the utterance. Just at this crisis I heard a strange hurtling in the air, and, gazing far into the distance, beheld, on the horizon's verge, a gigantic column, whose head was hidden among the clouds, approaching, in superhuman grandeur, towards me. It was the tornado, the Eblis of the physical creation! On—onwards it advanced; fever and famine dogged its steps, ruin stalked before it. An instant, and I was pressed—trodden down—crushed to a mummy beneath the weight of this Wanderer of the wilderness; my mouth—my eyes—my veins—every pore in my skin, pierced through and through with a million subtle, searching, but invisible, atoms of dust. How long I lay in this state I know not; a sound, as of the rush of mighty waters, roused me from my torpor, and, looking up, I descried, first, the indistinct heavings of a surge, then the long swell of billows, 'till gathering power as it approached, the whole fury of the ocean broke in thunder on the desert, sweeping me far away on its bosom, now tossed high up in air, now plunged into an abyss, sweating and shrieking with agony, amid the roar of the winds, the answering tumult of the waves, and the shouts of a thousand unknown monsters.

The scene was changed, and I stood at midnight in a church-yard, populous with graves and the pestilential luxuriance of henbane. The moon was at the end of her first quarter, and ever, as the clouds passed over her, a lean wolf, from the neighbouring abbey, would give out a long howl, the graves would stir with life, and a laughing fiendish face would glare out from between the chinks of the black cloistered arches, where the toad spit forth her venom. As I stood spell-bound beneath the steady gaze of those demon-lighted eyes, the clock tolled midnight; a crash, such as if a multitude of coffins were burst, at one blow, asunder, ensued; and presently a spectre started up from every grave, and pointed in mockery towards me. But my hour was not yet come. While I yet reeled, like a drunkard, beneath the intensity of my fear, a solemn strain of music, low at first, but deepening and swelling by degrees, until it filled the hollow arch of space, broke from the forlorn abbey, and, at the sound, the spectral forms vanished, leaving me alone entranced beneath the moon.

A third change ensued. The scene was Bishopsteignton. It was a fine mellow July morning: the air was brisk and elastic, the hedges were alive with music, and the lightly-frozen dewdrops hung half-melted on the thistle's beard. Before me, at no great distance, lay the translucent ocean, darkened here and there by the slight shadow of a passing sail; beneath me, the sweet, rural town of Teignmouth put forth its glad beauty in the sunshine; beside me, the newly-mown meadows—whose feet the crystal waters of the Teign kept ever fresh and fragrant—sent up a welcome aroma from their spread haycocks, on which a group of boys and girls were idly lolling; and behind me, exulting in the sweet consciousness of its attractions, rose on the summit of its little hill the richly-wooded village of Bishopsteignton, with the smoke from its peaceful hamlets ascending like an incense to heaven, now half-lost amid the overshadowing elms, now scattered by the playful summer wind, and



now soaring in one tall spiral column high up into the cloud-abandoned sky. But hark ! whose is that fairy step that comes lightly gliding down the lane ? She hastens towards me, my cousin Harriette—the pride, the flower of Bishopsteignton. But though the maiden's step was light, her cheek was wan ; the spirit of a premature decay looked forth from the dark blue depths of her eye, and the whispered music of her voice seemed to have caught its tone from the breathings of an atmosphere beyond the grave. While I yet listened to her conversation, as together we rambled beside the lake-like Teign, a cloud rolled between us, the landscape assumed an altered character, and I stood solitary in the church-yard low down in the lane, where the elms meeting overhead cast ever a cool shadow on the earth. But where was Harriette ? The passing bell tolled out a sullen answer. “ And is it so ? Oh, what,” I said, “ has death to do with so young a form ? Why, why have I survived this hour ? ” A low faint whisper at my ear replied, “ Grieve not, I am watching beside you ; we were friends in life, and in death we will not be divided.” I started—not a soul was near. I stretched out my arms—they encountered only empty space. “ Speak again, sweet spirit,” I exclaimed ; “ let me at least feel that you stand beside me, even though I may not see you.” For an instant all was still, when suddenly a soft warm breeze lightly kissed my cheek, and the same voice returned, “ I may come to you, love ; but you cannot come to me. Worlds roll between us. She who grew up beside you, who but one short week since parted with you, has done with earth for ever. But mourn not, I am happy—very happy, and in dreams will be still your Harriette ; farewell,” and with a low, faint, melancholy sigh—so faint, that it scarcely stirred the green leaves which overhung the churchyard wall—the voice ceased, and all again was silence.

I called aloud on my cousin's name ; I conjured her to stay ; I tore my hair ; I beat my breast ; and then, with one last wild convulsive struggle, rushed forward in the direction of the voice, and—awoke.

It was some minutes, before I fully regained my recollection. My dreams, especially the last, had left so painful an impression on my mind, that even after I had contrived to raise myself upright, and stretch out my stiffened limbs, I felt my heart still beat, the sigh escape my lips, the tears fall thick and blinding from my eyes.

By this time, though the darkness was still intense, the fog had partially cleared off. The excessive cold, too, had abated, but was succeeded by a sudden, oppressive, and I may add, unnatural sultriness. But the change was scarcely for the better, and even had it been so, I should not have noticed it, for so extreme was my dejection, so perfectly worn out with excitement, both my mental and physical energies, that I had scarcely heart enough left to expect the dawn of day. I was in the condition of a sailor, who, having vainly struggled for hours against the tempest, and exhausted the springs of horror, at length resigns all hope, and, with a sort of sullen, stupid, idiotic lethargy, awaits the approach of the wave that is to engulf him.

A sudden burst of light roused me from this abject torpor. At first I mistook it for the quick glancing of a meteor across the morass, but was soon undeceived by a prolonged clap of thunder, accompanied by a shower, worthy in every respect to vie with the autumnal deluges in India. It has been my luck—whether good or ill, I will not here pause to determine—to witness many tremendous thunder-storms ; I have



heard them hoarsely laughing in the rocky amphitheatre of Llynn-y-Vau, and high up among the Alpine crags of Snowdon, but never, never yet did I hear so awful, so thrilling a sound as the thunder's voice on Dartmoor. It was not quick—active—elastic; but dull, and hollow, and sepulchral, as if ten thousand funeral cars, with muffled wheels, were together slowly and heavily rumbling along the brazen floor of heaven. Every element of earth and air seemed ranged under the black banners of the tempest. The ground rocked and reeled—the arrowy lightning hissed round me—the wind howled like a demon baffled of his prey—the rain splashed sullenly in the morasses—and, that nought might be wanting to complete the uproar, the wild fox, the raven, and the vulture, joined in chorus.

These horrors, coupled with the preceding dreams, were too much for me. I felt my reason slowly giving way beneath the shock. I looked up to heaven, there was no hope; to earth, it lay black and frowning as a charnel-house. In an extacy of fear, remorse, and agony, I threw myself on my knees in prayer. "Hear me, Almighty Power," I wildly said, "my mind is fast going from me; I have used every effort, I have braved every danger; but all is vain, this hot, scorching head is on the whirl; oh! ere yet I am quite mad, strike—strike me with thine avenging bolt, and crush me, a blackened corse, to earth. Hark! I am summoned, or is it insanity that lends me ears? Again! Spirit of the tempest! I come," and I sunk in a sort of delirious stupor on the ground.

The storm had continued about an hour, during which time I lay in a condition, little, if at all, removed from absolute madness, when suddenly, on endeavouring to lift myself up, I fancied I heard, during a brief interval of silence, the "halloo" of a human voice in distance. Words cannot paint the effect that this impression made on my mind! I listened, as if life and death hung directly on the issue. Nor was I mistaken in my conjecture, for the noise kept evidently drawing nearer, and presently a hundred torch-lights flickered through the gloom, all bearing towards the rock where I stood. In a few minutes I heard the hasty splash of footsteps, accompanied by the barking of dogs, and the loud shouts of men. Oh, how my thirsty ears drank in those sounds! No music, however exquisite—no words, however friendly—no vows, however fervent—ever yet fell on my soul with half the sweetness of the long unheard human voice. A minute before I had given up all hopes of life: my strength was gone, my reason shattered; I scarce felt myself a denizen of earth. The whole man now rushed back on my mind, filling it with a thousand wild fears and transports. Again I felt that I should live among my fellow creatures, again hear the sweet voices of my friends and kindred, and in the enthusiasm excited by such recollections, despair passed off, like a cloud, from my brain, and I burst into a passion of tears.

After another eventful pause, during which I shook from head to foot, hardly daring to believe that succour was at hand, I contrived, though feebly, to shout aloud for help. God of heaven, my summons was returned! "Halloo, halloo," cried out a dozen voices at once; the torches flashed brighter—the tramp of footsteps thickened—and presently a noble wolf-dog, followed by nearly a hundred villagers from Stickle-Path and South Zeal, with my kind, my generous old landlord at their head, came bounding towards me. I was safe!

There was no need of words. My gaunt looks, palsied limbs, sepulchral voice, and wild-streaming eyes, sufficiently told my story. The villagers meanwhile prepared to remove me. "But no," I said, "one duty yet remains to be performed," and bending on my knees beside that lone, unsheltered rock, while my deliverers stood in a respectful group around me, I offered up a solemn prayer of gratitude to Heaven, amid the growl of the retreating tempest, and the flashing of a hundred torch-lights. This task fulfilled, a sort of couch was formed of the long brass-headed staves, covered with great-coat, of the villagers, after which the whole cortege moved off at a brisk pace, and within something less than two hours from the time of my quitting the rock, I was seated at supper with my landlord at South Zeal, busily engaged in listening to the means by which he had so opportunely accomplished my preservation.

It is now four years since this event occurred, yet it is, nevertheless, the Hegira of my memory, from which all subsequent incidents take their date. At times, when I look back, as a traveller to some gigantic peak that he has left many long miles behind him, but which, from its superior elevation, still seems close in his rear, the "Night on Dartmoor" appears but an affair of yesterday. The voice of its thunder booms in my ears, its lightning sears my eyes, its rock stands frowningly out on my mind. Truly, time is but an idea, with neither space, substance; nor authority, save what it derives from the imagination. What a minute is one year spent in calm waveless happiness! what an eternity is one night measured by horror and despair! How scanty, how evanescent, how imperfect are the recollections of the one! how full, lasting, and profound the impressions of the other! I have lived thirty years in life, have watched beside the death-bed of friends, wandered through many lands, encountered many strange vicissitudes, yet, strange to say, all these combined, will not furnish one half the reminiscences that the "Night on Dartmoor" can singly body forth.

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#### FAIR PLAY FOR GREECE.

VULGAR and unmeaning abuse has been poured to satiety upon the subject of our present observations. We remember when it was otherwise. We remember when declamation culled all the gaudiest flowers of rhetoric in its behalf; when enthusiasm gendered on folly, converted frail humanity into divine perfection; and from the revolutions that had preceded it, singled out the revolution in Greece for a loftier note, and a more elaborate panegyric. But truth only is permanent. It was to be expected that they who based their applauses on a distempered fancy should live to contemplate a reverse—should be precipitated from one extreme to the other—should virulently vituperate when they had preposterously commended.

We will steer a middle course; and founding our remarks on a personal knowledge of Greece at the commencement of 1827—since which but little important variation has been perceptible—we will shew what Greece actually is, and point out the fallacy of certain arguments—assertions rather—which have been long gaining ground. With respect to the presidency of Capo d'Istria, little need be said. The *stamina* of government are the same; the same defects are necessarily prominent. Neither Capo d'Istria, nor any other human being; neither the battle of



Navarino, nor any possible occurrence, can as yet work a radical change. Look for it in the next generation: at present the seed only is sown, and some tares will spring up along with it.

The Greeks, as a people, are inconsiderate, imaginative, versatile, and proud. They are inconsiderate, from not possessing sufficient experience; they are imaginative from nature; they are versatile, partly from nature, and partly from circumstance; and they are proud, with reason, in being, or in believing themselves, the descendants of heroes and demigods. We do not admit that they are more disposed to insubordination and party-spirit than any other people would be in the same difficult situation of affairs.

Let it be remembered, that all, from the first to the last, are, strictly speaking, on an equality—they are all equally ignorant. The most enlightened among them confines his attainments to the knowledge of foreign languages—the most superficial, and the least serviceable to Greece of all possible attainments, as they employ them. The mind is not strengthened by a regular course of study, nor the heart expanded by intercourse with the better part of creation. Let us take, for instance, the three names most celebrated in Greece since the commencement of the revolution—Ulysses, Goura, and Colocotroni. What were the two first, and what is the latter, that a people should confide in them? Ulysses and Goura were valiant butchers, and Colocotroni is an insidious and intriguing robber.\* These are hard words, but they are true; the one metaphorically, and the other literally. Colocotroni, from being in his best and most honourable capacity, a serjeant of an Ionian corps, a corps known at that time only for its cowardice, was selected to lead the armies of Greece. What has he performed since that memorable period? He has rebelled against the existing government, been imprisoned, and condemned to death: been set at liberty, replaced in his command, and has now scraped together upwards of fifty thousand pounds sterling!

In forming their governments, from whom were the people of Greece to select men capable of managing the new and intricate machinery just put in motion? From the unlettered and the inexperienced; from men but lately emancipated from the most odious servitude; from merchants, whose whole life had been employed in calculating the “sum total”—the distinction between “profit and loss.” Without intending the smallest incivility to an honourable and meritorious body of men; without contesting the received opinion that England owes her wealth and greatness to commercial pursuits, we must assert our moral convic-

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\* Niketas is one of the bravest, and most disinterested men in Greece, but he is deficient in intellect. The same may be said of Ipsilanti. Londres is a dull man, and of no influence. Colette is a clever, talented person; but factious and unprincipled in the attainment of his views. To his intrigues, and jealousy of Mavrocordato, the fall of Navarino is attributed. Cariscaki is brave; but fonder of his own interest than that of his country. The two Notaras and Sisini have similar feelings, and intrigue somewhat more. Criezioti is reputed a man of much courage and skill; he is just beginning to be known. Gennao Colocotroni, with more of the openness and generosity of youth, is said to be treading in the steps of his father. He is undoubtedly brave. Lædoreki, the brother-in-law of Goura, now occupies his place; principally because he is in possession of his riches. Nothing is yet said of his courage; but his character is bad. The Souliote and Roumeliote captains (amongst whom are the two rivals, Gkriva and Phoutomari, at Napoli), are generally braver and better than the rest. But we repeat, what are *any* of these that a people should confide in them?



tion, that commerce has a strong and irresistible tendency to contract the mind, and to reduce all its best and most ennobling emotions to the narrow sphere of self-interest. That there are some illustrious exceptions to this truth, is of no importance: they do but confirm the maxim. Let the impartial observer of human nature look carefully around the world, and take into cognizance the effects of that desire of gain which is confessedly the ruling passion of the multitude. Let him weigh the consequence of that engrossing principle, and then let him deny, if it be possible, the deduction to which we would lead him. Men, perhaps, who are "born in the purple," who are reared in affluence, and know not in youth the want, or the value of riches, may not be subjugated, at a later period of their lives, to the domination of that powerful evil. The habit of expense, and the carelessness natural to persons unrestricted in their desires, are their preservatives. The name of virtue belongs not to a feeling of this sort; but still its results frequently assume the name and the shew of virtue. But those whose boyhood has been impressed with systems of economy—whose youth has been devoted to the acquisition of the principles of gain—whose years of maturity have been passed in the daily labour of the counting-house, in the hourly consideration of their own interest, in schemes for its improvement, and in precautions against the schemes of others—how can they, and such as they, come forth on public emergencies, discard in a moment, not alone the pursuits, but the feelings of years, and stand aloof from all self-love, and self-interest? It is unnatural, and, therefore, impossible. Take a turnspit from his vocation, and bid him chase the deer. Instinct will lead him to satisfy his own appetite, but not to pursue for the gratification of others. The line of his past duty was not chalked out to him by nature, yet it had become habitual. It might be considered degrading or not; but if you free him from his durance, do you suppose that you can communicate the properties of the stag-hound? Do you suppose that you can change his acquired nature by changing his condition? The Greeks were precisely in this case. Bred and devoted to the love of gain; bred, also, and devoted, as in the instance of the turnspit, to be the abject slave of a more abject master, they rise with all the load of past servitude, of past habits, and of past degradation, to commence a new career, a new existence!

We ask, if such a people are in a capacity to govern, not a nation, but themselves? We ask, if the new and trying situation of affairs, to which they are suddenly called, be not as much against their nature, as it is against the nature of a turnspit to track the deer? But this is not all—perhaps not the least part of the calamity. The traffic to which these persons may have been accustomed has carried them in manhood to foreign nations, and supplied a casual intercourse with civilized Europe. Here they catch (alas! how readily do we catch what is evil!) the vices of civilization, without profiting, or, indeed, without having an opportunity to profit, by its virtues.\* In those, again, few in number, who received their education in Europe, what do we discover? Removed far from home; emancipated from

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\* There is (would that we could impress this fact upon the minds of thousands who forget it!) no general rule without exceptions. Miaouli is one, and Sachtouri and Canaris. The two Tombasis, of whom we know more than all the rest, are strikingly so: they are excellent men; and, no doubt, there may be many others.

parental authority ; left to the care, or rather to the neglect, of strangers; they reap just that share of knowledge which "puffeth up," and enables the crafty to become craftier, and the foolish vain. They reap immorality in all its various grades ; they lapse into infidels, and "glory in their shame." They learn, in short, all the very worst parts of human nature, and practise them with interest in a land which slavery has debased, and ignorance brutified. It is precisely among those who have been educated in civilized Europe, that we observe the most vicious portion of the Greek people.

Upon a government, then, so constructed, its members, from their very nature, necessarily at variance with one another—necessarily addicted to petty intrigue—rendered incapable by previous habits and education of understanding the exigencies of government—of supplying deficiencies and devising resources—while this incapacity is evident even to the most illiterate Greek, how can a nation depend ? We hear much of policy and "diplomatic relations ;" and we see thousands even in Europe, after years of intense study, unable to comprehend the mysticism which they involve. To say truth, in many cases, diplomacy, like sublimity, is often valued only as it is most unintelligible ! But without study, little or much, without knowledge of mankind, or of the common usages of mankind, what avails it that the Greeks have a government ? What rightly-conceived policy can they pursue ? "E' assolutamente necessario per un buon politico il sapere a perfezione l'istoria," says the subtle Ganganelli, "e conoscere il secolo nel quale egli vive, per sapere in qual grado di forza e di spirito sian coloro che compariscono sulla scena del mondo ; a fine di poter incuter timore se siavi della debolezza, far della resistenza se siavi del coraggio, e finalmente per poter imporre se siavi della temerità."\* In all these *requisites*, it is scarcely necessary to add, that the Greeks must be deficient.

The Capitani, also, as we have before stated, are destitute of all the essentials called for in situations similar to the present. These men have not, perhaps, been engaged in commerce ; and, therefore, it is not to such occupations that we are to charge the poverty of their souls. But what have been their habits ? Theft, or the most servile dependence upon the worst of their species. Ulysses, Goura, Coletti,† Lædoreki, and many others, were the favourites of Ali Pacha. In his school they were trained ; in his school they acquired the arts of treachery and barbarity. Of him they obtained the craft which enabled them to conceal their views till the victim trembled beneath their grasp ; and to pursue every path, however desperate, in the attainment of their wishes. As they were dependent on Ali, others were dependent on them. They would, of course, select only such men as were capacle of becoming fit instruments ; such as had no other will than that of their master, and who found their surest and most ample reward in proving faithful to him. When the revolution broke out, and Ali was cut off, these men poured forth from their fastnesses to batten upon Greece. It is the misfortune of every revolution to need the resolute and unscrupulous. Such the necessities of Greece compelled her to accept ; and such, unless by timely prevention, will be her ruin. Yet the hand of Providence seems to mark the justice of her cause. One by one they have perished. The traitor to his master alike falls the victim of his own servant ; and the

\* Lett. 88, Vol. 1.

† Coletti was attached rather to Veli Pacha, the son of Ali, in the capacity of physician.



death of Goura, though publicly given out as occurring by a Turkish ball, has been privately said (with whatever truth) to be the result of Greek perfidy.

The Capitani, then, habituated to plunder, and to the indulgence of debasing passions, withal, most deplorably ignorant of all that concerns their stations, are required to lead the Greeks against their common foe. But these Capitani have become rich ; loaded with "barbaric pearl and gold ;" and will *they*, who may lose in battle what they possess, and can gain nothing by the exposure of their persons, will *they*, such as we have described them, run much risk ?

"I wonder, noble captain, whence the thought—  
Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat."

Thus it really is. Therefore, with a government unable to protect them ; with laws only in name ; with leaders who shrink from the contest—for let who will fight *they* share in the spoil ; with leaders, we repeat, who, if they do not desert the cause, do not uphold it ; who employ themselves in low cabals to obtain they know not what ; who support a party, merely because they imagine that *one* party they must support, and abandon it the moment that whim, or some worthless advantage offers the temptation—with such men, how can this people, any people, firmly and cordially unite ? Is it possible that they can yield their confidence to a system of things so constituted ? That they can stand resolutely beside the tottering wall of faith at which they look ?

Take a common Greek from his fold and his mountains, and place him before the enemy. He has exchanged his crook for a sabre, and his staff for a musket. What is he the better ? He has quitted property and security : for what can injure "a stoic" of the mountains, a "man without a tear," because existing almost without an occasion that can draw one ? He has his bread and his onion—his cave, and the stream beside it—his dog and his goats. His chief offers him liberty in exchange for these things—death, or a glorious freedom. But does this chief exemplify his own belief of its value ? Does he shew him practically how it may be obtained ? No ; he bids *him* fight ; but he does not design *him* to gather the fruits. This disinterested leader occupies the back-ground in the action ; but, afterwards, is the foremost in seizing upon the prey. Then do you censure the Greek, who has quitted all he ever knew of happiness, if he reject such conditions ? and having, at the same time, learnt from his superior, that self-interest is paramount, can you wonder, ignorant as he is, if he seek the means of gratifying it ? The Turks are objects of dread and detestation—this feeling, we believe, to be powerful in the mind of every Greek. He who does not understand *liberty*, understands *oppression*, recognizes *hatred*, and though he may not love public freedom, he can hate the political tyrant ; and the mountaineer, deserted by his captain, and left at the mercy of the Ottomans, will fight to the very last. Any of them, when "at bay," will sell his life at a rate that surprises and perplexes his antagonist. And we demand, if men capable of exhibiting such energies when pressed to the uttermost, would not, if gradually inured to danger ; if led to battle by a soldier on whom they could rely—of whose qualities, in head and heart, they were secure ; we demand of the most inveterate oppressor of the Greeks, after he has had time for reflection, whether he disbelieves



their power to act like men, and whether they have not been misrepresented in some instances, and misunderstood in others?

The history of the siege of Missolonghi is replete with well authenticated anecdotes of individual courage. The garrison consisted of numbers from every part of Greece—Episotes, Ætolians, and Acarnanians, as well as the native population of Missolonghi. How then can it be said that men, who, in circumstances the most distressing, fought, as they have fought, often hand to hand, do not possess courage? The numerous sorties which they made repel the accusation sometimes brought, that they fight well only behind stone walls. And the exploits of the islanders, as they are testified by various officers of our own ships of war, witnesses of the actions, throw back the aspersions in the face of their propagators.

The small body of cavalry, whose gallantry near Tripolitza has been often alluded to, proved the intrepidity of which the Greeks are capable, even when combating in a manner to which they were unused, and at which, consequently, they were inexpert. If it be urged that these are only rare and isolated facts, we should be glad to learn, why they are not brought forward in their behalf, as well as those which tend to their reproach? And let it be particularly remembered, that, although the Greeks have fled before the Turks, or suffered them to escape when every appearance might have promised their total annihilation, yet when they *have* fought, under almost all circumstances they have had the better of the contest. Perhaps the results were not important; perhaps they knew not sufficiently how to make the most of a victory; but still, whenever it came to the trial of *physical strength*, the Greeks have been invariably victorious. Why then should we be told that they are naturally the "*hares*," which Turkish scorn, confident in its own might, once designated them. What were they who defeated Dramali Pacha in the "Valley of Death?" and Kioutaki, in the first beleaguers of Missolonghi? They who took Corinth, Tripolitza, Monembasia, Napoli di Romania, and Athens? We shall be answered, no doubt, that famine was their auxiliary; that pestilence overcame the adversary, and not Grecian courage. Then let them say how Missolonghi was defended with famine fighting for the Turkish hordes; and how it was yielded!—with every stone upturned, and literally swimming in blood! The Souliotes are distinguished for their valour; the Roumeliotes have never been reproached with the want of it. The exploits of the islanders are the theme of every tongue; individual acts of the most daring bravery have been exhibited repeatedly by the inhabitants of almost every province bearing a Greek name; and yet Greece is held up to obloquy as a nation of cowards and traitors! Is this justice?

Nothing can better evince the ignorant spleen, and paltry trifling of the opponents of this people, than the denial that they are the descendants of the ancient Greeks; while, almost in one breath, they assert them to be "the same *canaille* that existed in the days of Themistocles." Then, they were crafty and treacherous, mutable and factious: *therefore*, in times as diversified—under circumstances as varied as ever operated upon the human heart—they are charged with being the *very* sons of supposititious parents! But this is the age of absurdity. Theories are constructed—fashion consecrates them, and they float awhile on the breath of popular caprice, to fall at last into their primitive insignificance. It is not our purpose here to become the apologist of the ancient Greeks:

but we think we could shew, that somewhat of their treachery and falsehood were derived from a false religion; and that what is wanted of these qualities in the more civilized countries of modern Europe (too little, God knows!) springs from the glorious light of Revelation—from that transcendent volume which it was the calamity of the old world not to know.

It is to those at the head of affairs, whether civil or military, that the calamities of the Greeks are owing. It is solely from *their* misconduct that Europe forms its ideas of Greece. But that such people should be placed at its head, is, from the circumstances under which the present state of things has originated and proceeded, nothing singular. What else could be expected? Jack Cade, at the head of his rabble, can be no other than Jack Cade; and men, undisciplined and uneducated, can only conduct themselves by the lights they have received.

This statement of affairs brings us once more to the question of the present fitness of Greece for liberty. Had we not seen the doubt urged in print, and circulated amongst thinking men, we could not have believed it possible that such a doubt could exist for a single moment. What is fitness for liberty? Are they who talk about it aware, that the men who are in that state of "fitness," which the phrase implies, do virtually possess their freedom? It is the moral degradation, the moral servitude of the Greeks, that makes their situation so pitiable, and their freedom so imperative. What could enthral men whose minds were free? Does any one believe that the impotent Turk could fetter the body, when the mental energies were beyond his power? Read the history of every nation that ever yet had existence, and observe if the slavery of the mind was not first accomplished, before the body bowed beneath the yoke of despotism. Upon this the authority of the popes, during the middle ages, was founded; upon this tyranny erected her bloody throne, and by this she has always upheld it. Invariably, when men grew more enlightened they grew more free; the shackles fell from the human frame, in the exact proportion that they fell from the human intellect. This is not a matter to be contested; it is a truth as apparent as the light of day to one capable of seeing. If, therefore, it be said, that the Greeks are unfit for liberty, and ought to wear their chains until they become fit for emancipation, a more unintelligible paradox cannot be conceived. The utmost that can be drawn from it is, that they should *never* be free: for, remaining as they are, they never *will* be fit for it. Ignorance is religion with the Turk; and it is the most effective policy that he can pursue with relation to the Greek. The full importance of this has long been felt and acted upon; and the consequence is the present miserable darkness that everywhere prevails in Greece. What but oppression like that of the Sublime Porte could have prevented a quick and sensitive people from pouring out their souls in poetry, and in works of imagination? And yet how few are there to be found! Never, then, let it be said that the Greeks are not prepared for freedom. Were they ten times worse—were they "lower than the lowest depths," they would be only so many more degrees entitled to it—so much the more would their condition imperiously demand it.

The knavery of the Greeks has, like all their other vices, been pressed far beyond the fact. In reality, human nature is everywhere the same. Circumstances may vary the manner of its exhibition, but the quantity of the evil will be found very nearly on a par. They are extremely



hospitable in proportion to their means ; and though we do not deny that they often look for a full equivalent, yet, when we recollect the general poverty, it is not a subject of reproach. We ourselves have no particular complaint to make of their dishonesty ; and if others have, it is a complaint which, at times, they would be constrained to make in any nation under the sun. We have seen much of Italy, and we will venture to assert, that imposition *there* has attained its meridian. If it can be equalled, it cannot be outdone ! The Greeks have excuses that the Italians cannot have. If they rob, it is because their means of subsistence have been destroyed—because their lands have been devastated, and their domestic hearths subjected to desecration. They have grown up with wild notions of religion, and with unbecoming conceptions of the Deity. They have been trained to no order ; their minds are like uncultivated wildernesses ; rank even in their fertility ; and it is very natural that, in their present desolate condition, they should hold to

“ The simple plan,  
That they should take who have the power,  
And they should keep who can.”

That the present unhappy period has considerably demoralized the female mind is very possible ; but as it has not come within the sphere of our observation, we shall pass it with a hope that the day is not far distant, when both their hearts and persons will be improved—the first chastened by misfortune, and the latter, placed under the direction of a better taste. Their frequent fasts, and the use of deleterious food, bring on a premature old age ; and, in youth, their complexion, instead of the fine florid glow of health, are always without colour, and more resembling the sallowness of corpses than the warm suffusion of living beauty. The faces of children are equally unearthly ; but the contour of both is frequently very perfect.

By what we have previously said, it will be seen that we do not intend to hold up the Greeks as a people destitute of many and great defects—as not guilty of many lamentable enormities. But we do most conscientiously and firmly maintain, that they have been, and perhaps will still be, most grossly calumniated. Of what description are the generality of those who visit Greece ? They are young, unthinking, disappointed men ; men, who, unable to accomplish some visionary project, hurl death and destruction on every thing that militates against their ill-organized fancies. Or they are “ travelling gentlemen,” whom the first aspect of a dirty Greek town and people throws into an agony of consternation ; who put their heads hastily within the gates, and withdraw them as hastily ; hurry into the first ship that will receive them, and bid an eternal adieu to Greece. Or they are the officers of a man-of-war (let us be permitted, without intending the slightest personal reflection, to speak freely) who seldom quit the ship for more than half an hour, except on a shooting excursion—who rarely know a syllable of the language—who feel little curiosity, or concern, at least, about the people—and who possess, most commonly, all the national prejudices of Englishmen. That the officers of a man-of-war have opportunities of research beyond those of other men is questionable, though it is sometimes believed. But though they have, they are seldom made use of ; nor, indeed, can they be so, consistent with the duties of their vocation. Is it from these, then (and we again disclaim the most remote feeling of



disrespect toward any individual whatever), that we are to acquire our information relative to Greece? from men who look at objects through a perverted medium ; and, wholly regardless of their accuracy, believe or disbelieve accounts, just as they fall in with their various passions or opinions? That there are exceptions to this statement, distinguished exceptions, cannot be contested by any who have perused the works of Colonel Leake, and Mr. Waddington. But still our general position is true, and however it may be carped at by those who feel themselves touched by the censure, we are perfectly confident that the impartial and the unprejudiced will be of our opinion.

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BRING ME WINE !

[From the Persian.]

*By T. W. KELLY, Author of " Myrtle Leaves."*

Go scatter Flowers, and bring me Wine,\*  
That while I drink, their incense sweet  
May charm my soul with dreams divine  
Of her my fancy joys to meet.

But ah ! her absence brings a pain,  
Which ne'er can be in wine forgot ;  
Then take, oh ! take the cup again—  
Wine has no charms where she is not !

Oh, that I were her Robe, I'd cling  
Her fair form tenderly around ;  
Or, were I that bright jewelled Ring  
About her well-turned ankle bound !

Or, one of those pure Bells of gold  
Which, hanging, decks her radiant zone,  
More than my tongue has ever told  
Should breathe in its impassioned tone !

Or, the fair Rose set in the maze,  
The fragrant maze of her dark hair ;  
Delighted on her brow I'd gaze,  
And still her unmatched charms declare.

But ere those charms I could reveal,  
The jealous gale would, vexed to see  
Me honoured thus, untimely steal  
My breath, my bliss, my extacy !

Then would I were the Leaf† which dyes  
Her snowy feet with ruby hue !  
How dearly would her lover prize  
A kiss so odorous and so true !

But more than worlds I'd deem obtained,  
Were I the white Symar which, blest,  
Enshrines her heart, that mine has chained,  
And made a fugitive from rest.

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\* " Call for wine, and scatter flowers around."—*Asiat. Res.* vol. iii. p. 174.

† The (juice of) Alactaca.—*Vide* the Songs of Jayadeva.

## THEATRICAL MATTERS.

KEAN, who seems determined to make his retirements and his returns equally conspicuous, contrived to triply signalize his reappearance at Drury-lane, by a negociation, a newspaper correspondence, and a law-suit. The Atlantic manager is an acute personage, and seems to know the world on both sides of that sea, which Grattan in one of his flights eulogized as the power of nature seconding the power of mind ; "a column of water of three thousand miles" seconding the energies of the Irish volunteers—" *pace tanti viri*," the figure sounds a little absurd. But Grattan had a meaning in his madness, and his countrymen understood him prodigiously well in those days of American rebellion.

(So far, *par parenthèse*.) The manager knew his man ; sent Home-Secretary Cooper to open an arrangement with the great leader, for his accession to the Drury-lane ministry ; laid before his tardy conviction reasons of such weight, that no lover of his country could refuse them ; proved at once that the state was lost without him, and that he was lost without the state ; turned his tardy conviction into glowing acceptance, brought him up to the door of the Brydges'-street Cabinet, and saw him sworn into office, even in the very boots which he had put on "to follow the poor body" of the Covent Garden opposition. For this most important service, the Home Secretary has since been honoured with the amplest confidence of the Atlantic premier—has been promoted to the Foreign department, and now sustains the weight of the negociations, *tot et tanta negotia solus*, with all powers proposing the alliance of Parisian dancing-dogs and dancing women, marvellous monkeys, Diavolo Antonios, dromedaries with three humps, and translators of German melodramas. But, "to digress from this digression," as Lord Byron says ; Kean's manliness, as it was termed by his admirers ; his "disloyalty" as it was termed by his haters ; and his perfect knowledge of managers and man, as it was termed by those who did not care if he was gone, with all his fortune left to pay the national debt ; produced in the first instance a letter from Mr. Bartley, the very pleasant actor and respectable Stage Director of Covent Garden. Kean wisely left this shot to take its parabolic course whither it would ; a second and a third followed. Kean felt himself dunned by this "d—mnable iteration," and answered them no more than a dun *ought* to be answered. The letters were cleverly written, pathetic on the score of Kean's character, for which the letter-writer professed a peculiar love, and powerful in their appeals to that portion of the human sensibilities by which a man shrinks from 10,000*l.* damages, though incurred in the most captivating of causes.

But Kean had by this time kissed hands ; he was installed in the glories of office ; he had tasted of the good things, and had touched the first quarter's salary. Aristides or Phocion, the vigorous virtue of a Regulus, or the sublime purity of a Chatham, could not have done more nor less than what he did ; he snapped his fingers at the menace, flung the correspondence into the flames, and in the spirit of indignant honour, desired his name to be placarded for *Richard* next day at dawn.

Hostilities now commenced by a brisk attempt at an action by Covent Garden. The boldness of managers, probably from their habits of dealing with daggers or actresses, is of the most daring nature. The name

of Chancery, which even in the Fives' Court designates the depth of calamity; and every where else carries, like physic, ruin in its chariot wheels, only that, unlike physic, it speedily cures the patient, though it never lets him out of the chamber—has no alarms for the manager of a theatre. He rushes on, like Alexander, to secure conquest, though at his first step he plunge over head and ears into a Granicus of office ink, and rise from it only to be buried neck deep in the suffocations of parchment and special pleaders. On he plunges, cries *sauve qui peut*; which should be translated “Devil take the *foremost*,” and leaves the world to wonder at his intrepidity. Like Monsieur Chabert—the whole is a phenomenon; except that to breakfast on prussic acid, and dine on corrosive sublimate, are the most trivial ventures, after the entrance into that furnace, the law; where man is roasted whole, and whose temperature is death to every one, but that profession who are obviously practising for the endurance of heat here and “elsewhere.”

The injunction was applied for, and obtained, or it would not be law; that law which allows every man to run his chance of ruin. The injunction was applied against, and dissolved the next day, or it would not be law, which allows every man to drink the “glorious uncertainty,” and to repent of his experiment within the next four-and-twenty hours.

Kean has gone on since as triumphantly as ever; and Mr. Wallack himself owns that the speech is not to be respoken, in which he announced the extinction of the actor's faculties. His *Richard*, his best at all times, and his *Othello*, always an effective performance, are still followed; and unless he falls in love again with some Aldermanic fair, or puts, like *Cassio*, an enemy in his mouth to take away his brains, Kean may still be a thriving wooer of the Muse of the lamp and dagger.

Young plays the *Iago*, for who else can play it?—and we question if any actor ever played it better. The man is made for the part; we mean no sneer at a very estimable and intelligent individual. But Young's sarcastic manner, his mixture of severity and pleasantry, and the very formation of his acute and expressive features, mark him for the man who plays with human foibles, and makes, as it may happen, his mirth or his matter, out of the generous absurdities of mankind. Without his *Iago* the play would be nothing; but with it, it is unquestionably among the most attractive and triumphant efforts of the modern stage.

Miss Phillips's *Desdemona* should not be forgotten. It is a very sweet, graceful, and feeling performance; yet there are two things in which Miss Phillips might very greatly improve—her energy and her hair-dressing; they are not very like, but they have each their importance. The stage does not often witness a more calamitous *coiffure*. It gives an air of awkwardness to a very pretty, though rather stiff figure; it destroys the expression of a very pretty face; transfers our sorrow for the character to our anxiety for the actress; and urges us to the uncharitable wish, that instead of slaying or being slain nightly, she should once for all transfer her dagger to the more ignoble office of extinguishing her friseur.

Lord Normanby, a patriot of the first magnitude, and adoring the English populace, “the illustrious race of the free,” and so forth—is, like a patriot and a British nobleman, flourishing away with his lady and a mob of patriots and patriotesses, like themselves, in Florence. We



have no desire to mingle our political feelings with our theatrical details ; but conduct, like this, is among the objects of our irresistible scorn. While the English population, from whom this childish and idle personage draws the means of his frivolous career, are pressed by the heaviest calamities—this *nobleman*,—how long will public scorn suffer the application of the name?—is capering in an Italian town, gathering the wretched and ridiculous mob of titled puppyism that every land disgorges into Italy, and performing in his own person and that of his wife, antics on a stage. The last tidings are, that *he* and *she* performed to “four hundred personages of RANK and FASHION a few nights ago, in Florence.” This paragraph, in the legitimate style of the “Fashionable World” of a newspaper, was, in all probability, sent from his lordship’s proper pen, and may have been intended alike to spread his fame and to draw recruits. Four hundred personages of rank, or rabble, to see Lord Normanby play “Simpson and Co !” Well may foreigners ask, why we send for their tumblers and baboons, when we have such noble superfluities of our own ! Well may the people of England exclaim against the profits of office and the worthlessness of patriotism, when they see such absurdities committed by men who should set an example of common sense and common humanity at home.

But, to turn from our indignation to an anecdote of the infinite *bore* of such delights as this novel-scribbling patriot and absentee has taken upon his shoulders.

The father of the present Sir Watkin Williams Wynn was a great patron of the arts ; and so fond was he of plays, that he built a theatre at Wynnstay, in North Wales. On one occasion, Austin, the actor, then manager of Chester theatre, was requested by Sir Watkin to superintend the getting up of a favourite comedy, which was to be acted entirely by amateurs, many of whom were noblemen and ladies of rank. A day was fixed for the performance, and, as a matter of course, a rehearsal was called in the morning. Sir Watkin and Austin were at their post, making all preparation to give effect to the play. All was ready. ‘Clear the stage,’ cried Sir Watkin, ‘and call Lord A——.’ ‘His lordship’s gone a shooting,’ exclaimed a servant.—‘Call Sir B. C——, then.’ ‘He is gone a fishing, Sir Watkin.’—‘Request Lady D—— to come, then.’ ‘Her ladyship, and several others, are just gone out for a ride.’—‘Who the d—l,’ cried Sir Watkin, ‘would be a manager?’ ‘I am sure I should not,’ said Austin, ‘if I had your fortune.’

Covent Garden has gone on showily since Miss Kemble’s appearance. She has now added *Belvidera* to her *Juliet*, and plays it as well as her physical powers allow. Her voice is obviously growing more equal to the compass of the house, and her action is more decided. The theatre is crowded on the nights of her performance, and what can she ask more ?

The Dublin Theatre has been sold, and purchased by the mortgagee, for a sum which allows of his letting it at 2,000*l.* a-year ; a deduction of 1,000*l.* from the former rate. The manager ought to make something out of this, when we recollect that Covent Garden lives under a rent of 14,000*l.*, and Drury Lane under one of 10,000*l.* They may both be pressed heavily enough by this burthen, but let them have good plays, and they are sure to have full audiences. Let the Irish manager take this secret to his bosom, and try to stir up the dramatic power of the pleasant population round him.

But what evil genius in the shape of the most luckless of managers, Frederic Jones, has started up to rival him? Dublin has never been able to support more than one theatre, seldom even that one, and yet we see that a second, for operas, &c., is actually building. Even in the day of Barry and Mossop, of Sheridan, Quin, and Garrick, when first-rate players were to be found everywhere, and when the higher ranks made the theatre what the opera is now, their habitual place of assemblage, two theatres in Dublin only ruined each other; but, *nous verrons*.

The fate of the foreign speculations comes just in time. The Parisian affair was merely a French compliment, paid and at an end. The actors were introduced, embraced in the public arms, kissed on both cheeks, and then most courteously bowed out. The manager of the Anglo-Flemish company improved on this French reception, by taking French leave.

"An English company had been performing at Amsterdam, under the management of a Mr. Aubrey, who, by liberal offers, induced Kean, jun., Miss F. H. Kelly, and other English performers, to join his *corps dramatique*. They played 'Romeo and Juliet,' at the Hague, with great *éclat*, in presence of the King and Queen of the Netherlands, the Prince and Princess of Orange, and an immensely crowded audience. The receipts of the night were considerable; but on the return of the company to Amsterdam, it was discovered that the manager had made his exit, after receiving the subscription of the royal party, and there was no money in the treasury to pay the performers' salaries, beside there being an arrear of 1,000 florins due to the proprietor of the theatre for rent. In this dilemma a green-room council was convened, when Miss F. H. Kelly, in consideration of the poorer performers, generously offered to bear the whole expenses of the theatre for a month, paying all the members their full salaries, if Kean would give his gratuitous services for that period, to which he as generously agreed; but the proposition not meeting the concurrence of those whom it was intended to benefit, the idea was abandoned."

Mr. Aubrey has since, however, denied the abstraction of the money, there being *none* to abstract.

But the performer that surpasses all other performers is the *débütante* of the Adelphi. The name of this extraordinary genius is Jelk, with which she was honoured by her illustrious sponsors, the King of Candy and the Emperor of Japan. Her performance has excited the most boundless popularity; and the great Northern Romancer, who, with a large party of wits attended her *début*, is said to have continued, during the whole week after, pronouncing, like his Dominie Sampson, the word "prodigious!"

A drama had been provided for the first development of her powers, happily entitled the "Fire Fiend," which was to be opened by a prologue recited by Yates, in the garb of an Exeter 'Change Beef-eater. But the whisper goes, that the deputy licenser, feeling himself appointed the guardian angel of that warlike corps, refused his permission, on the ground that it was "calculated to bring his Majesty's Beef-eaters into contempt." Yates accordingly submitted, and appearing in his personal costume, as a beef-eater on his own account, delivered Mr. Beasley's very pleasant performance. The prologue playfully describes the pulling down of Exeter 'Change, and tells us, that—



"The beasts, astonished, still remained in doubt  
 That *Woods* and *Forests* should have turned them out;  
 With *Carlton rooks* they made their *common caws*—  
 Compell'd to bow to *Woods'* and *Forests'* laws.  
 By roars from beasts, and oaths from keepers surly,  
 Was *Burleigh House* thus turned to hurly-burley;  
 And beasts and birds sought out for other lays,  
 Where the King's *Mews* still celebrates their praise.  
 I was obliged their common route to share,  
 And found it quite a *bore* without a *bear*.  
 From that snug nook, so well known at the entry,  
 Where half a century had stood a sentry,  
 Ejected, I was left to cry alone,  
 With the great bard—'My occupation's gone.'

The lines then proceed to describe, with a most prolific prodigality of pun, the difficulties which impeded the performers' engagement and transit to the theatre.

"Some thought no poet could be got to write  
 For one who put George Colman in a fright.  
 Some thought the new performer's length of ear,  
 Would seem, on public men, a public sneer.  
 Some thought such public talents shown in brutes  
 A libel on some "honourable" mutes.  
 Some thought by law they could not let her land,  
 Because her ivories were contraband—  
 The vessel, too, would tremble with her weight,  
 And captains be quite frightened with her freight—  
 Said we'd no room in safety here to place her,  
 And that our prompter would not dare to face her.  
 I proved the voyage easy of endurance—  
 I promised, then, that I could find *assurance*—  
 I signed and sealed, thinking the matter national—  
 But hoping still her *rations* would be rational—  
 Till freight all paid, her custom duties clear,  
 She comes herself to pay her *duties* here—  
 We hoping you your patronage will grant  
 To Messrs. Mathews, Yates, and Elephant."

The experiment, however, has succeeded "prodigiously." Miss Jelk has become the talk of the wits of the *grand monde*, as our readers will observe in another part of our publication. The theatre is crowded, and the proprietors are said to be in treaty with the King of the Ashantees for a troop of lions, who, if they do not gratify the public appetite, will probably indulge their own. Though, for curious specimens of creation, the very best might be found among the *lions* of the West End.

At Drury Lane, a new comedy was produced, under the auspices of Lord Glengall, and as yet unclaimed by any one else. It deserved a favourable reception, and had one. The plot of "the Follies of Fashion" consisted of the foolish contrivances of a city family to make their way into the society of the nobles; and the uneasy and intricate contrivances by which persons of rank manage to make themselves useless, ridiculous, and unhappy. Lord *Splashton* and his pretty lady are both furiously in love with each other; yet both, by the laws of fashion, are forced to seem furiously in love with somebody else. There is the "*Ami de la Maison*," who pays his adorations to the lady, and the "charming widow," who receives the attentions of the lord. The pair are finally ruined in



point of fortune, though the decorum of the stage stops short of the other equally certain catastrophe. The citizen's affairs are in an equally fair train. But Cupid interposes. A young lover of the young lady has taken advantage of the citizen's fondness for title, to introduce himself as Lord Henry something or other; and as, luckily, though a cheat, he is, in all other points, a person of infinite merit, the union of the parties finishes in neither bankruptcy nor hanging.

Lord Glengall deserves credit for the effort. He has exhibited dexterity and wit; and, though his plot has been too obviously connected with the "School for Scandal," yet it displays no slight knowledge of the stage. Lord Alvanley assisted it by a very neat and pointed epilogue.

The pantomimes are announced as capital. Their secret has been long profoundly treasured within the bosoms of the potent wizards, Messrs. Farley and Barrymore; but by the time these pages go forth to the admiration of mankind, the secret will be a mystery no more.

We should not omit the mention of "Black-eyed Susan," a conveyance from the Surrey Theatre to Covent Garden. It is a very national thing, for which we like it better than fifty French farces. It is a very affecting thing; and it is as well played as any thing of its class can possibly be. The story is an expansion of Gay's famous ballad; and after bringing *William* home to *Sue*, exposes her to the pursuit of a drunken *Captain*, whom *William* slashes across the head with his cutlass, and for this act of mutiny is condemned to be hanged. The court-martial is held on board his ship, and a very clever and close representation it is. But we must give Egerton credit for his share of the performance. He is the *Admiral*. The part is merely of a couple of scenes; but he played it excellently. His manner exhibited a propriety, and even a dignity, that greatly struck the audience; and his affecting and feeling conduct to the brave tar, the leave-taking, and the good-natured condescension, drew as many tears as we have often seen contributed to the pathos of the stage. Egerton has powers that ought to keep him in the attention of our rising dramatists.

Philips, a very favourite singer during many years, and a first-rate theorist in his art, has taken his leave of the Dublin stage. The Lord-Lieutenant and a crowded house honoured his benefit; and we are gratified to believe that this very well-conducted and respectable individual is beyond the chances that so often depress the last years of the favourites of the stage.

#### THE ELEPHANT; OR, THE PERFECTION OF MODERN GENIUS!

*Lord Alb—nly.* Have you seen Miss Jelk? She is a most magnificent creature, and in this period of theatrical dulness, quite an acquisition. I never saw a performer more capable of *drawing a house*. She makes quite a crush-room even of the stage.

*J—k—ll.* Yes; she is a performer of extraordinary *capacity*; perhaps the *greatest* on any modern stage. I really think she exceeds Mrs. Faucit considerably, or even Mrs. —

*H. Sm—th.* She certainly throws them all into *shade*; the eclipse is total.

*J. Sm—th.* They look nothing in her presence. She is, palpably, more likely than any heroine of them all to *support* the stage.

*H. Sm—th, (aside to J. S.)* That hit you stole from me, as usual. But I shall do the same by you, *whenever* you shall say any thing as well worth stealing.

*Gr—nby L—ster.* The more important question at present, with her, as with all performers, is whether the stage will be able to *support* her.

*D'I—er—eli.* Her popularity is perfectly settled; she, alone, *fills* the house, and is the only performer, except Vestris, that, play what tricks she will, is only the more popular. I have seen no actress so constantly *turn up her nose* at the audience with such perfect impunity.

*Lord Gl—ng—ll.* She conquers the grand difficulty of the drama with the ease of habit, and makes all her *exits* with applause.

*Lord C—stl—re—gh.* Yes; her *end* is always her most powerful exhibition, and she plays every part with the same *force, elevation, weight, and loftiness.*

*Lord N—g—nt.* I can vouch for her. I know her memory to be *stable*; her *understanding* of the largest dimensions; and, whatever her female caprices may be, you may rely on her substantial sense at *bottom.* I say bottom carries it after all.

*C—lly Gr—ttan.* That all may be in your lordship's experience of public life, but what I applaud is, her delicacy. Though as little indebted to drapery as a woman of fashion, and, like her, obliged to strip when she appears in public, she contrives to make us forget the startling fact, and looks as modest as if she had never been in first-rate society. Though I own there is a tale.

*Lord F—s. L. G—w—r.* Yes; but that's a *tail* not for every one's mouth, however fit for yours; like all the great, she may have hangers on. But I should advise them not to hang on by that *tail.* Ha! ha! ha!

*M—rq—is of Cl—nr—c—rde.* Well said, my Lord: but you have been in Ireland lately, and that accounts for your hits at the hangers on; yet, certainly, without meaning any imputation on her general propriety of conduct, I believe that she was lately seen *half seas over*; and, perhaps, a little more.

*P—c—ck.* Certainly not near *Howth*, my Lord. Though I allow she might have been thinking of the *Main.*

*Lady C. B—ry.* Hoot awa! my Laird. The pair cratur was thinking o' travelling to see the bonny braes ayont the Tweed, and was only practising a *reel.*

*Hon. Mrs. H—rt—n.* I own I have been charmed with her. Her residence in Paris has not left the most trivial charge of *lightness* on her. She feels, without sentimentality: she thinks, yet knows the inestimable value of holding her tongue. She has a voice that can make itself resistlessly heard upon occasion; yet she is a capital listener, and has the true politeness of never making the slightest audible remark upon the infinite impertinences of the well-bred world."

*L—F. L. G—w—r (aside.)* (Your panegyric is equal to your beauty, and both are matchless.) But you have omitted one point—her pathetic power. She constantly keeps three-fourths of the audience in *tiers.*

*The Hon. Lord St—h—pe.* And the best of all is, that with all her talents she is not a blue.

*The Hon. Mrs. H—rt—n (aside.)* (Bitter wretch.) Yes, no one hears her harangues for ever about Greece; her school-days do not make her sole recollections, and she wisely does not care if all the Colocotronis were hanged on their congenial Hounslow.



*The Hon. L. St—h—pe* (*aside*). (An attempt to provoke me into a flirtation, but she shall be disappointed.) At least, if she should ever take up the pen, it will not be to write the history of the “Fair Impenitent.” She may have cause to blush for others, but will never be compelled to *blush for herself*.

*The Hon. Mrs. Gr—y*. Let *me* be peace-maker, and let us all go and pay her a visit. I dare say, she will not think of etiquette.

*Lord M—ntch—rl—s*. I can assure you she is *high* and *mighty* enough. Though the story goes, that she brought but a single *trunk* over with her.

*Lord H. H—ll—nd*. Yes; but what a trunk! One that, like Lord Stuart’s boots and bridles, would fill fifty *boxes* any night in the year.

*J. L—tt—r—l*. It is now but five o’clock, and she receives no morning visitors—a sign that she is a candle-light beauty. But here’s *H—r—ce Tw—ss*, he has had nothing to do since he went to Whitehall, so he’ll take you to her hotel in the Adelphi.

*H—ce Tw—ss*. With the most unspeakable delight. But her hotel is—how shall I pronounce it?—an Inn. “Entertainment for man and beast.” And even there her habits are considered *low*. She actually lives in the cellar. (*He whispers Lord St—h—pe*.)

*L—nc—ln St—h—pe*. Drinks half the day?—A rack-and-manger life?—A dozen fellows constantly about her toilette?—Impossible! The story, ladies, is rather startling; but, *Tw—ss*, luckily your more than poetic invention is well known.

*The Hon. Mrs. H—rt—n*. Mere envy on Mr. *Tw—ss*’s part; or a family feeling for the new Juliet.

*H—r—ce Tw—ss*. Rivalry is out of the question. Whatever the stage may be, your great performer is at this moment *below* every female that walks the boards.

*Lady H—ll—nd*. That *fact* is told in such an official tone that, pardon me, it *must* be untrue.

*Ch—rl—s Sh—r—dan*. Your ladyship is perfectly right. The fact is that she has much more of the Methodist preacher. I have seen her on her *knees* in public; and always with a *desk* before her, with a book of *notes* on it, and a large *band* under her chin.

*H—r—ce Tw—ss*. Then, will your ladyship permit me to state a fact, perhaps more to your liking. She’s at this moment in the *straw*!

(*The ladies are all astonishment. They surround H—r—ce Tw—ss, to learn particulars.*)

*A loud voice is heard outside*. Excellent! *He* pretend to manage the state. Pho! Let him send for *me*. I have managed three kingdoms at a time; headed seven rebellions; restored three dynasties; commanded the combined fleets of Europe from my closet, for the boobies of Admirals were all planet-struck; and actually ruled one wife! The world is all one great compound of folly; and I am the only man, from the Equator to the Poles, who has as much common sense as you could squeeze between your finger and your thumb. Make me first lord of the Admiralty, Commander in Chief, and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and you’ll see how the nation will go on. (*The steps approach. The Company simultaneously exclaim, “D—ll—n! D—ll—n! D—ll—n!” A general flight takes place, and the room is instantly cleared.*)



## THE PROSECUTION OF THE PRESS.

WITHIN the last week the vigour of the Attorney-General has been conspicuously at work, and he has made a long succession of long speeches. We shall pass by the Whiggery of this, the practical love of free discussion, the honest ardour for the privileges of thoughts and speech, and all the other stock-topics of the Holland and Grey school. The "Liberty of the press, it is like the air we breathe, without it we die," has, we dare say, been drunk by the Chancellor and the Attorney-General, half a hundred times at the *Synopsia* of Whiggery; and we also dare say those friends of liberty would have lavished their loftiest indignation upon the degenerate soul, who in those brilliant days could have dreamed of any less lofty homage to the freedom of tongue and pen.

But to this we merely advert; for no language of ours shall irritate two such mighty individuals; and, as we shall not be inclined to adopt the modern fashion of swallowing our words, we shall save ourselves from the temptation, by the due homage to the powerful minds and pure morality of all functionaries whatever. It is our opinion, and we are happy to find it sanctioned by the leading personages of this free and fortunate country, that public discussion is of all things the most exclusive, and should never be degraded into the profane handling of any man or men under five thousand pounds a-year, or the representation of a Borough.

There are, undoubtedly, a multitude of topics on which public writers might be useful, and to which they should confine themselves. Births, deaths, and marriages, must interest a large portion of the community, and by a little more ingenuity of expansion and dexterity of remark, might be made to assist the public morals in a large degree; and being composed of facts, a rare distinction, might considerably supersede the unprofitable labours of the parson on Sunday, and of the methodist preacher on every other day of the week. The rising or setting of the moon, the times of high tide at London Bridge, and the calculations of the shortest and the longest day, are among the most essential kinds of knowledge to three-fourths of the community. On these the newspapers have been hitherto lamentably barren. The field is open, is as wide as it is open, and the activity of the English mind would, in all probability, make a very showy affair of it in time. Those subjects have been culpably overlooked; but if, as the philosopher said, "the man who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before, is a benefactor to society," what must be the services of the writer who makes three paragraphs spring up to cover the nakedness of the soil, that of old gave birth only to one?

But we have not yet exhausted the prospects of this proud and palpable amelioration. Every editor of periodical publications, complains, not of the dearth, but the superabundance of his poetic contributions. On an average there must be from fifty to sixty thousand Rosinas, Stellas, Lysymachuses, and Lysanders, undergoing the monthly mortification of seeing their sonnets returned on their hands; the very wings of their immortality clipped at once; the elixir of perpetual youth dashed from their lips, and glory at all entrances quite shut out. The newspapers, by a suitable distribution of their columns, might check this whole tide of thwarted ambition: two or three of their pages would give the happiest development of the fond feelings and fine sorrows of the rising world of poetry; and after the lapse of the next fifty years,

the generation of lyrists would cease to plunder Petrarch—make love by the twopenny post, and live.

The news of fashion might rapidly form a most extensive, as it already does a most interesting, portion of our daily knowledge. Every human being must be the wiser and the better for the assurance of the fact that the Duke of Bedford has had the gout, but has, luckily, recovered; or that the Duke of Northumberland has been taken with the spleen in Ireland, and is likely to retain his disorder until he can shift his position: that Lady A. is gone to Bath, and Lady B. to Bristol: that Lord X. has said his last good thing, and that Lord Y. has never said his first. The value of the system, once tried, will be universally acknowledged; and the saving, soothing, and salutary nature of the change, will give a new and justified consciousness of our superiority to those ancestors who plagued their heads, and sometimes lost them too, in their search after a constitution.

Having laid down the system, who can be so blind as to doubt the practice? The English are, proverbially, a gloomy people. The provision of amusement will be thus a patriotic labour. The ministers of England have considerable trouble in answering popular complaints, and suppressing popular grumbings. This trouble will be utterly at an end; the mighty minds of those pre-eminent individuals will be left at leisure to pursue their own illustrious conceptions for the safety of the state. Where there is no complaint there may be presumed to be no suffering; or, as half the evils of the world are embittered by impatience, the perfect silence of the public on public measures, taxes, sinecures, new palaces, and new places, will be next to perfect acquiescence, and perfect acquiescence, to not feeling them at all. For the Attorney General we do not feel ourselves competent to draw up a system; but we strenuously advise him to urge the principle of punishing to the uttermost all tendency to bring His Majesty's ministers into contempt. The advantages of the principle are matchless; for there is not an act of the individual, or the public, that it cannot be made to grasp. It crushes the past and present delinquency of thinking one's self entitled to inquire into what has been done in the high quarters of Whitehall: it smites all resistance for the future. With the present ministry, of course, we can never conceive any kind of evil to originate. They are all honourable, and some of them right honourable men; and all right trusty and beloved councillors, and so forth. But as their immortality of fame does not extend to their corporal existence, they may be succeeded by individuals whose conduct is not quite so sure of universal homage. If a tyrannous and odious ministry should, in the lapse of time, arise in England, the "tendency to bring into contempt" would be of prodigious value to the new possessors of the Treasury Bench. We have had administrations in England, already, who found the matchless value of the principle; and, if Sir James Scarlet's memory will reach back to the time of Charles II. and James, he will possibly recollect the names of Arlington, Lauderdale, Clifford, and their fellows; a tyrannous, apostate, and traitorous ministry, then insulted the land, and betrayed the king. The people, long patient, at length remonstrated. Coercion followed, the law was busy, the dungeon was crowded, the scaffold was red; every man who loved his country was marked out for a victim; Russell and Sidney were dragged to an ignominious slaughter. We all know the results to the ministry and their tools, to the unfortunate king, and to the insulted people.



Of the spirit which has urged the present prosecutions, we must be cautious how we speak. But of the spirit which has excited the supposed offences against government, we must speak plainly. There exists, throughout the whole of Great Britain, a feeling that we vow, in the presence of Heaven, we would not have acting against us, for all the emoluments and honours that office ever conferred on man. The people of England have a sense of religion, of public honour, and of the value of a free constitution. How has this sense been conciliated? They declared, in the most public manner, by thousands and millions, their abhorrence of the violation of the Protestant Constitution. How were those appeals answered? They relied upon the firm fidelity of men, pledged to their cause by declarations through a series of years, and bound to adhere to it by every consideration that can be supposed to consist in public rank and personal honour. How was this reliance answered? They abhorred, on principle, a military government. They see the places, which by the regular practice of the country were always given to civilians, put into the hands of military men, and three soldiers in the cabinet. They see in the hands of one man a power, to which they can find no counter-balance, and which they, therefore, conceive ought not to be placed in the hands of any individual. If men are to be prosecuted for thinking thus, the indictment must be large enough to contain the whole manly, rational, and religious population of the British Empire.

As to the trials which have already occurred, we shall only remark, that while we regret the rashness of some of the persons concerned, and fully allow that direct charges of peculation and matters of that nature, unless they can be substantiated, only injure the public cause; the punishment of those persons generally leaves the matter where it was found; and men of high public rank should scorn to appeal to such vindication as they can find in the harangue of an Attorney-General.

But what was the conduct of those trials? All the first names of the Bar were engaged for the Crown. Were those necessary? Not a soul opened his lips but the Attorney-General. The accused was scoffed at for attempting his own defence. But where was he to find an advocate? And when was there ever seen such an array of Law Authorities, State Authorities, Authorities of all kinds, in a Court? Judges, Privy Councillors, Ministers, &c. &c. flooding the court, to state what?—their opinion! And what effect must displays of this kind naturally have on the minds of the men who, in the great majority of instances, make up the jury?

Of this no more; if there be strong public indignation, let ministers ask to what is it owing? Is it to party? There is no party. The word is actually disgusting. Is it to the feuds of Toryism against Whiggism? There is now neither the one nor the other. Mr. Peel was the leader of Toryism, and the name is enough. Is it to the activity of Opposition? There is now no Opposition, and the nation think no more of the existence of Lord Grey than they do of the existence of Jack the Painter. Yet an indignant feeling exists,—it transpires in a thousand ways,—it is to be seen, felt, and heard in all directions. The newspapers are merely the *foramina*—the volcanic mouths that give a hasty and intermitted sign of the conflagration spreading below. Let the ministry stop in their career, and ask themselves whether this indignation is to be appeased by violence,—whether the flame is to be put out by trampling on it,—whether the pursuit is to be checked, like the pursuit of the Colchian King, by scattering human limbs in the way?

## NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

MR. ALDERMAN THOMPSON, who, we lament to say, is *not* yet a baronet, notwithstanding his sudden illumination on the subject of the Catholic question, is among the loudest advocates for the removal of Smithfield market westward. The Alderman ought to have some fellow-feeling for the bees : what a figure would he cut if *he* were removed westward !

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This is a famous time for the lawyers. The old saying, that when rogues fall out, honest men come by their own, may be reversed very handsomely now, on condition that we call the "Illustrissimi" of the Horse-guards "honest," which we do in the most nervous and punctilious sincerity. But the lawyers have the whole profit on both sides. Four actions in one week. "Egad," as Congreve says, "rooks and lawyers fatten in the frost; for they pick up, where others would starve."

We have no earthly idea of laughing at such things: nay, we never laugh at dungeon bars or fixed bayonets. But there are some things at which we may still laugh. The Duke of Brunswick has brought an action against the "Foreign Review" for a libel. We only hope that he will not trust the tongues of those slippery orators the lawyers, but come and state the case himself. He has heroism enough for any thing; and he might have the double advantage of settling his affair of honour with Count Munster, and giving His Majesty an *airing* on Hounslow-heath, at the same time.

The article in question is attributed to a celebrated diplomatist with the expressive name of Smith Fiddlestick. Some of the papers affect to make light of the matter, and close their verdict with the easy word, *Fudge*. But time may teach them that the forehead of Jupiter Tonans was tenderness itself to the thunder curls of Lord Tenterden's wig. We recommend the Editor to solicit the honour of being shot in Hyde Park by the Duke, in preference; and he has only to commission Mr. Tattersall for the purpose.

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We are no *canters*; and we have never heard a sermon of Boatswain Smith. Half a sermon of Orator Irving was enough for us in our most patient days; and we have bound a solemn determination upon our breasts, never, knowingly, to read a syllable written by Charles Grant, Parson Philpot, or High-priest Wilberforce.

And yet the number of horrid acts that are perpetrated daily, among even the better orders, make us think that something is required stronger than the march of intellect, to keep men and women from cutting their neighbours' throats and their own. Every paper teems with suicides, and those, not like the regular mortality at Paris, of poor devils, who coming to their last coin, and depositing that last coin in the purse of one of those commodious avenues to the empire of the devil in the Palais Royal, walk out and make the Seine their bed for want of a better. But our self-murderers, in nine instances out of ten, are people of some condition, with families, occupations, and a place in society. One of those is the catastrophe which startled the town of Hull a short time ago. A merchant, finding some speculation going wrong with him, and disdaining either honest retrenchment or manly industry, adopted the



simpler expedient of murdering every body about him. This monster's name was Hentig, and we hope that he was a German. No member of the *Tugendbund*, no professor of mysticism and a community of wives, no *Rationalist* of theology, could have done the thing in a more philosophical and Teutonic style. He shot his wife dead—he then called up his cook-maid, and would have shot her if a brace of bullets could do it. He then set fire to his house for the benefit of giving his neighbours a fellow-feeling of his inconveniences; and finally shot himself. But even here he had not reached his full ambition.

It appears by the statement of the cook, that six days previous to his death, Hentig caused two cakes to be made for his sons, and that, contrary to his usual habits, he had assisted in making them; other circumstances connected with this affair, induce the belief that the unfortunate man put arsenic into the dough. He was particularly anxious that the cakes should go safely, and went with them on board a vessel about to sail for Hamburg. In all probability, the cakes have arrived, and it is more than possible that the children will share their present with the other boys of the school; so that the most fatal result is dreaded. As soon as the discovery was made, means were taken to advise the schoolmaster of the circumstance; but, as the vessel had sailed ten days, there is but little chance of the messenger arriving in time. It appears that Hentig had been unfortunate in his speculations. He had married the unhappy companion of his fate against his father's express commands. His father, however, subsequently advanced him 7,000*l.*, which he lost in business. The senior Mr. Hentig had refused him any farther assistance, and had not for a long time been on kind terms with him. Very recently, however, a reconciliation took place; but it is found that the son's affairs are in a very embarrassed state, and it is supposed that he dreaded exposure so much as to produce that fatal change in his mind which led to the distressing event of his own and his wife's death.

This is the statement, painted in the softest colours. The true colours would paint a furious, moody wretch, outrageous at the coming privation of indulgences forbidden to millions round him, and in the spirit of a swindler, evading his debts, and in the spirit of a fiend, gratifying his hatred of society, and his scorn of Heaven, by plunging all round him into an unprepared grave.

To cloak this hideous transaction under the name of lunacy, is absurd and even criminal. It is a denial of the truth to say that this man was more mad than any other murderer is mad, in his defiance of law and religion.

Some of the divines on the spot might well occupy their leisure in examining the habits and studies that led to this act of horror. We are much mistaken if they will find Hentig the sole wanderer in the way to his catastrophe. We are equally mistaken if the search would not discover that tens of thousands who are reading the very same atrocious and unprincipled publications, are enveloped in the very same practical contempt of Christianity, and are fevered by the same gross personal indulgences, which prepared Hentig for bathing his hands in slaughter. Circumstances will, of course, in the great majority of instances, check the practical progress of the great majority, be they as infidel as they may. But the preparation is there; and the investigator cannot be too expeditious or too sincere.

Since Sir William Curtis's departure, Alderman Venables has assumed the heirship of all the "particularly nice, slick right through, tarnation fine things" (we quote Mathews) of cockneyism. "Why," said Sir William, "is a pocket-handkerchief like a serpent?—Because it is a *wiper*."

Nothing so good will ever be said again; but his successor makes some fine attempts. Venables on a pedestrian tour through the romantic district of Brixton, towards Norwood, remarked to his chaplain, when panting up Brixton Rise, that "every *ill* should be taxed." "Taxed," gently inquired the chaplain, "taxed, Sir, for what reason?" "Because they are *winders*," panted forth the Ex-Lord. The *fidus Achates* laughed, and immediately wrote it in his journal.

We see that the chaplain's unrivalled history of the City Voyage up the River is not forgotten. If being unique be an honour—it must immortalize him.

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Brougham now and then relapses into a Bar recollection. The following is his best, and as such, his most frequent story. It is a happy instance of the elucidation of facts in court.

During the assizes, in a case of assault and battery, where a stone had been thrown by the defendant, the following clear and conclusive evidence was drawn out of a Yorkshireman:—

Did you see the defendant throw the stone?—I saw a stone, and I'ze pretty sure the defendant throwed it.

Was it a large stone?—I should say it wur a largeish stone.

What was its size?—I should say a sizeable stone.

Can't you answer definitely how big it was?—I should say it wur a stone of some bigness.

Can't you give the jury some idea of the stone?—Why, as near as I recollect, it wur something of a stone.

Can't you compare it to some other object?—Why, if I wur to compare it, so as to give some notion of the stone, I should say it wur as large as a lump of chalk.

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No one can doubt our attachment to the Established Church. We have no hesitation in speaking of it, as not merely the most fitted for the religious government of a great empire by its principles; but we can find in history no instance of any national church so generally tolerant, so gentle to individual opinion, or so little encumbered with vexatious doctrines and foolish ceremonies; none at once so decorous in its worship, and so mild in its discipline. Yet we are only exhibiting our high respect and anxiety for its public honour, when we advert to the correction of those abuses which time introduces into all things; which it introduces most fatally into the best; and which, unless reformed by the friends of the Church, will be turned into the instruments of its enemies.

The increase of sectarianism is notorious. The dissenters from the National Church amount to millions, and they continue seceding year by year. We do not object to the widest work of *conscience*; and if men will think that they have formed a fair ground for the nonsense of supposing that education is not the safest means of knowledge, that distinctions of ranks are not the most obvious means of subordination, or that the lay tradesman is the best guide of the clerical student, we have nothing to offer which can shake the determinations of such minds. The



age of miracles is past. We cannot expect to give sight to the blind; nor to reach by reason understandings constructed on a scale so singularly beyond our comprehension.

But we believe that the people of England are naturally attached to the Church of England; and that in thousands of instances, secession is merely the result of some local inconvenience. We are equally persuaded that the recovery of those seceders would be in a vast majority of cases effected with perfect ease by a little diligence on the part of the establishment itself. Laws will not do it: the influence of both the executive and the legislative will fail; but the renewed activity, decency, and zeal of the Church itself will be successful, and be the only thing that will. On this subject we submit a curious document: the attempt of a military man to reform a singular piece of negligence in the present Church service:—

(Copy of a Petition presented to the House of Lords on the 4th of June last. A similar Petition was presented to the House of Commons on the 1st of June last, and was ordered to be printed)

“ To the Lords Spiritual and Temporal of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, in Parliament assembled: ”

“ The humble Petition of Lieutenant-General William Thornton, of Grosvenor Gate, Park Lane, in the County of Middlesex,

“ Sheweth—That your Petitioner humbly prays your Lordships to take into consideration the danger arising to the Established Church, from the forbearance of enforcing the performance of both Morning and Evening Service on Sundays, in every Parish Church and Parochial Chapel, and the Chapel of every Extra-parochial Place, throughout England and Ireland, whereby it is rendered impossible for many persons to obey the laws, or the dictates of their own conscience, by resorting to their Parish Church or Chapel accustomed upon every Sunday, without leaving their habitations unoccupied, and thereby exposing their property to loss by robbers; the alternative obliging those persons who are by such omission deprived of the opportunity of attending the Established Service, and who think it a duty incumbent on them to go to some place of public worship, to resort to Dissenting Meeting Houses, to Roman Catholic Chapels, or to Congregations denying the Doctrine of the Blessed Trinity; the only course, as it appears to your Petitioner, by which they can legally exonerate themselves from the penalties to which they are liable for not resorting to their Parish Church or Chapel.

“ Your Petitioner had the honour of a seat in Parliament when the Act of the 57th year of King George the Third, commonly called “ The Clergy Residence Act,” was passing; and as it appeared to your Petitioner that the forbearance of the Bishops to enforce the power given to them by the said Act would be no excuse to the Clergy for such a neglect of duty as the non-performance of either the Morning or Evening Service on Sundays, your Petitioner strenuously urged, but without success, that the Clergy should be liable to some pecuniary penalty or forfeiture for any such omission, which should go and be paid to the person or persons who should inform and sue for the same. It was asserted, that it might be safely intrusted to the Bishops to enforce the two services, but nearly twelve years of trial, since the Act was passed, have but too truly proved the correctness of your Petitioner’s sentiments.

“ In conclusion, your Petitioner humbly prays your Lordships to adopt such measures as shall, in future, make imperative the performance of both Morning and Evening Service on Sundays, in every Parish Church and Parochial Chapel, and the Chapel of any Extra-parochial Place throughout England and Ireland, for the benefit and security of the members of the Established Church.

“ WILLIAM THORNTON.”

To this proposition we can conceive no valid answer. It is certain, that the absence of a whole family from home at once, exposes their goods to plunder. The only resource then, is the double service. But we shall go further than the petitioner, and say, that the service should be strictly a full service; that instead of the mere evening service, the morning service should be repeated, so that no distinction should be made in length or importance to those who might be compelled to remain at home in the early part of the day.

For the length of the morning service we are no advocates; and there, too, we should demand a reform. All the world knows that the present liturgy consists of *three* former ones, and knows equally, that with the addition of a sermon, often the dullest of all possible compositions, the mind of the worshipper becomes utterly weary. Why shall the fear of change impede the common sense, that tells us the liturgy abounds in repetitions, and that one of half the length would be of twice the efficacy? Two hours and a half, the shortest time in which the morning service is performed, is too long for attention, and often too long for health. A judicious limitation to its actual objects would bring back many a deserter who had been won away by the simpler and more succinct form of the dissenting chapel.

We can have no objection to the late increase in the number of churches. But we are perfectly convinced that in a large variety of instances they were totally unnecessary. If we look into any of the large churches of London or of the country, in the afternoon or evening, we find almost a solitude. The fifty London churches do not average fifty persons a piece. The country churches, except in the instance of some peculiarly popular preacher, or some singularly zealous clergyman, have seldom in the evening any beyond a few paupers and a charity school. In point of exterior, too, the new churches are generally among the very worst specimens of the arts. As to patronage, they are generally turned into snug sinecures for the sons, or nephews, or daughters' husbands, or nieces' husbands, or some still lower dependant, of the rector. Of course a good deal of canvassing is employed to have them built wherever the rector is plagued with those dependants; and the parishes, already overwhelmed with poor-rates and taxes, are burthened to make a provision for the hangers-on. This, we could pledge ourselves, has been the secret history of the transaction in a crowd of instances; and all this waste, jobbery, and sinecurism, might have been avoided by the obvious method of inducing the morning congregation to divide itself, and find the evening service as accurately and attentively performed as the morning. Thus the overflow which excites the complaint of want of room, and which has been so zealously laid hold of by those whose patronage it extended, would have never existed. The beggars and brats would not be the sole tenants of a church capable of holding thousands; and though we might have no new monsters of brick and plaster flaring and staring at us in every corner, we should have had the old churches attended as they ought, and the hangers-on serving their country in the fitter employments of the navy, the army, and the plough.

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Don Miguel has managed his matters in the true style of a man born, if not to a throne, for a throne. We propose him as a model for all aspirants. He only swore allegiance several times, promised King George, puzzled his ministers, raised an army against the constitution to which he had sworn, knocked one part of its defenders on the head,



threw the other into dungeons, handsomely brought round the convictions of the rest in the usual way of working on political convictions; when he stepped up to the throne, where he now sits, by the grace of Rome, the will of a loving people, the voice of an approving law, the will of a pious hierarchy, and the consent of admiring Europe, king of Portugal.

So much for striking while the iron is hot. So much for taking the tide at the full. So much for scorning the folly of being bound by the obsolete nonsense of obligations to sovereigns, constitutions, or the public opinion of honourable mankind. The example is too good to be thrown away. Let it be adopted boldly, broadly, and promptly, and we pledge ourselves for its success in three cases out of four. North America would make a fine kingdom, or two or three. South America is nearly in this condition already; and we take it for granted that Bolivar would not surrender his hold of the privy purse, his right of hanging, drawing and quartering, and his patronage of collectorships, quarter-master generalships, and expedition money, for the name of half the legitimates of Europe. The following effusion, said to have been found in the album of President Jackson, will explain:—

#### AMBITION.

*Tune.*—"I'd be a Butterfly."

I'd be no president, up for five years,  
 With tailors and jailors, hail fellow, well met;  
 With tinkers for masters, and negroes for peers,  
 Sickened with canvassing, prosing, and debt:—  
 I'd put the states and their laws in my fob;  
 I'd send the rum-tipping patriots to jail;  
 I'd teach the robbers the new way to rob;  
 I'd be the head, let who will be the tail.

I'd be a field-marshal, all epaulette,  
 Drilling the patriots with whip and with cane;  
 I'd make all fish that came into my net;  
 I'd drain their purses, if bayonets could drain;  
 I'd stop their speeches, or shorten their tongues;  
 I'd teach them reason, or teach them to swing;  
 I'd give them soldiership, till all their lungs  
 Roared for Old Cottonbags, Long live our King!

Down with your snuff-box and pipe, Metternich!  
 Turkey must go; seize a province or two;  
 Call yourself Viceroy—then King; but be quick—  
 All must in turn give the devil his due.  
 Wellington, must you be always a duke?  
 Nothing laid by for your lubberly boys?  
 Plucked of your feathers, the falcon turned rook,  
 Come, and I'll make you Cacique Illinois.

Visions of brandy, for mortals too bright!  
 Still are ye visions: must Yankee-land still  
 Talk nonsense of privilege, freedom, and right?  
 Must Cottonbags but for five years have his will?  
 Shades of my forefathers! felons of old!  
 Hear, by your handcuffs and chains, when I swear,  
 Sure as a jail was made felons to hold,  
 Cottonbags yet shall be diademed here.

A dreadful account of a death by hydrophobia in the north of Ireland, lately appeared in a Belfast paper, which we wish were posted up in

every magistrate's, beadle's, and cottager's room, from the Land's End to the Orkneys. The disease exhibited itself at so long an interval as three months from the bite, and the sufferer's agony was almost too terrible for description. Yet our streets, shops, and highways, are swarming with mongrels, useless for all possible purposes, but a snap from one of which might inflict the most hideous of deaths.

We, however, now advert to this melancholy subject, chiefly to mention, that a specific for it is confidently said to be known in Mexico. We give the statement from Lieutenant Hardy's (R. N.) travels just published. In the district of Sonora, a wild part of Mexico, infested with savage animals, hydrophobia is common; the lions, tigers, and wolves, &c. as well as the dogs, being frequently attacked with it. Lieutenant Hardy was at the house of a Spanish gentleman, whom he mentions as a man of singular intelligence and integrity, and who assured him, that he had on three occasions witnessed the cure, when the disease was at its height. On one of those occasions the patient was in the most horrid paroxysms, when an old woman effected his cure. She mixed a powder in a glass of water, and in the interval of a paroxysm forced the draught down his throat. She predicted that he would sink into a torpor for twenty-four or forty-eight hours, according to the state of his constitution. The patient on this occasion slept for twenty-six hours; on his awaking threw a quantity of black fluid from his stomach, and recovered. Lieutenant Hardy conceives the root to be a kind of hellebore; its Spanish name is *sevadilla*; its botanical name, he thinks, *veratrum sebadilla*. Another herb, *amole*, has been found equally effective. The receipt given by Don Victores Aguilar, the Spaniard in question, is the following:—

“*Method of curing Hydrophobia.*—The person under the influence of this disease must be well secured, that he may do no mischief to himself or others.

“Soak a rennet in a little more than half a tumbler of water, for about five minutes. When this has been done, add of pulverized *sevadilla* as much as may be taken up by the thumb and three fingers; mix it thoroughly, and give it to the patient; that is, force it down his throat in an interval between the paroxysms. The patient is then to be placed in the sun, if possible, or near a fire, and well warmed. If the first dose tranquillize him after a short interval, no more is to be given. But if he continue furious, another dose must be given, which will infallibly quiet the paroxysms. A profound sleep will succeed, which will last twenty-four or forty-eight hours, according to the strength of the patient's constitution; at the expiration of which, he will be attacked with severe purging and vomiting, which will continue till the poison be entirely ejected. He will then be restored to his senses, ask for food, and be perfectly cured.”

All this is very striking, and the friends of science and humanity will be glad to hear that specimens of the root have been brought over from Mexico, by a son of Mr. Ackermann of the Strand, and sent to different scientific persons. We know that there have been a hundred pretended cures for the hydrophobia; but this medicine comes with singular testimonials. And when we recollect the powers of the Jesuits' bark, we have no right to be sceptical, at least till full trial has been made of the *sevadilla*. The whole narrative in Lieutenant Hardy's book is very clear, candid, and interesting. We hope that our colleges of medicine and surgery will inquire into the subject without delay.



## THE CONTRAST: A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

To the vale of the Elle, from the revels of town,  
 Sick, faint, and desponding, a stranger came down;  
 He came for its quiet, the health of its hills,  
 The stir of its gales, and the songs of its rills,  
 And felt that the past and its follies would fleet,  
 Like dreams, from his mind in this happy retreat.  
 He came—and his thoughts, like the blossoms of May,  
 Shot cheeringly forth in their sunny array,  
 The past flung its shadows around him no more,  
 For he stood like young Hope on Futurity's shore,  
 Glancing wide o'er its ocean, deceitful and dim,  
 For the isles that were sunny and sacred to him.  
 He dwelt in a cottage where Peace might repose,  
 And the pale cheek of Pity regain its lost rose;  
 A stream murmured by it, a hedge grew beside,  
 And the arms of the woodbine clung round it in pride,  
 And near it, in beauty transcendant to tell,  
 Dwelt a maiden, the pride of the vale of the Elle:  
 Her voice it was mild as the plaint of the dove,  
 But the stranger ne'er heard its sweet language of love;  
 Her eye it was bright as the summer sun's rim,  
 But gently and fondly it glanced not on him:  
 Like a leaf on the bough, like a weed on the shore,  
 He was idly beheld and remembered no more.

The stranger departed, unwept for, alone;  
 But, though sunk once again in the revels of town,  
 His mind, like the honey-fraught bee to its cell,  
 In slumber returned to the vale of the Elle.  
 How oft, 'mid the gloom and the silence of night,  
 His stream-circled cottage rose high on his sight!  
 How oft the dear vale, and its fields and its flowers,  
 Illumined his dreams, and cheered up the lone hours!  
 There still in pale beauty beside him appeared  
 That form to remembrance so fondly endeared;  
 She sate by his pillow, all silent, alone,  
 And looked as she looked in the days that were gone:  
 Her blue eye shone bright, and a faint maiden blush  
 Enamelled her cheek with its delicate flush;  
 Her form in the magic of nature was drest,  
 And her ringlets hung light on her beautiful breast:  
 He strove to embrace her—he strove but to tell  
 How long he had loved, how sincerely, how well;  
 But swifter, alas! than the mountain-born stream  
 She fled, and the stranger awoke from his dream.

Year rolled upon year, he was desolate still,  
 And fainter and fainter, heath, cottage, and hill  
 Swept over his mind—e'en remembrance decayed,  
 Or stirred but at thought of the Elle's fairy maid;  
 When, sudden, amid the gay world, once again  
 He beheld her—the lovely, the worshipped in vain;  
 How gracefully bending, she beamed on his view,  
 Like a lily weighed down with the summer's-eve dew;  
 Her charms from the maid to the matron were grown,  
 But, though many were round her, her heart was alone,  
 For the cold world of fashion had rung the sad knell  
 Of the hopes she had nursed in the vale of the Elle.—  
 Oh Nature, one joy that springs warm from the heart  
 Is worth all the hollow enchantments of art!

## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

*Memoir of Thomas Jefferson*, 2 vols., 8vo.; 1830.—Next to Franklin, Washington, and Adams, though the first was near forty years older, and the others ten or twelve—next to those foremost men of the American revolution, stands the respectable name of Jefferson, inferior to none of the leading agents of that stirring event, in activity, and superior, perhaps, to all of them in the prosecution of the general rights of freedom—a man, moreover, from professional and favourite pursuits, better acquainted with the changes, legal and political, demanded by the fresh condition of things; and, from his free and philosophical turn, better enabled to shake off old prejudices, and make way for new experiments, with a full reliance on the soundness of his views, and with resolution enough to go thorough-stitch with the undertaking. To Jefferson belongs the honour of drawing up the Declaration of Independence; but that others might have done, perhaps, as effectively—his best titles to the gratitude of America are, probably, the breaking up of the system of entails, and the repealing of church establishments.

Descended from an old colonist family in Virginia, and born in the year 1744, he went through the usual course of education at William and Mary College, and in 1767 was called to the bar of the General Court, where he continued to practise till judicial business was wholly suspended by the outbreak of the revolution. So early as 1769, he was returned for his native county a member of the Virginian legislature, in which he became quickly conspicuous for energy and promptitude; and dissatisfied with the general apathy of the older members, he, in concurrence with some half-a-dozen others, Henry, the two Lees, and others, clubbed their efforts together for the purpose of rousing up a more effective opposition to the claims of the British government—especially after the declaration of right on the part of the House of Commons to tax the Colonies as they pleased. The chief aim of their first exertions was union among the colonies, and the establishment of a correspondence for the discussion of grievances.

When the Boston Port-Bill passed, the Virginian legislature, prompted by Jefferson and his associates, were forward in expressing their own sympathy, and in promoting a general expression of the colonies against the intolerable oppression. They, too, were the parties who got up a fast, in all its solemnities, on the day on which the Boston Port-Bill was to be carried into execution—the effects of which were astounding and decisive through the country. The next measure of this active body was the assembling of a General Congress; and to this Congress was Jefferson, with Washington,

and others, deputed from Virginia. In that assembly of patriots, mixed up, however, of many irresolute and, perhaps, of some treacherous persons, Jefferson's ardour and industry gave him considerable influence—the best proof of which is, that to him was consigned the task of preparing the celebrated Declaration of Independence, and such as finally passed with but few alterations, which rather softened the tone than essentially changed the sense. In the latter part of the same year, when again a member of the Virginian legislature, the revision of the whole body of the laws was voted by that assembly, and the commission placed in the hands of Jefferson and four others, two of whom eventually declined acting from a feeling of incompetency, arising out of a want of legal education. To the share of Jefferson fell the common law and the statutes to 4 James I., the year, that is, in which the government of Virginia was incorporated. This, of course, comprised the law of descents, and the criminal law, in both of which Jefferson ventured upon important changes, in principle. The bills brought in in consequence of this commission, with one or two exceptions, were not, however, passed till after the general peace. During the war, he was elected Governor of Virginia, but on the expiration of his government became again a member of Congress. He was appointed one of the managers for concluding the general peace, but did not act, owing to some domestic circumstance; but in 1785, he was named Ambassador to France, and at Paris he resided till he solicited his recall, and on his return to America, in 1790, was appointed Secretary of State.

At this point terminates the memoir, and to this point also is brought up the portion of the correspondence now published, consisting of his public and private letters, but his private ones are in fact public, for he was absorbed in the interests of his country, and was not a man to prattle about common occurrences. The leading point of interest in his memoirs are the history of the first steps of the revolution, and the debates in Congress on the Declaration of Independence. The next are his details relative to the assembling of the States General in France, and the commencement of the revolution, which occurred during his embassy. His prominent situation, of course, brought him in contact with all the eminent men of the day, on the liberal side of politics, especially through Fayette, the idol-Frenchman of the Americans. His account is valuable, as coming from an eye-witness and associate of the principal actors—yet new facts are very scarce. We do not remember to have seen it stated any where, that Louis drank so deeply—Jefferson represents him as in a state of constant stupefaction, or excitement,



from drinking. To the pertinacity of the Queen, and her clique, he attributes the revolution, or at least the violence of it—Louis himself would readily have yielded to the demand of the Assembly, and been content with the power they at first were inclined to leave him; but all or nothing was the resolution of the Queen's party. A considerable portion of the correspondence is occupied with details relative to the negotiation of treaties of commerce—a matter now of little interest, except to shew how readily these rude and unlucky statesmen fell into the common tracks and trammels of the most cultivated diplomacy, and proved as wise in their generation as the most legitimate.

While Ambassador at Paris, on some occasion he came over to England, and was presented to the king, with whose reception of him he was not very well pleased. The old king could not very readily controul his resentments against a rebel, notwithstanding his well-repeated declaration—and it would not have been easy for any king to please Jefferson.

*Landscape Annual; 1830.*—For the ornamental, this Annual is the incomparabilis of the year—the whole is in good, sober, substantial taste; the drawing, and the engraving, the binding in design, material and workmanship, and the literary manufacture, sufficiently respectable. The beautiful volume embraces a kind of tour through Switzerland and Italy, commencing with Geneva, and terminating at Rome; and the plates consist of all the more remarkable spots, to which the traveller's attention is usually given, from the one point to the other—in Switzerland, Geneva itself, Lausanne, the Castle of Chatillon, the Bridge of St. Maurice, Lavey, Martigny, Sion, Viege,—and in Italy, the Val d'Ossala, the Lakes Maggiore and Como, the Temple of Como, Milan, Verona, Vicenza, Padua,—Petrarch's house at Arquà, Venice, Ferrara, Bologna, and the Fish Market at Rome. There are twenty-five plates—four of which are assigned to Venice, representing the Rialto, the Ducal Palace, the Palace of the Foscari, and the Bridge of Sighs, which last struck us as most remarkable, though all are beautiful—the water is perfect. The artist, Mr. Samuel Proutt, in both selection and execution, has shewn a just and delicate taste, and his efforts have been admirably seconded by the engravers, inferior to none in the country. The descriptions are written by Mr. Thomas Roscoe, and answer their purpose perfectly well, though some of the poetry, well known as it all is, might very well have been spared.

*The Romance of History, Second Series—Spain.* By Don T. de Trueba. 3 vols. 12mo.—This Romance of History differs essentially, and favourably, from the old historical romances, and even the last improvements of them by the wizard of the

North. The writer of such romances in the olden time, and even in more recent times, either introduced into his scenes new agents, of his own creation, for the production of recorded events, or mixed up the domestic adventures of the chief actors with political ones, or committed these usually very grave personages to deeds, of which, if there be any reliance to be placed upon the laws of nature, as discoverable, of course, we mean by experience, they must have been perfectly innocent—all which manœuvres have manifestly a tendency to confound and perplex the student of truth, by associating in his mind the vagaries of fancy with the realities of facts, thus counteracting the historian and the antiquarian, and, at best, neutralizing their painful efforts. Writers of what is now termed Romance of History, on the contrary, pace prudently along the beaten paths of story, in search of extraordinary facts—the more extraordinary of course the better—and limit their best efforts to the development of the feelings of the agents, according to their conception of probabilities in given positions. This is doing little or no harm—it is rather working with the historian than against him. For the historian himself, even the driest, must, to some extent, do the same thing, and will, we suppose, more and more—the more, that is, novelists by profession, take to the construction of history—a course which is rapidly becoming fashionable. For this project of detailing the marvels of fact in the tone of romance, we are indebted mainly to the late Mr. Neale, who, himself, with considerable success, executed a part of his plan in the story of his own country. Don T. de Trueba, who has, we thank him, shortened his name, and who, we are glad to find, is the man who has caught Mr. Neale's mantle, commences his series, as was natural, with *his* country, and has accomplished his purpose with equal spirit and elegance, and with even a more faithful adherence to the traditions of fact. Mr. Neale admitted—like Sir Walter Scott in his *Grandfather's Tales*—apocryphal matters, as if to defeat his own plan; while Don T. de Trueba takes up nothing which is not admitted as authentic by Spanish historians. And no country in the world presents more striking scenes, blending, as many of them do, the manners of the East and the West, and presenting such heroes as Pelagius, Bernardo, and the Cid.

The succession of tales, amounting to twenty-four, and symmetrically distributed, eight in a volume, carry the reader over the whole of the long line of Spanish story—commencing with Roderick, the last of the Goths, and the invasion of the Moors—an act of revenge on the part of Count Julian for Roderick's seduction of his daughter—and concluding with the fortunes of Calderon, in the reign of Philip IV., which reads like the same story in *Gil Blas*, and Portocarrero's conspiracy in the following

reign in favour of the Austrian succession. To analyze any of these little morsels our space forbids, and, if it did not, to do so would be useless, for the peculiarity and the charm are all in the development of incident and tone of sentiment—the events have scarcely suffered a modification, and could only be fairly exhibited by a specimen. Generally, they shew judgment in the selection, tact in pitching upon the point of interest, taste in the details, and felicity in the execution. The language—and we allude to so inferior a consideration, because the writer, as every body knows, is a foreigner—as to dry correctness and propriety is unexceptionable, but shews still a want of ease, but that chiefly from the absence of the commoner idioms. It is this, more than the subjects, which throws a sameness over the whole, and finally wearies. The book is an excellent one to put into the hands of young people—if consecutive reading from beginning to end be not inflicted upon them.

*Annals of the Peninsular Campaigns, from 1808 to 1814, by the Author of Cyril Thornton, 3 vols. 12mo.; 1829.*—Deprecating all ideas of competition with the professional learning of Colonels Napier and Jones, as becomes a subaltern and nameless officer, or with the voluminous compilations of the universal Southey, the author of Cyril Thornton, we may confidently announce, has produced a work which surpasses them both in interest and execution—in tact of selection, and distinctness of narrative. Of Southey's performance, we say nothing—for it will ever be the least read; while of Napier, it is doing him no wrong to say, he writes too exclusively for the profession, and suffers his general politics too often to sway his judgment; and, in his anxiety to compliment, or in his opinion, perhaps, to appreciate duly French officers, occasionally passes the line of sober impartiality. Cyril Thornton, too—for we know neither his name nor "addition"—has his prejudices, and, equally anxious to display the superiorities of the British, sometimes forgets to give the enemy their due. Still we give him due credit for intention to tell the full truth; but it must be said, and cannot be denied, he has looked more to the obvious causes which secured victory to the one English chief, than to those which equally ensured defeat to the numerous and unconnected commanders of the French forces. But for one account, his surpasses any other one, and, besides, has the great advantage of coming altogether, and at once completing the story. The form of annals, too, gives him more of freedom, enforces less the bonds of connexion, and calls for less research into causes, political and professional, but none of these are neglected; and he is even prodigal of his criticisms; though he furnishes sound and satisfactory reasons for most of them.

No historian of the war has placed the

previous conduct of Spain in so conspicuous and just a light. Napoleon was not without his provocations; nor was Charles or Ferdinand so innocent or inoffensive as they are commonly and carelessly represented. Godoy's fears, the consequences of his own usurpings, so early as 1806, and the period of the battle of Jena, intrigued with Russia and Portugal, and apparently with England, for a combined invasion of France, while professedly at peace and in alliance with France; and, in the following year, this same Spain concurred with this same France in a proposal for the seizure and partition of Portugal.

We English, again, may thank ourselves for the general distrust with which our assistance was at first and long accepted by the Spaniards: it was impossible they could forget, what Cyril Thornton rightly calls, the base seizure and robbery of their treasure-ships in 1804, before the declaration of war—an act of positive and brazen piracy.

Notwithstanding the Colonel's superior rank, Cyril keeps a sharp eye on Napier, and, detecting his bias, often exposes it shrewdly and successfully. Colonel Napier admires Murat prodigiously; and speaking of the executions consequent on the horrible 2d of May, at Madrid, ascribes them, on the authority of French writers, not to Murat, but to Grouchy, who continued, he says, the work of slaughter on his own responsibility, and in direct disobedience to Murat's orders. "This statement," observes Cyril, "would have been entitled to credit, had we learned from the same authority that Grouchy's delinquency had been followed by censure or disgrace."

General Foy, who of course will not be suspected of exaggerating the atrocities of his countrymen, describes Dupont's wanton cruelty at Cordova in terms of horror, and winds up with these words: "Dreadful scenes! (the devastations of the city) for which no excuse was to be found in the loss sustained by the victors, since the attack of the city had not cost them ten men, and the success of the day only thirty killed, and eighty wounded." What says Colonel Napier? "As the inhabitants took no part in the contest, and received the French without any signs of aversion, *the town was protected from pillage.*"—"It is only necessary to add," observes Cyril, "that the Colonel gives no authority for *his* statement."

The author dwells with admiration on the defence of the Zaragozans, and quotes Foy's testimony to their heroism. "After this," says he, "it is almost painful to quote Colonel Napier."—"It is manifest," Colonel Napier asserts, "that Zaragoza owed her safety to accident, and that the desperate resistance of the inhabitants was more the result of chance than of any peculiar virtue."—"Chance!" exclaims Cyril, with some reason—"such is the melancholy situation to which a writer, so talented as



Colonel Napier, is driven, in denying the heroic devotion of the Zaragozans! and the hypothesis has at least the advantage of being one not likely to encounter refutation." The sarcasm is flat, but the censure is just.

Nor, on the other hand, is Southey's tendency to exaggerate, or at least his readiness to adopt, the most invidious or outrageous statements, unobserved by the author, though not so often exposed as it deserves. In the defeat of the Spaniards, by Bessieres, at Rio Seco, the loss seems to be generally estimated at about 5,000. Mr. Southey states, on what he calls the *best authority*—which appears to be that of the neighbouring priests—that the number of the slain, alone, amounted to 27,000. "The absurdity of the calculation, were it worth while," observes Cyril Thornton, "might be easily demonstrated by a *reductio ad absurdum*"—which means, we suppose, there were not so many Spaniards in the field.

With the author's own narrative and judgments, generally, we are little disposed to find fault. The Duke of Wellington is, of course, his Magnus Apollo, though he scruples not to censure the battle of Roliça, as gratuitous. "The object for which it was fought, a more skilful general," he says, "would unquestionably have obtained without bloodshed." Nor, again, that of Talavera, as one to which the great captain owes little of his military renown.

Sir John Moore is judged, perhaps, with some severity, for which compensation is made by eulogizing him for qualities unconnected with his profession. He was amiable, but incompetent: it comes to this, though wrapt in abundance of qualifying phrases. An ignorant ministry plunged him into difficulties, from which he had not talents to extricate himself. He began inauspiciously, by dividing his troops, and thus bringing himself into the necessity of continuing at Salamanca, a whole month, inactive—he retreated with more haste than was necessary—might, more than once, have fought with advantage, before he was compelled, &c.

The first act of Sir Arthur Wellesley, after taking the command in chief, was crossing the Douro, and routing Soult, which the author relates without one word of the cause which led to so easy a victory. Colonel Napier, we remember, insists at some length on the conspiracy of the officers, at the time, against Napoleon, and their success in blinding Soult as to the advance of the English commander. Does Cyril discredit this story, or was he ignorant of the fact?

The retreat before Massena is ably and distinctly described, and due credit is given to the English commander on the management of it, and for his dispositions at the battle of Busaco. But the lines of Torres Vedras call forth all his admiration. This was Wellington's hour of triumph. For

this he was indebted wholly to his own foresight; and it was effectual. By the way, we have never seen these celebrated lines so well described. Here is a portion of the description:—

Lisbon stands at the extremity of a peninsula, the neck of which is crossed by several rugged and mountainous chains, stretching from the Tagus, in a semicircular direction, towards the sea—a distance of about thirty miles. Along these, considerably below the point where the river ceases to be fordable, two lines of defence had been selected—one considerably in advance of the other—both of the greatest natural strength. To add to their security, the whole resources of military science had been lavished. Mountains were scarped perpendicularly; insignificant streams were dammed into inundations; forts of the most formidable description were erected on the heights; all roads by which the enemy could advance were broken up and obstructed, and at every part enfiladed with cannon; new ones were formed to facilitate the communications of the defensive army; the weaker points of the position were strengthened by the construction of works and retrenchments; batteries were planted on posts inaccessible; and every measure had been adopted by which the position could be rendered favourable for offensive operations, whenever such should be assumed, &c.

In the battle of Albuera, fought by Beresford, the commander is treated sharply and contemptuously. Had he not had the good fortune to be seconded by more skilful officers, Cole and Stewart, absolute destruction was inevitable.

Occasionally, and that very rarely, French officers are spoken of with some respect; but, generally, the tone is supercilious and contemptuous; and he is too ready to attribute, what manifestly is attributable to want of discipline and harmony—to want of skill. He evidently thinks very meanly of the best of them. But, nevertheless, these *Annals of the Peninsular Campaigns* is the least exceptional book that has yet appeared on the subject.

*Health without Physic—or Cordials for Youth, Manhood, and Old Age, including Maxims, Moral and Facetious, for the Prevention of Disease and the Attainment of a Long and Vigorous Life, by an Old Physician.* 1839.—The tone of the book is a little too flippant and petulant for an old man, but perfectly in correspondence with that of an old compiler. Old Physician, the want of individuality, proves the writer is not—nor is he, probably, of the profession at all. The book, moreover, in some conformity with the title, is more a book of moral remedies than of medical precepts. Its materials, of course, are derivable from a hundred sources, but those originally, were medical ones—for medical men are, almost exclusively, the only people who pay any attention to the effects of external things, or even of internal feelings, upon the human frame; and strange it is, that it should be so, interested as every person

is in his own physical soundness. But the truth is, the subject has got to be so enveloped in technicalities, by the artifices of professional men, that plain persons are deterred, by a sense not only of the difficulties, but of the presumption, of making any attempts to understand as much of themselves, as other people profess exclusively to do. The study of our own frame—our brains and our passions—through the influences of food, climate, exercise, employment, *will*, probably, by degrees, come to constitute a leading branch of education—or at least the attention will get to be more turned to the subject, and every man will contribute to the general stock, fresh facts from his own idiosyncracies.

The compilers' 'code of resolutions for declining life,' is excellent, though he may be thought to carry his monitions against excitement to some excess—'except,' says he, 'the reasons for a change be inevitable, live and die in the public profession of the religion in which you were born and bred.' The burden of the song seems to be—any thing for a quiet life—or, like Sir Hans Sloane—never quarrel with yourself, your wife, or your prince.

*Life on Board of a Man of War, including a full Account of the Battle of Navarino, by a British Seaman; 1829.*—This professes, with all due gravity, to be the genuine narrative of a young sailor, who served his noviciate, before the mast, on board the *Genoa*, and was present at the battle of Navarino. The volume is dedicated to Captain Dickenson, and embracing the full details of the battle, the writer studiously arranges his narrative, so as to make each successive incident contribute to the perfect exculpation of the said Captain—a very superfluous effort now, and, at any rate, of no value, unless authenticated. This matter, however, occupies little more than a third of the volume, while the remainder is taken up with the alleged personal adventures of the writer, from his first going on board—detailed, professedly, in the belief, that no narrative, however faulty, can be uninteresting, which details the trials of an inexperienced youth thrown, by his own caprice, into a state of society entirely new to him; and especially that whatever tends to illustrate the character, manners, and habits of British sailors, must prove acceptable to the public. The "common parlance" of sailors is faithfully exhibited, partly in the hope that an exposure of the absurdity inherent in their irreverent words and phrases, "is one of the surest means of their extirpation."

We quote a morsel for the sake of the concluding remark—

In the cock-pit I heard a weak voice singing the following yerse of a sea song:—

"Poor Joe, the marine, was in Portsmouth well known,  
No lad in the corps dressed so smart,  
In his countenance there ne'er was a frown,  
And his manliness won every heart."

The voice came from a remote corner of the cock-pit, and on going forward, I saw sitting upon the doctor's medicine chest, a marine of the name of Hill. "What," said I, "are you wounded, Hill?" I held up the lantern at the same time, and saw the poor fellow wanted both arms,—the one a little above the elbow, and the other a little below the shoulder: "and singing, too," I exclaimed, "in this state?"—"Why," said he, "you know I must learn to sing ballads, and, therefore, I've begun in time; for d'ye see, since it has pleased God to let the Turks dock both my fins, I must only thank him that it was not my head." I doubted much that this was an endeavour to re-enact an old story that I had heard years before, and could not help attributing such a piece of wretched affectation to the influence of Dibdin's songs, and of many of the melodramas of our small theatres, which put into the mouths of our sailors so much false heroism and nauseous sentimentalism.

*Studies in Natural History, by William Rhind, of Edinburgh.*—Here is nothing new; but striking facts and admitted principles are skilfully brought together; and though no connected view is aimed at, the whole has an uniform tendency to enlarge the dominions of the naturalist, and converge his thoughts to the Author of Nature. The writer describes himself as directing his efforts to excite the student of nature to more expanded investigation, rather than to dive deeper into abstruse points, or speculate on unexplored subjects. The inevitable effect of a general survey, as he justly represents it, is to dispel the perturbed and clouded notions of the "power and wrath and caprice of an unseen, unknown Divinity, and discover to the patient inquirer, a beautiful system of order, regularity, and material harmony—the consummate arrangement of an all-powerful, benignant, and merciful God"—without conveying the offensive feeling, that Mr. Rhind is patronizing the Deity. The author glances over the reproductive powers of nature—the principles of geology and meteorology—the atmosphere and the winds—rivers and their formation—the ocean and its inhabitants—the earth and its vegetables, insects, animals, man, and finally the celestial system—moralizing at every turn and topic, very sensibly, if not with much point or novelty; and making liberal use of Dr. Mason Good and Dr. G. Gregory, and he could scarcely do better.

*Two Funeral Discourses, by John Sheppard, author of Thoughts on Private Devotion; 1829.*—Mr. Sheppard is the author of some publications on devotional subjects, and more acceptably of a work on the foreign evidences of the divine origin of Christianity, noticed by ourselves some months ago as a performance of considerable



merit for its research, intelligence, and judgment. Though not himself a minister precisely, he is obviously devoted to clerical pursuits, and only, for reasons of course satisfactory to himself, avoids taking upon himself the responsibilities of a "cure" of souls. The rules of dissenting societies, at least the one with which he is apparently connected at Frome, do not exclude *unofficial* persons from occasional ministrations, and accordingly he, it seems, has preached many funeral orations. The two now published were delivered by him on the deaths of two ministers, one of them, quite a youth, but pious and able, who had but recently occupied the pulpit at Frome, and the other a Baptist missionary in India, who was well known at Frome. The object of the discourses appears to be to repel any hasty conclusions adverse to the propagation of the gospel, and the protection of it on the part of its author, from the apparently premature deaths of its ablest and most indefatigable preachers and promoters. The tone is argumentative and earnest—mild and persuasive—and no doubt very acceptable to those who knew the parties. The allusions to the position and exertions of the missionary and his intelligent wife, are very interesting and impressive.

*Holiday Dreams, or Light Reading in Prose and Verse, by Isabel Hill; 1829.*—The author of this little volume is undoubtedly a person of considerable cleverness, with some humour, and, what is more essential for her own comfort, with *good humour*. Her temperament, besides, is too sanguine to be readily blighted by a little neglect, or discomfited by a rebuff or two. In perseverance she is irrepressible; and, in the absence of patrons, resolves to write till she finds them. She is already the author of a tragedy, a tale, a poem, and two etc. etc., together with some scores of occasional pieces, published in periodicals—which pieces, for the most part, received by the said periodicals, either superciliously or ungratefully, she now—to shame the fools—collects and prints. Some, it seems, appeared in the *New Monthly*, the *Weekly Review*, the *Literary Museum*, and *Pocket Magazine*, but all without producing pay—a mischance, however, which she insinuates is perhaps attributable to the want of integrity in her go-between; but as he is, apparently, nobody but Sir Francis Freeling, the editors will know how to interpret. Others were written for a Worthing paper, the proprietor of which wishing to give a literary cast to his adventure, secured the lady's services, but finally ran away, and forgot to discharge his bills. Others were despatched to *Annals*, of which some were *lost*, some few admitted to the honours of insertion; and one, in the *Gem*, actually remunerated by one of its crimson and gold copies. Others, again, were handed about among admiring friends, till, to her sur-

prise, she met with some so nearly resembling them, that she chose to disclaim them; and the single instance of polite attention and editorial payment, was the original proprietor of the *Athenæum*, who not only liberally paid her from his purse, but gallantly paid her a visit in person, for which she is duly grateful.

To be sure the good young lady has been scurvily used, but she has her revenge—she tells all—and we look for her thanks in giving them a publicity they would hardly otherwise find. If she will still write—and write she will, and can—she must manufacture tales—they are in constant demand. Her poetry, in the serious way, wants strength and melody; and in the humorous, the most fatal of wants, ease and point; while her prose essays ramble too much, and are a little too much *recherché* in the pursuit of quips and puns. She shall speak for herself.

#### THE TROCHILUS AND THE CROCODILE.

Blame not my zeal, altho' ye call  
Its object "cruel, false, and vain;"  
Some sympathy awaits us all,  
'E'en Nero's death gave one heart pain.\*  
Nay, I am not so mere a ninny  
But I can prop mine own cause—thus,  
Can cite the Stagyrite, and Pliny,  
Or bid you hear Herodotus †  
They prove that Heaven plants instincts pure  
And merciful, for some wise end;  
One bird Nile's monster can endure,  
The Crocodile hath still a friend.  
The little Plover yet doth dare  
'E'en in his throat to assert her right,  
Spite of his teeth, which kindly spare  
The servant, they'd scarce find one bite.  
She enters, to destroy his foes,  
To pearly peril joyous flies,  
How strange, that creatures great as those  
Should e'er be saved by atomies!  
"Seeking the bubble reputation  
'E'en in the" Crocodile's "mouth," so!  
How can he keep from mastication?  
Perhaps he don't like Poultry tho'.  
Did some one of his favourite prey  
Venture, tho' ne'er so kindly bold, it  
Might find it hard to get away—  
Once in his jaw—d'ye think he'd hold it?  
His watering mouth would pour persuasions  
To treat it with a little bite.  
Then, having tears for all occasions,  
He could weep back his appetite;  
Sigh o'er the life he had destroyed,  
Then lick his lips, and wipe his eyes,  
Rememb'ring what he had enjoy'd,  
And ready for another prize!

\* For this information I am indebted to Lord Byron.

† These hard names I found in the Bath and Cheltenham Gazette. I have not the honour of any further acquaintance with the gentlemen I quote; but knowing nothing of Natural History I take their words. They assert that the Trochilus, a kind of Plover, acts as tooth-pick to the Crocodile, devouring the troublesome insects, who, when his mouth looks *a-far*, fancy that they shall find *sweets* within it.

The bird unsparing feasts away,  
 'Midst all the dangers I have sung,  
 She earns her safety and her pay  
 Taking the sting from such a tongue.  
 Could I, ye hostile knots make skip,  
 (Would pecking at ye ne'er cost me loss)  
 By merely—tasting that sweet lip,  
 It were brave sport to act Trochilos!

*Family Library, Vol. VIII.—Court and Camp of Buonaparte; 1829.*—These sketches of the Court and Camp of Napoleon are intended to form a kind of supplement to the life of Napoleon, which occupied the first two volumes of the Family Library, but *not* written by the same author, or we should see *something* like a disposition to present a fair estimate—(and here there is none)—some desire to shew the good as well as the bad, with respect to men whose characters, every sober person will recollect, have been gathered, in England at least, from the representations—it would be correct enough to say, the calumnies—of their avowed and deadly enemies. The compiler writes as if we lived in the days of the Pitt and terror system, when anti-jacobinism was the sole criterion of good citizenship—that anti-jacobinism, which, though it be apparently as wide from radicalism as the poles asunder, is of the same intolerable temperature, equally adverse to life and liberty, sound sense, and sound morals. Villain and wretch, slave and fool, are ever at his pen's end; and sentiments are hazarded of individuals which nothing short of confidential knowledge could authorize. Speaking of Napoleon's sister, Pauline, he assures us, one would suppose on his personal authority, "Madame (not the Princess) Borghese detests her present husband as much as the first—indeed, she could never love the man whom she was required to obey. She is, however, as cordially execrated in return. She occupies one wing of his palace at Rome; the greater part of his time is passed at Florence, and he has caused all communication between the two sides of the palace to be carefully closed, that he may not be cursed with the sight of his wife when he visits the eternal city." After thus favouring us with his confidential communications, he discovers, something of the latest, the said princess has been dead four or five years; and coolly remarks, in an erratum, "some words ought to be altered."

The Duke de Rovigo, of course, meets with no quarter: and we were surprised to find him allowing, even with this sweeping clause of, "though, of course, far from meriting implicit credit," "his memoirs will always rank among the necessary materials for the history of Napoleon." Though perfectly true, this with him is but a transient conviction; for we perceive he pays not the slightest regard to Savary's very minute, we do not say satisfactory, account of his personal conduct in the miserable affair of the Duke d'Enghien; but gives his own

version of the deed, as if Savary had never written a word. Is there any better reason for crediting Talleyrand than Savary?—the one, as the writer plainly and profoundly believes, as cunning as a fox, and the other as stupid as an owl; the one capable of any perversion, and skilled in making the worse appear the better reason—and the other as incapable of telling his own tale favourably, as of telling it honestly. There were obviously greater men concerned in the chief's confidence than Savary *then* was.

With regard to Clarke, the Duke of Feltré, though probably a man of no very superior talents, nor very distinguishable for integrity, but not less so, in either respect, apparently, than thousands of another school of politics, of whom the writer would speak admiringly, he is quite intemperate. Clarke was a captain in the French army, so early as 1784, then only nineteen, which proves he was not the very low (in the writer's absurd sense) and despicable person the compiler represents him. In 1792 he was a colonel of cavalry—*how* he rose to this rank is not, he says, very clear—that is, of course, according to his hypothesis; "certainly," he adds, "not by his merit,"—which is plainly quite gratuitously said, and may serve as a specimen of the spirit in which the book is written. It is all alike—a mass of libellous scandal—if not always false in fact, always perverse in construction, and careless of truth. "Clarke's regiment," he continues, "would have been wholly destroyed on more than one occasion, had not his subaltern officers saved it from the consequences of his incapacity." What is the writer's authority for all this? Apparently none of any credit. The reader must ask the same question at every step—for the prejudiced and paltry spirit in which the book is written, completely strips the writer of all the consideration and weight due to impartial inquiry and sober and honest judgment.

In a brief preface, the compiler expresses his belief that his statements will be found in accordance with the very able, interesting, and trustworthy Memoirs of M. de Bourienne—confessing, in the same breath, that only one volume out of the six had appeared when he began. And as to this Bourienne, Napoleon was not, apparently, very wide of the truth, when, on some occasion, he said, "Bourienne, you are but a simpleton!"—and he might have added, looking to his subsequent conduct, something worse. This same Bourienne, whose authority is thus to be taken for every thing, was a double or triple dyed traitor—Napoleon's humble friend and private secretary for years—then in Louis XVIII's service—and, again, the day before the emperor's return to Paris, as prefect of police, the author of a placard, announcing the arrest, in the garden of the Palais Royal, of two men for exclaiming, *Vive le Roi!*

In the same preface, the writer alludes to



Colonel Napier's volumes; and the author of Cyril Thornton's *Peninsular Annals*, as having appeared since his book was written,—leading the reader to conclude these gentlemen would confirm his invidious statements—at least the former will not.

Even as a dictionary, with his limitations, the book is incomplete. There is no notice of Kellerman, Lavalette, Duroc, Carnot, Brune, &c.

*Waverley Novels.—Rob Roy; 1829.*—

It is not an easy matter for Sir Walter Scott to take *manum tabulâ*, when once he begins, and few would wish it otherwise, for no touch of his pencil is without effect. Here his purpose was simply to give some account of the occasion of the tale, and the sources of his materials, and he goes over again the life of his hero, only stripping it, as he goes, of a little of its romance. In the novel, Rob was all daring and resolve, with a spice of generosity in his composition, though that rather the effect of calculated contempt than of the pure impulses of nature, and a man who plundered by wholesale, and was lavish on the same scale. In the story he shows more of the peddling rogue—he dilutes his audacity with a dash of discretion—he is shirking in danger, and bullying out of it. The preface, one of considerable length, embraces the story of the outlawed clan of the Gregors—the oppressions they suffered, and the revenges they took. Covering large tracts on the Highland borders, the counties of Argyle and Perth, as the Gregors did, their neighbours, the Earls of Argyle and Breadalbane, by their influence with the crown, got these lands entered in their own charters, and took forcible possession as opportunities occurred. These encroachments, of course, the Gregors resisted, and the resistance was by their powerful enemies represented at court as acts of invasion and robbery. Mary, and her son James, alike, legislated against them in the Draco-spirit of the times, and finally forbade the use of the very name, and assembling together of more than four at a time. Mingling rather than merging in the neighbouring clans, they, in consequence, became Drummonds, Buchanans, Campbells, &c. in name, but continued Gregors still, in heart, and still unritable for clan purposes. In the civil wars they, in common with other *Highlanders* (why should they fight with each other, when the war opened *lowlanders* to plunder?) they adopted the royal cause; and at the restoration, had influence enough to get the iniquitous statutes against them repealed, but not enough to keep them so. Their re-enactment was speedily smuggled in again, but the enemies of the Gregors were no longer able to enforce them with the old severity. Of this clan, which of course inherited a sense of their wrongs, was Rob, not chief, but a chieftain. Born somewhere about 1670, till the reign of queen Anne, he mixed the profession of drover of Highland cattle, and exactor of

black-mail, when he chose to declare himself insolvent; and absconding with money in both pockets, the property of those who had entrusted him with commissions, confined himself to the less inglorious, but equally profitable mode of plundering by *raids*. In the rebellion of '15, Rob's conduct was a little equivocal: on what specific ground does not appear, but the principle must be obvious. He died about 1740, leaving five sons, two of whom became conspicuous, in a manner natural enough—one was outlawed for sundry acts of violence, and the other caught and hanged for the abduction of a young woman possessed of considerable property.

*Tales of Four Nations. 3 vols. 12mo.; 1829.*—

The author of these not uninteresting, nor ill-written tales, must have been hard run for a title—"Tales of Four Nations" implies a union and connection, which the reader will not find. The writer, though a novice in scribbling, should have felt, in the case of others, the chilling effect of a name that expresses nothing distinctly—should have anticipated the curl and pish of contempt it excites—the sort of stumbling-block it throws at the threshold—just where common prudence, to say nothing of common policy, would suggest the most conciliating care on the part of a new candidate.

Of and concerning the said "Four Nations," here are five tales—two, *comme de raison*, description of *English* scenes; and one, each, of French, German, and Mexican. With the exception of one of the English tales and the Mexican, they have some claim, it seems, to the dignity of facts, and, of course, in the same proportion forfeit the honours of invention. The tale of most pretension, at least so far as length indicates pretension, called the Hunter's Oak, is a tale of the English Roses, in which king-making Warwick, King Edward, and black-visaged Clifford, play over again some of their old pranks, with others which "they knew not of." Warwick, at his glorious castle, has two beautiful daughters—the youngest of whom, the prime charmer, is betrothed to Beaufort, Duke of Somerset (all among the great folks!); but political interests, after the defeat of the Lancastrians, at Towton, prompt Warwick to bring about an union between Clifford and the gentle girl. Accordingly, Clifford, in attendance on Edward, visits the castle, and prosecutes his course of courtship with a roughness quite suitable to his recorded character, but not very well calculated to smooth obstructions presented by a pre-occupation of the young lady's affections. To afford the gay king fitting entertainment, a tourney is proclaimed, and Warwick, confiding in the vigour of Clifford's arm, announces the hand of his youngest daughter as the prize of the victor. Beaufort, in disguise, of course, attends the lists, and equally, of course, defeats the arrogant

Clifford, and thus wins, but does not carry the prize. He rushes to her feet, indeed, and, in the presence of the assembled court, claims her, but chooses, apparently with most uncalled for violence, to mock, and insult, and defy the new, and, in his opinion, usurping monarch, and only escapes what he almost deserves; by the aid of his good black steed.

Splendidly welcomed as Edward had been, he was not well pleased at the exhibition, manifestly designed, of the alarming strength of the garrison; nor could he forbear whispering to Clifford his fears, as well as his admiration; and Clifford was ready enough to understand a hint. He was indignant at the young lady's repulses, and enraged by his recent defeat, and he resolved at one stroke to gratify the king, and wreak his own vengeance. The opportunity—and when did opportunity for mischief fail?—soon presented itself. The blow inflicted by Beaufort confined Clifford to the castle, and Warwick's embassy to demand Bona of France in marriage with Edward, left him almost at unobstructed liberty to pursue his scheme of revenge. He quickly secured the co-operation of a band of outlaws, whose rendezvous was a cave, the entrance of which was at the foot of the Hunter's Oak, and which cave—scarcely known to any of the castle establishment—communicated with the castle; and by this communication a force sufficient to overpower the garrison was to be admitted. While these preparations were completing, Edward meets with Grey of Grooby's lovely widow, and hastily marries her; and Warwick returns from his embassy only to encounter his sovereign's mockery. Stung at this insult, he forthwith leagues with the Lancastrians, and especially with Beaufort, and quickly unseats the young king, who flies before him. By this time Clifford has got possession of the castle, and is just on the point of forcing the young and beautiful Lady Something Neville to a loathsome marriage, when Beaufort presents his noble form in the very chapel, with a competent force to back him—introduced silently by the old cave—interrupts the ceremony, and makes none of killing Clifford—recovers the castle for Warwick, and, what was more delightful, the lady for himself.

The "Bereaved" is of a more domestic and intense cast. A young and volatile Frenchman, brought up with a lovely cousin, whom he is to marry after a campaign or two. In these campaigns he is thoroughly corrupted, but finally marries his lovely cousin for the sake of her property—which he speedily spends among gamesters and demireps, and drives the miserable wife to a state of insanity—the cruelty of the worthless husband is most revolting.

"The Palace of Capultepec" is of course Mexican. The tale turns upon the abduction of the governor's daughter by a troop  
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of Indians, and the desperate recovery by a Creole gentleman, whose services finally subdue Spanish prejudice, and win the hand of the lady.

"The Ambuscade" is a tale, clumsily told, of a Cornish pirate—a moody gentleman—and the seizure of him and his crew by the captain of a frigate dispatched expressly for the purpose.

And "The Chateau by the Lake" is a common tale of villainy. A young lady run away with—a forged will—a recovery and exposure—very common (in novels), and very disagreeable.

*A Manual of Ancient History, particularly with regard to the Constitutions, the Commerce, and the Colonies of the States of Antiquity, translated from the German of A. H. L. Heeren; 1829.*—We have nothing in this country on ancient history worth estimating at a pin's fee; but Germany can supply works of this class in abundance; and we are glad to see we are likely to have the benefit of the best of them in our own language, in competent versions. Any thing requiring very close and continued research—any topics involving extensive collection of particulars, have got to be entirely out of our way; and, of course, commercially at least, we do wisely to import what we can no longer raise ourselves. Ancient history can only be prosecuted successfully through intimate and familiar acquaintance with writers whose works, so far, in our days, from being studied, are not even glanced at. Our knowledge of the writers of antiquity is almost limited to the poets—scarcely ever extended beyond half-a-dozen of the common historians, and those relative to short periods—Tacitus, Cæsar, Sallust, Xenophon, Thucydides, and scraps of Herodotus. Very many of the Greek writers, not twenty persons probably now living in this country have ever looked at. No publisher would venture to reprint such books as Dionysius, or Diodorus, or Athenæus. Manuals of ancient history, indeed, we have in plenty; but they are all of the most flimsy cast, and prepared, moreover, for schools, and copied one from another—not one in a score of them derived at all from original sources; and, of course, if the first be wrong, the posterior ones will not be right—once wrong, and there is with us little chance of correction. But Heeren's manual is plainly derived directly from original authorities—from long and close application; and the proof is that it contains what you will not find elsewhere. Mr. Heeren is himself professor of history at Gottingen; and he has long been a professor in fact, and not in name only. He lectures indefatigably, not in courses of half-dozen readings, but through the whole session zealously, to the tune of a hundred annually. His volume, however, bears too much the form of a syllabus, though occasionally expanding into dissertation; but, in point of



utility, will benefit equally professor and student, by enabling the first to methodize his acquisitions, and guiding the other through his untried and intricate course. His especial object has been to select such incidents as require to be known by pupils for the effectual prosecution of their historical studies. He has accordingly narrowed the range of his labours, and confined himself to those most remarkable for general civilization and political eminence; and in these his attention has been more particularly pointed to the formation of states—the changes in their construction—the routes by which commerce was carried on—the share which the several nations respectively had in commerce, and, a matter immediately connected with it, their extension of it by colonies.

The method adopted by the author blends, in some measure, the advantages of the two modes by which history may be conducted, by nations and periods. He makes five general divisions: the first embraces the Asiatic and African states and kingdoms anterior to Cyrus, about the year B.C. 560, which consists, necessarily, of little more than insulated fragments; the second, the Persian monarchy, to B.C. 330; the third, the Grecian states, both within and without Greece, until Alexander, 336; the fourth, the Macedonian monarchy, and its subsequent divisions, until they all merged into the Roman empire; and the fifth, the Roman state, both as a commonwealth and a monarchy, until its fall in the west, A.D. 476, with numerous subdivisions, indispensable for a clear and distinctive view of the subject. Every division, large and small, is accompanied by a list of the authorities; and another, of the more remarkable books, the produce of modern times, on the several topics, to which some additions are made by the translator—very insignificant, necessarily—the translator's additions we mean.

This very valuable book has passed through six editions in Germany, with the successive revisions of the writer, and has been translated into the principal languages of Europe. One appeared in America; but the translation before us, notwithstanding the remark of the *Foreign Quarterly*, is not a re-print of the American. The work was originally published in 1799; and a portion of the writer's preface is worth quoting, referring, as it does, to the state of the times, and the object of his work:—

The transactions of our own times have thrown a light upon ancient history, and given it an interest which it could not formerly possess. A knowledge of history, if not the only, is at least the most certain means of obtaining a clear and unprejudiced view of the great drama now performing around us. All direct comparisons, notwithstanding the many opportunities which have tempted me, I considered as foreign to my plan; nevertheless, if in some chapters of my work, particularly in the history of the Roman republic, there may seem to be any reference to the trans-

actions of the ten years during which this work has been published, I do not think it necessary to offer any excuse for so doing. Of what use is the study of history, if it does not make us wiser and better? unless the knowledge of the past teach us to judge more correctly of the present? &c. &c.

*The Code of Terpsichore*, which, being interpreted, means, it seems, *the Art of Dancing*, by M. Blasis; 1829.—The magnificent pretensions of M. Charles Blasis are perfectly confounding; he pours forth upon us his Greek and Latin, his physics and metaphysics, so unsparingly, that with less assurance than his own, we naturally shrink from any encounter with so formidable a personage. To pass by such a book, however, would be unfair to our readers, who reasonably look from us for some information relative to every work of importance, and, taking Monsieur's own estimate, this is one of the very first. M. Blasis claims for dancing the dignity of one of the Fine Arts—he places it in company with Poetry, Painting, and Music, and on a level with the best of them; and for himself, as one of the most distinguished professors of the art in Europe, the rank, title, and consideration thereunto belonging.

Practised as dancing is through every gradation and condition of society, from the wildest savage of the woods to the daintiest ladyling of Grosvenor-square, it must surely have its source in nature. The flood of animal vigour—the buoyant and bounding spirit of youth—the irresistible impulses to action in the young and healthy, might very well account for the rude and violent exertions of the first, and association, fashion, and vanity for the gentle and graceful movements of the last; but M. Blasis looks deeper—he plunges into the bathos of books, old and new, in search of the philosophy of his subject, and tasking, moreover, his own sagacity to its ultimate limits, finally assigns it a source, innate indeed, but dormant, till awakened by SINGING. Euterpe is thus the parent and not the sister of Terpsichore. Singing inspired relative or at least correspondent gestures. The breast became agitated—the arms opened or approached each other—the feet began to form certain steps, more or less rapid—the features participated in these movements—the whole body, in short, was soon responsive to the sounds that vibrated in the ears. This is the source and origin of dancing; and the art, in its progress, has been found capable of designating, it seems, every feeling of the soul, till, such is its present brilliant perfection, that M. Blasis obviously thinks the tongue a most superfluous organ, or, at least, of no manner of use but for old ladies and gentlemen, grown stiff and heavy over a tea-table.

Writers on the subject of dancing, it seems, are not very numerous, and the few there are, for the most part, were mere amateurs and theorists, not themselves artists

—persons, probably, of taste, talent, and learning, but no dancers, and, of course, incapable of communicating practical instruction. Now, M. Blais can *pirouette* as well as speculate. Noverre, indeed, treated the subject in a masterly manner for his day, and, with his apparent views, which certainly were not to improve the pupil; but the march of improvement in our restless days has so far outstripped poor M. Noverre's farthest flights, as to render his letters no longer of any use to either professor or pupil. In this absence, then, of all useful written authorities, M. Blais, relying on the toils of learned research, and years of laborious exertion—emboldened by the suggestions of valued friends—and encouraged by the success of some publications of his on the subject on the continent, resolved to set about filling up this vacuum in the literature of Europe, and has actually accomplished an elaborate work, embracing, at once, the origin and progress, the theory and practice of dancing, in all its varieties, with the composition and performance of the pantomime and ballet to boot. In these marvellous lucubrations of his, he lays distinct, and, we doubt not, very just claims to divers ameliorations—to new methods of instruction, short and infallible—to the enlarging of the realms of pantomime—to an application of the rules and various styles of the regular drama to the composition of the pantomime—to the elevating of the ballet to something above mere divertissements or dancing spectacles, &c. In short, the reader will find, if he has any curiosity, a practical work calculated to assist the professor—to enlighten and amuse the amateur, and to instruct and perfect the pupil. What can book do more? In addition to all these valuable materials, the well-filled volume contains more than twenty programmes—original compositions of pantomimes, some in one act, and others in two and three, and even five acts. A number of plates are appended to illustrate the positions into which Monsieur and his pupils throw the human figure, in which he can see nothing but grace, while our unpractised optics can detect nothing but strain and pain, and preposterous attitudes—legs at right angles, &c.

*The Harleian Dairy System, by William Harley, Esq.; 1829.*—The dairy system thus designated is better known by the not very delicate term of the Soiling System—the peculiarity of which consists in keeping cows constantly stabled in buildings, of course, clean and well ventilated—in feeding them, in summer, with grass cut fresh and fresh, and in winter, as much as possible, with succulent vegetables—and carefully gathering every particle of manure, wet and dry, to return upon the land—on the prin-

ciple that the animal and vegetable mutually maintain each other. The success of this system—that is, the profitableness of it—under close and unremitting supervision, exceeds the common process five to one. But the cruelty, to any feelings not hardened by the practice, is surely abominable; and, indeed, it appears, by the writer's confession, the unfortunate animals are of necessity changed every year—none can stand the discipline longer—the legs swell, and the feet get sore; and the consequence is, general derangement, and falling off in milk and flesh.

The inventor of this precious system, and author of the book before us—now a very old man, as his care-worn and miserable features, which he has thought it worth while to exhibit, attest—commenced his cow-establishment at a farm called Willowbank, in the suburbs of Glasgow, for the purpose of supplying the “gude town of Glasgow” with milk, “which soon became,” he says, “an extensive and regular trade. Harley's milk also became, as it were, the fashion; its unrivalled excellence was the subject of every lady's praise. All the world talked of the Willowbank dairy; thousands, impelled by a curiosity which its fame had raised, went to see it; and so charmed, in short, was every one with the order and cleanliness displayed, that many, who had never thought of it before, now became consumers of milk as a part of their daily food.” The old man prosecuted his system, as he calls it—with the addition of his own name, too—with indefatigable zeal, and now presents the results of an experience of many years. These are obviously worth the attention of all concerned with the management of dairies; for though we cannot think of the perpetual confinement of the animals with patience, the diligence and tact with which every thing is turned to account is exemplary, and may be advantageously imitated in many of the details. Mr. Harley looked himself to every thing—kept a minute account of every circumstance—estimated the cost and profit of each animal—the returns—the effects of different food, and could at any moment tell to a farthing the loss or gain upon every animal, and every particular experiment. This same system was adopted by the dairy companies in town, when companies were raging, all of which failed; and partly, we hope, from the atrocious tying-up of the animals for a twelvemonth together—the seed of destruction in the system—the ruinous effects of which can only be counteracted by a degree of care and contrivance which not one dairy-keeper in a hundred will give. It is a law of nature, never disproved, and happily seldom *apparently* failing—that cruelty, first or last, defeats its own ends.



## VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

*Progress of Science in India.*—We have occasionally communicated to our readers phenomena of an interesting description which have taken place in India, and expressed our regret that so many observations which might be of use to the advancement of science and which we were informed had been made in India, should be lost for the want of some channel through which they might be conveyed to the public. Since we first alluded to the subject, various societies have been established in the great Eastern portion of the British dominions for the cultivation of physical knowledge. The first volume of the memoirs of the Geological Society of Calcutta, has just reached England, containing several papers not only of local but of general interest. As the first fruits of an enlightened love for science, we regard this work with excessive pleasure, and doubt not, from the well known zeal of our countrymen in the East, that each succeeding volume will increase in interest. An enlightened friend to science in all its branches, as well as an effective patron of it, Sir Edward Ryan has exerted himself to establish a scientific journal as a dépôt for all the floating observations which may be made in India. In the present humble form of this small pamphlet, we can perceive the germ of future excellence. An original paper on indigo, which it contains, would do honour to the first scientific publication in Europe. It is not suited for our pages, but we doubt not it will meet insertion from some journal more exclusively devoted to scientific subjects, and we hope that due acknowledgment may be made of the obligation. Now that a commencement has been made in India, and the example has been set by the first presidency, it is to be expected that Madras and Bombay will not remain behind. The advantages that must result from this are incalculable, for extensive as our dominion is in India, the natural history of the country is but imperfectly known. In exploring its more remote districts, some travellers have been eminently successful, and the results of their inquiries have been made known to the world; still there are many provinces which have been rarely trod by the foot of an European, and the notes made concerning them being too hasty or too few to form a volume, have been perused only by the friends of the author. The establishment of a journal, in which all such productions may find a place, must form an epoch in the history of British India. As the increase of its contents will necessarily lead to the appearance of articles of the highest interest, we shall always make such known to our readers, to whom we ourselves have frequently suggested, that as the interests of science are greatly advanced by the immediate insertion of observations, we should always feel happy

to receive into our scientific varieties any communication, of which the truth of the facts it contains can be properly authenticated.

*Artificial Preparation of Ice.*—After numerous trials made by M. B. Mujlink with different salts, for the purpose of converting water contained in a tin vessel into ice, during their solution, he ultimately gave the preference to a mixture of four ounces of nitrate of ammonia, four ounces of subcarbonate of soda, and four ounces of water. This mixture in three hours produces ten ounces of ice, while with the mixture of sulphate of soda and muriatic acid, he obtained ice only after seven hours.

*Process for preserving Milk for any length of time.*—This process, invented by a Russian chemist named Kirkoff, consists in evaporating new milk by a very gentle fire, and very slowly, until it is reduced to a dry powder. This powder is to be kept in bottles carefully stopped. When it is to be employed, it is only necessary to dissolve the powder in a sufficient quantity of water. According to M. Kirkoff, the milk does not lose by this process any of its peculiar flavour.

*Cypress Wine.*—To eighty pints of water add ten pints of the juice of elder berries. The berries are to be lightly pressed: each pint of the liquid will contain three ounces of juice, and to the whole quantity add two ounces of ginger and one ounce of cloves. Boil the whole for an hour. Skim the liquid and pour it into a vessel which should contain the whole, throwing in a pound and a half of bruised grapes, which leave in the liquor until the wine is of a fine colour. This wine bears such a resemblance in colour, flavour, and aroma to the best Cyprus wine, that the most experienced Parisian connoisseurs have been deceived by it.

*Sacred Beetle of Egypt.*—The following curious statement is from the notes of a traveller in the Libyan desert. October 12. Being on watch this night, I caught, for the first time, the *scarabæus atouchus sacer*, or chafer, with which the imaginations of the ancient Egyptians so frequently busied themselves. My attention was attracted by a noise close to my side; and through the darkness I discovered a large rolling ball. Conceiving it to be a crab or land tortoise, I took it into my hand, but found it to be nothing but a lump of horse-dung; and immediately afterwards I perceived a similar ball come rolling towards me. Upon putting my lantern down and minutely examining this strange machine, I found that it concealed a large black chafer, who drove it forward by means of his long hind legs; and as it proceeded, it gradually increased in size by the continual accumulation of sand. This, indeed, became so considerable at last, that the insect itself was scarcely

perceptible. It is more than probable that the Egyptian priests took advantage of this deception to mystify their followers, and that their veneration for the chafer or scarabæus, arose from this circumstance. Upon a farther examination with the aid of my lantern, I discovered several animated balls, of a like description, more than three inches in diameter. My Arabian companions, however, did not appear to take the slightest notice of them.

*Astronomy.*—The attention of astronomers has been very much directed, of late, to phenomena attending an occultation of Aldebaran by the moon. It has been pretty generally remarked, that this star was either projected upon or indented the moon's disc before it was occulted; and as such a fact would go to prove the existence of a lunar atmosphere, much care was bestowed by the Astronomical Society of London to give general notice of the occultation which took place last month, in order to collect as much evidence on the subject as possible. The trouble they took was well required: a great mass of observations of this occultation has been obtained, and in all but two instances the projection of the star upon the body of the moon, or the indentation of the moon's disc, was observed during a space of time, varying in duration from half a second to five seconds.

*Literary Union.*—This society has already increased to three hundred members. The committee sit, *pro tempore*, at the British Coffee House. The present members of the Committee are:

|                        |                                  |
|------------------------|----------------------------------|
| W. Ayrton, Esq.        | Rt. Hon. Sir Gore Ouseley, Bart. |
| Prince Cimitilli.      | W. H. Pickersgill, Esq., R. A.   |
| Sir G. Duckett, Bart.  | J. Smirnov, Esq.                 |
| Sir F. Freeling, Bart. | Rev. A. Wade, D.D.               |
| J. Goldsmid, Esq.      | R. Watson, Esq.                  |
| Dr. Henderson.         | J. Webster, Esq.                 |
| W. Mackinnon, Esq.     | Thomas Campbell, Esq., Chairman. |
| J. Martin, Esq.        |                                  |

The following is extracted from the most recent prospectus, which states, after mentioning that the house, No. 12, Waterloo-place, lately occupied by the Athenæum Club, has been engaged from the 1st of January, that the Committee intends to place 'The Literary Union' in full operation on the 25th of March ensuing.—That "the Committee proposes to open the large coffee-room from the 14th of January until the 25th of March, from twelve o'clock at noon to twelve at night daily, during which time tea and coffee, with the periodical publications, will be supplied to the members. The various arrangements contemplated for dining, the different footing from other societies on which 'The Literary Union' is established, and the necessity of ensuring a rigid economy in the household expenses, render this delay necessary."

Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Jeffrey, Professor Wilson, and other distinguished literati of Scotland are, we hear, among the members;

also Professor Schlegel, Cuvier, Albert, Montemont, Sener Goristiza, and other distinguished foreigners.

*Poisoning by Cheese.*—Dr. H. L. Westrumb, of Hameln, found that seven persons were poisoned by decayed or damaged cheese. M. Serturmer analysed this cheese, and found in it a peculiar acid, which appeared both to him and to M. Westrumb to be the poisonous principle; the analysis was performed with æther and alcohol. Three different substances were obtained from the cheese, viz.—1. Caseate of ammonia; 2. an acid fatty, or resinous cheesy matter; 3. an acid, but less fatty matter. These substances tried separately upon dogs and cats, showed that the first was the least poisonous, the third more so, and the second the most poisonous of all. The symptoms occasioned by the poison in these animals were similar to those occasioned in man; they were at first nervous, and then followed by intestinal inflammation. One phenomenon especially remarkable was, the production of an enormous quantity of ammoniacal gas in the intestines; this resulted from an organic secretion, for the fatty-poisoning matters did not contain any ammonia whatever.

*Nitrate of Silver.*—A distinguished surgeon of Nottingham, Mr. Higginbottom, although medical practitioners had some indistinct notions of the benefits derived from the use of nitrate of silver, has recently discovered the universality of its efficacy, and the proper mode of applying it. In the several departments of army, navy, and hospital practice, its utility is very great. Its application is so simple, and its operation so quick, that by rendering unnecessary a multiplicity of dressings, the period of residence in hospital may be greatly shortened. Instead of daily dressings, attention to the patient every third or fourth day is frequently all that is required. Mr. H. has pointed out the prevailing error, that the nitrate of silver acts as a caustic. He considers it as the very reverse, as it is impossible to destroy by it any but the most superficial parts. "I speak of it," says he, "in its solid form. Instead of destroying, it frequently preserves parts which would inevitably slough, except for the extraordinary preservative powers of this remedy. A new term is in fact required for the peculiar kind of influence which the nitrate of silver possesses in subduing and checking inflammation in phlegmon and erysipelas, in adducing the adhesive inflammation in wounds, in preserving the health of parts which in cases of puncture or bruise are ready to take on the suppurative or sloughing process, and lastly in changing various specific actions and inducing one of a more healthy and curative kind." The treatment of corns is a subject of popular interest. Mr. H. remarks: "The nitrate of silver is an old remedy for corns, but as the plan which I adopt is rather different from that usually



employed, I will describe it briefly. The patient should put the feet in warm water at bedtime for half an hour, to soften the corns: as much of the corn should then be removed by means of a sharp knife as can be done without making a wound: the corns and surrounding skin are then to be moistened with water, and the nitrate of silver is to be rubbed on the corn very freely, and lightly on the skin, so as not to occasion vesication; the part is then to be exposed to dry. Little advantage would be derived if nothing more were done, as the black eschar would remain on the corn for some weeks, and during that time the corn would form anew. About the fourteenth day it will be observed that the cuticle is peeling off around the corn, this is the proper time for putting the feet in warm water again, and for removing the eschar, and as much as possible the corn underneath, by the knife. At this period there is a distinct mark between the surrounding healthy cuticle and the corn, so that the latter may be removed more effectually than at first. The nitrate of silver is to be again applied as before. This plan is to be repeated until the corn is perfectly destroyed.

*Formula for reducing a Mercurial Thermometer in High Temperatures.*—If  $q$  denote the degrees of a mercurial thermometer,  $n$  the number of degrees between the points of congelation and ebullition,  $s$  the number of degrees at the boiling point, and  $m$  the degrees of the true augmentation of heat corresponding to the state  $q$  of the thermometer, the following expression is correct:  $m = q - \left(\frac{q-s}{4}\right) 0.09 - 0.028 \frac{q-s}{n}$ .

*New Artificial Horizon.*—There are few more cumbersome instruments than the artificial horizon, in the manner in which it is usually constructed, so that an improved one which we have seen with Mr. Newman, whose character for manufacturing the best philosophical apparatus is known to every friend of science in this country, promises to be of material advantage to the traveller. This instrument is comprised in a square box, the top of which is detached from the instrument is in use. The lower part contains the mercury, which is raised into the brass basin above by means of two screws, which previously kept together the parts of the box, acting upon a moveable bottom. The basin is rubbed over with nitrate of mercury, an invention of Professor Schumacher, of Altona, the effect of which is to make the quicksilver adhere to the sides of the basin, so that with a little care a perfectly level surface may be obtained, free from tremor, and well suited for the purpose for which it is required. By turning the screws the quicksilver is then let down again into the reservoir, and the whole fulfils that indispensable condition in instruments designed for a traveller, that the box shall not close unless all that it contains is locked, or the act of closing locks them.

*Human Monsters.*—We are not aware that so many human monsters have ever been alive at the same time as at the present day. In China one has nearly attained the age of 23 years, and is double—two Siamese youths, united together by a cartilage at the umbilicus, are now exhibiting in this country. Little doubt seems to be entertained that a separation might in this case be effected without any injury to the individuals. It is somewhat remarkable, that the mother of them has produced 17 children, and never less than two at a birth. Also a Sardinian female child about nine months old, double from the pelvis upwards, has recently died in Paris.

*Earthquake in New South Wales.*—An earthquake has been recently experienced up the country. Several smart shocks were felt among some of the mountain ranges distributed over the district of Argyleshire, somewhere about 25 miles from lake George. The concussion is represented to have lasted some minutes. It was preceded by the springing up of a gentle breeze from the S.W. quarter, which swiftly increased to the velocity of a hurricane, tearing up whole trees by the roots, and scattering their branches through the air like chaff. While the hurricane raged with the utmost violence, the earth in various places became convulsed, heaving up into changing billowy ridges, yawning and closing, and splitting here and there into destructive chasms. Some few stack huts were partially demolished, and others shifted from their former foundations. One side of a cattle fence was altogether upturned; but from the isolated nature of the country, there being but few other inhabitants than the solitary grazier, his men, and herds, and still fewer fixed habitations, the injury effected to the property was but trifling, and the convulsion was wholly sparing of life. After the combined elements had raged in this way for some minutes, their roar gradually diminished for about an hour, when it again increased with stunning bursts of thunder, torrents of rain, and blasts of vivid lightning. Men stood aghast, and the cattle ran cowering for shelter to the hills. The storm, for the short time it continued, is represented as having been almost unprecedented in violence. An account in the *Australasian* also informs us, that the crater of a volcano had been discovered in the vicinity of Legenhoe, and it has been increasing daily. Huge heaps of pitchy and adhesive mould lying around the mouth, crushing and tumbling in incessantly, after smothering the flame for a little, serve to render the combustion more fierce and rapid. Few of the natives will venture to sit down nearer than within a mile of the volcano.

*Sympathetic Ink.*—A weak solution of nitrate of mercury forms a good sympathetic ink on paper; the characters become black by heat.

*To measure the Force of Pressure.*—If we take a leaden bullet of any determinate diameter, and expose it to pressure between plates of harder metal made to approach each other in a parallel position, the bullet will be compressed or flattened on two opposite sides in an equal degree; provided the lead is pure, the degree of compression will indicate the amount of pressure. With a graduated press of the lever kind, it will be easy to form a scale of pressure corresponding to the different degrees of compression until the ball is reduced to a flat circular plate of about one fifth of an inch in thickness, and it will be found that an ordinary bullet of about five-eighths of an inch diameter will require a pressure of near 4000 pounds, to effect this degree of flattening. Suppose, therefore, we wish to measure an actual pressure estimated to be nearly 20 tons, we have only occasion to place ten or twelve of these balls at a proper distance asunder, so as not to be in contact when expanded, and then to measure by good callipers, or other suitable means, the compression of each ball, either by its thickness or diameter, and afterwards add into one sum the particular pressure due to each ball from the scale first made, by using the lever press before mentioned. By this mode Mr. Bevan ascertained the amount of friction of an iron screw press with rectangular threads, to be from three-fourths to four-fifths of the power applied; or the actual pressure has not exceeded four or five tons when the calculated pressure, if there had been no friction, would have been 20 tons. The larger the ball, the greater will be the pressure necessary to reduce it to a given thickness. An ordinary leaden shot, of one-eighth of an inch diameter will require nearly 100 pounds to compress it to a flat plate. By using a ball of five-eighths of an inch diameter, Mr. B. found the actual pressure of the common bench vice to be above two tons when under the same force; if there had been no friction, the pressure would have been eight tons. In the practical application of these balls, it will be convenient to make a small impression upon them with a hammer, before they are placed between the plates, to prevent them from rolling out of their proper position; this operation will not be found to interfere with the result, as it is the ultimate compression only that is sought, and which is not affected by that of a smaller degree before impressed. This property will also be found very convenient, for the same substance may be used several times, by taking care that each succeeding pressure exceeds that of the preceding. The application of these leaden balls to determine the actual pressure, will not interfere with the regular operation of a press, as the articles under pressure may be in the press at the same

time the balls are used, which of course must be placed between separate plates.

*Preservation of Butter.*—The method used by the Tartars consists in fusing the butter in a water bath, at a temperature of 190 Fahrenheit, and retaining it quiescent in that state until the caseous matter has settled, and the butter become clear; it is then to be decanted, passed through a cloth, and cooled in a mixture of salt and ice, or at least in spring water, without which it would crystallize, and not resist so well the action of air. Preserved in close vessels and cold places, it may be kept for six months as good as it was on the first day, especially if the upper part be excepted. If, when used, it be beaten up with one sixth of cheese, it will have all the appearance of fresh butter. The flavour of rancid butter may be removed almost entirely by similar meltings and coolings.

*Steam Navigation on the Ganges.*—Accounts from Benares state, that the company's steamer Hoogly, could not be got higher up the Ganges than a place called Kutchwa, about 45 miles below Mirzapore, and about 80 from Allahabad. Her further progress was stopped by a shoal or sand reef extending completely across the channel, between the Kutchwa and Badokee banks, the greatest depth of water across which was two feet six inches, the vessel at the time drawing four feet one inch forward, and three and three eighths aft, having only 100 maunds of coals on board, and the passengers and luggage, and the freight having been landed. Even had the steamer been able to overcome this difficulty, greater still, it was believed, were to be got over before she could reach Allahabad; and had she even succeeded in getting there, it was supposed she could not be got back before the setting in of the rains. Under these circumstances it was deemed the most advisable plan to return to Benares, and there wait for further instructions.

*Action of Ether on Sulphate of Indigo.*—When sulphuric æther is added to sulphate of indigo, in about half an hour, at a temperature of about 30° Reaumur, the colour of the indigo totally disappears, and no substance whatever is capable of restoring it. The colourless mixture being subjected to distillation, yielded a liquor which reddened litmus strongly, and gave no precipitate with barytic salts; but with a solution of nitrate of silver, a precipitate was obtained soluble in ammonia.

*Leech Bites.*—Dr. Towendhart mentions a method of checking the profuse bleeding from leech-bites, which is simple and effectual. The edges of the little wounds are drawn together with a fine needle and thread. The thread being drawn through the cuticle only, gives no pain, and the bleeding is at once suppressed.



## WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

## WORKS IN PREPARATION.

The Island Bride. By the Rev. Hobart Caunter, with Illustrations by Martin.

Illustrations of Indian Zoology, from the collection of Major-General Hardwicke, selected and arranged by S. E. Gray, in folio.

The Poetry of the Magyars, with an Account of the Language and Literature of Hungary and Transylvania. Translated by Dr. Bowring.

Dr. Conolly, Professor of Medicine in the University of London, is preparing for publication. An Inquiry concerning the Indications of Insanity.

A Treatise on Arithmetic, designed for the Use of Beginners. By Augustus de Morgan, B.A., Professor of Mathematics in the University of London.

Anecdotal Reminiscences of distinguished Literary and Political Characters. By Mr. Leigh Cliffe. The anecdotes are original, and the work will be illustrated with numerous autographs.

Creation, a Poem. By William Ball.

A new Latin Class Book, containing The Proverbs of Solomon, arranged under distinct heads, and placed in parallel lines, with an Intermediate Latin Version, consisting of the Nominatives, First Persons, and other roots of the Nouns.

The Satires of Horace, interlinearly translated by Dr. Nuttall.

Hours of Devotion, for the promotion of true Christianity and Family Worship. Translated from the original German.

Patroni Ecclesiarum: or a list, alphabetically arranged, of all the Patrons of Dignities, Rectories, Vicarages, Perpetual Curacies, and Chapelries of the United Church of England and Ireland. With Indexes.

The Memoirs of Madame du Barri, Mistress of Louis XV. of France, forming three volumes of Autobiography.

The Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, in 2 vols. By Mrs. Thomson, author of Memoirs of Henry VIII. and his Times.

The Elements of Hebrew Grammar, with a Praxis. By the Rev. W. T. Philipps.

Travels in Russia, and a Residence in St. Petersburg and Odessa in 1827-8, and 9, intended to give some Account of Russia as it is, and not as it is represented.

London in a Thousand Years, with other Poems. By the late Eugenius Roche, esq., editor of the Courier.

Laurie Todd; or, the Letters in the Woods: By Job Galt, Esq.

Records of Capt. Clapperton's last Expedition to Southern Africa. By Richard Lander, his faithful attendant, and only surviving member of that expedition. In 2 vols. post 8vo.

Political Life of the Right Hon. George Canning, from his acceptance of the Seals of the Foreign Department, in 1822, to his Death. By A. G. Granville, Esq., late his private Secretary. In 3 vols. 8vo.

The Life of Major-General Sir T. Monro, Bart. late Governor of Madras, with extracts from his correspondence and private papers. By the Rev. Mr. Gleig. In 2 vols. 8vo.

Travels in Siberia, Kamtschatka and China.

By T. Dobell, Esq., Counsellor of the Court of the Emperor of Russia. In 2 vols. post 8vo.

Travels in Timbuctoo and other parts of Central Africa in 1824 to 1829. By René Caillie. In 2 vols. 8vo.

The Rev. Richard Warner, F.A.S.L., has, in the press, a volume of Literary Recollections and Biographical Sketches.

The Portfolio of the Martyr Student, containing an Introduction, Albert, The Apostate, The Roman Lovers, Aram, &c. &c.

The Fourth Part of Rickards' India is now in the press, and will complete the subject, entitled, The Revenue System of India under the East India Company's Government, as tending to perpetuate the degraded condition of the Natives.

A Journal of Occurrences and Events, during a residence of nearly Forty Years in the East Indies; to be illustrated with nearly 100 plates. By Colonel James Welsh.

A novel is in the press, entitled, Fitz of Fitzford, founded on a popular and interesting Legend of Devonshire. To be comprised in three volumes. By Mrs. Bray, author of De Foix.

The Life and Times of Francis the First, King of France, by James Bacon, Esq., is republished in an improved and enlarged edition.

Mr. Kauer-Klattowski, author of the German Synoptical Grammar, has in the press, in two vols., A Manual of German Literature, intended for self-tuition. The whole selection will be illustrated by copious explanatory Notes, and the first portion of the work will be accompanied by an interlinear analytical translation.

Mr. Klauer has also nearly ready for publication, A Manual of Icelandic Literature, with an Abridgment of Dr. Rask's Swedish-Icelandic Grammar.

The forthcoming poem of The Reproof of Brutus, will contain distinct appeals on the state of the country, to Mr. Peel, Sir F. Burdett, Messrs. Hume, Horton, and Sadler, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, Sir Walter Scott, Southey, Campbell, Wordsworth, and Moore, Malthus, McCulloch, and Mill.

The author of Free Trade and Colonization of India, has a work in the press, on the Monopolies of the East India Company.

Mr. R. Sweet has in the press a new edition of his Hortus Britannicus, which will contain, amongst other improvements, the colours of the flowering plants, and be enlarged by the accession of many thousand new plants.

A second edition has been called for of the Speeches of the Right Honourable George Canning, with Memoirs of his Life. By R. Therry, Esq. In 6 vols. 8vo.

A Monthly Publication is about to appear at Perth, under the title of The Perth Miscellany of Literature, Agriculture, Gardening, and Local Intelligence.

Boswell's Life of Dr. Samuel Johnson. A new Edition. Edited and illustrated with numerous Biographical and Historical Notes. By the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker. 5 vols. 8vo.

A Narrative of the Life and Adventures of Giovanni Finati, native of Ferrara. Translated from the Italian as dictated by himself, and

edited by William John Bankes, Esq. 2 vols. small 8vo.

The Book of Psalms, newly translated from the Hebrew, and with Explanatory Notes. By W. French, D.D., Master of Jesus Coll., Camb., and G. Skinner, M. A., Fellow of Jesus Coll. Camb. 1 vol. 8vo.

Memoir of the Life and Public Services of the late Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles, F. R. S. By his Widow. With a portrait, map, and plates. 4to.

Principles of Geology. By C. Lyall, F. R. S., Foreign Secretary of the Geological Society. 2 vols. 8vo.

Conversations on Religion, held in Cephalonia, with Lord Byron, a short time previous to his Lordship's Death. By the late James Kennedy, M. D. of H. B. M. Medical Staff. 8vo.

Consolations in Travel; or, The Last Days of a Philosopher. By Sir Humphrey Davy, Bart., late President of the Royal Society. In 1 vol.

The Life of Julius Cæsar. By the Author of the Life of Alexander the Great. 1 vol. small 8vo.

On Financial Reform. By Sir Henry Parnel, Bart. 8vo.

Musical Illustrations of the Waverley Novels. By Eliza Flower.

The Lost Heir, a Novel, which has truth for its basis.

Charity Bazaars, a Poem.

The Young Wanderer's Cave, and other Tales. By the Author of "The Children's Fireside;" constituting the Second Series of that Work, in 12mo.

The Villa and Cottage Florists' Directory. By James Main, A. L. S., in one small volume.

The First Number of a New Topographical Dictionary of Great Britain and Ireland, by Mr. J. Gorton, Editor of the General Biographical Dictionary, &c., will appear in January. To each Number will be annexed a quarto Map, engraved on Steel, by Mr. Sydney Hall.

An Essay on the Immateriality and Immortality of the Human Soul. A new Edition, revised by Samuel Drew.

The Author of the "Revolt of the Bees," is about to publish Hamden in the Nineteenth Century, or Colloquies on the Errors and Improvement of Society.

A Compendium of Astronomy. Comprising a complete Treatise adjusted to the improved state of the Science, and an Astronomical Dictionary. Designed for the use of Youth of both Sexes. By R. T. Linnington, author of "The Companion to the Globes."

### Foreign Works in Preparation.

*Voyage aux Indes Orientales, par le Nord de l'Europe, les provinces du Caucase, la Georgie, l'Arménie, et la Perse; suivi de détails topographiques, et statistiques, et autres, sur le Pegare, les Isles de Java, de Maurice et de Bourbon; sur le Cap de Bonne-Espérance et Ste. Hélène, in 4 vols. 4to., with 2 folio atlases containing 200 plates; 3 vols. will contain the Narrative, and the 4th Zoology and Botany.*

A French translation of the *Stunden der Andacht*, or House of Devotion.

A French translation of Heeren's Polity and Commerce of the Great Nations of Antiquity.

Count Segur's History of France, Vol. IX., the reign of Louis XI.

M. M. New Series.—VOL. IX. No. 49.

M. Caillé's Travels to Timbuctoo, edited by M. Jomard. In 3 vols. 8vo.

A Theory of Judaism, applied to the Reform of the Israelites in all the Countries of Europe; intended also as a Treatise preparatory to a French version of the Babylonian Talmud. By the Abbé Chiarini, who proposes to publish The Talmud, with Commentaries, in 6 vols. folio, dedicated to the Emperor Nicholas, who has assigned 6,000 florins towards printing the first, and 12,000 florins per volume for each of the others.

*Le Brut d'Angleterre*, one of the most ancient monuments of the French language—being a poem and chronicle—a work of the 12th century; collated with MSS. from the King's library.

Dr. Tholuck, of Halle, announces a new Theological periodical for 1830.

Professor Kruse has announced to his German friends that he has deferred the Third Part of his *Hellas*, in order to afford him time for introducing many plans of the Peloponnesus, presented to him by Sir W. Gell.

An English Journal, under the title of The Ansonian, or Monthly Journal of Italian Literature, is announced at Pisa.

Several hitherto unedited MSS., relative to the History of the Netherlands, are, by order of His Majesty, now printing, under the care of the literati of the Low Countries. They are to form 30 vols in 8vo.

A new periodical is about to be published by order of the Emperor of Russia, entitled Journal of the Home Department. It will be of an official character, and consist of Ukases, Reports to His Majesty, Annual Accounts, &c., Statistics and News.

M. Eickhoff announces his *Synglosse-Indo-Européenne*, shewing the connection between the Sanscrit and the principal European Languages.

M. Vuller has announced that he will shortly publish his Persian Lexicon.

Professor Neumann has undertaken a translation of the Chinese work of one of the Metaphysical Treatises of the celebrated Tehn-hi.

Professor Bopp, of Bonn, will shortly publish his Sanscrit Grammar in Latin.

M. Roorda van Eysinga has translated from the Malay into Dutch, and printed at Batavia, in a 4to. volume, *The Crown of the Kings of Bucharha*. It is the Crown of Malay MSS., and was originally written in Arabic, and contains the Mussulman system of government, from examples taken from the History of the Bucharian monarchs.

## LIST OF NEW WORKS.

### BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

The Life of Oliver Cromwell. By the Rev. M. Russell, LL.D. Published in Constable's Miscellany. 2 vols. 18mo. 7s.; or fine paper 10s.

Memoirs of Simon Bolivar, President Liberator of the Republic of Columbia, and of his principal Generals, comprising a secret History of the Revolution. By General Dacondray-Holstein. 2 vols. 12mo. 21s.

The Book-Rarities in the University of Cambridge; illustrated by Original Letters, and Notes, Biographical, Literary, and Antiquarian. By the Rev. C. H. Hartshorne, M. A. 8vo. £1. 11s. 6d.



The Vocabulary of East Anglia; an Attempt to record the Vulgar Tongue of the twin-sister Counties, Norfolk and Suffolk, as it existed in the last Twenty Years of the 18th Century, and still exists. By the late Rev. R. Forby, M. A. of Finham, Norfolk. 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.

A History of Tewkesbury. By James Bennett. 8vo. with Plates. 15s.

#### FINE ARTS.

Passes of the Alps, by W. Brockendon, is now completed, in 2 vols. imperial 8vo., £10., royal 4to. proofs £15.

Conversations on Miniature Painting. By Miss Emma Kendrick. In post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

A Selection of the most Remarkable and Interesting of the Fishes found on the Coast of Ceylon; from Drawings made in the Southern Parts of that Island, from the Living Specimens. By J. W. Bennett, Esq. In 4to. £1. 1s.

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#### LAW.

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The Law relating to Highways, Turnpike Roads, Public Bridges, Navigable Rivers, &c. &c. By J. Egremont. Vol. I. 8vo. 12s. 6d. boards.

The Constable's Pocket Companion and Guide; containing their Duties, Powers, Responsibilities, Indemnity, Remuneration, &c. By James Shaw. 12mo. 4s.

The Office and Duty of Executors; or a Treatise of Wills and Executors. By Thomas Wentworth, Esq. 8vo. 16s.

A View of the Court of Chancery. By the Hon. William Long Wellesley. 8vo. 6s.

#### MEDICAL.

Sketches of Intellectual and Moral Relations. By Daniel Pring, M. D. 8vo. 15s.

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Letters addressed to the Royal College of Physicians, on their Constitution and Charter; with Prefatory Observations to His Grace the Duke of Wellington. By Sir A. B. Faulkner. 8vo. 2s. sewed.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

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Time's Telescope for 1830. 9s.

An Introduction to a Course of German Literature, in Five Lectures, delivered to the Students of the University of London. By Ludwig von Mühlenfels, LL. D. 8vo.

A Manual of German Literature; containing Classical Specimens of German Prose and Poetry, Systematically arranged. By Ludwig von Mühlenfels, LL. D. 2 vols. foolscap. 16s.

A Summary of Herodotus, and a Copious Index. 12mo. 8s.

A Selection from Lucian's Dialogues, with a Literal Interlinear Translation, accompanied by illustrative Notes. 12mo. 2s. 6d.

Supplement to Marshall's Naval Biography. Part III. 8vo. 15s.

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## BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

## BARRY ST. LEGER.

ALTHOUGH genius may not have lived to accomplish all of which it was capable, or to have performed, in the maturity of manhood, that which we had a right to anticipate from its earlier efforts, we should not let it sink into a premature grave without some slight history of what it had achieved, and some notice of what it has projected. We do not like to see talent pass from the face of society, that has been delighted with its exertions, unhonoured by some tribute to its memory; nor, to suffer the recollection of its existence to be effaced, as easily as that of the many who have passed through life, without having performed one act to distinguish them from the mass of their fellow-creatures. Had the subject of the present memoir been permitted a longer life, instead of having been condemned to a premature death, he would, in all probability, have established a character by his literary labours, which would have made the proudest biographical work glad to have enrolled his name among the history of those whose works have earned for them a deathless name. As it is, the few works Mr. St. Leger has left us, are too excellent of their kind, and have entitled their author to too great a reputation, for us to permit his life and death to pass unrecorded among his literary contemporaries; and it is with a melancholy pleasure that we consider it among the duties of our office to devote a few of our pages to the purpose of preserving some reminiscences of the talents, which, like those of Mr. St. Leger, have been cut off by death before they had reached their maturity.

Francis Barry Boyle St. Leger was the son of a most respectable Irish family of that name, and very nearly connected with several distinguished families, both in England and Ireland. The youngest child, he was from his infancy rather the favourite of his mother, the Honourable Mrs. St. Leger; and, to this circumstance, as well as to the precocity of his own mind, that very early introduction to society which gave such a character to his future life and manners, is perhaps to be attributed. His father, being the intimate friend of Francis Lord Guildford, introduced Mr. Barry St. Leger, even while an infant, to the distinguished circle at Wroxton. This circle consisted of the principal of the whig party in politics, and of all that was eminent for genius and literature of the day. Here it was that Sheridan let loose the flood-gates of his wit; and that John Kemble condescended to play the inferior parts in the pieces which were got up in their private theatricals, and the subject of our present memoir frequently acted, as a child, the most prominent part in the piece in which Mr. Kemble took the inferior character. The precocity of his mind made

him a general favourite with the circle; and from this early introduction to society he derived those ideas and knowledge of life at a very early period, which, under ordinary circumstances, are only the result of years and experience. Here too, from the liberal political principle which he heard discussed, he imbibed those notions of politics which in his mind generated that true independence of principle, which is of no party, and upon which he acted, frequently to his own detriment, throughout the remainder of his short life. From the powers of entertainment which at this early period he evinced, he became not only the pet of the Guildford family, but of the whole circle that then frequented Wroxton; and allowed to mingle in their meetings with more than the privileges of a man, he saw so much of society, and with a discrimination so much beyond his years, that at a very early period he entered into active life with a better knowledge of society than falls to the lot of many of twice his age.

He commenced his education at Rugby, in the expectation of completing it at college; a high civil situation in India, however, being offered to his friends, it was accepted for him; and thus entering early into active life, he completed his education in the world. At seventeen he went to India, where unforeseen circumstances threw him into the performance of more arduous duties, and into situations of so much consequence and responsibility, that his life in India used to be a subject of wonder to himself, when additional experience made him more sensible of the high offices he had performed at so early an age as seventeen. The customs of the country, however, as ill accorded with his recollections of Wroxton comforts, as what he called the tyranny and the injustice of the Eastern government, did with the principles of liberty which he had imbibed in that circle. He now therefore determined to throw up his situation; and with the full knowledge of the arduous task before him in this country of fighting his way even to competence, through all the fog of the English bar, he sacrificed the certainty of a large fortune to his independence of principle, came back to England, and entered himself a member of the Inner Temple. From this period his literary labours commenced. Independently of writing for various periodical publications, he became the editor of the *Album*, a work set on foot, and published by Mr. Ascham, the librarian, of Bond-street, to whose kindness in this early stage of his short career, Mr. St. Leger has frequently expressed himself as being greatly indebted.

In 1823 he wrote Gilbert Earle, which was published by Mr. Charles Knight, of Pall Mall East, another esteemed friend of the author. This book at once ranked him

among the highest of his contemporaries in works of fiction. It displayed an intensity of feeling, and a knowledge of human nature far above his years, and became so generally read and admired, and so much talked of in the highest circles, that it induced him to proceed in the same path; and *Blount's Manuscripts*, published by Knight, and *Tales of Passion*, lately published by Colburn, were other productions of his pen in the same walk of literary composition. The tendency of these works has been objected to by some fastidious critics, although their power over the feelings of the reader has been acknowledged by all; but in any impartial analysis of the whole of the writings of Mr. St. Leger, they will be found quite as honourable to the moral qualities of his mind, as they are creditable to his genius. He never wrote but with the view of correcting error, or of doing some good to society. If scenes are depicted too vividly, it was owing to the intensity of feeling with which he wrote; he never became a hacknied author; he never wrote merely technically; he felt his subject before it engrossed his pen; and to these reflections and reminiscences are to be imputed all the penchant and energy of his own feelings. Although he wrote with a facility equalled by few of his contemporaries, he was never idle; inactivity was never a characteristic of his genius, which was ever on the alert, and always at work. During this period he wrote almost constantly for the most respectable periodicals of the day; and at the same time pursued his professional studies with a perseverance that, added to the peculiar talent he possessed of speaking, would ultimately have ensured his standing at the bar, to which he was called as a member of the Inner Temple, in the year 1827.

In his circuit he was making considerable progress, and, had he been spared, there is every probability that he would have attained that eminence in his profession which his early talents indicated. This, however, with all other prospects, were cut short by his premature death. In June last he was seized with a fit of epilepsy, produced, it is supposed, by a too constant exertion of mind; from this he partly recovered; but relapse succeeding relapse, so wore down his constitution, that, strong as it was, it sunk at last under his repeated attacks, and he died on the 20th of November, at the early age of thirty, in the house of some friends, who had long been warmly attached to him for the many excellent qualities he possessed. Thus died Barry St. Leger, who a few previous months appeared possessed of strength and constitution, that seemed to ensure a long life; and of qualities of intellect and mind that would have made that life a distinguished one. He was cut off amidst a number of projects, which, if accomplished, would have placed him very high in the literary annals of our country. He had long determined to write no more

works of mere fiction; but to devote himself to historical composition. At the time of his death he had nearly completed and printed a work, founded upon the old chronicles, which we trust will be still given to the world. He had projected a *History of the Wars in Spain*, and of the Reformation in France; both of them very interesting branches of general history; and had made some progress in the first, a specimen of which had been submitted to the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. These, with other works, had occupied a great portion of his time in the year previous to his death; and it is to be feared were so much thought upon even during his last illness, as to impede his recovery. His mind was too active for his friends to keep it in that passive state so necessary to his convalescence. As a writer, Mr. St. Leger displayed great intenseness of feeling, and a deep knowledge of the secret workings of human nature. His descriptions were vivid, and pictures of passion powerful. His *Gilbert Earle*, and his tale of the *Bohemians*, rank among the best efforts in this department of literature. As a man he was estimable; and, as a companion and friend, the delight of all who enjoyed his intimacy. His conversation was always fluent, and generally brilliant; and a remarkably strong, as well as a peculiarly discriminating memory, enabled him so to illustrate it by anecdote and by quotation, that there were few who had enjoyed his society once, that did not covet a continuance of his acquaintance. In Barry St. Leger, his family have lost an affectionate brother, his friends a delightful companion, and the world a man whose talent might have added much more to the literary store of his country, than his short career has permitted.

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LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR MILES  
NIGHTINGALL, K. B. C. &c.

Few officers have been engaged in a greater variety of active and important service than the late Sir Miles Nightingall. He entered the army on the 4th of April, 1787, as an ensign in the 52d regiment of foot, and proceeded immediately to India. On the 12th of November, 1788, he was promoted to a lieutenancy in the same corps. Remaining in India, he was employed in the army under the late Sir William Meadows, in the campaign of 1790, and was present with the grenadiers of the 52d regiment, at the assault of Dendegul.

Immediately after that affair, he was appointed Major of brigade to the King's troops; and, in that capacity, attached to the first brigade, he was engaged at the siege of Puliganacherry. In the campaigns of 1791 and 1792, under Lord Cornwallis, he was present at the siege and assault of the town and fortress of Bangalore; at the siege and storming of the stronghill fort of Severndroog; in the general action with Tippoo Saib, near Seringapatam, on the 15th of



May, 1791; in the general action of the 6th of February, 1792, when the enemy's lines were stormed under the walls of Seringapatam, and at the siege of that capital, the surrender of which led to a termination of the war on the 19th of the ensuing month.

In the peace which followed, he continued as major of brigade to the king's forces. On the breaking out of the war with France, in 1793, he served at the siege and capture of Pondicherry. He remained in India till August, 1794, when, in consequence of severe illness, he was under the necessity of returning to England; where, on his arrival, he was appointed Aid-de-camp to the Marquis Cornwallis, then commanding the eastern district. Previously to this, however, on the 1st of September, 1794, he had obtained a company in the 125th foot.

On the 28th of February, 1795, Captain Nightingall was promoted to a Majority in the 121st Foot, and appointed Brigade Major-General to the eastern district.

On the 9th of September, in the same year, he procured, by purchase, a Lieutenant-Colonelcy in the 115th regiment; and, on the 28th of October, also in 1795, he was removed to the 38th regiment of Foot. In the two succeeding years, he served with the latter regiment in the West Indies. Owing to a severe attack of the yellow fever, he was compelled to return to England; but, having recovered during the voyage home, he was immediately after his arrival, appointed deputy Adjutant-General to the forces in St. Domingo. He sailed for that island early in 1798, and held his appointment till July, when he was sent home with despatches to government.

In February, 1799, Lieutenant-Colonel Nightingall again proceeded to St. Domingo, accompanied by Lieutenant-General Maitland, on a mission of considerable importance to Toussaint L'Ouverture, the celebrated black chief.

On his return to England, in the month of July following, he was made assistant Adjutant-General to the army, under the Duke of York, in Holland. There, he was engaged in the actions of the 19th of September, and the 2nd of October. He was next employed on the coast of France, under Lieutenant-General Maitland. In January 1800, he sailed for Quiberon Bay; in February, he returned to England, to take out troops for an attack upon Belleisle; and, soon afterwards, he sailed from Cork, with the 36th regiment of Foot, with the view of taking possession of Honat, as a preparatory measure. The object, however, was abandoned, and, in July, he returned home with despatches. In 1801, he was appointed assistant Quarter-Master-General to the eastern district: a post which he enjoyed until the cessation of hostilities between France and England, when he accompanied the Marquis of Cornwallis to Amiens and Paris, as private secretary.

In July, 1802, this officer was appointed

to a Lieutenant-Colonelcy in the 51st Foot. On the 25th of September, 1803, he obtained the rank of Colonel in the Army.

Having been appointed Quarter-Master-General to the king's troops in India, Colonel Nightingall sailed, in 1803, for Bengal. On his arrival there, he found that the army under Lord Lake had taken the field against the Mahrattas. He joined immediately; reached head-quarters previously to the attack on Agra, and served in the attack of a body of infantry posted under the walls of that town, and at the siege and capture of the fortress. He was afterwards in the general and decisive action at Laswaree; and he continued to serve with the army in the field till the termination of the war with Scindeah.

In 1805, Colonel Nightingall was appointed military secretary to the Marquis Cornwallis. On the 8th of May, 1806, he was removed from the 51st to the 69th regiment. On the death of the Marquis Cornwallis he remained in Bengal, in the office of Quarter-Master-General, until February 1807. His health being much impaired, he then returned to England, and soon afterwards resigned his staff appointment.

Colonel Nightingall's interval of relaxation was very brief. Within four months after his return, he was appointed to serve as Brigadier-General, with the forces under Major-General Spencer. He accordingly proceeded to Gibraltar, and was employed on the coast of Spain, until General Spence's division joined the army under Sir Arthur Wellesley, at Mondego Bay. He was then appointed to command the third brigade, with which he served during the campaign of 1808. He was consequently in the actions of Roleia and Vimiera, for his gallant conduct in which he received the thanks of Parliament.

Early in July, 1809, he was placed on the staff of the Kent district, as Brigadier-General. Ill health detained him from active service till the month of January, 1810, when, with the rank of Major-General, he returned to Portugal, joined the army at Cartaxo, and distinguished himself in the battle of Fuentes d'Onor.

In 1812, Major-General Nightingall once more visited Bengal, and was sent by Lord Minto to take the chief command of Java and its dependencies. In that station, he reduced the Rajah of Boni, and also established the British supremacy in Celebes. On the 14th of June, 1814, he was made Lieutenant-General; in 1815, a Knight Commander of the Bath; and, soon afterwards, he received the Colonelcy of the 6th West India Regiment.

The Lieutenant-General was next invested with the command in chief at Bombay, whether he sailed in 1816. He remained there till 1819, when he returned to England. On the 19th of February, 1820, he was appointed Colonel of the 49th Foot.

At the time of this officer's death, which

occurred at Gloucester, in the month of October, he had been several years one of the representatives in Parliament of the borough of Eye, in Suffolk. He was in his 61st year.

—  
JOSEPH MAWE, ESQ.

Joseph Mawe, an old and valued correspondent of the *Monthly Magazine*, and justly celebrated throughout Europe as a mineralogist, geologist, and conchologist, was born about the year 1755. His first introduction to the scientific world, was, we believe, through "*The Mineralogy of Derbyshire, with a Description of the most interesting Mines in the North of England, Scotland, and Wales*;" an octavo volume, published in the year 1802. This is a perspicuous and useful work, fraught with information, relating to the mineral treasures of Derbyshire.

It is to the enterprise and talent of Mr. Mawe, that we are indebted for the most faithful and interesting description of the Brazilian States that has yet appeared in this country. We understand that, subsequently to the publication of his work upon Derbyshire, he undertook a commercial voyage to the Rio de la Plata. On his arrival at Monte Video, his ship and cargo were seized; and, on the appearance of the expedition under General Beresford, he was banished into the interior. When he had recovered his liberty, he went to Brazil, where he was graciously received by the Prince Regent, afterwards John VI. of Portugal. By that prince he was employed, in the year 1810, to investigate the mineralogical riches—the extensive gold and diamond districts—and the agricultural state of the empire of Brazil. He was the first Englishman who had ever been so engaged; and his task was performed in a manner equally satisfactory to himself and to the Prince Regent. On his return to England, he gave to the public the first portion of the result of his observations, in a quarto volume, entitled "*Travels in the Interior of Brazil*." This was in the year 1812. The book immediately ranked amongst the most valuable standard works

of its class; and it has not only gone through numerous editions in England, and in the United States of America, but has also been translated into almost all the continental languages, and published in France, Sweden, Germany, Russia, Portugal, Brazil, &c.

In 1813, Mr. Mawe published his "*Treatise on Diamonds and Precious Stones*," a work also of considerable celebrity. As a mineralogist, he was now deservedly held in the highest estimation for the variety and importance of his knowledge, and for the facility with which he developed the principles of his favourite science. He was, in consequence, employed by a great personage on the Continent, to collect mineralogical and geological specimens in the counties of Devon and Cornwall. In this pursuit, he discovered, in a mine, on the edge of Dartmoor, a rich vein of arsenical cobalt, and capillary native silver. Of the capillary silver, some of the fibres are said to have been more than a foot in length.

In addition to the works already mentioned, Mr. Mawe published "*Familiar Lessons on Mineralogy and Geology*," a little volume which has gone through many editions;—"An Introduction to the Study of Conchology;"—"The Linnaean System of Conchology;"—"The Shell-collecting Pilot, or Voyager's Companion;"—"Instructions for the Blow-Pipe;"—"A Description of Lapidaries' Apparatus;"—and several other works; besides which, he contributed to Lamarck's *Conchology*, &c.

Mr. Mawe was a member of the Mineralogical Society of Jena. For several years, during the latter part of his life, he kept a shop near Somerset-House, in the Strand, for the sale of mineralogical and geological specimens—in fact of every thing connected with the sciences to which his useful life was devoted.

In all the domestic relations, Mr. Mawe was not only respected and esteemed, but beloved. After a long and severe illness, he died at his residence in the Strand, on the 26th of October.

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## MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

OUR letters from the country furnish us with nothing new respecting the season, the culture and condition of the lands, or the extremely depressed condition and circumstances of the majority of their occupiers. The season for wheat sowing has been more propitious than we had expected; and that most important branch has been, in general, completed to its fullest extent, upon a considerably improved tilth. The great and almost universal defect is the unparalleled foul state of the lands; which, however favourable the ensuing year may prove, must occasion a vast defalcation in the bulk and measure of the crops of every kind, with, too probably, no slight deterioration of their quality. There is no possibility of eradicating weeds from broad-cast or narrow-drilled corn. Among the best farmers the spring fallows are in a considerable state of forwardness: an important branch of culture which has been impeded beyond precedent, in consequence of the inordinate length of the late most vexatious and distressing harvest.

We have in late reports described the young wheats as forward, and, to a degree, luxu-



riant ; which, however, must be understood as relative to those upon the warmest and most fertile soils ; since, generally, and upon poor lands especially, the coming Christmas will exhibit the shortest and most backward show of wheat upon the lands within memory. Unavoidable late sowing, and the foul, sodden, and chilled state of the earth, are obviously the joint cause. The frosts have had the beneficial effect of checking the ravages of the slug, which had commenced its destructive career. Tares, clover, and the artificial grasses, have made good progress. Opinion has again varied in respect to the wheat crop, which, it is now asserted, will not prove so considerable in quantity, as was supposed during harvest. The poorer class of farmers have perhaps generally disposed of the greater part of their stock of wheat, in order to discharge, as far as within their power, the very pressing demands upon them ; and many in better circumstances, from one motive or another, have thinned unusually their stack-yards. The barley and pulse crops are in sufficient plenty ; but the greater part of the former stained by the wet, and the latter soft, and hence not readily saleable ; and all gradually declining in price. The quantities of barley, fit for malting, offered at market, have been very limited during the season—a circumstance apparently of no great consequence, the brewers holding great stocks of malt as well as hops, of which the deficiency of the late crop has had no great effect in raising the price. The stocks in hand, and the foreign import, which must continue during the spring, preclude all expectation of a rising corn market.

The cattle markets, both for fat and store stock, are supposed to have reached their *minimum* of autumnal price, and are quoted with a shade of advance. There has been a fine opportunity of purchase for those who have possessed the means, together with the materials of winter keep. They cannot fail of a profitable return. With respect to those, the majority, it is to be feared, in reduced circumstances, they have been enabled to purchase on credit, even where an old arrear has subsisted, from the absolute necessity of sale in the glutted markets. Winter cattle feeding, however, may prove a serious concern, more especially in the event of a long frost, (no unreasonable expectation) from the general failure of the root crops, of mangold beyond the others, which, when successful, affords such immense supplies. Its total deficiency will be severely felt in the coming season, turnips also being a failure, and potatoes below an average crop. Carrots and parsnips, by far the most nutritious of all our roots, fitted indeed only to one particular soil, are much neglected in England, even upon the proper soils. The carrots of the present season are particularly fine, and of substantial quality. Apples are superabundant, and the metropolis is amply stocked, not only with the new varieties, but with increasing quantities of the old and excellent sorts, the nonpareil, russetin, rennet, and pippin of improved quality. Cider in the west is retailed at twopence the quart !

Flesh meat has sold in the country at an old-fashioned price, very ill suited to present cost. In Wales, good beef and mutton have been retailed at three-pence per lb. Here we have a verification of the old adage, “down corn, down horn.” It would seem, however, there must subsist some other cause for this, than the inability to purchase food, in, we hope, yet a small comparative minority. Fine things, nevertheless, have commanded a fine price ; and a small lot of Devon oxen, the prime beef of England, of about seventy stones each, the property of his Grace the Duke of Norfolk, have been sold at somewhat above one shilling per lb ; some Scots, of about sixty stones weight, at the same price. In the late fully attended annual London cattle show, the animals brought to their existing state of fatness, at such an expense of time and money, (no palpable evidence of poverty in the country) have met with considerable prices. At the cattle show at Chelmsford, Mr. Western, M.P. for the county of Essex, exhibited three pure Merino wethers, not only valuable for the fineness of their fleece, but for their general symmetry and fatness of carcass. This gentleman, with Mr. Towers of the same county, and the late Mr. Trimmer, whose fine stock will soon be on sale, have deserved well of their country, for retaining and improving this most valuable breed, so unaccountably neglected by the great body of our flock-masters, who now complain so much of the depreciation of British wool, and of the preference shown to foreign.

The accounts from various parts of the country are horrible, and nationally disgraceful. From such parts, a dread of the difficulties to be encountered during the winter, in regard to the maintenance of the surplus labourers, appears to be most appalling ; whilst in districts more favourably circumstanced, there appears almost an incredulity on the subject, and a general apathy. Our sympathy for the suffering of the labourers is shocked, and materially reduced, by that disgusting demoralization by which they are too generally disgraced. Incendiarism and horrible cruelty to animals, appear to be their favourite modes of revenge. Among so many similar instances, the shoulder of a poor sheep has been lately severed from its living carcass, and the animal left in that mangled and tortured state ! The wrongs and cruelties inflicted on the suffering poor, have, no doubt, from the beginning been enormous, and an attention to their morals either totally neglected, or conducted, more especially of late years, on erroneous principles ; but they possess yet too much of the common sense of the times, and sufficient acuteness, to merit forgiveness or apology for their enormities. These wretches, so prone and ready for mischief and diabolism, would skulk and hang back on any honest, patriotic call for their co-operation and assistance, even

in their own cause. Their insolence goes hand in hand with their dishonesty and cruelty. We hear from Baldock, Herts, that property is in a state of insecurity never before experienced, and that the wretched and degraded labourers on the roads treat passengers with the most wanton insults. On the occasion of some sheep and Christmas turkeys being stolen, these highly gratified insolents amused themselves by the exclamations, to all who passed, of, "gobble, gobble," and "baa, baa!" The meeting of Parliament being so near, it would be premature to say any thing on the meditated petitions for the reduction or abolition of the duties on malt and beer; yet one remark may be in place, on the almost universal preference (of John Bull, rich or poor) of sophisticated, sugar-sopped, and drugged beer. *De gustibus non est disputandum*; thence we will remain contented with our own, without pretending to prescribe in the case for others. As to the general state of public affairs, surely we ought to remain contented, and even elated, by the most blooming hopes, since WILLIAM COBBETT, that well known and eminent master of the gift of the gab, whether on paper or *ore rotundo*, being rejected as prime minister by his ill-advised sovereign; is about to become the prime minister of the people. This eminence, no doubt, his lectures will procure for him.

*Smithfield*.—Beef, 3s. 2d. to 4s. 8d.—Mutton, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 10d.—Veal, 4s. 0d. to 5s. 4d. Pork, 3s. 8d. to 5s. 2d.—Rough Fat, 2s. 2d.

*Corn Exchange*.—Wheat, 43s. to 80s.—Barley, 22s. to 40s.—Oats, 12s. to 32s.—Fine Bread, the London 4 lb. Loaf, 10d.—Hay, 55s. to 100s. per load.—Clover, ditto, 55s. to 115s.—Straw, 30s. to 42s.

Coals in the Pool, 29s. to 39s. 9d. per chaldron.

*Middlesex, December 21st.*

## MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

**SUGAR.**—The decline which took place in the prices of Muscovadoes, appears to attract the attention of the trade, and the prices are in several instances a shade higher. St. Lucia sugar sold 43s. to 52s.; the low brown sold lower than the market prices. The estimated sales this week, 3,100 hogsheads and tierces. In refined goods there is little alteration; the export demand is inconsiderable, and the grocers purchase only for their immediate wants. Molasses are higher, and rather brisk. *East India Sugar*.—There is still a good demand for Bengal sugars; sales are reported at 1s. 6d. advance on the late East India House sale. *Foreign Sugar*.—There is some demand for Havannah sugars for the Mediterranean; and several large contracts are reported 26s. to 30s., stated, we believe, about 27s., some low white Pernams sold at 25s.

**COFFEE.**—The sales of this week are quite inconsiderable, the middling Dutch and good to fine middling Jamaica, met a ready sale for home consumption; but all inferior parcels are very dull, and are offered at reduced rates. In Foreign or East India Coffee there are no transactions worth reporting; the market is dull, without alteration in prices.

**RUM, BRANDY, AND HOLLANDS.**—The sales of rum are more limited than last week; they consist of some good parcels of Jamaica at former prices; some proof Leewards rather under 1s. 3d., and a parcel 1s. under 1s. 7d.; Brandy is held with much firmness, on account of the high prices in France; Geneva is without variation.

**HEMP, FLAX, AND TALLOW.**—The tallow market has been very firm all the week. In hemp and flax there is no alteration worth reporting; the letters from St. Petersburg are dated the 1st inst.—Exchange, 10: 9-16; nothing done.—[Frosts, 4 degrees; ice, five feet thick.]

**Bullion per Oz.**—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—Foreign Gold in Bars, £3. 17s. 9d.—New Doubloons, £3. 0s. 0d.—New Dollars, 4s. 9½d.—Silver in Bars, (standard), 0s. 0d.

**Course of Foreign Exchange.**—Amsterdam, 12. 6½.—Rotterdam, 12. 6½.—Antwerp, 12. 6½.—Hamburg, 13. 14.—Paris, 25. 75.—Bordeaux, 26. 0.—Berlin, 0. 0.—Frankfort-on-the-Main, 153. 0½.—Petersburg, 10.—Vienna, 10. 11.—Madrid, 35. 0¾.—Cadiz, 36. 0.—Bilboa, 36. 0.—Barcelona, 35. 0¾.—Seville, 35. 0¾.—Gibraltar 49. 0½.—Leghorn, 47. 0½.—Genoa, 25. 90.—Venice, 47. 0½.—Malta, 48. 0½.—Naples, 39. 0½.—Palermo, 119. 0.—Lisbon, 43. 0.—Oporto, 43. 0.—Rio Janeiro, 24. 0.—Bahia, 26. 0½.—Buenos Ayres, 0. 0.—Dublin. 1. 0½.—Cork, 1. 0½.

**Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.**—Birmingham CANAL, 300l.—Coven-try, 0l.—Ellesmere and Chester, 105½l.—Grand Junction, 290l.—Kennet and Avon, M.M. New Series.—VOL. IX. No. 49. P



27½.—Leeds and Liverpool, 430½.—Oxford 66½.—Regent's, 22½.—Trent and Mersey, (½ sh.), 790½.—Warwick and Birmingham, 270½.—London Docks (Stock), 91½.—West India (Stock), 192½.—East London WATER WORKS, 113½.—Grand Junction, 50½.—West Middlesex, 75½.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 9¾.—Globe, 165½.—Guardian, 26½.—Hope Life, 6½.—Imperial Fire, 114½.—GAS-LIGHT Westminster chartered Company, 56½.—City, 0½.—British, 0½.—Leeds, 195½.

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

*Announced from November 22d to December 22d, 1829, in the London Gazette.*

### BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

George, P. Bow, linen-draper  
Stretch, J. C. Worcester, auctioneer  
Parnall, J. Jun. and W. Parnall, Bristol, copper-smiths  
Severn, J. Upper Thames-street, grocer  
Butler, W. Birmingham, manufacturer  
Barrett, P. and S. Appleton, apothecaries  
Wyatt, T. St. Paul's Church-yard, warehouseman  
Wheeler, T. Hereford, corn-dealer  
Taylor, J. Kirbysmisperton, timber-merchant  
Sparks, W. H. Godalming, paper-maker

### BANKRUPTCIES.

[This Month, 195.]

*Solicitors' Names are in Parenthesis.*

Anterton, R. Salford, merchant. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Gaskill, Wigan  
Alfred, J. Pilkington, dealer. (Milne and Co., Temple; Ainsworth and Co., Manchester  
Andrew, J. Wirksworth, scrivener. (Smithson and Co., New-inn; Thomas and Hutchinsons, Chesterfield  
Akkroyd, J. Woodhouse, shopkeeper. (Robinson, Essex-street; Ward, Leeds  
Ainley, E. Netherlough, clothier. (Lattye and Co., Chancery-lane; Stephenson, Huddersfield  
Arrowsmith, S. Manchester, victualler. (Makinson and Co., Temple; Hadfield, Manchester  
Barry, A. King-street, Portman-square, poultryer. (Tribe, Clifford's-inn  
Barton, J. Manchester, brush-manufacturer. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Allen, Manchester  
Brierley, Duckinfield, dyer. (Appleby and Co., Gray's-inn; Whitehead, Manchester  
Boys, E. Jun. Canterbury, spirit-dealer. (Langham, Bartlett's-buildings  
Binns, A. Keighley, worsted-spinner. (Still and Co., Lincoln's-inn; Netherwood, Keighley  
Brett, T. Rotherham, innkeeper. (King, Castle-street; Oxley, Rotherham  
Blundell, J. B. Bankside, iron-masters. (Gaddens, Furnival's-inn  
Burbury, R. and G. J. Wigley, Coventry, ribband-manufacturers. (James, Buckleysbury  
Barnford, G. Ashover, builder. (Smithson and Co., New-inn; Hutchinsons, Chesterfield  
Bladon, R. C. Hoxton, grocer. (Lofly, King-street  
Benrimo, S. and D. Aldgate, merchants. (Hindmarsh and Co., Jewin-street, and Manchester  
Brook, R. Leeds, linen-draper. (Woodhouse and Co., Temple; Stott, Leeds  
Brown, W. Hyde, linen-draper. Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Hadfield and Co., Manchester  
Buckland, C. Sturminster-Newton, shopkeeper. (Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Wasbrough and Co., Bristol

Boast, J. Little Yarmouth, inn-keeper. (White and Co., Great St. Helens; Worship, Great Yarmouth  
Barnes, C. Norwich, builder. (Penton, Austin-friars; Jay and Co., Norwich  
Bevan, W. sen. and W. Bevan, Jun. Morriston, and R. Bevan, Monmouth, iron-manufacturers. (Price and Co., Lincoln's-inn; James and Co., Swansea  
Barnard, W. F. Walworth, victualler. (Hubert, Clement's-inn  
Bowry, A. East Moulsey, corn-dealer. (Orlebar, George-street  
Bridgman, A. Linton, victualler. (Lythgo, Essex-street  
Campbell, G. Half Moon-street, coal-merchant. (M'Duff, Castle-street  
Collins, M. J. Berwick-street, spermaceti-refiner. (Brown and Co., Mincing-lane  
Christopherson, J. Liverpool, merchant. (Baxendale and Co., King's-arms-yard; Shackleton and Co., Liverpool  
Carver, A. M. Leicester, milliner. (Fleming and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Stone, Leicester  
Creed, J. Hemel-Hampstead, commission-agent. (Grover and Co., Bedford-row; Grover and Co., Hemel-Hampstead  
Connop, J. and T. L. Evill, Tokenhouse-yard, dyers. (Birkett and Co., Cloak-lane  
Creed, G. Hemel-Hampstead, auctioneer. (Grover and Co., Bedford-row; Grover and Co., Hemel-Hampstead  
Candy, T. sen. Marston Bigott, cattle-salesman. (Helder, Clement's-inn; Boor, Warmminster  
Crow, T. S. Clerkenwell, dairyman. (Temple, Great Tower-street  
Cust, J. Ripon, innkeeper. (Beverley, Temple; Coates, Ripon  
Churchill, J. Portsmouth, mercer. (Bogue and Co., Gray's-inn; Hopkins, Gosport  
Cattell, S. Coventry, ribband-manufacturer. (Austin and Co., Gray's-inn; Troughton and Co., Coventry  
Conway, J. Staining-lane, builder. (Dignam, Little Distaff-lane  
Collins, M. Brompton, victualler. (Garrard, Suffolk-street  
Deirne, L. Pancras-street, smith. (Tatraindin, Child's-place  
Dean, C. Nottingham, grocer. (Enfield, Gray's-inn; Enfield and Son, Nottingham  
Dennison, W. Toxteth-Park, merchant. (Norris and Co., John-street; Toulmin, Liverpool  
Elson, F. D. Clerkenwell, timber-merchant. (Willett and Co., Essex-street  
Emery, J. H. Vauxhall-road, victualler. (M. rtineau and Co., Carey-street  
Edwards, H. Brunswick-square, surgeon. (Harris and Co., Beaufort-buildings  
Ellis, J. and J. Sanders, Bristol, barge-masters. (Vizard and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Gregory and Co., Bristol  
Emerson, W. Alford, linen-draper. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Robinson, Alford  
Edwards, W. Over, dealer. (Brittan, Basinghall-street; Bevan and Co., Bristol  
Fletcher, J. Binbroke St. Mary, victualler. (Eyne and Co., Gray's-inn

Foster, E. Hitchin, druggist. (Ashfield, Lawrence-lane  
Fry, J. Whitechapel, corn-dealer. Young and Co., St. Mildred's-court  
Ford, G. Frome-Selwood, linen-draper. (Perkins and Co., Gray's-inn; Miller, Frome  
Forrest, J. B. Kilbourn, oilman. (Atkins, Fox Ordinary-court  
Farrar, J. Halifax, mercer. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Hadfield and Co., Manchester  
Gale, C. Hart-street, plumber. (Reynolds, Carmarthen-street  
Giroux, G. G. New Kent-road, music-seller. Willett and Co., Essex-street  
Giles, W. Stoke-New, timber-dealer. (Holmes and Co., Great James-street; Neale, Reading  
Gable, T. A. Bethnal-road, silk-manufacturer. (Warren, Symond's-inn  
Garden, W. High Holborn, stationer. (Wilson and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields  
Grives, W. Holborn-bridge, cheesemonger. (Whiting, London-bridge-foot  
Grey, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant. (Bell and Co., Bow-church-yard; Carr and Co., Newcastle  
Grobert, B. Newbury, carrier. (Graham, Serjeant's-inn; Graham, Newbury  
Glover, J. Derby, tailor. (Robinson and Co., Charter-house-square  
Galey, Jr. Wheock, cheese-factor. (Roake, Furnival's-inn; Broadhurst, Nantwich  
Gaudin, W. and J. Jacobs, Barbican, tailors. (Robinson and Co., Charter-house-square  
Gardiner, G. Ainswick, draper. (Dunn, Gray's-inn; Wilson, Newcastle  
Gooden, R. Collingbourne, maltster. (Warren, Symond's-inn  
Gee, T. Liverpool, cordwainer. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Houghton, Liverpool  
Godfree, W. Strand, wine-merchant. (Dods, Northumberland-street  
Graystone, J. Bury St. Edmunds, cutler. (Bromley, Gray's-inn; Leech, Bury St. Edmunds  
Graham, W. Bristol, linen-draper. (Poole and Co., Gray's-inn; Parker, and Co., Bristol  
Giddings, R. Lyncombe, and Widcombe, baker. (Makinson and Co., Temple; Hellings, Bath  
Gaskill, J. late of Harp-lane, wine-merchant. (Dicas, Austin-friars  
Gledhill, J. Birstal, grocer. (Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Higham, Leeds  
Grant, W. Gosport, silversmith. (Egoue and Co., Gray's-inn  
Halse, H. Musbury, shoe-salesman. (Holme and Co., New-inn; Marly, Crewkerne  
Hunt, R. Duke's-street, Spitalfields, silk-manufacturer. (Smith, Basinghall-street  
Hill, J. S. New Gravel-lane, steam-boiler-manufacturer. (Druce and Son, Billiter-square  
Hamden, E. Clare-market, coffee-house-keeper. (Collier and Co., Carey-street  
Holton, B. Charlotte-street, apothecary. (Cattill, Ely-place  
Howells, T. Old Montague-street, chemist. (Ritson and son, Jewry-street  
Haine, M. Liskeard, draper. (Vizard

- and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Gregory and Co., Bristol
- Hammond, C. Kentish Town, brewer. (Cook and Co., New-inn)
- Harsleben, C. and J. G. Anthony, Lamb's Conduit-street, confectioners. (Blunt and Co., Liverpool-street)
- Hardisty, W. Liverpool, merchant. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Lowndes and Co., Liverpool)
- Hughes, R. Flint, shopkeeper. (Jeyes, Chancery-lane; Evans, Chester-Horne, Denbigh)
- Haywood, H. Ramsgate, innkeeper. (Retlaw, Clement's-inn; Wells, Ramsgate)
- Hitch, W. C. Hertford, statutory. (Carter and Co., Royal Exchange)
- Hill, T. Wapping-wall, ship-chandler. (Kearsey and Co., Lothbury)
- Haines, E. Coventry, dyer. (Byrne, Lincoln's-inn; Carter and Co., Coventry)
- Hucker, J. Glastonbury, stocking-manufacturer. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Reeves, Glastonbury)
- Henderson, G. Berwick, corn-merchant. (North and Co., Temple; Weddell, Berwick)
- Hacker, H. Harwich, linen-draper. (Sole, Aldermasbury)
- Hay, J. High Wycombe, paper-maker. (Alexander and Son, Carey-street)
- Holloway, J. F. Madford-court, Fenchurch-street, merchant. (Holmes, Liverpool-street)
- Hind, B. Nottingham, iron-merchant. (Maddouall and Co., Parliament-street; Payne and Co., Nottingham)
- Hicks, M. Aberystwith, victualler. (Jenkins and Co., New-inn; Jones, Abergavenny)
- Jones, J. Bathwick, livery-stable-keeper. (Williams and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Mackey, Bath)
- Jacobs, B. Penner, shopkeeper. (Platt and Co., New Boswell-court; Frothero and Co., Newport)
- Jerman, J. Bath, haberdasher. (Jones, Crosby-square; Hellings, Bath)
- Jameson, A. Yarm, surgeon. (Mayhew, and Co., Carey-street)
- Jobling, R. S. Duke-street, wine-merchant. (Osbadelston and Co., London-street)
- Jackson, W. New Malton, corn-merchant. (Wilson, Southampton-street; Allen, New Malton)
- Kay, R. and J. Matthews, Bolton-le-Moors, money-scrivners. (Milne and Co., Temple; Walker, Preston)
- Kelly, E. Paddington, scavenger. (Carlton, High-street, St. Mary-le-bone)
- Kingsford, E. Lambeth, miller. (Swinford, Mark-lane)
- Keit, N. sen, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, corn-dealer. (Brown, Fenchurch-street; Brown, Newcastle-upon-Tyne)
- Lacey, J. Norwich, plasterer. (Ashurst, Newgate-street; Cook, Norwich)
- Lopez, A. and M. J. Iglesias, Copthall-court, merchants. (Paterson and Co., Broad-street)
- Lee, W. T. Wakefield, merchant. (Maxon, Little Friday-street; Upton and Son, Leeds)
- Lazarus, M. Bath, broker. (Makinson and Co., Temple; Hellings, Bath)
- Lacy, J. Bedwaine, builder. (White, Lincoln's-inn; Holdsworth and Co., Worcester)
- Leman, J. H. Margate, grocer. (Wilde and Co., College-hill)
- Lewis, R. Pontypool, victualler. (White, Lincoln's-inn; Jones and Co., Usk)
- Lillyman, A. Poulton-cum-Seacombe, innkeeper. (Chester, Staple-inn; Hinde, Liverpool)
- Lee, F. Althorne, horse-dealer. (Hart, George-street)
- Mattison, G. Camberwell, tavern-keeper. (Keane, Great Russell-street)
- Moore, J. Nottingham, victualler. (Gregory, Clement's-inn; Wise and Co., Nottingham)
- Mackrath, E. Regent-street, wine-merchant. (Waugh, Great James-street)
- Marshall, W. Whitechapel, steam-engine-boiler-maker. (Fowell and Co., Nicholas-lane)
- Marshall, T. Poultry, haberdasher. (Hannington and Co., Carey-lane)
- Millar, R. Gray's-inn-lane, grocer. (Garry, Gray's-inn)
- Matthews, W. Old-street, timber-merchant. (Tanner, New Basinghall-street)
- Maisey, C. Whitecross-street, baker. (Francis and Co., Monument-yard)
- Morgan, T. Ross, tailor. (Smith and Co., Red Lion-square; Hall and Co., Ross and Hereford)
- Mardon, E. Honiton, hatter. (Anderson and Co., New Bridge-street; Terrell and Co., Exeter)
- Nevill, J. and W. Wigan, manufacturers. (Smith, Chancery-lane; Moser, Kendal)
- Newbold, W. Coventry, ribbon-manufacturer. (Austen and Co., Gray's-inn; Troughton and Co., Coventry)
- Notley, R. Clapham-road, statutory. (Lindsay, Coptall-court)
- Neaton, J. Pendleton, grocer. (Milne and Co., Temple; Bent, Manchester)
- Nicholson, R. Bradford, earthenware-manufacturer. (Shearman, Gray's-inn; Hallstone and Co., Bradford)
- Oriel, T. sen. and T. Oriel, jun. Poland-street, tailors. (Hamilton, Southampton-street)
- Ogden, W. Bangor, hatter. (Burne, Lincoln's-inn; Williams, Peartoes)
- Overington, B. Wickham, brewer. (Holme and Co., New-inn; Cruickshank, Gosport)
- Place, J. Jun. Nottingham, saddler. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Greasley, Nottingham)
- Parker, J. Manchester, commission-agent. (Makinson and Co., Temple; Makinson, Manchester)
- Priestnall, G. Stockport, silk-spinner. (James, Bucklerbury; Hunt and Co., Stockport)
- Plumbe, S. Great Russell-street, apothecary. (Bower, Chancery-lane)
- Perry, T. Chalford, clothier. (Herlon and Son, Furnival's-inn; Skurray, Bath; Puttinger, Westbury)
- Palmer, J. A. and W. Bouch, Lawrence-lane, drapers. (Swaen and Co., Frederick's-place)
- Parsons, J. Lambeth, timber-dealer. (Maymoth and Son, Great Surrey-street)
- Petherbridge, E. and W. Newton-Abbott, linen-draper. (Jones, Sizelane)
- Parker, W. Jun. Pontypool, grocer. (Few and Co., Henrietta-street; Beddoe, Bristol)
- Philpott, J. Billericay, coach-proprietor. (Burt and Co., Carmarthen-street)
- Pears, W. T. Thorney, farmer. (Barcker, Gray's-inn)
- Parsons, E. Leeds, potter. (Richardson and Co., Poultry; Richardson, Leeds)
- Place, J. Jun. Nottingham, saddler. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Greasley, Nottingham)
- Rogers, C. Gainsburgh, linen-draper. (Dawson and Co., New Boswell-court; Cood and Co., Gainsburgh)
- Reynolds, J. Upper Thames-street, coal-merchant. (Colrie and Co., Lower Grosvenor-street)
- Robinson, G. Regent-street, mercer. (Fox and Co., Frederick's-place)
- Richards, W. Jun. Tiverton, maltster. (Bennet, Featherstone-buildings; Leesemore, Tiverton)
- Richardson, W. Tottenham-court-road, ironmonger. (Williams, Alfred-place)
- Rabbits, R. Heytesbury, farmer. (Perkins and Co., Gray's-inn; Miller, Frome-Selwood)
- Roby, J. H. Leamington, victualler. (Kelly, New-inn)
- Russell, E. and T. Webb, Stourport, timber-merchants. (Jennings and Co., Temple; Winnall, Stourport)
- Richardson, R. Birch-lane, book-binder. (Richardson and Co., Bedford-row)
- Redstone, H. Winchester, linen-draper. (Brough, Fleet-street)
- Singleton, J. Halifax and Henden, linen-draper. (Emmett, New-inn; Alexander, Halifax)
- Sweeting, J. S. Ludgate-street, fancy-warehouseman. (Tilson and Son, Coleman-street)
- Savill, J. Holborn-bridge, baker. (Wilkinson and Co., Bucklersbury)
- Stockman, C. Bath, perfumer. (Jones, Croby-square; Hellings, Bath)
- Septon, P. Kirkdale, bricklayer. (Norris and Co., John-street; Silcock, Liverpool)
- Selby, P. Wareham, ironmonger. (Phippard, Wareham)
- Smith, H. G. Regent-street, wine-merchant. (Beaumont, Golden-square)
- Simple, J. Hampstead-road, timber-merchant. (Stokes and Co., Cateaton-street)
- Stavenhagen, C. H. Fenchurch-street, merchant. (Blunt and Co., Liverpool-street)
- Smith, J. and T. and S. C. King-street and Southwark, hosiers and manufacturers. (Gatty and Co., Angel-court)
- Shaw, J. Kirkburton, timber-merchant. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Whitehead and Co., Huddersfield)
- Sparks, J. Shrewsbury, dealer in earthenware. (Hicks and Co., Bartlett's-buildings; Brown, Hauley)
- Shapley, T. Bath, grocer. (Makinson and Co., Temple; Hellings, Bath)
- Turner, S. A. and J. Sharp, Cambridge, woollen-draper. (Coe and Co., Pancras-lane; Harris, Cambridge)
- Tristram, H. Dunster-court, merchant. (Birkett and Co., Cloak-lane)
- Travis, H. Durham, surgeon. (Smithson and Co., New-inn)
- Taylor, D. F. Minsfield-street, engineer. (Bostock, George-street)
- Thache, J. Cheltenham, grocer. (James, Ely-place; Jessop, Cheltenham)
- Thomas, H. Bath, bookseller. (Jenkins and Co., New-inn)
- Thompson, J. sen. Howden, and R. and W. Thompson, Barnby-on-the-Marsh, sacking-manufacturers. (Bell, Bedford-row)
- Watson, J. Kirg-street, Covent-garden, music-master. (Lay, Hackney)
- Watson, J. Long Acre, coach-builder. (Goren and Co., Orchard-street)
- Wilson, P. Bolton, whitster. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Boardman, Bolton)
- Watson, J. T. Gainsborough, shipwright. (Hicks and Co., Gray's-inn; Haine and Co., Hull)
- Wilkinson, J. Liverpool, ironmonger. (Norris and Co., John-street; Wilson, Liverpool)
- Wilde, W. Norwich, dyer. (Austin, Gray's-inn; Crook, Norwich)
- Wheeler, W. Cheltenham, whitestmith. (Clarke, and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Walter and Co., Cheltenham)
- Woffindin, T. New Malton, corn-merchant. (Hicks and Co., Gray's-inn; Lambert, New Malton)
- Wilton, C. Sheerness, publican. (Bartlett and Co., Nicholas-lane)
- Wright, T. M. Bodmin, linen-draper. (Pearson, Temple; Daniels, Bristol)
- Woodhouse, H. Manchester, colour-dealer. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Hampson, Manchester)
- Webster, J. Lowdham Lodge, cattle-dealer. (Pontifex, St. Andrew's-court)
- Walters, D. Swansea, linen-draper. (Battye and Chancery-lane; Wasbrough and Co., Bristol)
- Waller, M. Lad-lane, warehouseman. (Fisher, Walbrook-buildings)
- Wormald, W. E. Wortley, manufacturer. (Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Hargreaves, Leeds)
- Winterbottom, J. Lancaster, cotton-spinner. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Seddon, Manchester)
- Walls, G. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, painter. (Brooksbank and Co., Gray's-inn; Browns, Newcastle-upon-Tyne)



## ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. B. King, to be domestic chaplain to Lord Crewe.—Rev. C. Green, to the Rectory of Burgh Castle, Suffolk.—Rev. W. H. Shelford, to the Rectory of Preston, Suffolk.—Rev. C. J. Myers, to the Vicarage of Flintham, Notts.—Rev. W. Fletcher, to the Perpetual Curacy of Charsfield, Suffolk.—Rev. P. D. Fonlkes, to the Vicarage of Shebbear, Devon.—Rev. R. L. A. Roberts, to the Rectory of Llangwyfan, in the Isle of Clwyd.—Rev. J. T. Watson, to the Vicarage of West-Wrattling, Cambridge.—Rev. G. Preston, to the

Vicarage of Christ Church, with Rectory of St. Leonard, Foster-lane, London.—Rev. J. Allport, to be Minister of St. James's Chapel, Ashted, Birmingham.—Rev. C. F. Broughton, to the Vicarage of Uttoxeter.—Rev. S. Raymond, to the Rectory of Swindon.—Rev. F. H. Brickenden, to the Rectory of Winford, Somersetshire.—Rev. R. Grape, to the Rectory of Hoggeston, Bucks.—Rev. J. West, to be Chaplain to the Radcliffe Infirmary, Oxford.

## POLITICAL APPOINTMENT.

Earls Amherst and Howe to be Lords of His Majesty's bedchamber.

## CHRONOLOGY, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, ETC.

## CHRONOLOGY.

December 3.—Old Bailey sessions commenced.

— Smithfield market commenced opening on a Thursday, in addition to its former open days, by order of the Lord Mayor.

7. Parliament prorogued to the 4th of February, when the members are ordered to assemble for the dispatch of business.

8. Sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when 10 convicts received sentence of death, nearly 90 were transported, and several imprisoned.

— The Court of King's Bench granted a rule to stay proceedings against an inhabitant of St. Georges's, Camberwell, for refusing to pay the rates imposed by the Select Vestry of that parish for *repairing a new church*; four rates of £780 each for repairs to a church built only four years!

10. The 31st annual adjudication for prizes held by the Smithfield Club Cattle Show; the metropolis never boasted of a greater number of first-rate agriculturists being present, nor was there ever a finer display of the effects of breeding in the cattle department.

13. The new church at Camberwell crowded to excess, to witness a parishioner do penance, for calling a married woman by an improper epithet!!!\*

\* The officiating clergyman, after he had concluded his sermon, approached the vestry. The pressure of the crowd to obtain a sight of the proceedings in the vestry, where it was then understood the recantation was to be made, led to great noise and confusion, and a scene was exhibited very unbecoming the sacred character of the building. At length the party offending made his appearance, attired in a white covering. He was attended by four friends on either side, and while the clergyman read the form of recantation laid down by the ecclesiastical law, he bowed in affirmation of the several points in it, and the ceremony terminated. The party then left the vestry-room by the small door, to the manifest disappointment of several hundred persons who were assembled outside the church, in hopes of seeing this legacy of *Papish* mummery performed in a *Protestant* church in the nineteenth century!!!

15. A meeting of agriculturists was held at the York Hotel, H. B. Curteis, esq., chairman, to adopt measures for the repeal of the malt and beer duties, when it was resolved to petition Parliament for a total repeal of the duties on malt and beer.\*

Dec. 21. Messrs. Gutch, Fisher, and Alexander, tried for publishing a libel in the *Morning Journal* on the Lord Chancellor, and found guilty.

22. The same gentlemen tried for a libel, in the *Morning Journal*, on His Majesty, and on his Government, and declared guilty of the libel on His Majesty, but not on His Majesty's Government; they were besides recommended to the mercy of the court, on account of the feeling of excitement arising out of the agitated state of the times.

Same day, the same gentlemen were found guilty of publishing, in the *Morning Journal*, a libel on the King and Legislature.

23. Messrs. Marsden, Isaacson, and Alexander, tried for publishing a libel, in the *Morning Journal*, on the King and the Legislature, and found guilty.

Same day, Mr. Ball was found guilty of publishing a libel against the Lord Chancellor in the *Atlas*, but recommended to the mercy of the Court.†

\* Lord Teynham joined in the object of the meeting, and said, "He had traversed whole parishes and districts, and entered the cottages of the labourer and artisan in every direction, in order to make himself master, personally, of the subject. He was truly sorry to say, that so deplorable was the state of distress in which that class was plunged, that no language could adequately describe his feelings at beholding it. Every person acquainted with the country was aware that at the present moment there was a less consumption of malt by probably two-thirds, than there was in 1773. This was a striking proof of the distress of the labouring classes," &c.

† All these trials took place in the Court of King's Bench, before Lord Chief Justice Tenterden.

24. The Recorder made his report to the King, of the state of the condemned criminals in Newgate, when four were ordered for execution on the 31st instant.

#### MARRIAGES.

The Hon. R. King, eldest son of Viscount Lantion, and M.P. for Roscommon, to Miss Anne Booth Gore, sister to Sir R. B. Gore, bart.—M. de Thiery, son of Baron de Thiery, to Miss Frances Ellinor Allen, niece of Lady Mahon.—At Marylebone, J. Greenwood, esq., to Anne Sophia Syngé, only daughter of the Dowager Lady Syngé.—P. D. Cooke, esq., to Lady Helena King, eldest daughter of Lord Kingston.—Capt. Cuthbert (2d Life Guards) to the Hon. Jane Graves.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, Capt. W. Locke, to Selina, fifth daughter of Admiral and Lady Elizabeth Tollemache.—J. A. Lloyd, esq., to Fanny Drummond, daughter of M. McGregor, esq., H.M.'s Consul at Panama.—At Hampton, J. Kingston, esq., to Louisa Henrietta, daughter of the late Sir C. Edmonston, bart.—At Westbury-on-Tryme, Mr. A. P. Moffatt, third son of the late Rev. J. M. Moffatt, to Mary, daughter of the late J. B. Brooks, esq., of Clifton.

#### DEATHS.

Suddenly, at the Castle Inn, Windsor, Sir R. Bedingfield, bart.—At Ealing, the Rev. Dr. Nicholas.—Near Grimsby, Mr. J. Cook, one of the corporation; he unfortunately lost his way returning from Brocklesby, in the dark, on the night of the storm, Nov. 23, and was found dead on the road through the inclemency of the weather.—At Oakley, Sir Richard Brooke de Capel Brooke, bart.—In Bruton-street, the lady of the Right Hon. Sir J. Nicholl.—In Upper Brook-street, Viscount Haberton.—At Leamington, Jane, wife of G. C. Antrobus, esq., M.P.—At Roehampton, A. A. Ponsonby, youngest son of the Hon. W. Cavendish and Lady Barbara Ponsonby.—At Clovelly-court, Sir J. H. Williams, bart.—At Chichester, General Nicholl, 88; he was the oldest officer in H.M.'s service, his first commission being signed by George II.—At Cranbury-house, W.

Chamberlayne, esq., M.P. for Southampton.—At Kennington, Lady Murray, widow of Sir Robert Murray, bart.—At Clifton, 85, Mrs. Turner, relict of Archdeacon Turner, and daughter of the late Admiral Sir W. Burnaby, bart.—At Hastings, Lady Anne Catharine Kerr, fourth daughter of the late Marquis Lothian.—B. Tucker, esq., 68, surveyor-general to the duchy of Lancaster.—At Ashton Clinton, the wife of G. R. Minshall, esq.—At Ramsgate, Sophia, youngest daughter of Sir J. Lake, bart.—Lieut. General Sir Henry Clinton, Colonel of the 3d regiment of foot.—At Synton-house, Lady Thorald.—In Whitehall-place, Frances, youngest daughter of Sir A. Croke.—At Oulton-park, the Rev. Sir Philip Grey Egerton, bart.—Isle of Wight, the Hon. Catherine Rushworth, relict of E. Rushworth, esq., and daughter of the late Lord Holmes.—In Cadogan-place, Mrs. J. Brooks, widow of the late John Brooks, esq., banker, and niece to the Right Rev. J. Egerton, formerly Bishop of Durham.—The Hon. Sophia Napier, daughter of the late Lord Napier.—At Brompton, Major General Codd.—At Clapham, Mrs. Medley, relict of G. Medley, esq., M.P. for East Grinstead, and daughter of the late Sir Timothy Waldo.—R. Sinclair, esq., Recorder of York.—At Airdrie House, Earl of Kellie, 85.—At Bath, Lieut. John Henderson, (B) R. N.

#### MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At Baltimore (U. S.) Jerome Napoleon Buonaparte, to Susan Mary, only daughter of Mr. B. Williams.—At the British Ambassador's, at the Hague, Capt. Northay (Coldstream Guards) to Miss Boreel, daughter of General Boreel, and niece to Baron Fagel, formerly Ambassador from Holland to England.—At Tournay, J. J. W. Van de Wall, esq., to Anna Constantia, daughter of R. Foley, esq., and niece of Admiral Sir Thomas Foley.

#### DEATHS ABROAD.

Prince of Oldenburg, eldest son of the late Queen Catherine, Grand-Duchess of Russia.—At Parma, Maria Julia, relict of the late W. Skrine, esq., formerly M.P. for Callington.

### MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

**NORTHUMBERLAND.**—A dispute has been on foot for some time, between the inhabitants of Tynemouth and the government, relative to the right of interment in the burial ground belonging to the castle. It is now likely to be adjusted, the government having offered to relinquish all claim to the said ground, except to 40 feet east, north, and south, and 12 feet to the west.

**DURHAM.**—The pier at Hartlepool was much damaged by the gale of the 14th of October; the commissioners are about to have it repaired, and a subscription will be raised in aid of the expense.

On the 2nd instant, an East India Association was formed at Sunderland.

The Lord Bishop of Durham has made a donation of £29 in support of the funds of the Northern Academy, for promoting the fine arts at Newcastle.

**YORKSHIRE.**—A dreadful occurrence took place at Hull, on the night of the 22nd of Novem-

ber. A gentleman of the name of Hentig, a Hamburg merchant, in a fit of insanity, killed his wife, by a shot from a pistol, set fire to his house in several places, fired at his servant-maid, and then shot himself.

A meeting has been held at York, under the auspices of the Archbishop, who took the chair, for the purpose of adopting measures for placing the city walls in perfect repair. A committee was appointed, and a subscription will be opened, as soon as estimates of the expense are obtained.

The Rev. Joseph Coltman, of Beverley, has given a handsome organ to the Church Methodist Chapel there.

Great Driffield has been made a post-town; the first bag to London was made up on the 7th of December. Heddon will also, at the commencement of the year, be made the seat of a daily post to Hull, through Skirlaugh and Rise to Hornsea; being the first establishment of an official post in that part of Holderness.



The funds of the York County Hospital being nearly exhausted, a bazaar, concert, and ball took place the week before Christmas, for the purpose of raising a sum of money to replenish them. The project originated with the Hon. Mrs. Belby Thompson, and it was patronised by all the ladies of distinction in the county. A vast number of articles were contributed by the ladies, the value of which was estimated at £5,000. The receipts from the sale of these, from the concert, and from the ball, were £4,278. 16s. 6d.

Nov. 30. Another meeting of the unemployed workmen took place on Hunslet Moor, when, amongst various resolutions, the following passed unanimously, "That we, the operatives, by no means wish to assume a situation that does not belong to us, yet, we are well aware that labour is the only source of wealth, and that we are the support of the middle and higher classes of society; and, therefore, unless we can obtain labour, and a fair remuneration for it, the middle classes must soon sink to our level, and the whole community become disorganised. We see that a great redundancy of machinery is throwing large numbers out of employment, and forcing them upon their parishes."—*Leeds Intelligencer*.

Dec. 11. A meeting of the inhabitants of Huddersfield and neighbourhood, was held at the Court-house, the chief constable in the chair, to take into consideration the present deplorable state of the operatives and labouring classes, in consequence of the dreadful depressions of trade, when various speeches were made, and a committee was formed, and several resolutions entered into for the purpose of calling the public attention to their miserable condition.\* An appeal has been made at Leeds on behalf of the unemployed poor; and two meetings have been held, one at the Workhouse Board Room, the other at the Court House, for the purpose of soliciting subscriptions by personal canvass throughout that town. At Halifax trade is as bad as ever, and no hope for the better; at Bradford it is still worse

\* Mr. Joseph Batley, of Armitage, said—There has never been a period within the recollection of any one present when the town and neighbourhood of Huddersfield presented an aggregate of suffering so truly appalling as at the present moment. That we are surrounded by 13,000 of our fellow-creatures, as capable of happiness, and as susceptible of misery as ourselves, who are dragging on a miserable existence with the wretched pittance of 23d. per day, is of itself a fact sufficient to melt the hardest heart, and awaken the most insensible to feelings of pity and benevolence. In contemplating the mass of misery around me; when I reflect on the patience, the resignation, with which it is all borne, it excites a high admiration at the heroic fortitude of the poor sufferers, and it deepens every feeling of commiseration. Had the same degree of suffering and privation existed 30 years ago, I am persuaded that the presence of an army would have been necessary to have preserved the country in peace. But although the unbroken tranquillity which has hitherto been preserved in the midst of the most intense suffering is a subject of admiration, it may be easily accounted for; we are indebted for this tranquillity to the superior intelligence of the labouring population. They are not now that ignorant, headstrong, brutal mob, which have been the terror of the peaceable in former days; no, they are an educated, well-informed people, and they need not be told that every act of lawless violence on their part would only aggravate their own misery, and remove to a greater distance the prospect of better days!!!

than Halifax. The landlords of the county are pretty generally reducing rents: Sir Tatton Sykes has at this moment no less than sixty farms upon his hands!—*Leeds Intelligencer*, Dec. 17.

The first stone of the new church at Myton, Kingston-upon-Hull, was laid, Dec. 14, in grand style and ceremony; it is to contain 1,200 sittings.

NORFOLK.—A committee has been appointed at Norwich, to consider the distressed state of the manufacturers in that city, with a view to devise some means to alleviate that distress.

A meeting of the operatives of Norwich has recently taken place, when the following resolution, amongst others, was agreed to unanimously:—"That this meeting views with indignation and disgust, the combination of master manufacturers and the court of guardians, as calculated to destroy the rights, independence, and comforts of the journeyman weavers of this city, and will bring them ultimately to a worse state of pauperism than that which they at the present most severely suffer."\*

Cromer Hall, the seat of G. Wyndham, esq., has been destroyed by fire; this handsome edifice was of the Gothic order, and recently erected on the site of the old hall, at an expense of more than £12,000; it had been just completed, but was not furnished.

LINCOLNSHIRE.—The sheriff has refused to call a county meeting for the petitioning the legislature for a repeal of the Malt and Beer taxes, alleging, "that although the weight of taxation falls with more than an average pressure on the agricultural classes, and although he feels the necessity of the measure, yet he is convinced that the exigencies of the country, during the recess, must have irresistibly drawn the attention of H. M.'s government to the state of the kingdom in all its branches;" and therefore advises waiting. In consequence of the refusal, five magistrates have convened a meeting to be held at the Castle Hill, Lincoln, on January 8.†

\* The Rev. Mr. Beaumont, in addressing the chairman, said:—"We sometimes hear farmers talk of the rot among sheep: my opinion is that the rot has got into the boasted commerce of this country, and that it is in vain to expect it will ever attain its former splendour. To this rot may be added the fact, that France, Germany, the Netherlands, Prussia, Sweden, Denmark, and Russia, have all, since the conclusion of the late French war, been vigorously pushing on the manufacture, at their own homes, of cottons, linens, woollens, and cutlery. We are therefore under a woeful delusion if we expect ever to see the commerce of this nation flourish again as in times past.—The monopoly of landed property is the chief cause of all our sufferings. For, it is notorious to all, that a comparatively small number of individuals have clasped nearly the whole surface of the country; and having done this, they boldly maintain their superior claim to power; which claim they ground upon their having a greater stake in the country than those who have no property. It follows of course, that an honest working man, born and brought up, settled and having a family in the country, is not supposed to have any stake in it, because he has no visible property! Excessive taxation is also, not a remote, but an immediate cause of the present sufferings of the nation, and if one half of the present taxation were remitted, even the other half would finally ruin the country, &c. &c."

† One of these magistrates, Mr. Johnson (of Wytham on the Hill) has published an address to the County at large, headed with the following lines from Shakspeare:—

.....Q

**STAFFORDSHIRE.**—The Roman Catholic Bishops are at present holding a synod at Wolverhampton. At the chapel on Sunday, the whole of the Roman Catholic Bishops in England participated in the celebration of mass.

**BERKS.**—A highly respectable meeting of gentlemen interested in agricultural affairs, has been held at Reading, to take into consideration the necessity of petitioning the legislature on the high duties on malt, hops, and beer, when resolutions, praying their repeal, were unanimously agreed to. The petitioners state, that from these excessive duties, the labourers are compelled either to drink water, or to have recourse to the pernicious use of ardent spirits!\*

**SUSSEX.**—A meeting took place recently, at Battle, to petition the legislature for the repeal of the Malt and Beer duties, when it was stated by Dr. Lambe, "that he regarded beer as a necessary beverage of the hardworking industrious labourers, and that the high duties operated as an absolute prohibition; the duties levied a tax of more than £10 on the produce of a single acre of barley, and raised beer from 2d. to 6d. per pot.—Medical men in that neighbourhood knew how necessary beer was to the health of the labouring classes. He mentioned a melancholy illustration of this fact. Five labourers were employed in Romney Marsh; only one of them could afford to purchase beer; the remaining four drank water. Of these the whole fell ill with the fever then prevalent, and died; the beer drinker alone escaped the malady!"—*Brighton Gazette*.

At the Lewes winter assizes, Mr. Baron Bolland said, in his charge to the grand jury, that "he regretted the amount of the calendar, but in looking over it, it appeared to him that the offences were principally committed by persons whose avocations were crime and immorality; and that it was, therefore, not to be attributed to the temporary evils of the country, nor to be

taken as a proof of the demoralization of the people at large!"

Dec. 3. The new road connecting the two cliffs at Brighton, was opened with a procession and dinner.

**SHROPSHIRE.**—A very numerous meeting has been held at the County Hall, Shrewsbury, for considering the best means of retaining the Irish road through that town, when various resolutions were entered into, expressive of the great injury the proposed alteration would occasion to Shrewsbury, and for which, merely to save about four miles of road, the extravagant sum of £100,000 of public money would be wanted! A committee was formed, and a subscription entered into for conducting, strenuously, their opposition to the alteration.\*

**SOMERSETSHIRE.**—Dec. 11. A meeting of merchants, shipowners, and others, interested in the port and harbour of Bridgewater, was held, when it was unanimously resolved to apply to parliament for a bill to carry into effect a plan for the improvement of the port of Bridgewater; the accommodation it at present affords being totally inadequate to the existing state of its trade. In 1811 only 80,000 tons register entered the port; this year there have been more than 112,000.—The amount of shares already subscribed for exceeds £10,000.

The annual meeting of the Bath and West of England Agricultural Society, took place, Dec. 8, when the various Reports relating to ploughing, orchard plantations, dairy stock, &c., were made, by which, it appeared, the society was in a sound state, although the number of subscribers had greatly diminished, owing to the depression of the times. At the dinner the Marquis of Lansdowne (president) descanted on the necessity of ameliorating the condition of the English agricultural labourer.

**DEVONSHIRE.**—An additional general sessions was held at Exeter Castle, Dec. 2, when the chairman observed to the grand jury, that their services were required at this *additional* sessions, first, as regarded charges not proved on the inquiry in that court, that the individuals should not, for any lengthened period, be deprived of their liberty!!! and secondly, in the hope that crime might be diminished, if not suppressed, by

.....O but Man! proud Man,  
Drest in a little brief authority,  
*Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,*  
His glassy essence—like an angry Ape,  
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heav'n  
As make the Angels weep; who, with our spleens,  
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

After a short exordium, he says, "It is the bounden duty of *all*, high and low, rich and poor, be their opinion of the Malt Tax what it may, to flock to Lincoln, and, by so doing, show a determination to support the birth-right of Englishmen!!!.....Let the fair opinion of the county be taken, whether you will petition against the Malt Tax, or be content to go on in the *present hopeful way*, trusting to the relief those are likely to give, who have, by their counsels, brought the country into the present state."—*Lincoln Mercury*, Dec. 11.

\* It was not formerly the lot of the boasted peasantry of England, after their hard day's labour, to go home to their families, and to regale themselves with *water*, in the chilling months of our dreary winters. We trust this iniquitous tax will at length be repealed, so that every hard-working man may again have his two pints of good ale daily. It will have a better effect in making them love their country, than in persuading them to emigrate, and preaching to them the marvellous delights and comforts abounding in those Elysian fields of modern puffing, Botany Bay, Van Diemen's Land, and the Swan River settlements, where *nectar* and *ambrosia* may be had, say they, at *two-pence* a-pint!

\* The magnitude of the loss which would occur to Shrewsbury, from being deprived of the Irish travellers, might be gathered from the fact, that in 1828, there crossed over in the government packets, from Holyhead to Dublin, cabin passengers 3,659, servants and children 1,345, deck passengers 1,672, four-wheeled carriages 587, two-wheeled carriages 46, horses 194; and in the course of last year, 830 pairs of horses were employed in posting between Shrewsbury and Oswestry alone, besides mail and other coaches. Of the whole of this travelling, and the profits arising therefrom, the town would necessarily be deprived, were the road diverted, as it is now proposed. The second class of travellers, comprehending all tourists into Wales (who, since the erection of the magnificent bridges at the Menai and Conway, had greatly increased) would, of course, avoid the town, as; were the new road constructed, their journey would only be retarded by deviating from the more direct line, towards Shrewsbury. The third class—the travellers from the north to the south of England—would necessarily go the new route; and the town would most certainly be deprived of the whole of them.



the certainty that *speedy* punishment would follow detection of offence!!!—*Trueman's Exeter Flying Post*.

The new canal and railway, communicating between the Cann slate works, and the new quay at Catwater, Plymouth, were opened on the 20th inst., by the passage of boats and waggons, containing large quantities of paving stones and slates from the quarries. All the artificers, with their various implements, and attended with music, flags, &c., accompanied the waggons. A great increase to the trade of the port is expected from these improvements.

**WARWICKSHIRE.**—Yesterday Robt. Brown, of this city, was released from durance vile. He had been confined in our gaol from the month of September, 1822, (*now more than seven years!!!*) for contempt of the Court of Chancery, in not answering a bill filed against him, to enforce a treaty for the sale of some old houses in Gosford-street.—*Coventry Observer*, Nov. 19.

**GLOUCESTERSHIRE.**—At Bristol three churches and two chapels are now in course of erection: one of the latter is understood to have been built at the entire cost of one individual. In addition to 19 churches of the establishment, Bristol contains nearly 30 dissenting meeting-houses, without including others of a minor description, occupied by the various sects into which some of the non-conformists are divided and subdivided.

A meeting was lately held at Bristol, to consider the propriety of founding a college in this city for the education of youth. It was attended by a number of influential gentlemen, and resolutions were passed for carrying the measure into effect. The sum of £15,000 is to be raised in 200 transferable shares of £50 each. It is not intended to board or lodge the students in the college, but they are to be accommodated in the houses of the tutors or professors; and the institution to be opened to persons of all religious denominations.

**KENT.**—The following, signed by Lord Marchmont, as Foreman, and by 22 of the Grand Jury of this county, has been forwarded to his Grace the Duke of Wellington.—“Grand Jury Room, Maidstone, 16th Dec. 1829.—My Lord,—We, the Grand Jury of the County of Kent, assembled from all parts of the County in discharge of our public duties, feel that, in justice to our respective neighbours, we ought not to separate, without communicating to your Grace for the information of His Majesty's ministers, the deep and unprecedented distress, which, from our personal and local knowledge, we are enabled to state, prevails among all classes throughout this country, and to a degree that must not only be ruinous to individuals, but must also, at no distant period, be attended with serious consequences to the national prosperity. In making this communication to your Grace, it is our only object to call the attention of the King's Government to the real state of the country, in the hope that speedy and effectual measures may be taken to alleviate those distresses which press so severely on the several classes of society.”

**WALES.**—A navigable canal, and a wet dock, or basin, are among the contemplated improvements at the port of Cardiff. The formation of a railway from South Cornely, through the seve-

ral parishes of Pyle and Kenfig, Margam, Aberavon, Michelstone, and Baglan, to Briton-Ferry, Glamorganshire, has also been decided upon, and cannot fail of being highly advantageous to the surrounding country, as it will intersect a district rich in coal and mineral ores.

The chain bridge, at Pont Kemys, three miles from the town of Usk, is now completed, and open for the accommodation of the public. When the new line of road is formed, the distance from Abergavenny to Usk will be shortened two miles, and all hills will be avoided, so as to facilitate the intercourse between these towns and the communication with Bristol.

**IRELAND.**—At the annual dinner of the Clondalkin Free Schools, which recently took place, Mr. O'Connell presided, and gave as the first toast, “the people, the genuine source of legitimate power.” For their benefit, he said, kings reigned, and not that a haughty aristocracy might enjoy titles and emoluments, or a pampered prelacy roll in gilded chariots. It was, therefore, natural they should precede him in the order of the toasts; he then gave “the King,” and the next toast was “the repeal of the Union,” which was received with enthusiastic cheers.—*The Guardian*, Dec. 8.

The following interesting and gratifying statement of the gradual increase in the number of men engaged in the fisheries for the last seven years, is extracted from the report of the Commissioners of the Irish Fisheries, presented to the House of Commons last session; the sources from whence the information set forth in that statement is derived, are the annual returns made by the several officers of that department, at the close of the Fishery Year, which terminates on the 5th of April. In April 1822, the number amounted to 36,159 men; in ditto 1823, 44,892; in ditto 1824, 49,448; in ditto 1825, 52,482; in ditto 1826, 57,805; in ditto 1827, 58,044; in ditto 1828, 59,329; in ditto 1829, 63,421.—“Beau Green, Dunnally, Nov. 30.—Saturday last, five men, in a yawl, were in pursuit of a shoal of sprats, in Iver Bay, for bait, with hand loops, when a whale, in pursuit of the shoal, with open jaws, came in contact with the yawl (broadside to); feeling the yawl, the monster closed its jaws, and crushed it in pieces, with the exception of the two ends, in one of which was a young lad, in the act of putting out his loop; he was the only one out of the five that escaped.—One man was found crushed, and fastened to a piece of the floating wreck. This sad catastrophe took place within 70 yards of the deep shelving shore of Ballysigad; 100 boats were at the time fishing about a mile distant. A bunch of hair from the gills of the whale, fastened in a shiver of the wreck, confirms that the boat was destroyed in the way described, and in the way which those on shore, and those in the boats agree in attesting.”—*Evening Packet*.

**GUERNSEY.**—As a proof of the value of land in Guernsey, it may be stated that an elegant market, almost rivalling that of Liverpool, and covered with a glass roof, is building on ground that actually sold at £150,000 per acre. This is inferior to some ground sold some time ago, by Earl Sefton, at Liverpool, for upwards of £200,000 an acre. Both are, however, outstripped by the South bridge, at Edinburgh, which is erected on ground that sold for £400,000 an acre.

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MOTHER SHIPTON'S PROPHECIES.

LISTEN, listen, all good people,  
All who go to bed betimes ;  
All who live by church and steeple,  
Hark to Mother Shipton's rhymes !  
In the year that's now beginning,  
Neck-and-heels in frost and snow,  
Noble Lords shall go on sinning,  
Till they're called to go *below*.  
All confusion,  
All profusion,  
Getting credit where they can ;  
Till the Rabbis  
Seize their abbeys,  
All from Beersheba to Dan.  
Such the shoals great Lords are stript on.—  
Hark ! the rhymes of Mother Shipton !

In the year that's now beginning,  
Rothschild, fortune's first postillion,  
Kings' and people's shillings winning,  
Shall be richer by a million :  
Fifty yellow-muzzled Smouches  
Shall be German barons made ;  
Noble blood is in their pouches,  
Glory's in the old clothes' trade.  
Ancient rag-men,  
Bearded bag-men,  
Shall ennoble Austria's line ;  
Attic-dwellers,  
Lords of cellars,  
Shall in courts and councils shine,  
Where their Jewish hides were whipt on.—  
Hark ! the rhymes of Mother Shipton !



In the year that's now beginning  
     Shall St. Stephen's seats be crammed ;  
 Peel shall go on statute-spinning—  
     Pleasure worthy of the d—mn—d !  
 Full committees of both Houses  
     Shall be bothered by Joe Hume ;  
 Every cause that he espouses  
     Shall be bothered by Hal Brougham.  
         Long harangues,  
         Worthy hangings,  
 Shall delight my Lords and Commons ;  
     Ayes and Noes  
     Shall curse the prose  
 Of Grey, the " last of all the Romans ;"  
 Whiggism's bitter cup be sipt on.—  
 Hark ! the rhymes of Mother Shipton !

In the year that's now beginning,  
     Blunder shall be heaped on blunder ;  
 John Bull's belly shall be thinning—  
     John Bull's ribs be shook asunder ;  
 Rascals—Russian, French, and Danish,  
     Yankee, Caffre, Portuguese,  
 Polish, Esquimaux, and Spanish—  
     All shall rob us as they please :  
         All be robbery,  
         All be jobbery,  
 Till John Bull will bear no more ;  
     Till his horn  
     Is tost in scorn,  
 And the brute begins to roar.  
 Who that horn shall then be tipt on ?—  
 Hark ! the rhymes of Mother Shipton !

In the year that's now beginning,  
     Fanny Kemble's length of purse  
 Shall some Lord's, in want of lining,  
     Take, for better or for worse.  
 Still the girl shall go on crying,  
     On the Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays ;  
 Living, by her skill in dying—  
     Three days, for her *high* and *dry* days.  
         Half the week,  
         Italian, Greek,  
 Earning shillings on the boards ;  
     All the rest,  
     In the West,  
     Smiling, shining at My Lord's.  
 Love and Paton so have skipt on.—  
 Hark ! the rhymes of Mother Shipton !

In the year that's now beginning,  
 Full five hundred noble wives,  
 Not content with private sinning,  
 Shall give all the world their lives ;  
 All their conquests o'er "moustaches,"  
 All their lovers in the Guards,  
 All revealed by (\*\*\*) stars, and (— —) dashes,  
 Till the blind can tell their cards :  
     All the grandees,  
     All the dandies,  
 All the club and Crockford tribe,  
     All the dukes  
     Of White's and Brooks',  
 Shall their desperate pens describe,  
 All those "Wives of Bath" have tript on.—  
 Hark ! the rhymes of Mother Shipton !

In the year that's now beginning,  
     England's King shall have a home,  
 Where the Guards their drums are dinning,  
     Where old Nash has built a dome ;  
 Emblem of a Yorkshire pudding !  
     Emblem of a wigless head !  
 Emblem of a dunghill budding,  
     Aptly covered o'er with lead !  
     Engines smoking,  
     Senses choking,  
 Pool in front and pool in rear,  
     Harlots prowling,  
     Rabble howling—  
 All to charm the royal ear ;  
 Thus, by *taste* our purse is dipt on.  
 Hark ! the rhymes of Mother Shipton !

In the year that's now beginning,  
     Wellington shall out be kicked—  
 Scorn shall o'er his fall be grinning ;  
     Peel again be conscience-pricked ;  
 Lyndhurst play again the Tory ;  
     Goulburne say his backward prayers ;  
 Herries with repentance bore ye ;  
     Murray slide down the back stairs ;—  
     All the swordsmen,  
     All the Boardsmen,  
 All the epauletted crew,  
     Head and heel,  
     Sash and steel :  
 Thanks to One who lives at Kew !  
 Cumberland's the soil they've slipt on.—  
 Hark ! the rhymes of Mother Shipton !



## THE YEAR 1830.

LET none of our gentle readers imagine that we are about to make a melancholy business of it: quite the contrary. We are rejoiced that a new year lies before us, for we never hated a year so thoroughly as the year that is gone by. It began in sulkiness and sourness of all kinds; sky and earth, sea and shore, were equally in ill-humour; every hour of it was pregnant with politics and bad weather. It had speeches and storms enough to have made half a century detestable. As it grew, hurricanes and harangues contested the superiority; Æolus and Mr. Peel vociferated with rival lungs; Wellington and the north-wester were our unhappy portion once in every four-and-twenty hours. We had Lord Holland's protests, and the Duke of Buckingham's letters, encumbering the newspapers; while the snow was falling at Midsummer. But now all is at rest. The public—that unfathomable ocean of politics—is tranquil;—as tranquil as Sir Thomas Lethbridge's sleep on the back benches, after his best harangue; or the sleep of the House during it. We petition no more. The Constitution quietly and safely reposes, with its head in the mouth of his Grace the Premier. The Cabinet rides in triumph without a mortal memento in its rear: its members are in full possession of all the national confidence that they will ever attain; perquisites, patronage, and permanency, are the motto on their triumphal car; the nation is yet neither actually conquered by France, nor paying tribute to Russia, nor paying the rest of the world its debts on a composition of a farthing in the pound, nor flying to the Illinois, nor sunk into the bowels of the ocean. Well then may we exult, put on our gala-dress, and, glorifying King, Marchioness, Duke, and Horse-Guards, thank the stars for all their miracles, and welcome in the happy new year!

But let us take the affair a little more in detail. That England never had such a Cabinet before, we assert with the most fearless confidence; that the “grand machine” was never so thoroughly deserving of its name; that it has all the finest properties of a machine; and that not a desultory movement of mind, not a disturbing volition, not the most delicate deviation from the impulse of the master-hand, is perceptible by the keenest eye. And what lover of his country but must rejoice in this completeness of organization? We have now none of those turbulent disclosures of state affairs, which so often startled the nation in the times when premiers were unscientific enough to let such men as the Chathams, Hollands, and Shelburnes within the Downing-street machinery; disturbers, which were no sooner among the wheels, than they set the whole machine out of order; one wheel went to the north, and another to the south, until the whole burst asunder, and the nation saw itself cabinetless for some twelve hours!

England survived, it is true, those melancholy chasms in her executive existence. But who could think of the possibility of their occurring again, without horror? What man in the possession of his parts of speech, but would exclaim against the national misfortune of seeing a set of new liveries at the Treasury door, or the cabriolet of the Premier turning off from the entrance of Downing-street? Nations will bear to lose much; but the smile of Mr. Peel, as he mounts the spacious staircase of the Home Office, amid his troop of bowing messengers and adoring policemen, would be a loss which England could never sustain! The unquestioned fact is, that the empire never had an administration on whose ability,

integrity, dignity of mind, and official and personal honour, it had formed so decided an opinion. If all this be so, why the deuce should we alone hang our hats upon our brows? Why should we lift up our voices in lamentation, and not rather take the goods the gods provide us; rejoice in the conviction that the seasons will be more propitious this year than the last,—as when things come to the worst they must mend; that the weavers, farmers, merchants, and populace will not be more clamorous, miserable, or bankrupt, or famished this year than the last, for the same reason; that free-trade laws, corn laws, poor laws, Chancery laws, police laws, and parliamentary laws, will be as favourite and flourishing as ever they were; and, first and highest of all our congratulations, that the present Cabinet will stay in—to the last hour that they can.

We have heard—but it was with at once the deepest alarm and the most unqualified surprise—that a most illustrious personage, chiefly residing in the neighbourhood of Windsor, has lately shewn occasional symptoms of restlessness, and has now and then even gone the length of wishing what no two men on earth wish more than Lord Grey and Mr. Brougham. But not desiring to commit the disrespect of asking direct questions of that illustrious personage, we shall ask them of Lord Fife.—“Does your Lordship, in the sacred recesses of your own immaculate breast and accomplished understanding, feel a doubt as to the incomparable openness, manliness, and sincerity of his Grace the Premier’s mind; as to his utter scorn, not merely of the low arts of office, but of the high; of his public power of addressing the Senate; of his profound personal knowledge of the constitutional laws of England; and of his perfect fitness, from his habits of life since he first wore an epaulet, to administer the concerns of a British people?”

“We ask, can your Lordship have any idea that the equal of the Home Secretary could be found, not merely in the ranks of Toryism, but under the banners of Broughamism? (Whiggery is a dead letter). It is useless to go on. The virtues, talents, and public services of the others have been too familiar to public recollection to require a catalogue of our inditing. Then, my Lord, take the first opportunity, the first *mollia tempora fandi*, of telling, where it may be felt, that England, having never produced such a cabinet, never expects to be able to produce such another.”

So, the ministry will stand. Pledge will be added to pledge, and performed with all the fidelity of the last. Sneerers may arise, who will persist in believing that sufferings among the people have some connexion with blunders in the Government. Weavers, by the twenty thousand, will, by possibility, march through the streets, and startle the laced menials in Whitehall. But the refutation will come from a quarter irresistible in point of dignity. A note will settle the point; and the recreant weavers will be convicted of being hungry under false pretences. What the next Speech from the throne will be, we shall not presume to inquire. We know too well the sovereign respect due to the august individuals into the hands of whose inscrutable wisdom we have committed our destinies. We sit under the shadow of the Treasury wing; rejoicing in its strength, and measuring the solidity of its protection by the thickness of its shade. But, judging from the past, the Speech will be of the most cheering nature. The British empire will hear with delight, and the continental world with consternation, that all our energies are not merely unimpaired, but invigorated; that we stand on a footing of the firmest



pacification with all the world ; that our interposition has extinguished continental war ; that our commerce has improved infinitely ; that our revenue is magnificent ; that Ireland has already exhibited the most abundant fruits of the "emancipatory policy;" and that the universal prosperity of the empire justifies the fullest congratulations of its governors. If all this be so, why the deuce should we not sing *Io pæans*, and play Bacchanals in the procession of the most matchless of ministers?

But who is to move the Address? The report goes, that it has been offered to Brougham, and that he returned for answer, that he was not Master of the Rolls yet ; and that, if ministers did not, within one calendar month, accomplish their promise of persuading Leach to die, he would open his mouth for the first time these two years, and speak his mind. Mackintosh has, by anticipation, rejected the offer, saying that he is an old man ; and, by the course of nature, Goulburn must outlive him, unless the right honourable Chancellor of the Exchequer should take orders as a Methodist preacher, and forswear the Treasury Mammon. The young maiden-speech tribe are, unluckily, younger than they were ever known ; and, from their specimens of abortive eloquence, too sure to break down. But those are difficulties that the practised dealings of the Home Secretary with mediocrity of all kinds, will soon remedy. He proverbially loves blockheadism ; selects his associates out of the thickest *crania* of the clubs ; shrinks at the contact of a man of talents, with the instinct that nature provides for every animal in the presence of its peril ; would no more take an able man into his office or his association, than he would put a lighted candle into his pocket ; and now feels the benefit of his prudence, in enjoying the full tranquillity of a driver of asses.

Yet we cannot flatter ourselves that the race of the grumblers is yet in "the tomb of all the Capulets." They will probably have the effrontery to ask, whether the grand measure of conciliation has conciliated any thing? Whether it is not just as perilous an enterprise for Parson Abraham to collect his dues in the year 1830, as it was in any year of the "six hundred" of chains and sorrows? whether old Admiral Evans was not as near going out of the world at a tangent from the muzzle of a musket, in 1829, as any country gentleman in the century before? and whether there has been the diminution of a single policeman in the whole multitude of the Irish gendarmerie, or any symptom of the safety of leaving Ireland, happy and free as she is, to her own guardianship? Thirty thousand of the best troops of the empire are at present her "sponsors" for good behaviour ; and it is no compliment to the notorious "economy" of the Premier to suppose that they are a regiment too many.

Others, in the same unconscionable spirit, may ask, whether the murders, burnings, hangings, and houghings do not proceed with the same patriotic energy among what the patriots call the finest "pisantry on earth?" whether Captain Rock is not in a state of as vigorous legislation as at any hour since the writing of his history? whether the Papists have not declared themselves injured and insulted, tricked by the word of promise to the ear, and determined to pursue the patriot means of clamour, turbulence, and intimidation, until they break the Union? What the result of breaking the Union must be, is no equivocal matter.

There will even be men heard to say (such is the infatuation of party), that Ireland is at this hour in a state of pauperism ; that England is in

the same condition ; that the honourable and manly portion of the public mind in both is totally and incurably disgusted with the conduct of those individuals to whose rank and responsibility they looked with confidence ; that they expect nothing good from the present state of things ; and that the name of public man, or the mention of public pledge, is received with the utmost scorn. To all this we, in the joyousness of our souls, say, "Ye are blockheads ! Have we not a Cabinet of soldiers ?—the First Lord of the Treasury, a soldier ?—the Secretary of State for the Colonies, a soldier ?—the Lord Privy Seal, a soldier ? Have we not the Secretary at War, a soldier ?" What if all those were once civil appointments, and scrupulously kept in the hands of civilians, from some awkward prejudices in the heads of the men who founded the Constitution ? We only answer, those men lived a century and a half ago, and were blockheads besides. The answer is irresistible ; and there the matter ends.

But the Cabinet are not of that calibre which is satisfied with a simple negative to the charges of the disaffected. They have a noble field before them, and nobly will they work up the occult fertility of the soil. The first man that comes home to every man's breast and pocket is the tax-gatherer. The fondest admirers of the premier and soldiership in all its branches, is touched here ; and it must be confessed that, if on the Duke's first return from the parade of the Guards, he would lower a few of the taxes, he might win a smile the more, even from those masters of the indefatigable smile, who line his daily way to Downing-street. The fact is, that the taxes bruise out our souls and bodies, and that the comings of Christmas and Easter are dreaded more than the navigation of half the globe, as is well known to Mr. Peel and his Swan River relative. Well, at least one tax is to be repealed—the Malt tax. For this we have—shall we write the word ?—the pledge of ministers ! It is nothing to the contrary, that the revenue has fallen off by the 100,000*l.*, and that we shall be happy if, before the end of a quarter or two more, we shall not have to say, by the million. But the miracle will be wrought : the malt tax will be repealed, and no substitute, ten times more crushing, be laid on to reconcile us to the rapid prosperity of our finance. The next grand improvement will be, a complete revision of the Corn laws. No man will thenceforth eat bread at three times the price that the Frenchman, within twenty miles of our shore, pays for it. No British farmer will be ruined by the difficulty of paying his dues, even at that rate ; or, if ruin can be more complete, see that point effected for him by the importation of thousands of tons from the barbarians of the Baltic.

The Free-trade, that legacy of the Jacobins to the Huskissons, and of the Huskissons to the grateful people of the British empire, will be divested instantaneously of all its old accompaniments, of broken merchants and starving manufacturers, of towns deserted, and factories blazing in the flame of their own treddles. France, and the whole foreign world, will recognize the Huskissonian principle, that an inundation of strange goods thrown in upon the native manufacturer at a price ruinous to the seller, and merely as a refuge from instant bankruptcy, is the true mode of encouraging his industry. The whole business will run as smooth as a shuttle ; and even if France, Germany, Russia, and the universe, should shut their ears to our persuasions, their ports to our produce, double their custom-houses, and tax ten-fold every thing that



bears the name of English; we shall have only to laugh at their obsolete prejudices, and congratulate ourselves on our infinite velocity in the march of mind.

Lord Aberdeen is the foreign secretary, *fama super æthera notus*. Who, upon the surface of the earth, can be ignorant of the splendour of Lord Aberdeen's faculties? the brilliancy of an eloquence that extinguishes or consumes every thing before it; and the vigour, wisdom, and steadiness of a diplomacy that has, for two long years of British triumph, delighted Europe and puzzled our politicians? To the carping queries of faction, in and out of the House; from his lordship's established supremacy of talents, we can anticipate only the most cutting and victorious replies.

Some of the factious will probably attempt to take this paragon of foreign secretaries to task: for instance, upon Portuguese affairs. He may be asked, whether we are at peace or war with Portugal? What his lordship will say, we must not conjecture. But the most statesman-like answer on the globe would be, "To the best of his Majesty's Ministers' knowledge, they do not know; but, if noble lords will insist on their belief, they believe that they are at neither the one nor the other." To the question, whether they recognize or not Don Miguel's title? the irresistible answer would be, also, "Neither the one nor the other."—"Do they support or disavow the Constitution brought from the Brazils by the British ambassador?" The answer would be, "Neither the one nor the other."—"Do they recognize or not the refugees in Terceira, in their resistance to Don Miguel?"—"Neither the one nor the other."

The logic, wit, and wisdom of this species of reply must rapidly tell upon any House; and faction must be dumb for ever on all matters lying between Galicia and the Tagus.

The Turkish affair may be dispatched with equal facility, and in just the same manner. To the queries, "Did the British Cabinet remonstrate against the invasion of Turkey?" the answer of a great statesman would be, "We did: we acted with an energy all but supernatural; we sent a dozen couriers a-week, and had three councils a-day in the best part of the shooting season; but the Russians are savages, and they laughed at us."—"Did you attempt any thing further than this literary resistance?"—"Yes; we sent an ambassador, who gave the handsomest ball ever given on a ship's deck, coasted up the Bosphorus in *grand costume*, and was present at a feast, where his Highness the Sultan drank the health of King George the Fourth."—"But the Russians marched over the Turkish provinces, broke down the Sultan, and encamped within sight of Constantinople."—"It must be allowed that something of the kind is reported; but the whole transaction originated in a mistake." With this answer, we conceive that the most acrimonious faction must be satisfied, or must be pronounced incapable of feeling the wisdom of the wise.

But it is time to take a graver glance at what has actually passed. We are not such complete converts to Lord Plunket's memorable *dictum*, as to believe that History is altogether an old almanack. It may be a capital maxim for a trader in party, an advocate of Whiggery on this side the Channel, and an *ex-officio* Attorney-General on the other. But we are, thank Heaven! not accustomed to guide our consciences by a brief, and as little inclined to bow to the principles of the first party that will smile

upon our speeches. In addition, Lord Plunket and his tribe are objects of our peculiar disgust; and we will pronounce, in the teeth of any trimmer of them all, that the events of last year have given a lesson worth all that will ever drop from the lips of political apostasy.

Through what new shapes and changes of national life we may be destined to pass before another year shall roll over our heads, is in the decision of Providence; but, if they keep pace with the year 1829, they must be eminently anxious and trying. No year, since the memorable 1789, which announced the fall of the French monarchy, has seen a course of events so pregnant with mysterious threatenings to the whole system of continental power. To England its warnings have been still more distinct; for in England alone has there been a direct and declared "breach of the Constitution."

The Protestant advocates could not extort the secret necessity of this breach from the minister. He was asked to point to what personage, quarter, or circumstance, he alluded with such overwhelmed features. He still refused; and murmured over the coming downfall. But the secret never escaped his lips. It has never escaped them since; and it must have been of the most extreme species of secrecy, for to this hour it has not been discovered by living man.

Some conjectured that the appalled minister had been shaken in his nerves by the revolt of the troops. But not a drummer rebelled. Some conceived that an invasion by the Pope in revenge for the humiliation of his tribe, might have been announced to him by Lord Burghersh, in a note on the back of his lordship's latest sonata. No document of the kind is known to have reached Downing-street. Some even conjectured that the right honourable gentleman's own dismissal from office might have been the appalling vision. But the fact never reached human ears; and we are still perplexed to conceive that momentous danger, too resistless to be encountered, and too terrible to be described, which came with such silence, and has passed away with such civility.

The progress of the Popish bill was urged with extraordinary rapidity, and by majorities that astounded the country. On the 6th of March, the House came to a division on going into the committee; the Propapists being 348, the Protestants 160—majority 188.

On the 18th of March the second reading was carried, the Propapists being 353, the Protestants 173; majority 180. On the 30th of March, the bill was read the third time, the Propapists being 320, the Protestants 142. The majority was here inferior. But the necessity for exertion on the part of propopery had been long felt to be at an end.

Its progress in the House of Lords was equally rapid, and still more astounding. The reception of the measure in the Commons for seven years, had prepared the nation to expect a numerous troop of supporters to the popish bill. But the Lords had distinguished themselves by a manly and open repulsiveness to every approach of the measure. They were felt to be placed in the advance of the Constitution. Their rank in society, which might be presumed to make men additionally cautious in treading a circuitous path in politics, their senatorial independence of popular caprice, their general elevation of habit, and even their general time of life might have been presumed to secure them from sudden submission. And it must be acknowledged that the most manly and high-hearted exhibitions of resistance were made in the Lords. But the



same extraordinary result followed, rendered still more unaccountable by its circumstances. On the 31st of March, the bill was brought in; the debate was continued on April the 2d, the 3d, and 4th; when the House divided, the Propatists being 217, the Protestants 112! On the 7th, the bill was committed; on the 8th, the report was received. On the 10th of April the bill was read the third time and passed, the Propapists being 213, the Protestants 104. In the preceding session those same Lords had flung out the measure with strong contempt by a majority of 40. The bill was now carried by a majority of the very same men, amounting to 109.

No measure that ever came before an English Legislature had produced so strong an expression of feeling out of the House. The whole number of petitions that could be obtained by the entire force of Whiggism, of apostate Toryism, and of Popery, making every effort for triumph, was scarcely more than a fifth of the Protestant petitions. The exact numbers were—to the Lords, petitions *against* popery, 1,994—for it, 630! To the Commons, petitions against popery, 533—for it, 159.

The names to the Protestant petitions were by tens and hundreds of thousands. The single petition of London bore 116,000 signatures of householders. The petition from the Protestants of the north of Ireland, bore, as well as we can recollect, upwards of 200,000 names of landholders, manufacturers, and other persons of property. The church of England distinguished itself ably; the utter rejection of the Home Secretary by Oxford; and the eager and triumphant voting for Sir Robert Inglis, whose claim on the University was of neither office nor patronage, but of sound principles and uncompromising Protestantism; the whole of the proceedings through the empire, were irrefragable evidences of the national feeling in the rich and poor, the high and the low, in the seats of learning, in the factories and in the cottages. The total number of petitions against popery were 2,537—of those for popery, 789. The majority thus in favour of the religion and Constitution of England were 1,748.

But what have been the effects of this sweeping measure on Ireland?

“My Lords,” were the words of the Premier, “I am sanguine that this will produce a state of *amelioration* in Ireland—the higher orders (the agitators) will have a motive in promoting tranquillity there; and, I trust, they will set an example which will be followed by their inferiors, and that they will live upon good terms with each other. This is all that we ask of them; and if they should consent to do so, the country will be quiet. If it is not so—if this measure will not answer, I shall be prepared to come down with *other measures—which, I, trust, will prove more efficacious.*”

This “amelioration” has been a perpetual course of outrage, midnight murders, burnings, and defiance of the law. We have seen within a few months the necessity for anticipating the regular course of the circuits; and a special commission sent down to the south of Ireland, to check, if it could not extinguish, a notorious system of mid-day assassination. What was the language of the direct agent of government, the Solicitor General: “There is a system of conspiracy of the most branching atrocity, spread through a vast extent of the lower classes, marked by mysterious symbols, bound by horrible oaths, carried on by secret and universal correspondence, and characterised by the most hideous violences to law, religion, and human nature.” How much of this has subsided; or

rather, what new triumph have not the agents of that frightful compound of superstition and blood, found in the baffling of that commission, and the impunity of the criminals? Open rebellion does not yet rage through Ireland, cities are not set in flames, and provinces ploughed with the ploughshare of destruction. But is government to be good for nothing but to keep off the last extremities of civil war? Is a country to be pronounced prosperous, on the sole strength of its not being swept with the torch and the sword; or is a peasantry to be declared “ameliorated” because it does not stand in open arms against the King’s banner? Are the papists to be declared loyally won over to subordination, because they are hitherto satisfied with shouting their applause for Mr. O’Connell’s promise to repeal the union? or is the Irish church to be pronounced secure, because the payers of its dues are hitherto contented with cursing the receivers to their face, or shooting them from time to time at their own doors? Or is the government to be pronounced secure, because the green ribbon of the Order of Liberators is yet suspended only from the neck, and not from the pike of those new-found loyalists, whose motto is,

“Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not

Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?”

Or is the supremacy of England to be declared beyond all conspiracy; because hitherto there has only been summoned an “assemblage of those glowing patriots who long to emulate the glories of 1780, and remember America?”

But let us come to the test of this amelioration. The grand, conciliatory, conscience-calming, sorrow-balming measure has passed six months; and still there is an army of 30,000 troops of the line in Ireland. Between the constabulary force, which is in all senses military, the militia dépôts, the regimental dépôts, and the remainder of the yeomanry, every man of them available and employed, the force that keeps “ameliorated” Ireland in a state of *tranquillity*! — such tranquillity as would be called outrage and bloodshed in an Arabian desert, or on a Turkish frontier,—is little short of 60,000 men.

Is there any proposition to reduce that force, to thin the garrison that holds Ireland for England, or rather to lessen the number of the gaolers that coerce the furious and sanguinary disaffection of the whole popish population? Not the slightest; not a brigade, not a company, not a platoon has been suffered to leave the sacred soil in which the spirit of amelioration has been so busy under the miraculous auspices of the “atrocious Bill.”

The foreign policy of the Administration must look for its defenders in the same quarter with those of its “ameliorating” system. What has been that policy, judging from its effects,—for no man can hope to judge from its principles, one of the grand boasts of the Administration being to suffer no knowledge of its principles, upon this or any other point of government, to escape; but time and facts, surer guides than any speciousness of harangue, have decided the question. If perpetual failure is to be deemed a proof of wisdom, then have the foreign measures of this administration been pre-eminently wise.

First let us look to the movements of France. On the first mention of sending French troops to the Morea, the British Cabinet was understood to make the most angry remonstrances imaginable: for the measure was presumed to menace our possession of the Ionian Isles, and was



evidently of an order which might have been turned into serious injury to English interests in Greece and the Mediterranean. The remonstrance failed, and was thrown into contempt by even the French gazeteers. The French expedition sailed, took possession of every spot of the Morea that it found desirable; and there remained undisturbed masters, and would probably have remained there masters until they required the presence of a British expedition to drive them out, but for the triumph of Russia.

In the new crisis produced by that triumph, what was the obvious policy of the English Cabinet? To conciliate the French nation, to raise up a powerful fellow-feeling in that most powerful people, and interpose France as an European barrier against the tremendous force of Russia. How has this been done? Has the Polignac alliance invigorated the cause of England? Has the imputed tampering with the French Cabinet cemented the connexion? Or has not the whole intrigue broken down? Has not the whole public mind of France risen as with one voice of scorn and indignation, and the name of the English Administration, and of England along with it, been a watchword of wrath and bitterness? Is not the Polignac Cabinet called the Wellington? and is not the mere appellative enough at once to mark and excite the loudest hostility of the French people?

Of their dealings with Portugal we have already spoken. Of the perplexity, incompleteness, and precariousness of all their relations with a country of such essential importance to our Peninsular interests, can time be required to give further proofs? Do the English Cabinet consider Don Miguel at this hour an usurper or a king? They give him no title; yet they send him a minister, under the name of Consul; they denounce him in Parliament, yet they correspond with him in their offices; they entertain a young Queen of Portugal here, receive her at court, and allow her royal attendance, and an actual court; yet at the same hour they allow their merchant ships to recognise Don Miguel's embargoes; they negotiate with him; and in the same breath which proclaims Don Pedro still Sovereign of Portugal, give all the actual rights of sovereignty to the man who supersedes him, who sets at nought his resentment, and proclaims himself authentic master of their ally's hereditary throne.

What has been their diplomacy with Russia? Feebleness, from beginning to end; insolent menaces cast back in their teeth, and paltry acquiescences, cast back with the same scorn. In the very hour when the Cabinet declare that the Turkish dominions must be kept inviolate, the Russian army haughtily answers the declaration by invading the frontier. Lord Heytesbury is sent post haste to St. Petersburg to warn the Czar of the terrors of British hostility. The Czar listens, bows out the ambassador, orders his horse that evening, and the next tidings of him are, that he and his troops are passing the Danube.

Demosthenes, in his most contemptuous description of the weak minded among his native politicians, eminently marks those who built the public security on human casualty. "Philip is sick, Philip is dead," says the great Greek statesman and philosopher; "and you think that now all danger is at an end, and you have only to dance and feast. Fools, and ready for the chain, if Philip were dead to-morrow, your imbecility and infatuation would raise up another Philip the day after."

The reverses of the Russian army in the first campaign supplied the part of "Philip dead" to the British Cabinet. Their triumph was clamorous; all their instruments were active in propagating the belief that the blow

had paralyzed Russia; that the extraordinary tardiness and palpable inefficiency of our efforts at the Russian and Turkish courts, had been occasioned by that overflowing sagacity, which knew that Russia could never break down the vigour of the Turk in arms; and that British help would be only a showy superfluity in a strife where the victory must so inevitably fall to the Ottoman!

Accordingly, nothing was done—the field and the seas were left to themselves. But the government papers, and the government reviewers; made up for this pacific resignation, by a double portion of activity. The papers scoffed at the idea that Russia could ever make head again; and recommended the Turk to give his enemy a merciful opportunity of retiring from the negotiation, in terms not *too* severe for Russia's former feelings of fame. The government reviewers scoffed at the mere idea of a Russian army showing its face in the field against a Turkish standard; "the rout was indescribably ruinous; a Moscow retreat on a minor scale; the complete dismembering of the army!" And Colonel Evans, who had ventured to say that, "notwithstanding the Russian losses by the inclemency of the season, they still had the superiority, still kept possession of the Danube provinces, and still kept possession of every fortress which they had taken;" was unhesitatingly pronounced a blockhead. This was the language of government: not of the mere writer in a review, but of the Administration, availing itself of an organ of extensive publicity. And it is notorious to those conversant with the opinions of the higher London circles of political life, that Administration, military as it was, looked to the passage of the Balkan as an exploit altogether beyond the power of the Russian army.

But the Balkan was passed, and with an ease which shows how vehemently even a Cabinet of quarter-masters-general may blunder in their own matters. And from the summit of the mountains the invaders poured down upon Constantinople, with no more obstruction than one of their own torrents. Where, then, were our fleet, where our troops, where our lazy strength, to drive back the enemy from the feeble barriers of our ally? Where? The majesty of the state was reposing itself on the cushions of the Treasury, or pheasant shooting about the country. The Turkish empire was conquered. The capital alone was saved. Did the vigour of English alliance effect this? Or was there such a commanding might about the presence of Lord Aberdeen's brother caracoling on a caparisoned horse, with a pelisse on his ambassadorial shoulders, as to startle back the grim warriors of the Caucasus and the Ural? It would be the broadest burlesque to make the assertion. The Russian emperor stopped because he had gone as far as he desired, because the Ottoman, in Constantinople, would be his best viceroy for the few years which it might suit his policy to reign by deputy; because the seizure of Constantinople was not worth a rush without the possession of the Bosphorus and Dardanelles, which its seizure then might render liable to an European blockade; and because, with the possession of those passes, Russia must hourly grow to a height of commercial opulence, physical force, and military power, that will make Constantinople the conquest of a moment.

But the boast of the Cabinet is, that our ally was saved by negotiation! And is it come to this; that to secure a point of the very first importance to the general European system, our only hope is in the expertness of the tongue? That to save the Mediterranean from being turned into a Russian dockyard, and every nation of Europe from being



exposed to insults and aggressions ; our only expedient is the trickery of diplomacy? That to rescue the naval supremacy of England from the most desperate and inevitable hazard that has ever tried it, and that the next quarter of a century will surely bring ; our only exertion should be to outflank the Czar, by Lord Heytesbury, at Moscow, and Sir R. Gordon at Constantinople? What would Oliver Cromwell have said to this? He who pronounced that "the best ambassador was an English man of war." With what contempt for his coadjutor would Lord Chatham have heard this expedient proposed in the Cabinet! With what lofty scorn Pitt, that man of British mind and British integrity, would have frowned down the petty spirits, to whom such contrivances were wisdom!—Pitt, who pronounced that the Russian attack on Oczakow, the barbarian fortress of a barbarous shore, was enough to demand the whole rising of the British empire in its might to crush the young ambition of Russia.

To the Duke of Wellington, or the people about him, it is impossible that we can have any personal prejudice. We desire to know nothing of them but by their public acts. But, if we find those acts unsuccessful in every instance ; marked by overweening confidence in their origin, and miserable falling off in their close ; if looking through the whole course of their policy, we look in vain for any one evidence of the foresight of the statesman, the candour of the lover of liberty, or the dignity of the legislator ; if we see all the great questions passed by, "till a more convenient season;" all the laws and regulations which carry on the system of national strength, disturbed by childish tampering ; the boyish reveries of pseudo-economists, adopted for the tried practice, that of a narrow island made the commercial sovereign of the world ; all the great national interests in a state of decay—the farmer, the artizan, the miner, the merchant, sending up from all quarters of the land the same voice of reproach and recrimination, yet not a single restorative measure offered by the wisdom of the Cabinet ; promises in abundance, performance utterly negative ; thousands and tens of thousands of the most dextrous and industrious workmen in the world wandering through the highways, and glad to fight with the dogs for their food ; an enormous increase of pauperism, that must be fed ; while the rents, profits, and produce of all the higher classes are hourly sinking ten, fifteen, and fifty per cent. ; while the old hospitality of the English noble is extinguished by the failure of his income ; and the country gentleman is flying to hide his head in Bath and Brighton, or stooping to the deeper humiliation of haunting the skirts of the Treasury for a government dole ; while the very flower of our lower orders are hiring vessels to transfer themselves and the remnants of their property to America, the Cape, Canada, New South Wales, to any corner of the earth, where they can escape the deadly incumbrances of existence in England ; while, in spite of all official dexterity, the revenue is going down day by day, and the truth is at last beyond the power of disguise,—must we be blamed, if we ask by what chance has this combination of evils been heaped upon this peculiar time? Unless we can be convinced that something beyond human observation is the cause, and that we are smote by an avenging miracle, we must look for the cause among earthly things. We might as well believe that the laws of gravity would change, as that the eternal connexion between imbecility and ill success should be averted from an empire.

We put the question upon this plain ground—In the whole circle of policy, what one great principle has the minister sustained? In the midst of a hundred national diseases, what one remedy has he offered? Has he healed the circulation, the corn laws, the poor laws, or any of the whole number of evils? Not one. He has harangued, and written billets, and tampered, and temporized. But what has he *done*? Nothing!

For what then are we to give him the credit of statesmanship? If he had been hunting hogs in Hindostan, or shooting pheasants in the mountains of the moon, he could not have done less. If he had been asleep every hour during the last two years of his *uncontrolled* supremacy,—for no minister had ever so jealously provided against all obstruction in his coadjutors,—he could not have done less. Nay, total negation would have been better; for the common course of things carries nations on more fortunately than the miserable alternation of impotence and presumption, the consciousness that something is expected, with the hopelessness of discovering any thing effectual; the determination to bustle through at all hazards, with the conviction that all is going wrong, all made only to puzzle the experimentalist into deeper and more inextricable confusion.

Are we to trust him with our foreign diplomacy? He has been baffled in every negotiation. He has been compelled to abandon every project, he has seen the name and power of the country diminished in his hands, and he has suffered the sudden exaltation of a rival empire, which threatens Europe with rapid hostility.

Are we to trust him with our domestic government? Before his face every calamity of our affairs has darkened and accumulated; he has proposed no alleviation, and affairs are growing worse and worse.

Are we to trust him with our liberties, with the support of our establishments in Church and State, with our Free Press, that glory and Palladium of our liberties, and with the care of Protestantism, without which England would be but a mighty corpse, a loathsome mass of decay? Let those who remember beyond the moment, answer the question.

Yet we must not be supposed to join with those who cry out—Despair. We believe that there is a fund of vigour in the empire, that may stand experiments, the least of which would shake the sickly frames of other empires to dissolution. There is probably no dominion on earth that has within itself so strong a repulsion of injury, or so vivid and rapid a spring and force of restoration. Its strength is renewed like that of the young eagle; and it is this very faculty of self-restoration that allows the empire to hold together, notwithstanding the infinite speculations, tamperings, and absurdities of political quacks of all kinds. No country “takes more ruining” to be ruined. But there is a time for all things, and there is a time for the exhaustion of this faculty, and the close of the national endurance of a system of miserable charlatanism.

Yet is it enough that England should be kept merely above bankruptcy, that she should be floated merely with her chin above water, while she has the original power of being the first, most vigorous, richest, and happiest portion of the world? when she should walk the water, and triumph in those convulsions of the moral elements, that would sink and swallow up every other country? Where does the earth contain a people so palpably marked out for superiority in all the means of



private and public enjoyment of affluence, influence, and security? The most industrious, strong minded, and fully educated population of the world inhabit her island. She has the finest opportunities for commerce, the most indefatigable and sagacious efforts and contrivances for every necessity or luxury of mankind; inexhaustible mines of the most valuable minerals, and almost the exclusive possession of the most valuable of them all, coal; a singularly healthy and genial climate, where the human form naturally shapes itself into the most complete beauty and vigour; a situation the most happily fixed by Providence for a great people destined to influence Europe: close enough to the continent to watch every movement, and influence the good or peril of every kingdom of it from Russia to Turkey, and yet secured from the sudden shocks and casualties of European war by the Channel, of all defences the cheapest, the most permanent, and the most impregnable!

Why should there be a stop in the career of such a nation? If such a nation is not at the head of every thing, are we to lay the blame on the wind or the moonshine? If we see every bounty of nature and mind blunted, and turned into the source of some public misfortune; are we to say that this is done without some blunder somewhere, without some peevish pertinacity in folly; unless we take refuge in the theory, that it has been visited on us by the curse of Providence?

Do we look to the continent? There every province has been ravaged by war within the last twenty years. Yet, there is not a spot from Calais to Gibraltar, in which an Englishman might not live with more command of every bounty of the earth than in the richest county of England. Every kingdom of the continent has seen its treasury robbed by an invading army, or wasted with requisitions, and the enormous expences that war brings in its train. Yet in all those kingdoms there is not at this moment so great a difference between the expenditure and the revenue, as in powerful, commercial, sovereign England.

To come to particulars as to our revenue. In the year 1829, its defalcation was one million one hundred and sixty-five thousand pounds! What it must be this year may be conjectured from the fact of a loss of upwards of one hundred thousand pounds already; notwithstanding all the proverbial dexterity of the Exchequer Bill contrivances, and the infinite puzzling of the long-winded affairs that they call Treasury Accounts.

But let us see the contrast of those rude financiers across the Atlantic. The American treasury has an actual surplus of revenue above all demands; is actually paying off its public debt; and has a balance laid up against the time when it may be convenient to send out a fleet to ride off Liverpool, or the mouth of the Thames!

Such is the answer to the cry that all the world is distressed like ourselves. The cry is a mystification. Are we to be told that commerce has been unfortunate? Where is the fault, but in our own new-fangled laws? If the Continental States have resumed their own little carrying trade, we have the whole uncontested range of the ocean, spreading with all its arms round the world. America is the only competitor, upon her own coasts. But who contests with us in the whole of the Spanish colonies, the West Indies, Canada, the magnificent range of the Indian Ocean, Hindostan, the Isles, China?

Is the interest of the national debt the solution of the enigma? But what is even the enormous sum of thirty millions a-year, to a country into whose bosom every corner of the earth pays tribute, and whose annual

revenue is nearly twice that sum? Let those who can, solve the problem. With us it rests only to say, that, feeling no more hostility to the mere individuals of the government, than we should to any other blunders, we have the fullest right to demand from them the cause why their Administration has been exclusively one of misfortune; why the finances are in a state of increasing perplexity; why the population is growing perpetually more embarrassed and ill provided; why the reputation of England abroad is going down, and the supremacy shifted to the head of a power that threatens the independence of the Continent, and with it of England?

As we are closing these remarks, we have heard the exultation of the ministerial prints on Prince Leopold's probable promotion to the Greek throne. But is this a homage to English influence? Do we not know the alliance of the Cobourg family with that of the Czar; and can we suppose this Prince will be more *English* in Greece than he was in St. James's? Who knows any thing about him in England, but as a pensioner to an enormous and most improvident amount, who has received already out of the national purse, a sum little short of *seven hundred thousand pounds sterling*? Or who cares any thing about this sullen foreigner, except to hope that he will have the decency to resign his fifty thousand pounds a year at once; or that ministers will have the decency to have no "delicacy" on the subject, but give him notice that he must drain the reluctant country no longer. To suppose that any Englishman feels either himself or his country honoured in putting either cap or crown on the head of this foreigner is idle. England only wishes to see no more of him, and get rid of the Prince and his pension with the greatest possible expedition.

But, on the really important question of the permanency of the Cabinet, if any man, from John o' Groat's House to the Land's End, can lay his finger upon any one great healing measure of this Government—any one instance of meeting the calamities of the time—any one proof of salutary and acknowledged influence or service in the European system—then say we with the courtiers, Let them go on triumphing! But if this as much defies probability, as a change in the tides, then say all honest and sober men, How long are we to give a Cabinet of Soldiers credit for being a Cabinet of Statesmen? How long are we to suppose that a man vigorous in the field, is to be therefore wise in council? or that the faculties which were in their maturity twenty years ago, are to claim a renovated youth, and be in the full bloom of legislation for ever?

Then, away with the Cabinet, and let it make room for one in which men's habits have been neither exposed to the morals of a camp, nor their hearts inured to the bloody waste of the field, nor their education for the government of freemen formed by a forty years' unquestioning and unquestioned exercise of that discipline, which, essential as it is for the soldier, is the direct reverse of every feeling of civil life. We will have nothing to do with cap in hand submission, with the mute obedience of the drill, with the haughty spirit of the guard-room. If the Cabinet can have divested itself of those things, let it go on. But we hate experiments; we rely deeply on the force of old associations; we think the Soldier proper only in his proper place; and we long to see once more at the head of affairs, Statesmen, according to the old and glorious model of England.



## A FROST IN LONDON.

A FROST in London! What a miscellany of absurd mischances, what lavish materials for laughter and description are comprised in these words! Every quarter of London abounds in food for cachinnation. Let me extract a few "Random Records."—In the more fashionable streets, where the quick, bustling step of business is little, if at all, known, the pavement on either side (for I am supposing a strenuous frost ushered in by its usual herald, a snow-storm) is one mass of dark glossy ice, which the trim dandy eyes with a ludicrous misgiving, as if but to look, were to tumble. Should he wear stays, his trepidation deepens into paralysis.—Hard by the squares, close underneath whose rails, a mass of drifted snow lies couched, some five or six urchins are busy manufacturing snow-balls, one of which, destined for the scone of a fellow idler, wears away on the wrong tack, and drives bump ashore against the midriff of a fat man in spectacles.—On the Serpentine, a prepossessing young skaiter, whose first year of shaving will not expire till March, inspired by the manifest admiration of a group of lovely girls, resolves for once to outdo himself, but, alas! in rounding the loop of the Figure of Three, he loses his equilibrium, changes abruptly from the perpendicular to the horizontal, and cuts one figure more than he had anticipated. Close beside him stands a determined wag, who overpowered by his sense of the ridiculous, misses his footing, and plunges into an adjacent hole, and finishes his laugh three feet beneath the surface of the ice. It is to be hoped that he will be drowned, as the interest of his situation will be materially improved thereby.—In Sloane-street, which the "nipping blasts" scour from one end to the other, like Cossacks on a foraging party, Number 179, in venturing forth to visit Number 98, meets with Number 82 First Floor Furnished, with a thin blueish tinge at the tip of her nose. Neither ladies have been conscious of the existence of hands or feet for the last ten minutes. Their tongues however, it is gratifying to add, are still in high condition.—Throughout the east-end, every third plebeian's digits are deep "embowelled" in his pockets: the Houndsditch Israelites, with their stiff frozen beards, look like itinerant statues of Æsculapius: and the driver of the hackney coach, which stands next the airy regions of Finsbury-square, is a petrification from the waist downwards.—At Bishopsgate Within, Miss A—, the Venus of the ward, who has been asked thrice in church, cannot become one flesh with Mr. B—, the Apollo of Farringdon Without, till the huge chilblain, on the fourth finger of her left hand, has become sufficiently thawed to permit the passage of the wedding ring. Her opinion of the frost is, in consequence, far from disinterested.—At the Horse Guards, the two mounted sentries look ossified and hopeless, for an indefatigable north-east wind is momentarily assimilating their condition to that of Lot's wife.—In turning up from Guildford-street into Russell-square, an intelligent, serious looking gentleman comes into hasty and unexpected collision with another, equally intelligent, at the edge of a long slide. The consequences are obvious. Both plunge to earth, and (wonderful to relate) the same oath, given out in a bold bravura style, mellowed by a slight touch of the plaintive—like the Jeremiads of the Poor Gardeners—bursts at the same moment from the lips of both. On comparing damages, one gentleman finds that he has split his new black shorts; the other, that he has staved in the crown of his best hat.—In

driving up Constitution-hill, where Boreas is proverbially frolicsome, my Lady B.'s Jehu becomes suddenly unconscious of a nose, but finding that the footman behind is in the same predicament, he resigns himself with a grim smile of satisfaction to his fate.—While quitting a linen-draper's in Hanway-yard, whither he has been accompanying two ladies a-shopping, a smart youth, in a gay blue mantle, comes down, just outside the door, on that particular portion of his person which naturalists have defined as the seat of honour. On jumping up, agreeably savage, he discovers the shopman in convulsions, and his fair friends in hysterics, though he himself cannot see the joke. It is surprising how insensible some people are to humour!—Should the wind be high, and the snow exuberant, umbrellas make a point of turning inside out; bonnets, like pigs on a trip to Smithfield, take every direction but the right; hats evince a disposition to see the world, and ladies' dresses to mount upwards in the scale of things.

So much for externals: within doors, the student sits "contractus legens"—as Horace says—by his fire-side, and sensitive young ladies, who have been for some time striving to summon up courage to go a shopping, move to the window, cast a glance at the snow on the pavement, shudder gracefully, and creep closer to their "ingle-nook."—In a warm cushioned arm-chair, with spectacles on his nose, the "Miserics of Human Life" in his hands, and "Rejected Addresses" lying on the table beside him, sits the old bachelor, condemning the unoffending eyes of the frost and its stern rheumatic concomitants. How different is the state of the married man! He—happy fellow!—as evening draws on, sits surrounded by his children, the two youngest of whom, in consideration of the severity of the weather and the social influence of Christmas, are permitted to nestle close beside him, where they amuse themselves by making pincushions of his calf, pouring Port-wine into his pockets, and stuffing his snuff-box with apple-pips. See what it is to be a parent! But it is at night that the father is most in his element. Then, while the thermometer is below zero, and the water is frozen in his bason, he is roused from dreams of happiness by the clamour of his daughter Anna Maria, who sleeps in the crib beside him, and whose hooping-cough, like Rachael mourning for her children, "refuseth to be comforted." Up jumps the worthy gentleman, lights the tinder-box, finds Anna Maria black in the face, runs off for the doctor, leaps the first gutter, tumbles, breaks his nose against the second, and is hauled off to the watch-house as a drunkard. Such are a few among the numerous absurd concomitants of a Frost in London!

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### FUDGE !!!

IN REPLY TO A FOREIGN FRIEND, WHO INQUIRED THE MEANING OF BURCHELL'S FAVOURITE EXCLAMATION IN THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

So oft might Burchell now apply  
 His favourite word again;  
 'Tis easier to exemplify  
 Its meaning than explain.  
 'Tis said and written, "that Burdett  
 Sincerely loves reform;  
 That England's sun's about to set  
 In Revolution's storm;—



- “ That Whitbread, not by accident,  
 Once tasted his own beer ;  
 That Irving's rant, a wise man went  
 A second time to hear ;  
 That peace the Frenchman now delights,  
 And poetry the Dutch ;  
 That Keswick Bob too little writes,  
 And Harry Hope too much ;—
- “ That Cobbett's honesty and wit  
 Alone can save the land ;  
 That Bentham three whole lines has writ  
 Himself can understand ;  
 That Goulburn's speeches can allure  
 Joe Hume to praise a tax ;  
 That ne'er was sympathy so pure  
 As Buxton's for the blacks ;—
- “ That all old Blackstone taught us once  
 Grim Birnie proves untrue ;  
 That Robert Peel is not a dunce,  
 Or Rothschild not a—screw ;  
 That Husky's eloquence consoles  
 The House for Canning's loss ;  
 That Brougham don't think upon the Rolls,  
 That gold to Copley's dress ;—
- “ That when Utilitarian scribes  
 The hireling press condemn,  
 They are not angry that the bribes  
 Should never come to them ;  
 That some most patient friend of Mill  
 The ' Westminster' perused,  
 And thought it not the bitterest pill  
 That ever taste abused ;—
- “ That Newcastle and Sadler are  
 ' Small deer,' as Plunket thought ;  
 That Scarlett's monstrous popular,  
 And Whigs are never bought ;  
 That female bosoms never beat  
 When Abercorn draws nigh ;  
 That living man unscorched can meet  
 The glance of Stanley's eye ;—
- “ That Russia's emperor has not  
 The slightest wish to reign,  
 Instead of Mahmoud, on the spot  
 Where Constantine was slain ;  
 That chance alone at Waterloo  
 Gave England's arms the day ;  
 That Frenchmen quoted ' Qu'il mourût,'  
 And scorned to run away ;—
- “ That Eldon's going to uphold  
 Mechanics' Institutes ;  
 That all for love, and not for gold,  
 St. Albans married Coutts ;  
 That all the world, of poetry  
 Think Jeffery is a judge——”
- “ Hold ! hold, my friend ! I now perceive  
 What Burchell meant by—Fudge !”

## MY CHRISTMAS DINNER!

It was on the twentieth of December last that I received an invitation from my friend Mr. Phiggins, to dine with him, in Mark-lane, on Christmas-day. I had several reasons for declining this proposition. The first was, that Mr. P. makes it a rule, at all these festivals, to empty the entire contents of his counting-house into his little dining-parlour; and you consequently sit down to dinner with six white-waistcoated clerks, let loose upon a turkey. The second was, that I am not sufficiently well-read in cotton and sugar, to enter with any spirit into the subject of conversation. The third was, and is, that I never drink cape wine. But by far the most prevailing reason remains to be told. I had been anticipating for some days, and was hourly in the hope of receiving, an invitation to spend my Christmas-day in a most irresistible quarter. I was expecting, indeed, the felicity of eating plum-pudding with an angel; and, on the strength of my imaginary engagement, I returned a polite note to Mr. P., reducing him to the necessity of advertising for another candidate for cape and turkey.

The twenty-first came. Another invitation—to dine with a regiment of roast-beef eaters at Clapham. I declined this also, for the above reason, and for one other, *viz.* that, on dining there ten Christmas days ago, it was discovered, on sitting down, that one little accompaniment of the roast beef had been entirely overlooked. Would it be believed?—but I will not stay to mystify—I merely mention the fact. They had forgotten the horse-radish!

The next day arrived, and with it a neat epistle, sealed with violet-coloured wax, from Upper Brook-street: “Dine with the ladies—at home on Christmas-day.” Very tempting, it is true; but not exactly the letter I was longing for. I began, however, to debate within myself upon the policy of securing this bird in the hand, instead of waiting for the two that were still hopping about the bush, when the consultation was suddenly brought to a close, by a prophetic view of the portfolio of drawings fresh from boarding-school—moths and roses on embossed paper;—to say nothing of the album, in which I stood engaged to write an elegy on a Java sparrow, that had been a favourite in the family for three days. I rung for gilt-edged, pleaded a world of polite regret, and again declined.

The twenty-third dawned; time was getting on rather rapidly; but no card came. I began to despair of any more invitations, and to repent of my refusals. Breakfast was hardly over, however, when the servant brought up—not a letter—but an aunt and a brace of cousins from Bayswater. They would listen to no excuse; consanguinity required me, and Christmas was not my own. Now my cousins keep no albums; they are really as pretty as cousins can be; and when violent hands, with white kid gloves, are laid on one, it is sometimes difficult to effect an escape with becoming elegance. I could not, however, give up my darling hope of a pleasanter prospect. They fought with me in fifty engagements—that I pretended to have made. I shewed them the Court Guide, with ten names obliterated—being those of persons who had *not* asked me to mince-meat and misletoe; and I ultimately gained my cause by quartering the remains of an infectious fever on the sensitive fears of my aunt, and by dividing a rheumatism and a sprained ancle between my sympathetic cousins.

As soon as they were gone I walked out, sauntering involuntarily in the direction of the only house in which I felt I could spend a “happy”



Christmas. As I approached, a porter brought a large hamper to the door. "A present from the country," thought I; "yes, they *do* dine at home; they must ask me; they know that I am in town." Immediately afterwards a servant issued with a letter: he took the nearest way to my lodgings, and I hurried back by another street to receive the so-much-wished-for invitation. I was in a state of delirious delight.

I arrived—but there was no letter. I sate down to wait, in a spirit of calmer enjoyment than I had experienced for some days; and in less than half an hour a note was brought to me. At length the desired dispatch had come: it seemed written on the leaf of a lily, with a pen dipped in dew. I opened it,—and had nearly fainted with disappointment. It was from a stock-broker, who begins an anecdote of Mr. Rothschild before dinner, and finishes it with the fourth bottle—and who makes his eight children stay up to supper and snap-dragon. In Macadamizing a stray stone in one of his periodical puddings, I once lost a tooth, and with it an heiress of some reputation. I wrote a most irritable apology, and dispatched my warmest regards in a whirlwind.

December the twenty-fourth.—I began to count the hours, and uttered many poetical things about the wings of Time. Alack! no letter came;—yes, I received a note from a distinguished dramatist, requesting the honour, &c. But I was too cunning for this, and practised wisdom for once. I happened to reflect that his pantomime was to make its appearance on the night after, and that his object was to perpetrate the whole programme upon me. Regret that I could not have the pleasure of meeting Mr. Paulo, and the rest of the *literati* to be then and there assembled, was of course immediately expressed.

My mind became restless and agitated. I felt, amidst all these invitations, cruelly neglected. They served, indeed, but to increase my uneasiness, as they opened prospects of happiness in which I could take no share. They discovered a most tempting dessert, composed of forbidden fruit. I took down "Childe Harold," and read myself into a sublime contempt of mankind. I began to perceive that merriment is only malice in disguise, and that the chief cardinal virtue is misanthropy.

I sate "nursing my wrath" till it scorched me; when the arrival of another epistle suddenly charmed me from this state of delicious melancholy and delightful endurance of wrong. I sickened as I surveyed, and trembled as I opened it. It was dated from —, but no matter; it was not *the* letter. In such a frenzy as mine, raging to behold the object of my adoration condescend, not to *eat* a custard, but to render it invisible—to be invited perhaps to a tart fabricated by her own ethereal fingers; with such possibilities before me, how could I think of joining a "friendly party"—where I should inevitably sit next to a deaf lady, who had been, when a little girl, patted on the head by Wilkes, or my Lord North, she could not recollect which—had taken tea with the author of "Junius," but had forgotten his name—and who once asked me "whether Mr. Munden's monument was in Westminster Abbey or St. Pauls?"—I seized a pen, and presented my compliments. I hesitated—for the peril and precariousness of my situation flashed on my mind; but hope had still left me a straw to catch at, and I at length succeeded in resisting this late and terrible temptation.

After the first burst of excitement I sunk into still deeper despondency. My spirit became a prey to anxiety and remorse. I could not eat; dinner was removed with unlifted covers. I went out. The world seemed to have acquired a new face; nothing was to be seen but raisins

and rounds of beef. I wandered about like Lear—I had given up all! I felt myself grated against the world like a nutmeg. It grew dark—I sustained a still gloomier shock. Every chance seemed to have expired, and every body seemed to have a delightful engagement for the next day. I alone was disengaged—I felt like the Last Man! To-morrow appeared to have already commenced its career; mankind had anticipated the future; “and coming mince-pies cast their shadows before.”

In this state of desolation and dismay I called—I could not help it—at the house to which I had so fondly anticipated an invitation and a welcome. My protest must here however be recorded, that though I called in the hope of being asked, it was my fixed determination not to avail myself of so protracted a piece of politeness. No: my triumph would have been to have annihilated them with an engagement made in September, payable three months after date. With these feelings I gave an agitated knock—they were stoning the plums, and did not immediately attend. I rung—how unlike a dinner bell it sounded! A girl at length made her appearance, and, with a mouthful of citron, informed me that the family had gone to spend their Christmas-eve in Portland-place. I rushed down the steps, I hardly knew whither. My first impulse was to go to some wharf and inquire what vessels were starting for America. But it was a cold night—I went home and threw myself on my miserable couch. In other words, I went to bed.

I dozed and dreamed away the hours till daybreak. Sometimes I fancied myself seated in a roaring circle, roasting chestnuts at a blazing log; at others, that I had fallen into the Serpentine while skating, and that the Humane Society were piling upon me a Pelion, or rather a Vesuvius of blankets. I awoke a little refreshed. Alas! it was the twenty-fifth of the month—it was Christmas-day! Let the reader, if he possess the imagination of Milton, conceive my sensations.

I swallowed an atom of dry toast—nothing could calm the fever of my soul. I stirred the fire and read Zimmerman alternately. Even reason—the last remedy one has recourse to in such cases—came at length to my relief: I argued myself into a philosophic fit. But, unluckily, just as the Lethean tide within me was at its height, my landlady broke in upon my lethargy, and chased away by a single word all the little sprites and pleasures that were acting as my physicians, and prescribing balm for my wounds. She paid me the usual compliments, and then—“Do you dine at home to-day, Sir?” abruptly inquired she. Here was a question. No Spanish inquisitor ever inflicted such complete dismay in so short a sentence. Had she given me a Sphinx to expound, a Gordian tangle to untwist; had she set me a lesson in algebra, or asked me the way to Brobdignag; had she desired me to shew her the North Pole, or the meaning of a melodrama;—any or all of these I might have accomplished. But to request me to define my dinner—to inquire into its latitude—to compel me to fathom that sea of appetite which I now felt rushing through my frame—to ask me to dive into futurity, and become the prophet of pies and preserves!—My heart died within me at the impossibility of a reply.

She had repeated the question before I could collect my senses around me. Then, for the first time, it occurred to me that, in the event of my having no engagement abroad, my landlady meant to invite me! “There will at least be the two daughters,” I whispered to myself; “and after all, Lucy Matthews is a charming girl, and touches the harp divinely.



She has a very small pretty hand, I recollect; only her fingers are so punctured by the needle—and I rather think she bites her nails. No, I will not even now give up my hope. It was yesterday but a straw—to-day it is but the thistledown; but I will cling to it to the last moment. There are still four hours left; they will not dine till six. One desperate struggle, and the peril is past; let me not be seduced by this last golden apple, and I may yet win my race." The struggle was made—"I should not dine at-home." This was the only phrase left me; for I could not say that "I should dine out." Alas! that an event should be at the same time so doubtful and so desirable. I only begged that if any letter arrived, it might be brought to me immediately.

The last plank, the last splinter, had now given way beneath me. I was floating about with no hope but the chance of something almost impossible. They had "left me alone," not with my glory, but with an appetite that resembled an avalanche seeking whom it might devour. I had passed one dinnerless day, and the half of another; yet the promised land was as far from sight as ever. I recounted the chances I had missed. The dinners I might have enjoyed, passed in a dioramic view before my eyes. Mr. Phiggins and his six clerks—the Clapham beef-eaters—the charms of Upper Brook-street—my pretty cousins, and the pantomime-writer—the stock-broker, whose stories one forgets, and the elderly lady who forgets her stories—they all marched by me, a procession of apparitions. Even my landlady's invitation, though unborn, was not forgotten in summing up my sacrifices. And for what?

Four o'clock. Hope was perfectly ridiculous. I had been walking upon the hair-bridge over a gulf, and could not get into Elysium after all. I had been catching moonbeams, and running after notes of music. Despair was my only convenient refuge; no chance remained, unless something should drop from the clouds. In this last particular I was not disappointed; for on looking up I perceived a heavy shower of snow. Yet I was obliged to venture forth; for being supposed to dine out, I could not of course remain at home. Where to go I knew not: I was like my first father—"the world was all before me." I flung my cloak round me, and hurried forth with the feelings of a bandit longing for a stiletto. At the foot of the stairs, I staggered against two or three smiling rascals, priding themselves upon their punctuality. They had just arrived—to make the tour of Turkey. How I hated them!—As I rushed by the parlour, a single glance disclosed to me a blazing fire, with Lucy and several lovely creatures in a semicircle. Fancy, too, gave me a glimpse of a sprig of misletoe—I vanished from the house, like a spectre at day-break.

How long I wandered about is doubtful. At last I happened to look through a kitchen-window, with an area in front, and saw a villain with a fork in his hand, throwing himself back in his chair choked with ecstasy. Another was feasting with a graver air; he seemed to be swallowing a bit of Paradise, and criticising its flavour. This was too much for mortality—my appetite fastened upon me like an alligator. I darted from the spot; and only a few yards farther, discerned a house, with rather an elegant exterior, and with some ham in the window that looked perfectly sublime. There was no time for consideration—to hesitate was to perish. I entered; it was indeed "a banquet-hall deserted." The very waiters had gone home to their friends. There, however, I found a fire; and there—to sum up all my folly and felicity in a single word—I DINED!

THE BRITISH WEST INDIA COLONIES, AS THEY WERE,  
AND AS THEY ARE.

THE present situation of the British West India Colonies, and the important consequences involved in the line of policy that may be adopted towards them by the Government at home, render it necessary that we should approach the subject with extreme caution ; and that we should consider the measures required for the amelioration of the slave population, with that moderation and serious attention which its importance demands.

Disregarding equally the irritable feeling created on one side by those persons who contend for an uncontrolled freedom of trade, and the impracticable schemes and abstract inapplicable reasonings of the violent abolitionists, we propose to give a general view of the present state of our West India possessions, noticing the causes which appear to have led to their depreciated condition, and stating concisely the remedies that have been proposed to avert the ruinous consequences which it is alleged must overtake them, if they are left unaided to struggle with existing difficulties.

In the course of this investigation we shall have to advert, in particular, to the general tenor of the policy under which our Colonies were reared—to the necessity of keeping up a protective system against foreign competitors—and of maintaining the colonial intercourse in such a manner, as to inspire confidence between the colonist and the government of the mother country. We shall notice the measures recommended by government for the amelioration and ultimate emancipation of the labouring population, and the impediments which are experienced in carrying these recommendations into immediate effect.

In taking a short view of this difficult but very important subject, we must take care not to place ourselves amongst the number of those theorists who would at once proceed to legislate for our West India Colonies, as if they had merely to deal with a country entirely new, and totally disencumbered of antecedent claims and obligations :—we must look at these possessions as they actually exist at the present day : we must not recommend to do evil, that good may come ; but, taking a fair view of measures encouraged and sanctioned by former legislatures, and of existing claims and property created by law, we must consider what is best to be done under present circumstances, and advocate the adoption of that course which seems most consonant to a due regard for existing rights, and most reconcilable to the dictates of justice and humanity.

It has of late years been too much the custom in this country with a numerous class of the community, whose knowledge of the Colonies has chiefly been derived from the *ex parte* statements made at anti-slavery meetings, or from the violent publications with which, in our day, we have been so largely favoured, to consider these possessions as something foreign or anti-national, instead of looking at them in the manner in which they ought fairly to be viewed—namely, as a part and parcel of the British empire, and in the actual possession of British subjects, whose interests, habits, and feelings ought to bind them by the strongest ties to the mother country.

From the earliest period of their occupation, it has been the study and endeavour of our leading statesmen to protect them from foreign aggres-



sion, and to watch over their rising prosperity, and encourage their productive industry—not, certainly, for their benefit alone, but in order that the mother country might secure and appropriate the entire advantages of that industry; that she might, by and through them, open new and certain markets for the consumption of her own manufactures and produce—establish, especially in times of difficulty, safe depôts for the extension of her foreign trade—and create fixed and regular employment to increase the number of her ships and seamen.

With this view, the various legislative enactments have, from the earliest times down to the present moment, been framed.

The celebrated Navigation Act of the 12th of Charles the Second, secured the plantation trade to British shipping, by enacting that the produce of the Colonies could only be transported from thence in British ships; and that, instead of proceeding to the nearest or best market, the colonists should only export their produce to another English colony, or to England, Wales, or Ireland, “there to be laid on shore,” under the penalty of forfeiting the ship and goods, or their value.

The rapid development of the numerous advantages accruing to the mother country from the colonial trade, soon led to further restrictions. The statute 15, Car. II. c. 7, prevented the colonists from purchasing their European supplies at the cheapest markets, obliging them to take from home every thing they required, with the exceptions of horses and victuals from Ireland and Scotland.

The preamble to this important “Act for the encouragement of Trade,” states in concise terms the nature of the policy by which the government was, at this early period, actuated:

“In regard his Majesty’s plantations beyond seas are inhabited and peopled by the subjects of this his kingdom of England, for the maintaining a greater correspondence and kindness between them, and keeping them in a firmer dependence upon it, and rendering them yet more beneficial and advantageous unto it in the further employment and increase of English shipping and seamen, vent of English woollen and other manufactures and commodities, rendering the navigation to and from the same more safe and cheap, and making this kingdom a staple not only of the commodities of those plantations, but also of the commodities of other countries and places, for the supplying of them; and it being the usage of other nations to keep their plantation-trade to themselves,” &c. And for the purpose of still further securing to England the whole advantages of this colonial trade, our several Colonies were prohibited from having any direct intercourse with each other. Ireland was also excluded from the benefits of the trade, until these measures were eventually modified in the same reign to the extent of re-opening an intercourse—subject, however, to the payment of very heavy duties.

Although the Colonies did not acquiesce in these heavy restrictions, and the Island of Barbadoes openly, in 1676, remonstrated against them, they not only continued to be rigidly and jealously enforced, “in regard it much concerneth the trade of this kingdom,” but direct duties began, about this time, to be levied at home upon sugar and other tropical produce; and although some modification took place in favour of vessels employed by Spaniards bringing “money,” the law continued in this state down to the reign of George the Second, when a material relaxation, in regard to their staple commodity, took place. It was then enacted (by 12th Geo. II. cap. 20), that British-built ships, navigated according to law, the *sole* property of British subjects, who were resident,

the *major part* in this country, and the residue in the Colonies, might, on taking out a licence for that purpose, clear out *from* Great Britain for the Colonies, there load and carry sugars to any foreign port of Europe. By the 15th Geo. II. this permission was extended to ships *belonging* to Great Britain, navigated according to law; and these enactments continued in force until they were repealed by 34th Geo. III. cap. 42.

In the mean time the duty on sugar and other tropical produce had been gradually increased, till, in 1799, it had reached to 20s. the cwt. on sugar, equal to about 38 per cent. upon the price at which it was then sold.

By statute 4th Geo. III. cap. 15, coffee, pimento, and some other articles, were added to the list of those subjected to the regulations of Charles the Second; and the "Free Port Act" (6th Geo. III. cap. 49) legitimized the trade with the Spanish Colonies, by permitting the importation, in one-decked vessels, of live stock and other commodities (tobacco excepted) into Dominica, and also into certain ports in Jamaica, with the further exceptions of the articles sugar, coffee, ginger, and molasses. But these indulgences were superseded by the 21st and 27th Acts of the same reign.

The export and import trade between Ireland and the Colonies, which had been prohibited since the time of Charles the Second, was not again thrown open until the 18th and 20th statutes of Geo. III., when Ireland was placed on the same footing, in that respect, with Great Britain.

Our limits will not permit us to enter into an account of the various regulations attempted for adjusting the intercourse between these Colonies and the United States, after the latter had attained their independency. Suffice it to say, that that intercourse was courted principally with a view to obtaining supplies of essential necessity; and that, up to a recent period, it was strictly limited to *British* shipping, navigated according to law, and presented no material deviation from that broad principle of appropriation which governed the first legislators in the time of Charles the Second.

We have considered it necessary to take special notice of the tenor and bearing of these early enactments, because many persons have been so far misled in regard to the relations between the Colonies and the mother country, as to suppose that every interference has been solely with the view of conferring benefits on the former, and that the latter has derived no adequate remuneration for the trouble of governing them.

Although, as may easily be supposed, these restrictions, imposed solely for the benefit of the mother country, prevented the West Indians from enjoying the full advantages, which, in other circumstances, they might have derived from their productive industry, and commanding geographical position for trade, yet there was no attempt made at home to detract from their importance in the estimation of the public; and the firm, tenacious, and uncompromising measures of the British Government, inspired the colonists with a strong feeling of security in the stability of their property. Respectable families felt no hesitation in embarking in colonial pursuits; and, notwithstanding the pressure of the measures imposed by the mother country, the Colonies continued to rise and flourish under her protection; and it seems to have been reserved for some of the economists and philanthropists of modern days, to discover that the Colonies were an iniquitous burden, and that the negro population carried there would, instead of being gradually trained to habits of civilization, be more happy if forcibly emancipated, like their former bre-



thren of St. Domingo and Mexico, whose present condition we shall shortly have occasion to notice.

Had the regulations which his Majesty's Government attempted to establish by the provisions of the 3d Geo. IV. cap. 44, the 6th of Geo. IV. cap. 114, and the 7th and 8th Geo. IV. cap. 56, been met on the part of the United States with a corresponding liberality, there can be very little doubt that both parties would have derived many advantages from the contemplated interchange of commodities ; but, unfortunately, the time for promoting an equitable intercourse had been allowed to escape ; and the extravagant pretensions assumed by these new states having put it out of our power to accede to their unreasonable expectations, without materially compromising the national dignity, these enactments, in so far as regards the desired intercourse with the United States, remain worse than a dead letter. And the colonists affirm, that with all the machinery of free ports, and the aid of new regulations, avowedly framed for their relief, they are now in a worse situation in many respects than they were previous to their enactment. That they are still, by law, obliged to procure that essential article, fish, at the dearest market ; that heavy duties are now imposed, by the mother country, upon flour, rice, staves, shingles, timber, and other articles of essential necessity, from the United States, formerly obtained free of duty, in exchange for their rum and molasses ; that 12s. the hundred-weight duty precludes them from applying to the cheapest markets for beef and pork ; and fifteen to thirty per cents. upon negro clothing, and other articles, indispensable in the cultivation of a West India estate. Moreover, that the new *export* regulations, the *warehousing* in bond, and *free-port* systems, have proved equally nugatory ; and that so far from a great boon having been conferred on the West India planter, the benefits expected from these boasted enactments are quite illusory, and have unfortunately failed to give that relief which it was the avowed object of the legislature fully to afford !

While these and other adverse circumstances, to be hereafter noticed, have, as it would appear, operated against the prosperity of the Colonies in the West Indies, the planter has been unable to find any counter-vailing advantages in Europe. The monopoly in the British market, which was at one time the equivalent allowed by the mother country for the restrictions imposed on the planter, has been latterly more extensively infringed by the admission of Mauritius sugars, on equal terms, for home consumption, and of foreign sugars, to a small extent, in the refineries ; whilst the high duties continued since the peace have, as is affirmed, tended to check the gradual increase of consumption, and the continental markets have been inundated with sugar, the produce of foreign Colonies, who persist in carrying on the slave trade ; and all these circumstances have operated to reduce the price of sugar in the home market, until it is now very considerably under the cost of production.

We have seen a representation from the West India body, which is now before his Majesty's Ministers, wherein the subject of the sugar and rum duties is so forcibly stated, that we think we cannot do better than extract what is said regarding the former commodity.

" It appears that the duty has, at different periods, borne the following proportion to the price.

" From 1792 to 1796, the price was 55s. 1d. the cwt., and the duty 15s., being in the proportion to the price 27 $\frac{1}{4}$  per cent.

“ From 1797 to 1798, the average price was 67*s.* 3*d.* the cwt., and the duty 17*s.* 6*d.*, being in the proportion of 26 per cent.

“ In 1799 and 1800, the average price was 64*s.* 2½*d.* per cwt., and the duty 18*s.* 2*d.* per cwt., being in the proportion of 28 per cent.

“ In 1801 and 1802, the average price was 52*s.* 7*d.* per cwt., and the duty was 20*s.* per cwt., being in the proportion of 38 per cent.

“ From 1803 (when the war duty of 1*s.* the cwt. was imposed) to 1823 inclusive, the average price was 46*s.* 4*d.* per cwt., and the duty (after deducting a provisional allowance of 3*s.*) was 27*s.*, being in the proportion of 58½ per cent.

“ In 1824, 1825, and 1826, the average price was 33*s.* 5*d.* the cwt., and the duty 27*s.*, being in the proportion of 80½ per cent.

“ The average prices were not again published until the latter part of the year 1828.

“ During the present year (1829) the price of sugar has been gradually falling. By the returns in June, the average price was only 29*s.* 6*d.*, while the duty, remaining at 27*s.*, bore the greatly-increased proportion to the price of 91½ per cent.

“ By the last returns, the price was 25*s.* 1*d.* the cwt., the duty 27*s.*, being in the proportion of 107 per cent.

“ Thus the duty on sugar, at the present moment, is infinitely larger in proportion to the price than at any former period.

“ Upon all middling and inferior kinds of sugar (which form about three-fourths of the supply), there is a very serious loss. On a considerable portion of the latter, which do not now sell for more than 17*s.* or 19*s.* per cwt., the duty amounts to from 142 to 159 per cent.; and, on those lower qualities of sugar, the planter, after paying the freight, insurance, landing, and sale charges, (at least 8*s.* the cwt.,) has only from 9*s.* to 11*s.* the cwt. for the expense of production, which, with reference to the present low price of rum, and to the current expences of carrying on the cultivation of the estates, cannot be estimated at less than 18*s.*, without making any allowance for the interest on the capital embarked.

“ He is thus receiving 7*s.* to 9*s.* per cwt. less than the cost of production; and it is evident that neither production nor taxation can continue on such a basis.

“ The West India body, under existing circumstances, seek in vain for any reasons to justify the continuance of a duty so greatly disproportioned to the price: and they submit that it is contrary to every principle of legitimate taxation to keep the rate of duty so high, that its continuance must evidently ruin the producer.”

Agreeably to this statement, the planter has to divide every hundred pounds received for *inferior* sugars (taking the price at 45*s.*, including the duty) in the following manner:—

|   |       |   |   |
|---|-------|---|---|
| The government receives for duty .....  | £60   | 0 | 0 |
| The planter must pay freight home, dock rates, labourage, and other charges ..... | 22    | 4 | 6 |
|   | <hr/> |   |   |
|   | £82   | 4 | 6 |

so that to maintain the labourers and their families on his estates, support himself, family, and assistants, pay his share of Colonial burdens, &c., he has little more than a sixth part, or..... 17 15 6

£100 0 0



Eighty-two per cent., or five-sixths of the price of a considerable part of his marketable produce (but varying in a certain ratio according to the price of sugar) is thus taken from him; and, before he can apply a penny of the remainder towards providing for himself and his European overseers and mechanics, he is bound, by the laws of the Colonies, to find food, clothing, and medicines, for his negroes, whom he cannot even enfranchise, without first giving security that they shall not become burdensome to the community.

If this state of things arose from over-production in our Colonies, or if it were possible to substitute there the cultivation of any other remunerating commodity in the place of sugar, a specific might be found; but, unfortunately, these effects arise from a different cause, and do not admit of so easy a remedy. This we shall endeavour to explain.

Previous to the commencement of the late war, the West Indians complained that the high duty prevented the consumption of sugar from keeping a steady pace with the increasing population and growing wealth of the country. But the destruction of the French Colonies in St. Domingo, the check which our naval superiority put it in our power to give to the foreign slave trade, and various other occurrences during the war, enabled the planter to maintain his ground, notwithstanding the increased duties then imposed. Since the return of peace, and although the consumption has not kept pace with the increased quantity now brought to this market, the same heavy duties continue to operate against the planter. He has had, in addition, to encounter a new, and very unfair, species of competition with foreigners, which is thus explained in the paper to which we have already referred:—

“Although the British West India Colonies had long furnished a sufficient supply for home consumption, and a large surplus for exportation, new competitors have been admitted into the markets of this country.

“When the admission of Mauritius sugars was about to take place, his Majesty’s Ministers, in 1825, stated that the West India interest ‘in opposing the measure were wrong,’ as some 10 or 12,000 hhds. only could find their way into the English market. By the parliamentary returns, it appears, however, that the importation of Mauritius sugars, which, in 1825, was only 93,723 cwt., equal to 6,464 hhds. of  $14\frac{1}{2}$  cwt. each, has been regularly increased to four times that quantity, being, in 1828, no less than 361,052 cwts., 24,900 hhds. of  $14\frac{1}{2}$  cwt.; and there is reason to believe that this island will permanently add about one-eighth to the quantity of sugars which are admissible for home consumption on the terms of the old Colonies.

“From the great markets of Russia, Austria, France, and the Netherlands, the British planter is virtually excluded by the fiscal regulations of those countries; and in the continental markets that remain open to him, he is met by competitors from foreign Colonies, who are constantly, and at a comparatively small expense, acquiring new labourers by means of the slave trade, and who are thus immediately enabled to extend the culture of the sugar-cane at a low cost. To these causes may be attributed the overwhelming quantities sent to the continent since the peace.

“It is to be observed, that the humane regulations pursued by the British planter for the civilization of the negro population, gives foreigners, in the circumstances under which they are placed, many advantages in the competition with him. If in this competition our Colonist is allowed to sink, it cannot be doubted that less national evil

would arise from now supplying a defalcation of revenue, resulting from a reduction of duty, from other sources, than in enduring the wide calamity that would result from the ruin of our Colonies.

"It may be fairly stated, also, in the event of such a catastrophe, that foreigners could not be expected to bring, permanently, a supply of sugars to this country so large, as to sell it at the present rates with the existing duty; for if by a grinding and oppressive policy, the cultivation of our Colonies be once destroyed, it is in vain to expect that it can ever again be restored.

"It is only by steady low prices that the large supply now established can, by extending consumption, be taken off; and as no return is at present left to the producer, it is evident that low prices can, for a length of time, only be maintained by an abatement of duty; it is, therefore, absolutely necessary that the taxation of sugar should bear some reference to the cost of its cultivation—a consideration which forms no part of the system by which the existing duty on this article is regulated.

"These remarks do not specify how much low prices of sugar are calculated to contribute to the comfort of the middling and lower orders of the community. This is a consideration, however, that is deserving of the greatest attention, and is the surest basis on which to rest the permanence of a large revenue on such an article."

The extent of the rum duties appear to be more oppressive than even those on sugar. In 1824 the Chancellor of the Exchequer agreed that the duty should be placed on an equality with that on British spirits, that it might be used by the rectifier. Accordingly, next session of Parliament, an act was passed admitting it to rectification; but, with that inconsistency, which the West India Planter has so much cause to deprecate, 1s. 6d. per gallon duty more than is paid on British spirits, was imposed, on pretence of protection to the latter. The West India body were assured, that if, contrary to the intentions of Government, this duty should prove prohibitory, relief should be granted. It *has* proved completely prohibitory, and no relief has been afforded.

The quantity has accumulated so much, that the price has fallen to two-thirds of what it was when this extra duty was imposed; and it is almost impossible to effect sales at these prices. In Scotland and Ireland, where the duty on home-made spirits is 2s. 10d., it is on rum 8s. 6d. the gallon, which is quite contrary to the sound principle admitted by his Majesty's Government. It may, we believe, be satisfactorily established that the removal of this extra and unjust duty would be injurious to no national interest, but would be made very serviceable to the revenue in superseding the introduction of foreign smuggled spirits, —of which, notwithstanding our expensive exertions to prevent it, great quantities are still introduced on various parts of our coast.

When the late Lord Londonderry, at the Congress of Vienna, and elsewhere, made such strenuous efforts to put a final stop to the slave trade, preferring, in some measure, the accomplishment of its abolition to a discussion of the commercial interests of the country, it could scarcely have been foreseen that his efforts would have been so unavailing as they appear to be at the present day, or that solemn engagements would have been eluded in the manner that they now are. It was then asserted that Great Britain had, during the war, made such good use of her naval power to put down that trade, that, with the exception of the



trade to the Brazils, and about 2,000 slaves annually smuggled into the Spanish possessions, it had entirely ceased. But the documents recently printed by order of parliament, not only demonstrate, in the most undeniable manner, that the Colonies of France and Spain have renewed this trade to an enormous extent, but that it is sanctioned, or at least not opposed, by the local authorities. The parliamentary papers afford ample proof of the extent to which it is still carried on in the island of Cuba. The British Commissioners there declare from Havanna, that "the slave trade with this island is fully as extensive, and is carried on in all its branches, with very nearly as much publicity as if our treaty were not in existence;" that "the representations which his Majesty's Commissioners have been in the habit of making to the Captain-general on the arrival of slave vessels are perfectly useless."\* That "no concealment whatever is found necessary;" that "the abolition by Spain is merely nominal, and, instead of promoting, only serves to injure the cause of humanity."

The affirmation of the British commodore employed for the suppression of the slave trade on the coast of Africa,† that that trade "between the Gambia and Cape Palmas, is carried on solely almost under the French flag," is abundantly confirmed by various documents in the parliamentary papers alluded to; and while France and America pertinaciously deny the right of mutual search, it is evident that vessels assuming these flags, may, in general, elude the activity of our cruisers with impunity. The authorities in the French Colonies seem to pay as little regard to the ostensible acts of their government on this subject as those of Cuba. One of the Parisian journals, in June last, gives a specification of seven cargoes, amounting to nearly 2,000 slaves, landed in Martinique alone (*viz.* from the 4th of November, 1828, to the 5th of January, 1829), from Africa, in the short space of three months;‡ and the importation and sale of negroes in the French West India islands, has been declared to be as common as that of mules. It appears that the number of slaves legally imported into Rio Janiero from the 1st of July, 1827, to the 31st of March, 1828 (a space of nine months), was no less than 30,964, exclusive of those carried to Maranham, and other Brazilian ports. By the Convention of the 23d of November, 1826, this traffic will cease to be legal, on the part of Brazil, after the 13th of March, of the present year (1830), from which day no vessel is to be permitted to leave the African coast; but *six months* is allowed from that date for vessels to reach their destination. Such, however, are the facilities afforded by geographical position, that unless more good faith is displayed by the Brazilian, than has been shewn by the French and Spanish authorities, there is reason to fear that they will *continue* to carry on the slave trade, and that our measures of abolition, entered into with the concurrence of all the potentates of Europe, amidst the pomp of congressional discussion, will have added to its cruelties without diminishing its extent.

Hitherto, however, this trade in Brazil has not been illegal; but its continuance in the French and Spanish islands, in open violation of solemn engagements, and in contempt, as it were, of the expensive measures, and ardent wishes of Great Britain, whose Colonies have observed

\* Class A—Correspondence with British Commissioners, pp. 93, 143.

† Class B—Correspondence with Foreign Powers, &c. pp. 125—105 to 107.

‡ Journal of the Société de Morale Chrétienne.

the strictest good faith in abstaining from it, calls for the most pointed remonstrances, and the severest reprehension of every friend of humanity. In short, it has been computed that upwards of 600,000 human beings have been forcibly carried to the foreign Colonies since the peace; and were the enormous sums expended from first to last, by this country in payments to Portugal, maintenance of shipping, expense of the mixed commissions in Sierra Leone; and elsewhere, in our ineffectual endeavours to put down the foreign slave trade, to be compared with the little positive good that has actually been gained to the cause of humanity, it is much to be feared that, without calculating upon the expense to which we are still pledged in continuance of our efforts, the result would startle the abolitionists themselves, and give foreign powers no very high opinion of our political wisdom, however much they might affect to praise the motives by which we have undoubtedly been governed.

It is, however, among other causes for retrospective reflection on this subject, melancholy to perceive that the number of beings who have fallen a sacrifice to the additional cruelties incident to that concealment which is necessary in the prosecution of an interdicted and illicit trade, is perhaps much greater than the number of those who, by our exertions, have been intercepted, and restored to a state of comparative liberty; while at the same time it may be doubted whether, in many instances, the situation of those helpless beings, who have been rescued, is much improved by the new circumstances in which fortune has placed them!

Foreigners may be disposed to question the prudence of our national policy in having, by the abolition of our slave trade, divested ourselves of great commercial advantages from pure considerations of justice and humanity, yet they cannot now doubt the sincerity and good faith with which we have actually carried the measure into execution; and although they may feel inclined to deride our expensive attempts to enforce the same strict observance in others, they can have no just complaint if, in defence of our own interests, now identified with those of justice and philanthropy, we insist upon the adoption of more strenuous efforts for carrying into effect the decisions of the different cabinets of Europe, as expressed at Aix-la-Chapelle, Vienna, and finally at Verona, "that they continue firm in the principles and sentiments manifested by those sovereigns, in the declaration of the 8th of February, 1815; and that they have never ceased, or ever will cease to consider the slave trade as a scourge which has too long desolated Africa, degraded Europe, and afflicted humanity; and that they are ready to concur in every thing that may secure, and accelerate, the complete and final abolition of that traffic."

We shall now take notice of other circumstances deserving particular attention. The want of confidence between the Colonies and the mother country, has latterly formed a most unpleasant feature in our colonial intercourse.

We have already stated that there was a period in their history when such feelings did not prevail; and we see every reason to desire that such times may again return; for, unless they do, it is impossible that the mutual benefits which the mother country and Colonies may confer on each other can be fully realized.

Of late years two classes of persons in this country have succeeded in establishing an incredible influence over the minds and understanding of their brethren; the one, by most extensive pretensions to philanthropy; the other, by holding up, as dolts and blockheads, all persons



who do not subscribe, to the most extreme of their doctrines, on the subject of free trade.

We have often been much amused with the extent to which this sort of dominion has been carried. In our occasional walks into the city, we sometimes encounter an unworthy son of some hardy North Briton, who had probably been transferred, unbreeched, from his native hills to the more genial clime of the western world, there to realize a fortune now in the possession of this his nondescript descendant.

He generally meets us with an apologetic grimace for being found in that neighbourhood, and nothing shocks his feelings so much as to be classed as a West Indian. We have also seen M. P.'s, and others denominated *influential individuals*, in a similar predicament, although their errand may have been, to draw from the produce of their West India property, the means of maintaining their station in society. We and all other persons would think much better of such individuals, and they would be more worthy of the sires from whom they are descended, were they honestly to avow the property which they inherit; and to acknowledge and fairly connect themselves with the many weighty duties which its proper management imposes upon them.

On the subject of free trade we have no unsocial predilections; but we think there is good reason in saying it should not be made to override all those connections and interests which have arisen out of our colonial establishments.

The very name of colony implies that the trade between it and the mother country is strictly national, and is not to be considered in the light of a foreign trade; and that the obligations which have been established when the colonies were created, are not to be broken down without the most open, complete, and deliberate decision: it is a thing not to be done by a side wind, and ought never to be attempted in that manner. It has been estimated that we now derive an annual revenue of nearly seven millions from the duties on the commodities imported from our West India Colonies, the statement of which fact, carries with it a view of the very extended interests that are involved in a system producing such a result, and we should, at all events, ascertain fully the benefits that we are to receive in exchange, before we break it down.

Have we at present to complain of the high price of the commodities which we now draw from thence? Or can we obtain a permanent supply of them on better terms from any other country? or can we, in any other way, command the numerous additional advantages that accompany these fixed and secure channels of trade?

It is often bruited forth that this country *pays* largely for a West India monopoly; but any person who has attended to our preceding remarks will see the inconsistency of such assertions. If the rate of duties levied in this country on the produce of our Colonies be too low in reference to those levied on similar commodities from foreign countries, let all such questions be the subject of fair and open discussion and arrangement. We feel, however, particular objections to any extended facility being given, on lower duties, to our direct trade with the Brazils, Cuba, and other countries who still carry on the slave trade; objections, which, we have no doubt, will equally enter into the minds of our readers. By being too indifferent with regard to that point, this country loses one of its principal arguments with foreign nations for enforcing

the entire abolition of the slave trade. We would, however, observe, that whenever that measure is carried into full effect, we can then look to a period, when, under just regulations, great facility may be given to the general trade of the world.

Our attention has lately been directed to an act which was passed in July, 1828, entitled "an act to allow sugar to be delivered out of warehouse to be refined," which carries with it more of an anti-colonial character than we could have wished to see enrolled, without more grave discussion, among the acts of the British legislature.

It sets out by stating, "that it is expedient to permit for a time to be limited, and in limited quantities, foreign sugar to be used in refineries employed in refining sugar for exportation;" and it enacts, that on payment of a duty of 27s. the cwt. (the same duty as on that from our own Colonies), upon foreign sugar, not better than the average quality of British sugar, and 9d the cwt. additional duty in respect of every 1s. the cwt. that foreign sugar to be refined may exceed in quality that average, that the said foreign sugar may be issued, from the bonded warehouse, to the refiner, upon his giving bond to export an equivalent quantity of refined sugar, treacle, and bastard sugar. And for the purpose of ascertaining the actual average price, the act renders necessary a great multiplicity of oaths; and imposes, under severe penalties, many very troublesome and vexatious offices upon the civic authorities, and upon all the importers of British plantation sugars, the sworn brokers, the West India agents, and, in short, upon every person connected with the West India trade.

It has been alleged that this act is to afford such facility in the supply of sugar to the sugar refiner, as to enable him to renew the export trade he has lost since the peace. But it is quite unreasonable to suppose that an Act of Parliament so shackled and encumbered with regulations, could be of any material use in extending any branch of manufacture whatsoever.

We apprehend that the export trade of refined sugar to the continent, since the peace, has diminished in consequence of the large supplies of raw sugar that have been imported there, direct from transatlantic quarters; and, of the fiscal regulations which most of the continental countries have established since that time for the protection of their own manufactures. No such act as this, therefore, can, in our judgment, effect the intended object, and its operation has consequently been, to a very great extent, a dead letter.

We have, however, heard of projects for amending or extending the operation of this act, virtually to enable us to refine the sugar of foreign Colonies for consumption in this country. The anticipation of plans of this kind spreads feelings of uneasiness in the minds of our colonists, leaves no stable resting-place to them, and gives currency to an opinion that the government and the legislature are willing to introduce a wedge, which, although inoperative now, may, by degrees, be made use of to overthrow the preference that is established in favour of the produce of our West India Colonies. These ideas have acquired stronger influence in consequence of the very abundant supplies and low prices of sugar the production of our own Colonies, and which are in such abundance, that neither the refiners, nor any other class of persons in this country, can at present consume them.

We state this matter plainly, and, we believe, fairly; for it appears to



us to involve principles that require to be very narrowly attended to ; and we would rather be blamed for over-zeal, than for negligence in a matter of so much importance.

The times certainly require that the most complete co-operation of views should exist between the West India Colonies and the mother country. Other nations of Europe, and America, are using every possible means to rival us in tropical productions, and these exertions on the part of foreigners call for corresponding energy on our part. We have, therefore, regretted very sincerely, the lengthened and serious differences which have existed with the legislature of Jamaica, and those of some other Colonies on the subject of double duties. The extremities to which these discussions have been carried, has necessarily added to the gloom that is thrown over West India interests. We trust, however, that as time has allowed heated feelings to subside, a period is near at hand when such explanations may have been exchanged as may lead to a speedy settlement of all differences of this kind.

The violent abolitionists or anti-colonial party still continue, most sedulously, to propagate the opinion that no improvements are in progress to ameliorate the state of civilization among the negro population. They continue to deride all opinions expressed to the contrary by persons of all classes, civil and military ; persons in the church, in the army, in the navy, and in the law, who are now, or have been formerly resident in, and are well acquainted with the Colonies. They equally deride all Colonial legislative enactments, and designate them as nugatory. We, therefore, consider it a perfectly hopeless task to address any explanation to persons whose minds are so constituted. But we can take upon ourselves to affirm that great and gradual improvement in the state of the negro population is in progress. The extension of the establishments of the church in these countries, with the safe means of instruction thereby gradually extended to their population, is affecting a steady improvement in the whole state of society.

No person can doubt of the rapid progress that religious instruction is making in the West Indies, who reads the different reports from societies for propagating Christianity that are before the public ; and we think that a fair general estimate may be formed of the amelioration that has of late years taken place among the negro population of our Colonies, by making the following extract from Mr. Barclay's description of their situation in Jamaica, in his lately published work on that island :—

“ Twenty years ago, there was scarcely a negro baptized in Jamaica : now they are nearly all baptized.

“ Twenty years ago, the churches were scarcely at all attended by the slaves ; since then, the number of churches, or places of worship of one kind or other, has been more than doubled—in fact, nearly trebled ; and yet, in the districts where I have had an opportunity of seeing them, they are all fully attended, and principally by slaves.

“ Twenty years ago, negroes were buried at midnight, and the funeral rites, in the forms of African superstition, were the occasion of continual excesses among those who attended. Negroes are now buried during the day, and in the same manner as the white people.

“ Ten years ago, the marriage rite was altogether unknown among the slaves. The number now married is not inconsiderable, and is fast increasing.

“ While the importation of Africans was continued, the practice of Obeah was common and destructive : it is now seldom heard of.

“ The working of sugar-mills encroached on Sunday during crop ; it is now prohibited by law, and Sunday is strictly a day of rest.

"Formerly, the negroes cultivated their grounds on Sundays—white persons were even sent to superintend them; now they have by law twenty-six working days in the year for this purpose. Every manager must swear that he has given them this number of days; and no slaves now work at their ground on Sunday, but such as are more inclined to make money than to attend church.

"When the abolition of the African trade took place, a large proportion of the slaves were newly-imported Africans, maintained with provisions raised or bought by the master, or lodged with other slaves, who had grounds, which they assisted in cultivating. Now, the plantation-slaves in Jamaica have all houses of their own, and grounds of their own; and are, in every respect, more comfortable and independent. They form more steady connexions; pay more attention to their families, in the way of keeping them clean and dressing them neatly; and, in short, have acquired more taste and desire for domestic enjoyments.

"Manumissions were at one time burdened with heavy taxes; they are now perfectly free.

"For cruel and improper punishments, slaves had formerly no adequate redress: now they are manumitted and provided with an annuity for life; and magistrates are appointed a council of protection to attend to their complaints.

"Formerly, the trial of slaves was, I believe, by parol; and the power of death was entrusted to the slave-courts, who could order the criminal to immediate execution: now the whole evidence and conviction must be transmitted to the governor; and, unless in cases of rebellion, the sentence cannot be carried into execution without his warrant.

"For ten slaves that were executed twenty years ago, there is not now more than one, and I think not even that proportion.

"Twenty years ago, the coasting vessels of Jamaica were almost exclusively manned with slaves. From the increase of the free population, the coasting vessels are now more commonly manned with free men.

"The operative mechanics about towns—carpenters, shipbuilders, &c.—were mostly slaves: this description of work is now performed principally by free people of colour.

"A few years ago, marriage was unknown among the free people of colour: it is now becoming common; and many of them are careful to preserve the sanctity of the institution.

"The number of free persons in Jamaica, in 1787, was estimated at only 10,000: it is now 35,000, and rapidly increasing by manumissions, as well as by births.

"These few particulars will convey but a very inadequate idea of the progress made by the negroes, and how superior a people they are in every respect to what they were when the slave-trade was abolished in 1807. But if, as Mr. Stephens observes, 'every mitigation of slavery is a step towards freedom,' this brief statement may be sufficient to shew what progress is making towards it."

The reform of their judicatures, and the introduction of more learned persons to preside over their courts, which is another measure now under the consideration of his Majesty's Ministers, must, if introduced in such a judicious manner as to carry with it the feelings of confidence of the Colonists, have a very material influence in working a beneficial result.

We could undertake to show, if our space admitted of it, from parliamentary documents, and from information about to be made public, that there now appears to be a fair spirit of acquiescence in the resolutions of 1823. But, because, in some of the Colonies, the local knowledge and practical experience of the persons most materially concerned, have not considered it proper to adopt all the measures that are interpreted to be the consequences of these resolutions, and have paused to consider the



effect of those already adopted, they are represented as contumacious, although they are merely desirous of acting with proper caution.

The colonist, who is the principal instrument for carrying new regulations into effect, has responsibilities to discharge, and motives to awaken his caution, much greater than can guide persons who offer recommendations from hence to be applied to a sphere not under their immediate observation.

If this great work of emancipation is to be accomplished, it can only be reared up by time, and with great patience. The native superstition of the imported African forms an almost insurmountable barrier to much being effected with him. But the creole population now rising up, are a different and superior race, and the diminished influence of African superstitions upon them, by the greater mixture of European opinions, offers much more encouraging prospects of their rapid improvement. Mr. Coleridge says, "In setting about the conversion of more than 800,000 black slaves into free citizens, we must act sensibly and discreetly; especially we must begin with the beginning, for IT IS NOT A MATTER OF DECREE, EDICT, OR ACT OF PARLIAMENT; there is no *hocus pocus* in the thing, there are no *presto* movements.

"It is a mighty work; yet mighty as it is, it must be effected, if at all, in the order and by the rules which reason and experience have proved to be alone effectual. If we attempt to reverse the order, or to alter the mode, we shall not only fail ourselves, but make it impossible that any should succeed."

Many persons zealous for immediate emancipation quiet the scruples they might otherwise feel in recommending this hazardous experiment, by making the vague proposition, that compensation should be paid to the planter in the event of his property being injured or destroyed by the consequences of such a measure.

This notion of compensation has always appeared to us a proposition of the most wild and ill-considered description. It supposes, in the first place, that legislation is to proceed on the chance of creating wide and extensive danger, and, consequently, large claims of indemnity. But it has not the foresight to embrace any objects of eventual benefit, by which the nation, in the event of mischief resulting, may be remunerated for undertaking such obligations.

Just measures of sound legislation are guided by caution and foresight; and when the period of emancipation does arrive, it will owe its establishment to the silent operation of improvement in the habits of the negro population; and we sincerely believe all practical means are now in progress to generate that improvement. Instead, however, of following this topic any further, we shall employ our time more usefully in adverting to the effects of premature emancipation in Hayti and Mexico.

The papers transmitted to the Foreign Office, by Mr. Consul General Mackenzie, relative to Hayti, presented to parliament in 1828 (printed in 1829), afford ample proof of the total failure of the most strenuous efforts to promote labour of any kind among the prematurely-liberated Africans in that once flourishing colony.

It appears that, during the seven years prior to 1801, "labour had been almost entirely abandoned, and the country reduced to a waste."—"By the laws then passed, all the cultivators were attached to the plan-

tations, without the power of subsequently quitting them.”\* These laws have been continued, and “the provisions (of the *Code Rural*) are as despotic as those of any slave system that can be conceived”—“the labourer is deemed a vagabond, and liable to punishment, if he ventures from his dwelling or farm without licence.”†—“Marriage is scarcely thought of, and all the ties consequent on it have not even the shadow of existence.”‡—“The very little field labour effected is generally performed by elderly people, principally Old Guinea negroes. No measures of the government can induce the young creoles to labour, or depart from their habitual licentiousness and vagrancy.”—“The laws recognize no other punishment than fine and imprisonment, with hard labour: although it is no uncommon thing to see the soldiery and military police use the ‘*plat de sabre*,’ and *coco macae*, in a most cruel and arbitrary manner, but almost always, from the natural obstinacy of the negro, without the intended effect.”—“The few young females that live on plantations seldom assist in any labour whatever, but live in a constant state of idleness and debauchery.”§ Such has been the melancholy effects of premature emancipation in the French part of the island, which at one time exported 47,500,000 French pounds of clayed, and 95,500,000 pounds of raw sugars; but the inhabitants are now obliged to smuggle, for their own consumption, two or three hundred hogsheads from the slave owners of Cuba.||

The eastern, or late Spanish part of the island, was principally occupied for breeding cattle—but this branch of industry has also fallen into decay; and over most of this extensive district, “the means of subsistence, either for the traveller or his cattle, are so scanty, that it is necessary to carry every thing, even corn for horses in passing over it.”¶ In short, it cannot be denied that Hayti “has sunk under an odious combination of the darkness, ferocity, vices, and superstitions of all colours, and all nations, unredeemed by the virtues of any!”

In Mexico, the free labour system does not seem to present more encouraging results.

Mr. Ward, who during the years 1825, 1826, and 1827, was his Majesty’s Charge d’Affaires in that country, addressed, in the early part of the year 1826, an official letter from thence to the late Mr. Canning, giving some account of the information he had obtained during a hasty visit to the sugar valleys of Cuernavaca and Cuernavaca Amilpás, situated about fifty miles from the capital, where, previous to the revolution, very considerable sugar estates had been established and cultivated by slave labour. On the approach of the insurgents, during that period,

\* Communications received at the Foreign Office relative to Hayti, p. 17.

† Ibid. p. 22.

‡ Ibid. p. 24.

§ Ibid.

|| The plantation La Borde, at Cayes, was one of the most flourishing in the colony;—“people of authority, at Cayes, declares, that at the commencement of the revolution, there were 2,000 slaves on it, and that the produce was 2,000,000 pounds of clayed sugar.”—“As its character,” says Mr. Mackenzie, “of being one of the most princely properties in St. Domingo was generally admitted, I visited it during my stay at Cayes, and found the three sugar mills entirely destroyed, and unfit for use. All the dwelling-houses, which had been of stone, and most substantial as well as elegant, were unroofed. Only one sugar house retained its roof, and that was rapidly falling into decay. Not a cane was planted. About sixteen labourers were hanging about, cultivating, I was told, only provisions for their own use.”—*Vide* p. 153.

¶ Ibid. p. 107.



the slaves joined them *en masse*, adding, by their ferocity, to the horrors of the contest ;\* and only those planters, "who had provided themselves with a mixed cast of free labourers, retained a sufficient number to continue cultivation on a smaller scale."

This letter seems, in the first instance, to have given rise to some misapprehension as to the extent to which free labour had been applied in the cultivation of sugar. But Mr. Ward has, since that period, given to the public a work entitled "Mexico in 1827," in which there is much additional information regarding the present state of the Mexican sugar cultivators ; and, although we have not sufficient data to enable us to make an accurate comparison between the past and present state of the sugar plantations in the neighbourhood of the capital, there is still sufficient evidence to prove, that, although some remains of industry are still kept up in these valleys, yet that even these *Haciendas*, which had been ruined during the revolution, had never been rebuilt ; that in other parts of the country, at Oaxaca, the Baxio, Valladolid, and Guadalajara, but more especially in the neighbourhood of Vera Cruz, where very considerable sugar estates formerly existed—every vestige of industry has been destroyed ; that the export of sugar from Vera Cruz, which, in 1802, seems to have been to the *declared* value of 1,500,000 dollars, has now entirely ceased ; and that even in the rich valleys of Cuernavaca, and Cuautla Amilpas, the free labourers can only supply to the Mexican capital an article, "coarse in appearance, and of a bad colour," at a rate equal to from 53s. 9d. to 62s. 8d. the cwt., being such as our Colonies now furnish at 5s. to 10s. the cwt.

The grand question, however, in this inquiry, is, "What has been the effect of emancipation upon the labouring population ?" And here, as in the case of Hayti, we are not left in any doubt on the subject. Mr. Ward expressly tells us, "the sound of the whip is never heard : but whether freedom will have the effect (as many hold here) of raising the workmen in the scale of civilization, is a question which I cannot pretend to decide. It is much to be desired, certainly ; *for a more debauched, ignorant, and barbarous race than the present inhabitants of the sugar districts, it is impossible to conceive. They seem to have engrafted all the wild passions of the negro upon the cunning and suspicious character of the Indian, and are noted for their ferocity, vindictiveness, and attachment to spirituous liquors. When not at work, they are constantly drunk ; and, as they have little or no sense of religious or moral duties, there is but a slender chance of amendment.*"

Mr. Ward's book shews abundance of other evidence that the effect of premature emancipation has, so far as we can judge, been injurious, rather than beneficial, to the negroes themselves.

In the language of the parliamentary resolutions, it is only by "determined and persevering, but at the same time judicious and temperate measures," that we can "look forward to a progressive improvement in the character of the slave population ;"—"to prepare them for a participation in those civil rights and privileges which are enjoyed by other classes of his Majesty's subjects ;"—and, "after all," to use the words of Mr. Canning, "the measure will eventually make way, rather by the light of reason, than by the coercion of authority."

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\* "Their ferocity was of use in the field of battle ; but it was only by frequent examples that it could be prevented from shewing itself on other occasions."—*Mexico in 1782*, p. 187.

Having taken the foregoing extensive survey of the circumstances that affect our West India possessions, our mind is filled with strong impressions of the many difficulties and dangers by which they are surrounded!

It appears to us that the measures best calculated for operating, generally, in a beneficial manner, would be, to make, on the grounds stated, an immediate reduction of the duty on sugar and rum, so as to increase the consumption of both, and to enable the latter to cope more effectually with smuggled foreign liquors. In the second place, that the most urgent appeal ought to be made to France to wipe away the stigma of continuing the slave trade in her own colonies, contrary to public avowal, and of allowing others to carry it on under her flag. If this abolition of the foreign slave trade were fairly accomplished, we should relieve our Colonies from some of the weight of unfair competition, to which they are exposed in raising their produce, and then, *but not till then*, be able to lay the foundation, so long looked forward to, for the civilization of Africa, and for ridding ourselves of the useless expenditure at Sierra Leone, and of the mixed commissions which have cost us, with sums paid to Spain and Portugal for abolishing the slave trade, according to papers submitted to the Finance Committee, about 7,000,000*l.*, and now create an expenditure of upwards of 340,000*l.* per annum. And, thirdly, by the institution of a minute inquiry into the actual state of the labouring population, and of society in general, in our West India Colonies, that there may no longer be any misunderstanding on that subject in this country—a measure which ought to have preceded every other in 1823, when the government first took the question of amelioration into their own hands.

This proceeding is now more urgently required for the sake of Government itself, that it may, by directing the inquiry, stand forth in that situation of responsibility in the management of the interests of those distant parts of the empire, that the duties of office impose on them. It appears to us, that of late years the Government has hardly considered it had any responsibility imposed on it in the management of questions in Parliament affecting the state of society in the West Indies. All such matters have been left to the exaggerated and angry discussions of pseudo-philanthropists and Colonists; and the minds of the people of this country have been without any safe guide in regard to them.

Because there is a state of society different from that existing here, and of difficult management in the distant parts of our empire, it is surely no reason why its interests should be deprived of the watchful care of the Government. We believe the manner in which these possessions have been treated in this respect, has impressed widely the feelings of insecurity of property; but the crisis of danger is now so great, that we cannot doubt that the deliberations of his Majesty's Government will be steadily employed to investigate and remove, as far as they can, the evils under which our West India Colonists have, for so long a period, been compelled to labour.



## THE GREEK FIRE.

THE late circumstances of Constantinople have attracted attention to the possibility of our recovering some of the secrets of art and literature, which have been so long supposed to be among the buried treasures of the capital of the Constantines. That Constantinople once contained great libraries, and that those libraries were rich in classics, there can be but little doubt. It was in the various flights of the Greek scholars from the city, on the successive approaches of the Saracens and Turks, that the Greek classics were introduced into Italy, and that taste for the learning of antiquity revived, which revived the European mind. Yet the researches of our literary tourists have hitherto been in vain.

The seraglio library contains but a number of handsomely written and showily bound copies of the Koran, Turkish law, and the regulations of the palace and the government. The libraries of the Ulema and other public bodies are equally barren; and the search at the shops of the dealers in MSS. has produced little more than copies of *Antar*, and the *Arabian Nights*. Professor Carlyle, who, a few years ago, went on an express mission to purchase all valuable MSS., and peculiarly those of the classics, returned with nothing much more original than some copies of Arabic verses, of which he gave a translation in English, of the usual value of professorial poetry. It was pretty, perfectly feeble, and passed away into rapid oblivion.

Dr. Clarke followed, with equal zeal and equal ill luck; and both the investigators were not unnaturally inclined to think, that where they failed, success was not to be awarded to the sons of man. But neither of the men was fitted for a service which will never be performed by an Englishman, a *giaour*, a professor of Arabic, who could not hold five minutes' dialogue with Turk, Jew, or Arab—or a professor of every thing in the world, the depth of whose knowledge was, as the mathematicians say, in the inverse of its superficiality, and whose grand purpose was, in the Indian phrase, “to walk, talk, and make book.”

Von Hammer, the Austrian Oriental Secretary, a true scholar, and resident for many years in the east, is of a totally different opinion; and he thinks that the vaults of the seraglio, and other places of deposit in the Turkish capital, actually contain very considerable quantities of MSS. in chests, probably undisturbed since the capture; and, of course, that instead of stealing into the library above ground, we ought to plunge into the subterranean, and there revel in the lost books of Tacitus and the complete Decads of Livy.

It is notorious, that there still remain in the seraglio trophies of the Greek empire, even so minute as arms and armour; it seems to be established, that in the vaults there are chests, unopened for ages; and Von Hammer's conclusion ought to stimulate our government to try its credit with the Sultan, if it have any remaining, and obtain permission to search those *munimenta*.

It is not unlikely, that among the books of ancient literature, we might discover some of those treatises on the ancient arts, dyeing, enamelling, gilding, the fabrication of steel, the cutting of precious stones, the manufacture of imperishable colours, and that multitude of various inventions, which to this day astonish us in their ruins; which are in almost every instance the parents or predecessors of our most useful arts; and whose

knowledge might still add, in a most important degree, to our command over nature.

But, for the present, we shall content ourselves with an effort to ascertain the remaining knowledge of one of the most formidable, yet least known instruments of ancient warfare, the famous Greek Fire.

The powers of this fire have been celebrated in an extraordinary degree by the historians of the empire. According to them, it was utterly irresistible; flung on a ship, the vessel was inevitably consumed, and only ashes indicated the spot where the proud galley and its proud warriors had the moment before dashed away like the chariot of Neptune himself, through the roaring waves. Flung on a fortress, a sudden blaze rolled up, a scorching heat melted, or turned the stones into lime, and a cloud of dust that hovered above the fated spot, bore up, as it were, the soul of the expiring city into the elements. Exaggerations of this kind are the native results of great terror and great surprise, acting upon the vividness of the Eastern imagination; yet even the sober European could see in its effects something more resembling the influence of a demon than of human ingenuity. The rockets, or cases, containing the Greek fire, are compared by De Joinville, to "fiery dragons rushing through the air;" and the terror in the French camp at Acre was so much allied to superstition, that on the appearance of one of those tremendous ministers of evil on the wing, St. Louis was accustomed to throw himself on his knees, and tell his rosary to a long roll of his favourite saints, to avert misfortune from his cavaliers. The flight of those *carcasses* was rare, from the awkwardness of the whole machinery of war in those days; so that St. Louis was not forced to the duty of saying his protecting prayers too frequently for royal leisure. But we may be assured, that the phenomenon which could thus mystify a bold and confident monarch, had no want of wonderers and alarmists in the "general camp, pioneers, and all."

The Greek fire is usually conceived to have been one distinct and specific composition. This is an error. There appear to have been various kinds of it, used in different forms, and of a very various compound. In the attack of a fleet, it was shot from the ship's sides through long tubes, from which it was propelled by some contrivance that has escaped history. It was also flung on board the enemy in large balls of iron. Those contrivances almost suggest the idea of the modern cannon and shell. The usual mode, in defending a fortress, was to arm the walls with it in large flaming reservoirs, with a fire underneath. The material was thus ready to be poured down on the head of the assailants. It was sometimes fixed on the points of arrows, and shot off against towers and battering machines.

The chief use of the Greek fire was against ships; its chief adoption having probably been in the various attacks on Constantinople, which was at that period most accessible by sea, and most in alarm at the fleets of the Mediterranean States. Its common designation was the Maritime Fire; and from its liquid state, Dr. Macculloch, who is equally entitled to be listened to as a chemist and an antiquarian, conceives it to have been in general a resinous compound, sometimes with naphtha and nitre, and sometimes without either, according to occasion.

"Procopius, the most intelligent of the Greek chroniclers, or Byzantine historians, describes a composition of this kind as in an oily state, which in conformity to the habits of his time, connecting its powers with



sorcery, he calls 'Medea's oil.' But the historian seems to have borrowed this term from Pliny, who calls naptha *Ελαιον Μηδιαξ*, a sort of proof, that naptha entered into its composition. Cinnamus also calls the Greek fire *Πυρ Μηδοκον*.

"All those names bespeak some resinous or oily compound, such as might be used in fire ships, or for other purposes, with or without nitre. But Leo uses a different expression, when he calls it *Πυρ μετα βροντης και καπνης*, (fire, with thunder and smoke). We must conclude that he is speaking of some explosive substance into which nitre entered as an ingredient, and that consequently there were more Greek fires than one. Of the terms used by others, I need mention only that of the author of the '*Gesta Dei per Francos*,' who calls naptha '*oleum incendiarium*;' making it further probable that this ingredient entered into some of those compounds."

It was natural to suppose that the writers of those days should have given very different accounts of the power and fabrication of this formidable means of hostility. The spirit of mystery, which has gathered so much factitious interest round the capital of the Sultan in late times, appears to have thrown the same veil over the transactions and resources of the palace of the Constantines. Magic was resorted to for the origin of all extraordinary inventions, and the instrument which the sorcerer was declared to have invented, was to be degraded by no less potent hand. The Byzantine historians were the legitimate ancestors of the romancers of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and are often not much more matter of fact than the "historical novelists" of the nineteenth. The mighty weapon, concealed from all human knowledge but in its effects, the grand defence of the last bulwark of the Eastern empire, the destroyer of fleets, and the overthrower of armies, might well be presumed to be described with all the mystery and magniloquence of a singularly imaginative people.

When the work of description came into the hands of foreigners, if the magniloquence was lost, the mystery remained the same. The *Speculum Regale*, in detailing a number of engines of ancient war, rushes into strange yet high sounding allusion to the Greek fire: *Omnium autem quæ enumeravimus, &c.* Or, to give the passage to the general reader.—"But, of all the arms and machines which we have enumerated, the most powerful is the Curved Giant of Shields, vomiting out poisoned flames." This is scarcely to be comprehended, unless it might imply some enormous boiler or cauldron, in which the material was kept on the walls, ready to be cast on the advancing fleets or armies. Undoubtedly, in process of use, different ingredients must have suggested themselves to the Greek fire-workers, and the composition may have grown more complex in its later periods. Quintus Curtius gives a description of fire, which was probably the origin of the Greek, and which seems to have been no more than turpentine. The receipt given by the royal historian, Anna Comnena, makes it of sulphur, naptha, and bitumen.

It was at length so far made manageable as to be sent from place to place in small vessels, and became so far purchasable by the belligerents of the time, as to have been used alternately, for the defence of the Greek and the Saracen. A French chronicle of 1190, gives a passage stating, "that a Saracen ship sent by Sultan Saladin to the assistance of his garrison, besieged in Acre, was taken at sea, and that on board were found a great number of bottles containing the Greek fire."

The invention was in the hands of the Arabs, even five hundred years before. It had been used in their fire-ships, at the second siege of Constantinople, in 716.

"It is not very easy," says the author of the memoir, "to conjecture what it really was. Supposing it to have been naphtha, or petroleum, or any similar liquid, it could not have been thrown from machinery in a stream, to any distance, as it must have been extinguished in its passage through the air. As little could it have been used by hand, to produce any serious effect; or not, at least, without the risk of equally injuring both parties. On the other hand, it could not have been thrown in an inflamed state in those bottles, or closed vessels, as it could not have burnt without the contact of air."

Among the qualities most essential to a fire used for maritime purposes, and the one for which the Greek fire was most renowned, was that of being inextinguishable by water. None of the receipts for its composition enable us to discover by what means it was in possession of this quality. Vinegar and sand were supposed to be the chief resources against this persevering flame. The *Sieur de Joinville's* description, to which we have already alluded, gives the most intelligible account of, at least, its appearance and effects, in his narrative of the famous siege of Acre, by the Crusaders. It came forward, "rushing through the air as large as a wine barrel, with a tail like an enormous fiery sword; its noise was as loud as thunder, and it was like a fiery flying dragon." When it was seen rising for its flight from the Saracen ramparts, the whole camp of the Crusaders was held in terror. Knights are mentioned, who commanded their soldiery to think of no defence, but to fall on their knees, and pray to Heaven as the sole resource against this incarnation of evil. It was on such occasions that St. Louis, when in bed, was accustomed to rise, and "with uplifted hands, pray for the preservation of his warriors." The fire was thrown three times in the night from a "petrary," probably a stone cannon or mortar, and four times from a cross-bow.

The sight of this general commotion in the splendid camp of the Christian knighthood, must have been finely picturesque; from the rich mixture of arms and caparison, the standards, emblazoned tents, and the other usual accompaniments of the days of chivalry; for the light discovered the whole, from front to rear, spreading over the entire horizon an illumination as bright as day.

One of the most curious circumstances of the whole secret, is that it should have remained a secret so long. This might have been conceivable had the use of it been confined to Oriental war, in which credulity and superstition equally blind the keenness of human curiosity. But its use was brought into Europe, and among the most subtle and investigating people of the middle ages. The Greeks used it against the Pisans, in the eleventh century. It was used even against the vessels of our own country, by Phillip Augustus, at the Siege of Dieppe. It was used even so late as the year 1383, at the Siege of Ypres, by the garrison.

Gibbon, who has collected every thing that he could turn into a sneer against religion, repeats the monkish legend, that this celebrated invention was revealed to Constantine the Great, by an angel, with the condition annexed, that it should never be communicated to any foreign nation; it being the peculiar privilege and blessing of the Christian empire, and



its communication to the heathen being the signal of the Divine vengeance upon the negligent possessors of so magnificent a gift.

The sneer may be suffered to take its way ; but the only fact seems to be, that, Callinicus, an architect of Heliopolis, sold the invention to Constantine Pogonatus about three centuries later than the date of the angelic visit, or about A. D. 668. The probability is, that this architect brought it from some Persian or Indian repository. The chief ingredient in this original form of the "fire" was said to be naphtha, the well-known produce of the north of Persia, and still in the central provinces perpetuating something like the old famous worship of the *Guebres*.

It is well known that the chief inventions which have figured in European history, were scarcely more than revivals or transmissions of Egyptian or Arabian knowledge, and that of these, too, the fountain was India. Printing, the loadstone, and gunpowder, the three grand instruments of modern civilization and general power over mind and matter, were certainly known in the remotest India at a period beyond all chronology. Alexander's assault on some of the cities on the Indus was met by a discharge of fireworks, probably a species of the rocket, from the walls ; and Philostratus, in the life of Apollonius Tyanæus, states that the true cause of Alexander's shrinking from the invasion of India between the Hyphasis and the Ganges, was, the knowledge that the men of those cities had the power of hurling thunderbolts and lightnings from their battlements ; and that Hercules and Bacchus, in their invasions of India, had been overthrown in their assaults upon those possessors of the weapons of the gods.

The expedition of Alexander itself bears back the invention far enough, for it took place three centuries and a half before our æra. There is the distinct mention of gunpowder, and even of projectile instruments, or cannon, in the Chinese annals, within eighty-five years following our æra. Gunpowder is mentioned in the Hindoo code, which is of a very remote antiquity. The Arabs were acquainted with the use of gunpowder long before the supposed invention by Schwartz. A writer in the collection at the Escorial, about A. D. 1249, describes an explosion of rockets, as a multitude of "fiery scorpions hissing and writhing through the air, surmounted and bound with nitrous dust, from which they explode in thunder and flame. We might see," continues the wondering narrator, "when the machine was fired, a sudden cloud spread through the air, with a hideous roar, like thunder ; and as it rushed on, vomiting flame, every thing round it was torn into pieces, burned, and turned into cinders."

The actual receipt for gunpowder is given by Marcus Græcus, before either Friar Bacon or Friar Schwartz were born. He gives it as a composition for a rocket, and calls it "a flying fire."—"R. duas libras sulphuris vivi, libras duas carbonis salicis, salis petrosi libras sex." He directs the three to be ground very fine in a marble mortar, and then used, ad libitum, for ramming the rocket case.

The Congreve rocket is an improvement on the old, principally in the greater proportion of its nitrous or explosive ingredients ; and it has gradually become an instrument of palpable importance in sieges. Its use has not been adopted in ships, from its extreme hazard to the vessel from which it is discharged ; but it is a curious instance of the re-introduction of a great weapon, which, for three hundred years, had been excluded by the improvements in artillery and the arts of destruction.

THE LAMPLIGHTER EXTINGUISHED; OR, A BURNING EXAMPLE  
TO SMOKERS.

BY ONE OF THE NEW SCHOOL.

JACK CURLING was a lamplighter,  
And light in all his ways;  
And he added Hymen's link to his,  
And wedded Dolly Blaise.

This merry lad o' the ladder lived  
In Lad Lane—classic spot!  
And Dolly was in Bread Street bred,  
And there her bread she got.

She loved him in most ardent style,  
(Which one of woman's ways is:)  
Yea, she so loved, that one might say,  
No flame e'er burned like Blaise's!

Jack loved her with a love mature,  
Yet owned one love *more* ripe;  
For, though he eyed Doll with delight,  
His idol was his pipe.

Tobacco was his stable joy,  
Which nothing could forestal,  
And, for that Jack thus smoked, the wags  
A smoke-jack him did call.

'Twas puff, and whiff, and fume, and blow;  
And Jack would sometimes joke,  
That e'en when Dolly's fire was out,  
She oft saw "Curling smoke."

She smoked his humour for a time;  
And "Ah!" exclaimed he still,  
"How sweet's the love that meets *returns*!"  
While she his pipe did fill.

But, in his passion for the weed,  
He soon of nought else thought,  
Until, whilst he for "*short-cut*" longed,  
She longed to cut him short.

"Say, is your body," she exclaimed,  
"A tenement so hot,  
That you must go thus far to make  
A chimney of your throat?"

Still as he plied his ceaseless tube,  
And *vapoured* round the room,  
"If you smoke on so," Dolly cried,  
"You'll put me in a fume."



Why thus continue?" she went on;  
"What use is in't, I pray?"—  
"What use?" cries Jack—"why am I not  
A *weed-burner* to-day?"

Like a foul chimney then he smoked,  
Or like a hotwell's tide;  
And yet went smoking on, till e'en  
His garret was *high-dried*.

His duties now were slighted all,  
His acts they *shunned the light*;  
Since e'en the very lamps he lit  
Scarce glimmered through the night.

And then his wife burst forth, and spake,  
Prophetic, to this tune:—  
"Mark! since my counsel's chance you miss,  
Mischance shall mark you soon."

One night he smoked, and went to bed,  
As he was wont to do;  
A cry of "Fire!" anon proclaimed  
The house was smoking too.

'Twas all Jack's work—for, after he  
Had smoked five pipes before,  
He knocked the sixth's hot ashes out  
All on the second floor.

"Rise, Curling, rise!" his wife screamed out:  
"Curling, arise, you sot!"  
The curling flames arose—but, ah!  
Curling himself did not.

For, "much bemused with beer" and smoke,  
The fuddled sleeper lay;  
So, finding he would not get up,  
She up and got away.

The firemen then they plied their pipes—  
Such work to them was sport;  
And some long ladders fetched—but these  
Ere long were found too short.

As for poor Jack—when the flames had ceased,  
And the smoke away was fanned,  
They found him dead by the pipe of the house,  
With his own pipe in his hand!

I LEAVE the county of Wicklow, with its ever-changing alternation of sunshine and shade; its sparkling villas and cheerful lawns, on the east; its solemn valleys and unpeopled mountains, on the west: "the March of Mind" has brought "the Spirit of Improvement" to my pleasant haunts, and, like poor General Boone, I must retire into the interior. What with piety and planting, Methodism and Scotch firs, there is no such thing as taking a stretch of half-a-dozen miles in any direction now-a-days: on one side you are met with, "No person permitted to walk in this demesne without a ticket from Mr. or Mrs. Popkins;" on the other, "Alderman Perriwig allows no one to cross this plantation;" or, "Take notice, Mr. Ferret has closed the road over this hill." Hemmed in on the right and left, you endeavour to advance in front; but you are stopped by, "Any person found on this mountain will be *persecuted* according to law." Determined to effect a timely retreat, you face about; but a great white post, like an Austrian sentry, stares you in the face, with "No passage this way." Powerscourt is shut up; the Dargle is forbidden ground on Sundays;—nay, no later than yesterday, I was greeted, at the foot of Bray-Head, with "No person allowed to walk on these grounds," marvellously ill-painted on a dirty board. How often have I lain on the rocky crown of Bray-Head, in the dreamy sunshine of

livelong summer day, while a thousand gay and glittering fancies floated through my mind, "like a half-seen brook sparkling through flowers," as one of the pretty writers in the *Annals* might say, or as I would say myself, if I had the luck to be a poet;—or, again, in thoughtful autumn, watching the evening mists as they saddened around the Pirate's Rock, in the uncertain distance; or the restless waves, as they raved and tossed beneath my feet, like the guilty in a troubled sleep. But those days are gone by, and Bray-Head is now possessed by "the Spirit of Improvement" and stuck all over with a legion of little starveling larches; so that, until exorcised by the woodcutter some fifty years hence, it is, I suppose, to be held sacred from intrusion.

It is strange enough that, in many instances, Religion is made the stalking-horse for the system of exclusion of which I complain, and you are denounced as little better than an idolater if you think of a country excursion on a Sunday; as if religious feeling, and abstract love of the Creator, are not as likely to take possession of one's mind when listening amidst sunshine, and flowers, and all sweet and pleasant sights and sounds, to the innocent creatures of God, the blackbird or the lark, singing their unpremeditated hymns of natural inspiration, as when seated beneath the loftiest roof that ever ascended at the bidding of man, unravelling the mazy intricacies of the profoundest discourse ever delivered on either side of any question by the Reverend Doctor Philpotts, or lulled by the sweetest organ ever built by Flight and Robson.

Let us away, then, to the south: the wildest mountains of Cork and Kerry are as familiar to me as the Burlington Arcade to Pea-green Hayne, or Regent-street to a Half-pay; and although I have not the honour to be a sworn Whiteboy, yet I can count amongst my acquaintances many distinguished members of that respectable fraternity. Moreover, I am very sufficiently versed in traditional lore; so that I flatter myself I am not unequal to the task of guiding you into the heart of that region of mystery and adventure, where George the Fourth and Captain



Rock hold divided sway. Let us go then—but not to-day—not to-day.

To-day, while the dull rain is falling, and the lagging wind is moaning through the trees, and the drift creeps heavily along the sullen waters, let us sit by the fire, and tell old tales—spin yarns, as we say at sea—for, amongst my other accomplishments, I am an amateur sailor. I will call up, from the depths of my memory, some of the countless wild and gloomy legends, which in Ireland cling to every hill and glen, every rock and ruin—from the Causeway to Cape Clear—and you shall half believe in spirits before I have done. I promise to you that I have not the least intention of using either order, method, or connected system in my narration. I intend to follow the vagrant *ignis fatuus* of my own fancy, skipping from one county to another, just as said fancy shall think proper to bid me. My mind is, at this present moment, too full of restless indolence either to remain quiet on the one hand, or to choose its own course on the other. Dim recollections of bygone scenes and shadowy tales of diablerie, and chivalrie, and antient wars, and fierce baronial feuds, are flitting slowly before me, in orderly disorder, like phantoms in a magic glass; and all I can do at present is to catch and embody a few of them for you. So pray bend down your stately reason for a while, like a tall lawyer I know of, when he puts himself upon a civil equality with a stunted client, and looks, as he bends to lend a sympathetic ear to the wrongs of the pigmy litigant, his white wig curling round his solemn face, and his long black gown drooping around him, like an aged giantess condoling with a wayward dwarf. Do now, like a kind Reader as you are, resign yourself to that species of voluntary illusion which legendary lore requires; and let us talk of ghosts, and prophecies, and haunted ruins.

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#### Red Gap Inn.

I remember well how strongly my boyish feelings were excited at reading the narrative of Raymond's escape from the murderous inn-keeper, in Lewis's romance of "The Monk." His version of the story has nearly faded from my memory; but the circumstances upon which he founded it are said to have occurred in Ireland, and, wild and improbable as they are, you shall have them, *verbatim*, as they are related upon the spot; and, moreover, I am not to blame if you think fit to believe them, inasmuch as I give up my authority—and Lord Lyndhurst himself could ask no more. My informant's name is Catherine Flynn.

As you go from Kilcullen Bridge to Carlow, about three miles on your road there stands, and barely stands, a ruined house. The situation has nothing particularly striking about it; the country is open and thinly cultivated, and a faint outline of hills is visible in the distance; but you may guess that, some seventy or eighty years ago, when the system of travelling was so imperfect, even in England, that a journey from York to London was thought more of than a trip, now-a-days, from the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, to Tobolsk, or Ekaterinesklopfonski, or any other locale, with a sweet-sounding name, under the benign sway of the Emperor of All the Russias, that this same mansion looked bleak enough, on a winter's evening, in wild, depopulated Ireland.

The travellers in Ireland, in those times, were persons whom business would not suffer to stay at home. Nobody thought of whisking from one end of the island to the other, to look at a waterfall or a lake: the time

had not arrived when one *post-captain* (a good title, by the way) would start off—all the offices having declined insuring his toes and fingers, at any premium—to pay a morning visit to a polar bear; and another, excusing himself from the Horticultural Fête, accept an invitation to a *déjeûné à la fourchette* from the Esquimaux, the world seeing nothing extraordinary in the thing all the while. *De gustibus nil disputandum.* However, give me the box-seat on the Limerick coach, in preference to an *outside* on an iceberg, any day in the year.

There were no Limerick coaches, however, in the days I speak of; every one travelled on his own account, and, in consequence of the unsettled and impoverished state of the country, the transmission of money especially was attended with considerable danger. The ruin to which my story clings, is now

—— a solitary spot as Sorrow could desire;  
For nodding to the fall is each crumbling wall,  
And the roof is scathed with fire.

It was then, however, a substantial-looking inn: the proprietor was a farmer, as well as an inn-keeper; and although no particular or satisfactory reason could be assigned for it, beyond vague and uncertain rumours, he was by no means a favourite with his neighbours. He had little, indeed, of the Boniface about him; dark, sullen, and down-looking, he never appeared, even to a guest, unless when specially called for, much less to a thirsty brother farmer or labourer, passing his heavy, old-fashioned door, to ask him to taste his home-brewed ale or usquebaugh; yet the man was well to pass in the world, and with the aid of three or four hulking sons, and a heartbroken drudge of a wife, managed his farm and his inn, so as to pay his way at fair and market, and “hold his own,” as the saying is, in the country. For all that, there were those who did not stick to say that more travellers went to his inn at night than ever left it in the morning; and one or two who remembered him in his early days, before he had learned to mask the evil traits of his character by sullenness and reserve, would not have taken the broad lands of the Geraldines of Leinster to pass a night in the best bed-room in his house;—no, no—they would rather take chance in the Bog of Allen, for that matter.

A severe storm, however, compelled a traveller to halt there one evening, although he had originally intended to get further on his journey, before he put up for the night. Not that he had any suspicion of the place; on the contrary, he thought it rather a comfortable, quiet-looking concern; and, turning from the lowering, inhospitable sky, and wishing the pitiless driving sleet good night, he rode into the inn-yard, saying in his own mind, “I may go further, and fare worse.” Now I am of a very different opinion.

It was late in the evening, and late in the year—no matter about dates, I am not particular. So the traveller (who, being a merciful man, was merciful to his beast), having seen his horse fed, and carefully laid up for the night, thought it high time to look after himself, as to both his outward and inward man. Accordingly, throwing his saddle-bags over his arm, he walked into the inn-kitchen, in those days the most comfortable winter apartment in the house, to thaw himself at the huge fire, and give the customary mandates concerning supper and bed—to say nothing of a bottle of good old wine, *then* to be found in every inn in



Ireland: This feat accomplished, away he stalked to his own apartment—jackboots, silver-headed riding-whip, cloak and all—followed close by a terrier dog, who had been lying at the kitchen fire when he came in, but who now kept sniffing and smelling at his heels every step of the way up stairs.

When he had reached his room, and had disencumbered himself of his heavy riding gear, the dog at once leaped upon him with a cry of joy; and he immediately recognized an old favourite, whom he had lost in Dublin a year or two before; wondering, at the same time, how he had got so far into the country, and why he had not known him before. When the landlord entered the room with supper, the traveller claimed his dog, and expressed his determination to bring him on with him to Cork, whither he was bound. The host made not the slightest objection, merely observing, that he had bought him from a Dublin carrier, who, he supposed, had found him in the streets. That point settled, the traveller dismissed his landlord for the night, with directions to cause him to be called betimes in the morning: the man smiled darkly, and withdrew.

The traveller made himself as comfortable as he could, with the aid of a good supper and a cheerful fire, not forgetting his lost-and-found companion, until, after some time, finding that the wine ran low, and that a certain disposition to trace castles and abbeys in the glowing recesses of the burning turf,\* was creeping over him—that is to say, in plain English, catching himself nodding over the fire—he thought it best to transfer his somnolency to a well-curtained bed that stood invitingly in a recess of the room.

As he proceeded to undress, the anxiety and agitation of his dog attracted his attention, and at last fairly aroused him, sleepy as he was, though he could in no way account for it. The animal ran backward and forward from him to the bed, and as he laid aside each article of clothing, fetched it to him again, with the most intelligent and beseeching gestures; and when, to satisfy the poor creature, as well as to discover if possible, what he wanted and meant, he resumed some portion of his dress, nothing could equal his joy. Strange suspicions began to flash across the traveller's mind; he ran over every circumstance, even the minutest, which had occurred since he entered the inn; and now that his attention was excited, it *did* strike him that, after making every allowance for boorishness, and rusticity, and sullenness of temper, there was more of the gaoler than of the innkeeper in the bearing and deportment of his silent host: he remembered, too, how heavily the miserable-looking, haggard wife had sighed, while she looked at his own burly figure as he stood by the fire, as though she sorrowed over a victim whom she could not save; and, lastly, and above all, he pondered on the ominous smile with which the innkeeper received his directions to be awakened early in the morning.

Meanwhile the indefatigable dog was busied in pulling off the bed-clothes as well as his strength would permit; and when his master went to his assistance, what was his horror at seeing, beneath clean sheets and well-arranged blankets, a bed and mattress literally dyed with dark-red stains of blood! Though a man of peaceful habits, he knew as little of fear as most people, and the exigency of the moment roused every energy

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\* In most parts of Ireland, peat, or as we call it, *turf*, is used for fuel.

of his mind: he deliberately locked the door, examined the walls to see if there was any private entrance, looked to the priming of his pistols, and then stood prepared to abide by whatever might come, and to sell his life as dearly as he could.

The dog watched him intently until his preparations were completed; and then, having assured himself that his movements were observed by his master, he jumped once more on the fatal bed; then, after lying down for an instant, as if in imitation of the usual posture of a person composing himself to sleep, he suddenly changed his mind, as it were, sprang hastily to the floor, and stood, with eyes fixed and ears erect, in an attitude of most intense attention, watching the bed itself, and nothing else. The traveller, in the meantime, never stirred from the spot, though his eyes naturally followed those of the dog; and for a time every thing was as still as the grave, and not a stir nor a breath broke the stillness of the room, or interrupted the silence of the mute pair. At last a slight rustling sound was heard in the direction of the bed: the dog, with ears cocked and tail slightly moving, looked up at his master, as if to make sure that he was attentive, and in an instant the bed was seen descending swiftly and stealthily through the yawning floor, while a strong light flashed upward into the room. Not a second was to be lost. The traveller dashed open the window, and leaped into the yard, followed by his faithful companion. Another moment, and, without giving himself any trouble on the score of a saddle, he was on the back of his horse, as fast a hunter as any in Leinster, and scouring away for life and death on the road to Kilcullen, followed by a train as pitiless as that which hurried from Kirk Alloway after poor Tam O'Shanter.

You may be sure he spared neither whip, spur, nor horseflesh; and, thanks to Providence and a good steed, he reached Kilcullen in safety. The authorities secured the villainous host and his accomplice sons; and the infuriated peasantry gave the fatal inn and its bloody secrets to the flames.

—There is the story; and if it be true, I can only say that I wish I knew where I could get one of the breed of the traveller's terrier, for love or money.

#### *The Man with the White Horse.*

Since we are upon the subject of popular legends, I cannot help telling you a case which occurred within my own knowledge; partly within my own recollection, in which a prediction was verified in a manner so striking and remarkable, as to deserve the attention and surprise even of the most incredulous.

Early in the last century, a certain antique mansion-house in the county of Kildare was the residence of an elderly gentleman, of singular and eccentric habits. Some said that in his youth he had been concerned in "the troubles," as they are called, of the Revolution of 1688; and, indeed, I remember to have seen some of the brass money, with which his loyalty was said to have been rewarded by that worthy and generous monarch, James the Second. Some said that he had been crossed in love, as well as disappointed in politics: at all events, he had long retired from public life, and even from private politics; and having no relatives to look after his wealth, which was reputed to be considerable, he was suffered to glide quietly out of the recollection of his neighbours, and to indulge, without interruption, in all the moods and tempers of misanthropy and old bachelorism.



His prime-minister was a sour, vinegar-faced, griping steward, who grew by degrees in the confidence of the old man, so as to become, as it were, his representative in all matters of business connected with the world and the social system—a sort of *maire du palais*, in fact, by whose intermediation he was relieved of all that might interrupt his moody dreams, or break the even tenor of his sombre and secluded life.

Matters stood thus, when, one morning, the old gentleman was seen to issue forth, mounted upon a white horse, almost as old and misanthropic as himself, to enjoy the only indulgence his habits permitted—namely, a solitary ride along the most unfrequented roads in his neighbourhood. So completely had he withdrawn from all communion with his kind, that his appearance excited no more attention among the peasantry than that of the quiet silent animal he bestrode; and he was suffered to glide along the lonesome bridle-paths which he loved to haunt, without even the usual courtesy of a passing salute, inasmuch as it was discovered by experience that said courtesy might just as well be bestowed upon an ass or a cow, for all the notice or return it met with. One thing, however, might be depended on—"the world forgetting by the world forgot,"—the old gentleman was pretty sure to remember his dinner; and duly, as the hour arrived for that refecton, his household, such as it was, might expect to see him pacing up the grass-grown avenue which led to his solitary abode.

Wisely has it been remarked by somebody or other, that there is nothing certain in this world—a remark to the truth of which a glance at the Gazette compels many a rueful assent, and of which the household aforesaid found the value on the day I speak of; for though, reasoning from past experience, when they saw their silent master wend his way, they counted upon his return with as much certainty as upon that of the gloomy evening, with its sullen shadows, and made their preparations accordingly; yet they were destined to be disappointed. The evening came, to be sure, and the fire blazed, and the candles burned, and the dinner smoked; but the man of silence returned no more—neither he nor his white horse were ever seen nor heard of from that day to this.

In our times, God be praised! no gentleman whatever—no matter how silent he may be, can walk off the stage of life without making some noise. Hand-bills will describe him from top to toe, carefully noting all those little imperfections of person, and peculiarities of bearing, voice, and manner, which he, the proprietor, had fondly hoped to gloss over—to slur, as it were—to carry off with that easy grace which every body thinks he possesses:—as thus—

### *Mysterious Disappearance!*

Left his lodgings, 937, Strand, on Saturday, 16th ult., at eight o'clock in the evening, a little in liquor, and has not since been heard of,

#### AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN,

About 5 feet 1 inch in height; head a little bald; face (especially nose) a little red; a little inclined to corpulency; squinted a little with the right eye, and limped a little with the left leg; stuttered a little, especially after dinner, or when in a passion; and took a great deal of dark snuff, which he carried loose in his waistcoat-pocket.

#### *Had on*

A white hat, yellowish-white cravat, flannel under-waistcoat and drawers,

yarn stockings, brown cloth gaiters ; shoes very square at the toes, as he suffered much from corns ; grey kersymere breeches, with sevenpence-halfpenny in the left pocket, and a metal watch, with black ribbon and brass key, in the fob ; black waistcoat, much stained with snuff ; and brown coat. Is supposed to have fallen into the Thames, or the hands of the resurrection-men.

#### A REWARD OF FIVE SHILLINGS

will be cheerfully paid, by his disconsolate friends, to any person who may be able to verify either of these alarming suspicions, or otherwise account for his disappearance.

Snooks, Snodgrass, Brampton, and Took, Printers.

N.B. Hand-bills executed on the shortest notice.

Then the newspapers teem with articles all headed "Mysterious Disappearance;" the police are all activity ; the river is poked from Hammersmith to Blackwall ; lightermen are seized ; coalheavers are examined. The body is found at the end of two months under a barge near Tower Stairs ;—the coroner flies to the spot ; a jury is summoned ; the body is identified by a cicatrix on the top of the head, from a fall down stairs, after an evening spent with the Merry-go-nimble Club, a convivial society, of which he was a distinguished member in early life ; the inquest is adjourned, *de die, in diem*, seven times, for the procurement of additional and important testimony, which having been obtained, a verdict of "Found Drowned" is returned, to the infinite satisfaction and edification of all interested and concerned in the protection of life and property, the prevention of crime, and the furtherance of the ends of justice : nay, all is not yet over with the defunct—little did he think during his swipy, gin-drinking, grass-cut-smoking, snuff-taking life, what posthumous distinction awaited him—what indemnity in fame, for insignificance in existence. We, of the magazines, write him up, and, with the *Monthly* for a recording angel, he is consecrated to a two-and-sixpenny immortality.

Alas ! we ordered these things not so well at our side of the water, in the days of which I write. The white horse and his rider returned, as I have said, no more ; the ominous-looking steward gave out that his master had gone on a long journey—of the truth of which assertion I make not the slightest doubt—and, of course, as in duty bound, entered into possession to keep all things in order until his return ; but, although the unsettled state of the country, the lax administration of the laws, and the small estimation in which the solitary man who had disappeared had been held by the neighbourhood, concurred to permit his disappearance to pass without legal investigation—yet a whisper of evil, a muttered denunciation went forth among the people. The aged peasants shook their heads as the steward passed, and said that ill-gotten wealth never throve, and that nothing would prosper with him, or his house. With the aristocracy of the country he of course had no footing ; and after a vain and ineffectual attempt to win his way by an affectation of hospitality, pompous, and overdone, as is the fashion among upstarts, he, and his establishment, relapsed into a gloom still deeper, and more unsocial, than that of his predecessor. The ominous predictions which are said to shadow a doomed house gathered around him and his, and woe and ruin were prophesied against all who meddled with any of his race, or



blood, or partook of his guilty prosperity, in bargain, in friendship, but above all in marriage.

This man had an only child, a daughter, and secluded as she was from all society, by both popular opinion, and by the sour ascetic habits of her father, it seemed not unlikely that, in spite of her attractions as an heiress, the curse of old maidenhood might fall upon her, and thus the fatal race perish root and branch—but it fell out otherwise; her singular story reached the ears of one who was entitled by prescription to defy the devil and all his works—a man who bore a charmed life, who was shielded alike by circumstances and profession from all apprehensions either as to this world or the next, inasmuch as he had already gone “deeper than ever plummet sounded” in actual practical experience of the evils of the one, and theoretical acquisition of a title to those of the other, being, at once, a pauper, a rogue, and an attorney. This estimable gentleman having nothing to lose, and as little to fear, had, of course, every thing to hope and gain, and despising prophecy and warning, made up his mind to win the mysterious heiress. Introduction in the ordinary way was, of course, out of the question; his intended was, as I have said, shut out from the world by the very circumstances which constituted her attraction in his eyes, and even had the case been otherwise, nobody who knew him would have had the hardihood to introduce him as an eligible acquaintance, much less as a suitor, to her, or any one else.

An obstacle like this, however, was a trifle to the enamoured man of law; he borrowed a steed from a credulous client, taking care that it was not a white one, lest the colour should excite unpleasant recollections, and commending himself to the patronage and protection of Mercury and St. Nicholas, set forth to achieve an introduction for himself. Arrived at the gate of his land of promise, his charger, hitherto as meek and patient as Rozinante himself, became suddenly unmanageable, upon instinct, I suppose, he reared, and kicked: and snorted, and bounded, as if he actually had discovered what an attorney he had got upon his back. The gatekeeper and family ran out to see what was the matter, and just as they appeared, down came the adventurous equestrian at their feet. When the compassionate group raised him from the ground, he, in a faint voice, begged to be carried to their master’s house, as he felt so ill from the effects of the fall he had received, that he was utterly unable to proceed; his request was accordingly complied with, and a few minutes found him languidly reclining on a sofa, under the pitying eye of the gentle object of his wishes, and ready to be fallen in love with after the most approved fashion.—They were married of course.

They were married, and, to all appearance, their situation was as prosperous as heart could wish. The unjust steward was called to account for his stewardship before One from whose eye no secrets are hid; and the fatal possessions of “the man with the white horse” passed into the hands of his son-in-law, without inquiry or dispute. The story began to die in the country; the new possessor was of a gay and hilarious temperament, and that goes a great way to conciliate the world, worthless and unprincipled as he undeniably was; at all events he was a good-humoured rogue, and cheated facetiously, and the ludicrous trick by which he had won the hand of the heiress, formed, by antagonism as it were, a sort of set off in his favour against the ghostly suspicions which rested on the memory of her father. In *his* case there was no foul practice against life,

and, indeed, the only point of resemblance between the two was, that as one horse had carried off the original proprietor, another animal of the same species, as if anxious to make restitution, had replaced him by trotting up with the present, and throwing him down in his stead: an instance of honest sagacity not to be surpassed in the Percy Anecdotes. The wealthy attorney cast the slough of his profession, and soared into the upper regions of society as a magistrate and a sportsman; a numerous family grew up around him, and he embarked, with every prospect of success, in various thriving speculations; but, like death in the Apocalypse, the rider on the pale horse followed his footsteps, and threw his shadow over the fate and fortunes of him and his. Nothing that he touched throve with him: the very speculations by which others made wealth failed in his hands, and plunged him into embarrassments; the paths by which others advanced to eminence led him to ruin; his property melted away from him like snow from a hill side; he returned to his profession, he practised every art and mystery of attorneyism to retrieve his fortunes—all was in vain. His family—I knew them well—according as they grew up they were provided for, as the phrase goes, in marriage—woe to the house into which they entered—woe to the man who clasped hands with one of the race. The eldest son was said to resemble his grandfather the steward more than any of the rest, and he rather piqued himself upon imitating his stewardlike habits of accuracy in keeping minute accounts and so forth; at all events, he certainly inherited the largest portion of the cold villainy of his character, and, if old saws are to be believed, of the blasting influence of his destiny. After ruining the once happy and prosperous family into which he married, by involving them in an inextricable labyrinth of law, after embezzling enough of their property to have secured a handsome independence, poverty and disease have at last overtaken him together, and he is now, in middle age, a conscience-stricken valetudinarian, of whom you would say, in spite of yourself, as you passed him in the street, “there goes a doomed man.”

The daughters—kind, domestic, gentle girls they were—each after each they married, as I have said, and under favourable auspices, as one would think, but as the youthful establishment of each grew up, it seemed as if a germ of misfortune, a principle of decay was implanted in their very nature, like a canker in a young tree—nothing prospered with them—all went wrong.

I dare say by this time you think me a superstitious fool, and, to tell you the truth, I care very little whether you do or not. I know very well that all tellers of ghost stories, and such like, are listened to in this workday world rather incredulously; but remember that I have not asked you to assent to the *popular* explanation of the strange circumstances I have related: and probably, in your opinion, the dishonesty and treachery of father and son account sufficiently, in the ordinary course of events, for the downfall of all who had the misfortune of being connected with them, without requiring the aid of supernatural interference. There are the facts, I can vouch for *them*, and you are welcome to collate and explain them as you think fit: all I can tell you is, that never was coincidence more literal than that between the prediction and the subsequent facts; misfortune and ill luck have trod upon the heels of the descendants of the unjust steward, and all who were unhappy enough to form any alliance with them, down to this very hour; the



ill-gotten property is scattered, as it were, to the winds of heaven, and the peasant, as he tells the story, points to its fulfilment in the ruined mansion of "the man with the white horse."

### *The Devil's Mill.*

About six miles to the westward of Dublin stands the village of Lucan, "noted," as the Post Chaise Companion has it, "for its medicinal spring, the waters of which are of great efficacy in many disorders," that is to say, it is a pretty rural retirement, where people of fashion, in former times, when there *were* people of fashion in Dublin, used to recover from the effects of the dissipation of the season, by keeping regular hours, and taking regular exercise, through romantic woodland scenes, and in a mild salubrious climate, though they invariably attributed their cure to a pint of cold clear water (as agreeable in taste and smell as the washings of a gun), by them taken twice a day.

The low road to Lucan is a beautiful drive, passing through the Phoenix Park, with its place of arms, the fifteen acres, where more duels have been fought than upon any given spot on the face of the globe, and the Strawberry Banks, whence Dublin is supplied with that fruit, and where, in the pleasant days of summer, the citizens ruralize, after the fashion of their brethren of Cockaigne, amongst the Arcadian groves of Hampstead and Richmond Hill. Winding onward through rich meadows, and sunny slopes, and gradually losing sight of all that can remind you of the city, the road reaches the Liffey, there a dark, rapid, and sullen-looking stream, overshadowed by tall trees, and embosomed among gloomy superstitious groves, and silent upland pastures, that shut out all distant views, and preserve unbroken the character of the place. A little farther on, where the shadows fall deepest over river and road, the troubled voice of the stream, at once mournful and complaining, gives token that its course is ruffled by some impediment, and there, half overcome by the indefatigable waters, lie certain antique walls, and a ruined wear, denominated by the peasantry "The Devil's Mill." A gloomy spot it is, that lonesome road, with its nodding spectral trees, when an autumn evening is falling around you, and closing in the view with its thin gray pall; when the chafed torrent is raving and groaning through the dim-seen ruins, as if anxious to shake off their load, and sweep them headlong from its path; and when the wild legend, to which they owe their name, arises in your mind. Many and many a time have I heard it, with the woods of L——town right before me, and the work of the fiendish architect beneath my feet, as I sat on the twisted root of one of the venerable trees; while with that air of undoubting implicit belief which lends a peculiar interest to all Irish legends, whether humorous or tragic (for your narrator delivers them to you, no matter how extravagant, as if he believed every jot and tittle of them from the bottom of his soul), some patriarch of the neighbouring village pointed out the various localities of the story. Here it is for you.

In the old-world times of the Charles' and James', ay, up to the middle of the last century, the Irish nobility were a fierce and lawless race, little resembling their contemporary brethren of England, in manners or habits, and preserving much of the feudal sway of the days of the Henrys and Edwards, together with no small portion of the rude pomp and stern aristocratic bearing, consequent upon that system. Between

them and their vassals "there was a great gulf fixed," and I could tell you tales for a twelvemonth, of their desperate feats in drinking, hunting, courtship, and duelling, gathered from the descendants of those very vassals, and handed down in fear and wonder from father to son: somewhat distorted, perhaps, by reason of the wide separation I have alluded to between the castes, but yet possessing strong traits of character, national and individual, and, like all other traditional tales, shadowing out real events of by-gone times, even in their wildest flights. The memory of many a noble, of the times I speak of, is tainted with the charge of league and compact with the powers of darkness; and I do not wonder at it: the miserable country was convulsed by civil wars of the most unsparing nature, and torn to the very vitals by every conceivable alternation of unflinching pitiless cruelty, as either party was hurried along by the tide of fortune, evil or good, by the headlong fury of victory or defeat; and it is in no way strange that the scared peasantry, as they beheld with awe and wonder the excesses of their superiors, should attribute them to a deeper influence than the mere ordinary passions of human nature, and that they should see in the wild unnatural merriment of their midnight festivities, as well as in the sweeping fury of their partizan warfare, the workings of the inspiration of the spirit of evil, rather than the mere abuse of sensual pleasures and lawless power.

Among the latest who fell under the heavy imputation I have described, was a former possessor of the beautiful, though sombre-looking, seat, whose ancient trees overshadow the road at the spot where the scene of my legend is laid. The mansion and demesne then bore the name of L——town, from the family to which it belonged; its present proprietor, however, has called it Woodlands, and, while in his hands, I will warrant it from witnessing any feats which may require either the head or the heart of the daring few, who at any time have been suspected of encountering the dwellers in the dark abodes, though, to tell the truth, his father might have been in possession of the philosopher's stone, for aught I can say to the contrary, inasmuch as he commenced his career as a flying stationer, that is to say, an itinerant vender of pamphlets, and died a member of parliament worth half a million sterling.

It is said that one of the L—— family (the former possessors of the estate) shewed William the Third the passage across the Boyne; at all events, without pretending to investigate that point of history, I can only say, that there are few names to which the Irish peasant attaches such deep damnation, and which he pronounces with such a fervour of hatred and horror as that of L——.

At the time I speak of, the L—— of the day seemed fairly determined to earn in his own person all the anathemas which the people had ever poured out upon his race; he drank like a Frey Graf of the fourteenth century—he rode like the wild huntsman—he was the first and the last in the revel and the field, and though frequently engaged in the sanguinary duels of the period, as well as in all other hazardous exploits, that seemed to promise a short and speedy termination to his fierce career, yet he ever escaped unhurt, as if he bore a charmed life; but of all the passions which swayed his mind by turns, that of play seemed the master, and the ruler: for this he would sacrifice all else besides, and night and day, when the fit was upon him, lights danced, and rafters rang, and the very owls and ravens whooped and croaked as



the voices of his fierce companions and of himself broke through the stillness of the antique mansion, and the solemn woods, with song, and shout, and blasphemous incantation, as the shifting luck at dice or cards stirred their spirits, and chafed their blood.

On a November night, when the groaning trees bowed beneath the storm, and the Liffey, swelled by the mountain rains, swept through the vale in a dark brown flood, that threatened to carry every obstacle before it, from Lucan to Dublin Bay, the usual party was assembled at play in L——town. It seemed as if the night had lent a portion of its darkness and fury to their spirits and demeanour; they drank, and played, and shouted, as if bent upon rivalling the storm without; and ever as the lightning flashed, and the thunder roared, they mocked the elemental strife in their impious songs and ribald jests. As though, in very deed, the powers of nature were moved at their audacity, it seemed as if the storm increased in intensity, and concentrated around the house, until at last even the boldest of them thought they could distinguish hoarse yelling voices mingling with the midnight blast, and ghastly faces leering through the windows, and furious eyes glaring out of the darkness, as the livid lightning flashed through the gloom, like the banner of the accursed host; crash after crash of thunder pealed through the very room with every flash, until at last, a globe of fire, the brightest, the most terrible that ever eye beheld, leaped right among them, dazzling them for an instant with its intolerable light, and leaving them the next, in the darkness and the silence of the grave.

The host was the first to start up and thunder to the servants for lights, and when the affrighted menials came, it was an altered scene which presented itself; the tables had been upset, and the lights extinguished by the explosion of the thunderbolt, though none of the guests were hurt. But on collecting their scattered senses, and looking around, they all perceived, with a shudder, that a stranger was added to their company. Now, though at the first glance, he was to all appearance no more than a middle aged man, dressed in black, yet, as they looked at him, they could see that the outline of his figure wavered and flickered, as if traced upon a mist; and in his eye there was something so fiendish and withering that the boldest heart grew cold before his glance, nay, the very storm itself seemed to dwell around, or emanate from him, for ever as he moved in his chair, though every motion seemed studied, and subdued, as he turned and bowed in token of recognition to one after another of the silent group, floor, walls, and ceiling trembled and shook as if the mansion was about to come down, and bury them in its ruins.

L—— was a bold hearted man, and though daunted by what he saw, and well he might be, he was the first of the party to recover himself sufficiently to speak; he demanded the name and purpose of the intruder—there was a pause before the stranger replied, then mastering an obvious inclination to laugh, which gave a yet wilder and more unnatural air to his countenance, he coolly replied, "That he was right well known to every individual in the honourable company, and that he was the guest of their host, by regular invitation, given so very lately, and acceded to by them so unanimously, that he could not help wondering at the strange reception they gave him"—and with this, after another withering glance round the circle, he looked downward at his own feet; all eyes followed his, and all recognized with horror the fatal hoof—in Ireland, as in Germany, the infallible mark of the devil: for disguise the

rest of his person as he may, it seems he never parts with or conceals that. The company, with one accord, fled from the room.

In the neighbourhood of L——town lived a clergyman, renowned for his piety ; and little as the inmates of that mansion thought of him in their blasphemous revelry, and much as they were accustomed to scorn his ghostly counsels on ordinary occasions, yet now, in the hour of supernatural peril, he was called for by all, as the only champion who had a chance of success against their dangerous enemy. He came at once, and, without the slightest hesitation, committed himself alone with the evil one. Of the particulars of their interview little is known ; as the legend draws near its close it waxes dim and faint, like an incoherent dream. The demon, avowing his errand, boldly declared that he came for him who had summoned him, and that he would not depart without him, unless compelled by a superior power. Strong as were the exorcisms of the virtuous priest, yet the fiend, armed with the guilt of his summoner, as with a delegated commission of vengeance, stood upon his right. At length a species of compromise was effected : the demon consented to forego his claim for the present, out of compliment to the merit and skill of his antagonist, rather than upon compulsion, and through fear of his exorcisms, but only on condition that a task should be assigned to him which he could not perform. Now every child (in Ireland at least) knows, that if you try skill with the devil, endeavour to puzzle him, and fail in the attempt, you pay for the failure and become his victim, by virtue of a kind of satanic forfeiture of recognizance. The aged priest pondered for an instant, and listened to the raging torrent as it swept along in its strength, and he knew by the sounding roar that the stream, which in summer glides pleasantly through greenwood and pasture, just deep enough to shelter the nimble trout in its transparent eddies, was now careering from mountain and swamp, armed with the fury of a hundred midnight torrents, and sweeping cabin and peasant, cattle and stock, from its downward path, like any other pitiless conqueror. The old man's eye lighted up with the hope of baffling the subtle fiend, and he chuckled at the thought of giving him enough of cold water for once in his life, as he bade him filter the swollen river with dam and wear, and build a substantial mill in the midst of the torrent.

Lamp grew dim, and tempest was hushed, and lightning crept back into the bosom of the cloud, and the old priest hid his face between his hands ! as with fantastic and unholy gestures, and forbidden words of power, the evil spirit summoned his brethren around him ; and the roof rang once more with peals of fiendish laughter, as they listened to the simple task of the priest, and vanished to perform it. Like the tall piles that arise at the bidding of sleep in a troubled dream, or the fantastic architecture one constructs in the western clouds of the evening sky, the affrighted exorciser could see by a lurid light, as of a mighty furnace, the mill arising through the cleft waters, as with jest, and song, and damned merriment, the busy demons plied their task ; then came a glare of brightest light, the throng broke, and fell back, the work was finished, and wheel and hopper clanked, and banged through the hushed night. The priest's heart died within him at every stroke—"Heaven be good to me !" said he ; "what will become of me ?" for he thought on the well-known consequences of failing in an attempt to puzzle the devil.—"What next ?" said the stranger, impatiently—"what next ?" and his



brow darkened, and his eyes glared wolfishly at the poor priest.—“*Sancte Johanne ora pro me—Beati Apostoli, orate pro me*”—“Give me work,” shouted the evil one, his form dilating as his human disguise gave way before his fiendish rage—“Give me work, I want no prayers,—you promised me work—keep your word or look to yourself.” Just at that instant a saving thought flashed across the mind of the terrified old man: he remembered the well known *craux*, which at various times has posed the most intelligent and dextrous devils in Pandemonium; and with a long-drawn gasp, like that of one who had just been snatched from the devouring sea, “You want work,” said he, “do you? be off with yourself, then, to the Bull of Clontarf\*—the blessed saints be praised that put it into my head—and make me a three-plie cable of the sand of the sea. And hark ye,” said he, his spirits rising at the blank disappointed look of his enemy, “you needn’t be in such a hurry with *this* job, the day’s long, and the wages are small.” The baffled demon vanished with a howl.

And now farewell to Lucan, with its long-drawn vistas of solemn woods, its mazy river, and atrabillious-looking water drinkers; cross as they seemed, many a pleasant day I have passed among them in merry childhood, wondering all the while how *they* could look so sad and yellow, while the swift river sparkled, and the sweet birds sang, and the trees blossomed around them; but I have eaten of the fruit of knowledge of good and evil since those times, and I wonder no more.

J. R. O.

#### LONDON ANOMALIES.

BY HUDIBRAS, JUNIOR.

Oh! London’s a comical place,  
In which comical people do dwell;  
Where comical streets you may trace,  
And comical things the folks sell:  
And what is more comical still,  
Although it seems nearly a fiction,  
Each street with its name chimes so ill,  
That the whole is a plump contradiction.

First *Cheapside* is known to be *dear*;  
*Wood-street* is all *stones, bricks, and mortar*;  
In *Milk-street* the people drink *beer*;  
In *Beer-lane* they’ve nothing but *water*;  
In the *Poultry* no *fowls* you will see,  
You need not go there for conviction;  
In *Love-lane* the folks *disagree*;—  
Thus the whole is a plump contradiction.

On *Saffron-hill* every thing’s *brown*;  
In *Cow-cross* you seldom see *cattle*;  
In *Water-lane* no one can *drown*;  
In *Angel-court*, Lord, what a *prattle*!  
In *Honey-lane* there’s not a *bee*,  
Although *Drones* there may meet no restriction;  
In *Orchard-street* grows not a *tree*;—  
Thus the whole is a plump contradiction!

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\* A sand bank in Dublin Bay.

In *Fleet-street* the coaches go *slow*;  
    *Racket-court* is quite *peaceful* and *quiet*;  
You'll find not an *arrow* at *Bow*,  
    And *Paradise-street* is all *riot*;  
*Still-alley* is pestered with *noise*,  
    Which the neighbours all find an affliction;  
In *Lad-lane* are very few *boys*;—  
    Thus the whole is a plump contradiction!

The New River *head* is its *tail*;  
    Mount *Pleasant* with mud is *offensive*;  
In *New-street* they sell things quite *stale*;  
    *Little Britain* is very *extensive*;  
That the *New Road* is *old* is quite true,  
    In *Truth-street* live dealers in fiction;  
While *Old-street* is looking quite *new*;—  
    Thus the whole is a plump contradiction!

*Mount-street* as a pancake is *flat*,  
    And *Hill-street* is all on a *level*;  
While *Green-street's* as *black* as your hat,  
    And *Down-street's* as *rough* as the devil;  
In *Golden-lane* some keep a *pig*,  
    In spite of Mic. Taylor's restriction;  
In *Bush-lane* you can't see a *twig*;—  
    Thus the whole is a plump contradiction!

In *Whych-street* folks live any *how*,  
    In *Idle-lane* all by their *labour*;  
In *Field-lane* there ne'er was a *plough*;  
    In *Friendly-court* none *knows* his neighbour;  
In *St. James's* lives many a true *Greek*,  
    For young opulent boobies' affliction;  
In *Greek-street* but broad *Scotch* they speak;—  
    Thus the whole is a plump contradiction!

In *Rider-street* all people walk;  
    In *Walker's-court* some keep their *trotters*;  
In *Dumb-alley* all the folks talk;  
    In *King-street* there are *treason* and *plotters*.  
Then, ye Streets, Lanes, and Alleys, adieu!  
    Like your dwellers, you're all but a fiction  
For search London life through and through,  
    'Tis all but a plump contradiction!

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## THE ENGLISH AND IRISH CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT.

THAT some changes in church matters are brewing, we suppose no man who has his senses can doubt. What the nature of the changes may be, is still in the bosom of those gentlemen who have so handsomely vindicated to themselves the title of the "Inscrutables;" nor are we at all inclined to approach the depths of their mystery. We have no fear that the matter will sleep; nor that, when all is ripe, there will be any great modesty of concealment. The Whitehall preachers are gone; a very proper performance, for anything that we can venture to say. The Commission for altering the Ecclesiastical Laws, may be moving with the deliberate majesty of church work; or sweeping on with the brilliant rapidity of the *pas de charge*. But of this, too, we say nothing. The order for the return of all the members of all the multifarious sects that "rave, recite, and madden through the land," is in full action; and we shall, of course, have it on the table of Parliament, and a formidable muster-roll it will be! All those things may be among the most innocent casualties imaginable; but their coincidence is curious. Yet, however, as premises may be harmless, conclusions may be the contrary, we leave the drawing of them to those whom it may concern.

Our present employment is to give some of the facts touching the present state of the livings, patrons, and appointments, of the Church.

The use of an Establishment for Religion, depends upon the obvious grounds, that religion is essential to the good order of a state. Its value to the individual is a different consideration, and a higher one, as connected with the hope of futurity. But the *public* value of religion consists in its rendering the governed properly subordinate to the governors—in its extinction of turbulence, rapacity, and bloodshed—and its general disposal of the people to live peaceably, and be content with their own.

As it is to be presumed that the legislator chooses for the best, he will not select a bad religion where he may have the power to select a good one; or he will select that for his establishment which is already the religion of the intelligent majority, and which is therefore likely to be the one best suited, at least in its forms, to the habits and minds of the nation, or perhaps the only one which they will receive. To perpetuate the religion, he gives it "an Establishment," or regular form and substantial system of offices, duties, and income; thereby providing for the rising up of a succession of ministers, and pledging the power of the state to its protection and permanency.

The more detailed uses of church establishments (and we do not limit the term to the Church of England) are to be found,—

—In the protection which their creeds and authenticated forms of doctrine, and the necessary education, decorum, and public responsibility of their ministers, provide against the extravagancies of fanaticism; a service of singular value, when we recollect that fanaticism has had frequently the power of throwing whole communities into the most fatal confusion, besides plunging multitudes of bewildered men into the greatest spiritual blindness and temporal misfortune.—

—In their provision for religious instruction; a most important task, which cannot be safely left to the rude hands that would otherwise be ready to make it an instrument of evil; nor to the casual benevolence, which, however copious for a time, is so sure to run dry.—

—In the charities, and other dispensations for the relief of human suffering and ignorance; the foundation of schools, of alms-houses, and the other means of ensuring comfort and general assistance to the poor, &c.

The short life of man makes it necessary to provide for a succession of officers, in any system which it is advantageous to preserve beyond the present moment; but, in the church, those officers, the priesthood, must be educated for their situation, at a considerable expense, and for many years. To justify this expenditure of time and money, there must be an obvious permanency in the offices; otherwise, the parent will not encounter the effort, which may be rendered useless at the very time of completion. Thus, the public knowledge of the permanency of the employment is essential to the certainty of the succession.

In all things connected with human nature, abuses will come; but we have no right to forget the good even in the fullest consciousness of the evil. *We* are perhaps not more willing to be blind to the evil than other men; but we say it with the most solemn sincerity, that, for all the noblest purposes of an establishment, the Church of England has neither “second nor similar.” What form of church government on earth has, for the duration and extent of the Church of England, exhibited a more illustrious succession of pious and intellectual teachers—has been dignified by more various and vigorous learning—has contributed more to the highest literature, of both theology and the classics? What church, in the day of religious persecution, braved the terrors of martyrdom for the truth with more holy courage? or what body of men, in the day of royal oppression, was first marked for ruin, or stood forth with more manly heroism, until the day was won, and England free?

That such a church should be sustained with all our strength, we will hold, in the presence of the boldest innovator; to be among its champions, we feel an honour; and, if it should be destined to sink, we fearlessly pronounce that with it will sink the freedom as well as the faith, the power as well as the virtue, of England.

We disdain being the advocates of its abuses; wherever they are to be found, let them be swept away. But we have a right to choose our reformers. Not every one who calls himself a friend to freedom, loves to give up his tyranny; and not every one who demands increased self-denial in the church, is free from the “itching palm.” Above all reforms, we shall have no political reform of the church, let the hands that touch its failing strength be whose they may. To suppose that any real reform is meditated, to release the church from the old and evil grasp of influence in the higher quarters, is to suppose what no man living will ever see attempted. That no minister will ever curtail his own patronage, is a law to the full as irrevocable as any law of the Medes and Persians.

In the first establishment of religion in England, the division of the soil suggested the appropriation of certain portions of the lands, or their produce, to the maintenance of religion. As popery began to predominate, those lands began to be usurped by the monks or regulars, to the injury of the parochial or secular clergy. The reformation under Henry VIII. broke up the monasteries. But their lands were not restored to the original designation: the brutal spirit of the king, and the fierce rapine of the courtiers, were indulged with the plunder of the church property, and the reformed clergy were thus in general left to struggle with poverty. To relieve its pluralities were suffered, which, though in a multitude of



instances absolutely necessary for the decent maintenance of the clergy, yet in some rose into an evil, against which it was necessary to provide by statute. The laws on this subject were as early as Henry's reign. Clergy were compelled to reside upon their livings by the Acts 21st Henry VIII. cap. 13., and 28th Henry VIII. cap. 13. Those acts were amended and embodied by the 57th George III. cap. 99, entitled, "an Act to consolidate and amend the laws relating to spiritual persons holding farms, and for enforcing the residence of spiritual persons on their benefices, and for the support and maintenance of stipendiary curates in England."

We come now to the numbers.

The number of the parochial benefices in England and Wales is, upon the authority of parliamentary and diocesan returns, estimated in all their kinds of rectories, vicarages, perpetual curacies, donations, and chapelries, at twelve thousand.

Those benefices are held by about 6,700 incumbents. Of those incumbents one benefice each is held by 3,900, and more than one by 2,800.

The patronage of those benefices is divided between the Administration, the Bishops, the Deans and Chapters, the Universities, the schools, and the lay patrons. The Crown patronage comprehends—103 benefices in the gift of the first lord of the Treasury, 39 in those of the Duchy of Lancaster, and 899 in the hands of the Lord Chancellor.

The Administration thus has 1,041 benefices.

The twenty-six Bishops and Archbishops, with the Deans and Chapters, have 1,377 benefices.

The public schools of London have 45; Eton has 45, and Winchester 10.

Oxford has 403, and Cambridge 280.

The lay patronage comprehends one half of the whole establishment. The peers and baronets having 1,400; and the benefices in private hands, and generally disposable as property, being 6,491; the lay patronage thus amounting to 7,891.

Of the benefices, the most valuable are chiefly in the hands of the lay patrons. But the Treasury patronage is rich; the livings in the Chancellor's immediate gift are in general small; but of them he has 899.

On the whole, the establishment is poor. It appears from the parliamentary return made by the clergy to the King in Council, presented by command of the Prince Regent, in 1818, that there were 1,629 benefices not exceeding 80*l.* a year, and 4,361 (as a total), not exceeding 150*l.* a year. But the value of all livings having since fallen a fourth, and in many instances more, the deduction must be allowed for; and there will be nearly 4,000 benefices not exceeding 100*l.* a year.

The state of the Irish Protestant church has been matter of scarcely less debate, and naturally of much more ignorance than that of the English. The peculiar tenure of the English government in Ireland, long rendered it necessary, at least in the eyes of politicians, that all means of influence should be exerted to retain the allegiance of the people. Among those means of influence the church was unfortunately reckoned, and the high offices of the establishment were, with fatal frequency, made the instruments of attaching the leading families of Ireland to the Government.

Nothing can be more idle than to suppose that a civilized church can

subsist among an uncivilized people. The state of Ireland, for a long succession of centuries, a state of almost total anarchy, left the Irish church to the spoiler. Henry VIII. was a robber and a murderer, and the confiscator of the church in England was not likely to be restrained where confiscation found pretexts under prerogative and national insecurity, and where the punishment of the rebel was so easily alleged for the plunder of his property.

The natural operation of popery to amass wealth in monkish hands, had in Ireland singularly combined with the circumstances of the time, to leave the church open to plunder. In the long course of furious civil wars, the parish clergy had to a great extent fled to the protection of the monasteries. The return for this protection was in general a bestowal of their tithes upon the monasteries; which, for the purpose of receiving those tithes, and performing the necessary duties of the livings, sent out clerical agents, or vicars of their own, to superintend the livings, endowing those vicars with a portion of the tithes, thence called vicarial. Henry VIII.'s sweeping plunder came; he extinguished the monasteries, and seized upon the tithes in their possession. The greater portion of those tithes he gave away or sold among his lords and courtiers; and thus lay proprietors, or impropiators, as they are called, possess to this day, about half the whole of this ancient provision for the Irish clergy, with more than half the livings in England as adowsons, or privately disposable property. In Ireland the imperfect reception of protestantism even among the nominally reformed, degraded the church more and more in the eyes of England, and her governors and deputies in Ireland; and the despatches of those officers to their successive sovereigns, from the days of Edward VI. and Elizabeth, down to William III., give the most melancholy details of the poverty, obscurity, and general dilapidation of the church. Bedell, the excellent and able Bishop of Kilmore in 1630, gives a picture of his diocese to the celebrated Archbishop Laud, that resembles the picture of the early Christian church under the pagan emperors.

The Irish clergy, depressed as they were, by the excesses of the time, yet made frequent remonstrances to the English viceroys; and their declarations contained in Lord Strafford's correspondence with his short-sighted and unfortunate master, convey the strongest feelings of injury and desertion. They solemnly adjure the monarch, in an address from the whole of the archbishops, bishops, and clergy, to look upon their sufferings, "to which in all the Christian world there is no equal, for the extremity of contempt and poverty to which the clergy have been reduced, by the perpetual spoliations of the laity and the crown—by so frequent appropriations, and violent intrusions into their rights in times of confusion; having their churches ruined, their habitations left desolate, their glebes seized, and by inevitable consequence, an invincible necessity of a general non-residency, whereby the ordinary subject had been left destitute of all possible means to learn true piety to God."\*

A large portion of the evils of the Irish church, in times chiefly subsequent to the reign of William III., or the period of Protestant ascendancy in Ireland, also resulted from the system of unions. Those unions were of two kinds; perpetual, which were effected by the consent of all the parties concerned, patron, parson, bishop, archbishop, and privy

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\* Lord Strafford's Letters, Vol. 1. pp. 382, &c.



council, an assemblage of interests which naturally prevented any personal unfairness in the transaction. The second order was the Episcopal union, which being made for the life of the incumbent, and at the will of the bishop, was of course liable to be turned into a source of corrupt patronage to the bishop's friends or relatives. Both unions, however, generally originated in the *smallness* of the livings, which, from their poverty, were singly unable to sustain the clergyman. The connexion of the parishes thus became frequently indispensable for the decent performance of the rites of religion.

Swift was no lover of the bishops, nor of the Church, nor of Ireland, nor of any thing existing, yet he vindicated the principle of those unions, by the necessity of the case. "The clergy," says he, "having been stripped of the greatest part of their revenues, the glebes being generally lost, the tithes in the hands of laymen, the churches demolished, and the country depopulated; in order to preserve a face of Christianity, it was necessary to unite small vicarages, sufficient to make a tolerable maintenance for a minister."

The term "union" sounds large. But it is fully known that in a multitude of instances those unions of parishes are but aggregates of poverty; they frequently producing less than a couple of hundred pounds yearly, and sometimes not half the sum; obviously a very inadequate provision for a man expected to support the decencies of his station, and utterly inferior to the average produce of the same education or general ability exercised in any other pursuit of life.

As to the numbers of the Protestant and Popish population, the usual popish rant about the "seven millions," is rant and no more. Omitting Mr. Leslie Foster's census, as a Protestant authority, (which has, however, never been impeached), the return made by the Popish bishops to Parliament, in 1824, was, Papists, 4,980,209; Protestants, 1,963,487. It is a remarkable circumstance too, that notwithstanding the advantages of the Papist population for increase, they being chiefly peasantry, and in that state of life in which men are not restrained from marrying by any fear of the want of provision for their offspring, or of lowering their own condition—circumstances which materially impede marriage among the classes above them—the Protestant population has actually advanced more than the Papist; the Papists in 1792, having been reckoned to the Protestant, by the Catholic Convention, as three millions to one, which, if continued, would make the Papists now nearly six millions, the Protestant population having unquestionably doubled in the last thirty years. The increase has been—Papist, as five to three; Protestant, as six to three. The general proportion laid down by Mr. Foster is, Papist to Protestant, as  $2\frac{3}{5}$  to 1. Thus recovering nearly the same proportion at which the Protestants stood a century and a half ago. By Sir William Petty's statement in the year 1672,\* "The Roman Catholics were to the Protestants as eight to three, or as  $2\frac{2}{3}$  to 1.

It is further remarkable, that this proportion has been maintained in the teeth of a host of difficulties; the first grand difficulty being the frequent or continued absence of the great Protestant landlords: many of them living almost constantly in England, some being English peers, and almost all exhibiting the most perpetual and most culpable eagerness

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\* Political Anatomy, page 8.

to live any where but at home. The influence of example acts upon the lower Protestant gentry, until it frequently happens that the only Protestant left in the parish is the parson, and even he sometimes finds it a matter of personal safety to live elsewhere.

The next influence is the general ignorance of the peasantry, of whom twenty years ago, not one fourth could read a syllable; and of whom immense multitudes could not speak a word of English. Even the prejudices of the resident gentry, almost all dishonestly hostile to the idea of paying their tithes, and many of them dreading the returning popularity of the clergy, as an ill omen to their own habitual frauds upon the church property, or even as leading to a resumption of the alienated glebes (of which no less a number than 1,480! are in possession of the laity,) were of no slight import in sustaining the the old system of Popery.

Yet, with all those obstacles, Protestantism has grown in Ireland; and since the period of the Union, when political feelings became less active in the patronage of the livings, there can be no doubt that a very considerable progress in Protestantism, and with it, in education, and general civilization and comfort, has been made.

Thus, from the Parliamentary returns it is shown, that there being in the whole of Ireland, in the year 1801, but 689 Protestant churches, there have been added, previously to the year 1829, no less than 618 churches, making in the whole 1,307; the additional number of seats being about 200,000, and the whole providing seats for about 457,450; a provision much more complete than in the English church, when we consider that the Protestants of Ireland are still under two millions, and that allowance must be made for infancy and age, the infirm, and the absent on unavoidable grounds; independently of the "Second Services," which are now generally established wherever there is a congregation to attend to them.

The number of Protestant benefices in Ireland, was reckoned at 1,254, two years ago; and the number is increasing, from the breaking up of the Unions, wherever the death of the incumbent, and the growing value of the district allows of the appointment of a clergyman. The clergy at the same period were reckoned at 1,200 rectors and vicars, and 750 curates; the latter rapidly increasing in number; the whole amounting to 1,950. The bishops are eighteen; the Archbishops, four; the twenty-two, having an average income of £5000 a year. The benefices have an average income of £250 a year. The curate's salary is by law £75 Irish, or in the new currency, £69 4s. 7½d. But many of them have larger salaries; and where the incumbent does not reside, the curate, if the benefice be only of the value of £80, or £100, or £120, has by law the whole receipts of the parish, with the glebe house, and garden."

A portion of this general progress is due to the "Association for Discountenancing Vice, and for the Promotion of Religion and Virtue," established about the close of the last century, and chiefly carried on by the clergy of the establishment. The schools connected with it, and under the protection and inspection of the respective parish clergy, contain about 20,000 children. The Sunday schools last year numbered 185,450. The Kildare Street Society had in their schools, in 1829, about 107,000 children; Protestantism thus supplying with education, religious knowledge, and in many instances, with books, &c. and the



means of entering advantageously into life, no less than 312,000 human beings! the boundless majority of whom must, otherwise, have been abandoned to impiety, impurity, and rebellion.

We must not forget that all this has been effected with remarkably disproportionate means; the average income of 250*l.* a year being palpably inadequate to the support of a gentleman and his family, let the colour of his coat be what it may; much less to give room for the distribution of extensive charity. A few of the benefices are large; but their size implies only the greater poverty of the rest. To what exertions of public good, and individual charity, the Irish church might be willing to give itself, if its whole lawful income,—an income to which it undoubtedly has as much right as the Duke of Bedford or Devonshire has to his rental,—must be conjectured from what it has done under privation; for, at this hour, one half of the property of the Irish clergy is in the hands of laymen; the number of six hundred and eighty parishes being wholly in lay possession, and their tithes amounting to no less a sum than 300,000*l.* a year, exacted too with a strictness which makes a striking contrast to the mode of obtaining clerical dues. And to this monstrous usurpation, we must remember to add the lay possession of 1,480 church glebes!

We are no advocates for the abuses of the Irish church, if abuses they be; nor are we inclined to doubt Lord Mountcashel's good intentions. There must be, in every human system, matters requiring public vigilance. But the friend of his country will pause before he desires to overthrow an establishment, from which so much public service has been derived, and from which so much more may be rationally expected. Nothing is easier than to attract popularity by the old declamations against ecclesiastical sluggishness or sleekness; but unless these declaimers can bring themselves to believe that Christianity can be learned by instinct, or that it is no matter whether it is learned or not—that children shall not be baptized, nor marriages solemnized, nor the dead buried with decency, there must be a class of men appointed to perform all these things. The declaimers may think that all ceremonial and all doctrine are idle, that man is soulless, and, being thus degraded to the brute, may be left to the impulses of the brute during life, and, on his death, may be flung into the first ditch. But the example of this philosophy, even so near us and our time as France and the French Revolution, shows the physical peril of such conceptions; and that, where man is a brute in his death, his living instincts may be furiously turned to bloodshed, plunder, and the general subversion of society. The whole experience of mankind is in favour of some public system of religion. From the most ancient and cultivated nations, to the least refined, all equally formed for themselves a priesthood, a body of men educated for the support of worship in its doctrines and forms, and sufficiently set apart from the secular struggles of life, to give up their whole mind to the maintenance of a religious feeling among the people.

A priesthood we must have, in some form or other; and the sole question remaining is, whether we shall have it on the model approved by the oldest authority, and sustained by means acknowledged by our habits and laws; or, breaking up the whole fabric which our forefathers raised, summon a new and untried race from the multitude into the temple, and commence a new career of public religion by robbery, under the guidance of usurpation, popular rashness, and sullen infidelity.

## MOORE'S NOTICES OF LORD BYRON.

ALL the world, talkers, readers, blue-stockings, and all, have long since made up their minds about the subject of Mr. Moore's present volume. That Byron was a great poet is unquestionable, and that, on the strength of his poetic reputation, he was perfectly satisfied to build reputations of any other kind, is equally clear. Not that he was a hair's breath worse than nine-tenths of the decorous young gentlemen whom we meet every day roving the fashionable streets; the only difference being that his Lordship's taste for notoriety urged him into perpetual exposure; while those young gentlemen drink, play, quarrel with their families, ruin their tailors, make lawless love, and contract heartless marriages; but have the grace to keep the affair to themselves as much as they can. Byron let out the secret without ceremony, exulted in telling the world every unlucky circumstance about him, and perhaps was never in higher self-applause than on the day when he had to divulge that he had nine executions in his house, had separated from his wife, and had fairly proclaimed war with mankind.

All this, however, "argued a foregone conclusion," for, lover of eccentricities as a man may be, there are obvious inconveniences in their pursuit which probably save the world from being often perplexed by a career of this inveterate opposition to public tastes. Byron's parentage may account for some portion of his propensities. His father was, by Mr. Moore's account, a thorough scoundrel; a base though showy profligate, who, after spending all his patrimony in low excess, turned fortune-hunter, and married a half-mad woman for her money. The detail of this match is full of the Biographer's industry. It appears that Miss Catherine Gordon, of Gight, had about 20,000*l.*; of which Captain Byron contrived to get rid in less than two years, reducing the Heiress of Gight to an allowance of 150*l.* a year. There, unquestionably, too, was madness in the line. Lord Byron's grand uncle, who was tried; in 1765, before the Peers, for killing his cousin, Mr. Chaworth, in a duel, passed the latter years of his life in an extraordinary seclusion, which was known to be connected with lunacy. Other branches of the family were, if less public, equally singular; and, we must, in charity, suppose the same excuse for Captain Byron, who began his career by carrying off and marrying the wife of Lord Carmarthen, and whose progress through life was only from one profligacy to another. His daughter, by the lady, was the Honourable Augusta Byron, subsequently married to Colonel Leigh.

The poet's mother was married in 1785; and he was born, in Holles-street, London, on the 22nd of January, 1788. The head of the line was in the De Buruns, of Normandy, who came over with the Conqueror, and whose posterity inherited large estates in Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire, and Lancashire. Mrs. Byron was a descendant from Sir William Gordon, third son of the Earl of Huntley, by the daughter of James I. of Scotland.

Lord Byron made himself remarkable, at an early period, by his irritability. The misery which a man inflicts on himself by this habit is so much more severe than its offence to others, that it is only just, in all such instances, to suspect some morbid cause. Byron had two or three: he had a tendency to some disorder of the kidneys, than which a more agonizing visitant when it comes, nor a more fretful fear when it



threatens to come, is not within human sufferings. A calamity of the same organs made Rousseau mad and a misanthropist through life, and, finally, drove him to suicide. It was, probably, the chief source of Swift's eternal spleen; and a large portion of Gibbon's restless scorn of all that is best and noblest in our nature, may have arisen from a similar malady. Byron had the additional misfortune of a club-foot, which, from its being the unlucky appendage to a man, vain, even to foppery, of his personal appearance, was a source of constant vexation. Other vexations existed, in the character of his parent, which, whether from a slur thrown on his birth, or the natural reluctance of respectable people to have any thing to do with so extraordinary and violent a person as Mrs. Byron, (his father having died some years before) left the young heir of a broken patrimony strangely at a loss on his entrance into the world.

Dallas, a *very* remote relation, as the biographer emphatically remarks, seems to have been for some time the only substitute for the "troops of friends" that generally make a young lord buoyant on the St. James's tide. If Byron had been intended for a politician, or a dandy, or a hanger-on of the clubs, or a well bred fortune hunter, this desertion would have undone him; he would have taken to the bottle, from that to the dice, and from the dice to that cure of all sorrows, payment of all debts, and relief from all *ennui*, which is to be found in prussic acid or the pistol.

But he was intended by nature for a poet. And every step of his career was by a strong necessity ordered for his future eminence. His foot, his disease, the desertion of all other society, and the society of Mr. Dallas, were all powerful provocatives to spleen. The insolence and flagellation inflicted on him by the Edinburgh Reviewers, first taught him that he could be a satirist. The selfishness of the world first stimulated him to cut and scarify it in all directions; and the bitterness and insanity of his *virago* mother first drove him abroad, and gave the world "*Childe Harold*."

Our theory is unquestionable, that the materiel of poetry exists in a thousand minds for one that has the circumstances to bring it out; as every pebble contains fire, and hit it but hard enough, gives it out too; but bury the flint in a slough, or polish it into the ornament of a fair lady's necklace, and it is equally beyond the chance of giving out that spark, which if *luckily* placed, may blow up a house, a ship, or a city. If Byron had found his *entré* into the world preceded by the fair and the fond strewing his path with rose-buds, as is the custom with young lords in general; if noble fathers had overwhelmed him with cards for their banquets, and noble mothers speculated on him for their daughters, and noble misses "fondly marked him for their own," what could he have been but what all the tribe of heirs are? Where would have been his solitary hours of fierce musing, his brilliant visions of vengeance, his Don Juan determinations to slay and betray, and sting and startle, and lay society in flame, that he might have the delight of seeing it roast while he danced round the pile?

With seventy thousands a year, he would have been like Bob Ward, a diner out and epigram maker; with Alvanly's reception among the old women, he would have been like him, a lover of comfits and writer of epilogues; with young Castlereagh's or Clanricard's prospects, he would have been petted and pulled about by the lovely marriageable and por-

tionless, until he was spoiled as much as any of them for any thing but being a *Lord*! and Heaven only knows how small a portion of human use, good, or dignity, is concentrated in the name. But it was otherwise decreed—he was cast out into the desert, to wander, like the demoniac, among the tombs; but there to harden himself against the infirmities of nature, and defy the accidents of fortune; until, like the dæmoniac, a mightier spirit stirred within him, and he raved against man in accents more than of man.

Byron remained in Aberdeen from five till ten years old, and was then brought by his mother to London, for the double purpose of trying some quackery with his foot, which her folly contrived to make a source of perpetual torment to the poor boy, and of beginning his education. Various doctors, *Æsculapian* and *Priscianist*, took his body and mind into their successive charge, and with equally ill fortune; his mother's temper, of which the biographer has by no means deprived the public of sufficient details, defeating the cares of guardians, masters, and physicians, alike.

At length he was sent to Harrow, where he boasts of having hated the master, Dr. Butler, and made eternal friends of some of the pupils; until he left the school with no more learning than he took into it, except the learning of cricket, boxing, swimming, gaming, and the other accomplishments of public schools.

Byron's early judgment was too quick not to see the absurdity of that system by which ten years are devoted to the worst education at the highest price. He read much, but read after his own manner; and, accordingly, brought away with him more real knowledge than perhaps was to be found in the whole school besides, masters and all. But he brought away "small Latin and less Greek," and appears to have been wise enough never, in after life, to have felt the slightest wish to burden his memory with either.

Byron's palpable feeling was that the whole system was a dull burlesque. The tedious inutility of verse-making, in dead languages, by men who will never be able to write a verse in any living one, is a fine subject of ridicule. And the successful expedition with which every English gentleman, unless he be doubly marked for boobyism, forgets every syllable of his ten years' toils, is scarcely more demonstrative of the intrinsic errors of the plan, than the recollection of those scenes and excesses into which a great school initiates the early mind: scenes and excesses to which we unhesitatingly trace the broad and spreading degeneracy of the national heart and the national understanding.

In this we allude to no one great school more than another. Their present masters, we take it for granted, make as good nonsense verses as any of those who have made nonsense verses before them. The old system is the sin. The national evil consists in giving ten years to what might be acquired in two; in the miserable abandonment of the young to their own extravagance, their own passions, and their own resentments; in the encouragement of tyranny by fagging; and in the general growth of selfishness, waste, and arrogance, by the allowed habits of those establishments, one and all.

The death of his grand uncle, the fifth Lord Byron, in 1795, (this lord's grandson having died the year before) gave him the title. The old lord was reputed, in his own neighbourhood, to be a furious madman. He always carried loaded pistols, and the country was filled with



stories of his insane violence. He let his house go to ruin, endeavoured to dilapidate the family estate, and died, with the popular impression of his having gone straight to Erebus.

Lord Byron having now become a ward in Chancery, the Earl of Carlisle, the husband of the deceased lord's sister, was appointed his guardian. It was an uneasy guardianship for the unfortunate Earl. Mrs. Byron was a virago, who flew into paroxysms of fury on the slightest contradiction, and with whom the earl was obliged to draw an immediate line of demarcation. The young lord availed himself of the first use of his pen to fix him conspicuously in a lampoon.

The biographer's anecdotes of the scenes between the son and the mother, are sufficiently extraordinary. Mrs. Byron, in her rage, was in the habit of flinging the poker and tongs at the head of the young disputant; and the hostility at length became so deadly, that an instance occurred, in which "they were known each to go privately, after one of those nights of dispute, to the apothecary's, anxiously inquiring whether the other had gone to *purchase poison!*" After an uneasy sojourn at Harrow, he went to Cambridge, where he amused himself according to his whim; bred up a bear, which he pronounced that he kept to sit for a fellowship; and published his first volume of poems by a "Minor."

Here his life was like that of his contemporaries, and he suitably begins one of his letters with—"My dear Elizabeth: Fatigued with sitting up till four in the morning, for the last two days at *Hazard*, I take up my pen." Moore in his note animadvertes upon "that sort of display and boast of rakishness, which is but too common a folly at this period of life. Unluckily, this boyish desire of being thought worse than he really was, remained with Lord Byron, as did some other failings and foibles of his boyhood, long after the period when with others they are past and forgotten."

Byron's description of Cambridge in this letter is emphatic enough. "A villainous chaos of dice and drunkenness, nothing but hazard and Burgundy, hunting, mathematics and Newmarket, riot and racing."

His tastes for adventure had now begun to take a form. "Next January, (but this is *entre nous*, for my maternal persecutor will be for throwing her tomahawk at any of my curious projects) I am going to sea for four or five months, with my cousin, Captain Bettesworth, who commands the *Tartar*, the finest frigate in the navy. I have seen most scenes, and long to look at a naval life. We are going probably to the Mediterranean, or to the West Indies, or to the d—l." He finishes the letter by saying, that he has "written the first volume of a novel, and a poem of 380 lines," which formed the ground work of the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." The satire thus having been written before the affront, though probably some additional pungencies were thrown into its enlarged shape.

In his visits to London, about 1808, he became acquainted with the Mr. Dallas, of whom we have heard so much in the noble Lord's dealings with Murray. Dallas seems to have made his way by giving him opinions of his "Minor" poems, and to have tried to turn his influence to advantage, by lecturing him, probably with sincerity, upon the bard's absurdities in scepticism. But Byron asked no higher opportunity than to make the most of his infidel fame, and he loaded his adviser with letters full of the most daring nonsense, for the purpose, as Moore says, of astounding his adviser. He thus prefers "Socrates to St. Paul, and Con-

fucius to the Ten Commandments, believes that virtue is a mere feeling, not a principle, and that death is an eternal sleep."

Of this farrago, Moore pronounces, that if it was meant for his usual purpose "of displaying his wit at the expense of his character;" it must be recollected, that it was addressed to "one of those officious, self-satisfied advisers, whom it was at all times the delight of Lord Byron to astonish and mystify." It was one of those "tricks with which through life, he amused himself at the expense of the numerous *quacks*, which his celebrity drew round him." So much for the biographer's homage to Mr. Dallas.

His first literary event was in 1808; the Edinburgh Review critique on the "Hours of Idleness." He had notice of it, and mentions it to one of his correspondents, Mr. Becher:—"I am of so much importance, that a most violent attack is preparing for me in the next number of the Edinburgh Review. This I had from the authority of a friend, who has seen the proof and MS. of the critique. You know the system of the Edinburgh Review gentlemen is universal attack. They praise none, and neither the public nor the author expects praise from them. They defeat their object by indiscriminate abuse, and they never praise any except the partizans of Lord Holland and Co."

The critique came out, and it vexed him for the moment. "A friend who found him in the first moments of excitement, after reading the article, inquired anxiously, whether he had just received a challenge!" (By the by, not a very complimentary question to his Lordship's nerves.) But Byron's "Satire," in *petto*, fortified him against the shock. On that day he tried his double allies, wine and ink; drank three bottles of claret, and reinforced his "Satire," "by twenty lines." When a man has nothing else for it, he has, as Shylock says, "revenge." Lord Byron had already anticipated the insult by "380 lines of revenge;" the additional "twenty made him feel himself considerably better," and he proceeded forthwith to cut up the critics with the delight of a fresh stimulus for "savagery."

At this time he writes to his friend Becher:—"Entre nous, I am cursedly dipt; my debts, every thing inclusive, will be nine or ten thousand before I am twenty-one." He had the early fondness for travel natural to every body, boobies and all. But his fondness was for regions beyond what the Travellers' Club call Postchaise-land. He longed to sun himself in India, or at least in Persia. But India, probably as being the further off, was his favourite. He writes to his mother in 1808:—"I wish you would inquire of Major Watson (who is an old Indian) what things it will be necessary to provide for my voyage. I have already procured a friend to write to the Arabic Professor at Cambridge for some information I am anxious to possess. After all, you see my project is not a bad one. If I do not travel now, I never shall, and all men should one day or other. I have at present no connexions to keep me at home, no wife, no unprovided sisters, brothers, &c."

But first of the first, he was to bring out his Satire, and silence the critics for ever. This none would have blamed; but he freighted his "shippe of fooles" with the name of every poet, and almost every man of his acquaintance. He frequently too changed his colouring in the course of his revisions; and Lord Carlisle who flourished in the MS.,

"On one alone Apollo deigns to smile,  
And crowns a new Roscommon in Carlisle,"



having returned a cold answer to a hint that Lord Byron was ready to take his seat in the Peers, was hitched into a bitter rhyme. Others were stung in the MS., and balmed in the book. Thus,

“ I leave topography to *coxcomb* Gell,”

was smoothed down to *classic* Gell.

Byron was always in love with somebody or other, like all boys that are left to themselves, and not kept in awe by the solemnity of a papa. His flames began with a peasant, Mary Duff, at eight years old; and proceeded from one idol to another, until he fell into something like real passion with that person, of the most unloveable name of Chaworth, who affronted him by calling him “a lame boy,” and whom he continued to adopt as Petrarch his Laura, and Dante his Beatrice, for a poetic *beau ideal*, or commodious lay-figure to dress his future verses on.

Byron's life at Newstead was little calculated to charm him with England; it was the rude, self-indulgent, rough life of a boy, spoiled by a fool of a mother, and left his own master when he should have been at school. His companions were as singular as himself. One of them, the Charles Skinner Matthews, whom he celebrates in the “Childe Harold,” a *bon vivant*, an oddity, a boxer, a rambler, and unhappily a booster of atheism, gives this sketch in a letter to a female correspondent:—

“Ascend with me the hall steps, that I may introduce you to my lord and his visitants. But have a care how you proceed: be mindful to go there in broad daylight, and with your eyes about you. For, should you make any blunder, should you go to the right of the hall steps, you are laid hold of by a bear; and should you go to the left, your case is still worse, for you run full against a wolf. Nor, when you have attained the door, is your danger over; for, the hall being decayed, and therefore standing in need of repair, a bevy of inmates are very probably banging at one end of it with their pistols; so that, if you enter without giving loud notice of your approach, you have only escaped the wolf and the bear, to expire by the pistol-shots of the merry monks of Newstead.

“Our party consisted of Lord Byron and four others; and was now and then increased by the presence of a neighbouring *parson*! As for our way of living, the order of the day was generally this:—For breakfast we had no set hour, but each suited his own convenience—every thing remaining on the table till the whole party had done: though, had any one wished to breakfast at the early hour of ten, one would have been lucky to find any of the servants up. Our average hour of rising was one. I, who was generally up between eleven and twelve, was always, even when an invalid, the first of the party, and was deemed a prodigy of early rising. It was frequently past two before the breakfast party broke up. Then for the amusements of the morning: there was reading, fencing, single-stick, or shuttlecock in the great room; practising with pistols in the hall; walking, riding, cricket, sailing on the lake, playing with the bear, or teasing the wolf. Between seven and eight we dined, and our evening lasted from that time till one, two, or three, in the morning. The evening diversions may be easily conceived.

“I must not omit the custom of handing round, after dinner, a human scull, filled with Burgundy. After revelling on choice viands, and the finest wines of France, we adjourned to tea, where we amused ourselves with reading or improving conversation, each according to his fancy;

and, after sandwiches, &c., retired to rest. A set of monkish dresses, which had been provided, with all the proper apparatus of crosses, beads, tonsures, &c., often gave a variety to our appearance and to our pursuits."

Gaming is a sort of apprentice fee, which all young men of rank, and multitudes of no rank at all, pay for their entrance into that miserable and silly life called fashionable. Byron, who took his share of every thing, good and bad, dashed into gaming like the rest. But he made the affair one of *principle*. "I have," says his journal, "a notion that gamblers are as happy as many people, being always *excited*. Women, wine, fame, the table, even ambition, *sate* now and then. But every turn of the card, and cast of the die, keeps the gamester alive: besides, one can game ten times longer than one can do any thing else. I was very fond of it when young, that is to say of Hazard, for I hate all *card* games, even Faro. When Macco (or however they spell it) was introduced, I gave up the whole thing, for I loved and missed the rattle of the box and dice, and the glorious uncertainty, not only of good luck or bad luck, but of any luck at all, as one had sometimes to throw often to decide at all. I have thrown as many as fourteen mains running, and carried off all the cash upon the table occasionally; but I had no coolness, no judgment, no calculation." His lordship's delicacy never perceived that gambling is robbery, the taking the purse of some fool, foolish enough to risk his money on the throw of a die: his sensibility felt too much, to feel the radical baseness of the act of taking a man's money out of his pocket, when, in nine instances out of ten, the process was the direct road to his beggary and suicide. Gambling is the fashion, as all the world knows; but it is impossible to connect the idea, in any instance, with dignity, feeling, or delicacy of mind. It is the meanest form of avarice!

Moore makes the most of his noble friend's melancholy. But how much of this must be attributed to the night's debauch, the glasses of pure brandy, and the dash and rattle of the dice, with *dashing* of all other kinds, to the amount of bankruptcy, is left untold. The bard's constitution was originally a bad one: he made it worse by indulgence in all shapes and shades of whims; he quarrelled with the world; he had a daily head-ache, and a dozen daily duns; and, if this is not enough to account for heavy spirits, without either the sublime or the profound, the problem is beyond solution.

He was now seriously bent on travel, as he says, "*Vor* all the world, like Robinson Crusoe." And concludes a letter on the subject by laughing at his friend Hobhouse, who seems to have taken the journey in the fiercest resolution of authorship. "Hobhouse has made woundy preparations for a book on his return—one hundred pens, two gallons of japan ink, and several volumes of best blank, are no bad provision for a discerning public."

From Falmouth he wrote an excellent song, which we do not recollect to have seen in any of his publications.

#### THE LISBON PACKET.

*Falmouth Roads, June 30, 1809.*

Huzza, Hodgson! we are going;  
Our embargo's off at last;  
Favourable breezes blowing,  
Bend the canvas o'er the mast.



From aloft the signal's streaming—  
 Hark! the farewell-gun is fired;  
 Women screeching, tars blaspheming,  
 Tell us that our time's expired.

There's a rascal,  
 Come to task all  
 Prying from the Custom-house!  
 Trunks unpacking,  
 Cases cracking;

Not a corner for a mouse  
 'Scapes unsearched amid the racket,  
 Ere we sail on board The Packet!

Now our boatmen quit their mooring,  
 And all hands must ply the oar;  
 Baggage from the quay is lowering;  
 We're impatient—push from shore.  
 "Have a care! that case holds liquor."—  
 "Stop the boat! I'm sick—oh, Lord!"—  
 "Sick, Ma'am?—damme! you'll be sicker  
 Ere you've been an hour on board."

Thus are screaming  
 Men and women,  
 Gemmen, ladies, servants, Jacks;  
 Here entangling,  
 All are wrangling,  
 Stuck together close as wax.  
 Such the general noise and racket,  
 Ere we reach The Lisbon Packet!

Now we've reached her! Lo! the captain,  
 Gallant Kidd, commands the crew;  
 Passengers their berths are clapt in,  
 Some to grumble, some to spew.  
 "Heyday! call you that a cabin?  
 Why, 'tis hardly three feet square—  
 Not enough to stow Queen Mab in!  
 Who the deuce can harbour there?"—

"Who, Sir?—plenty;  
 Nobles twenty  
 Did at once my vessel fill."—  
 "Did they?—Jesus!  
 How you squeeze us!—  
 Would to God they did so still!  
 Then I'd 'scape the heat and racket  
 Of the good ship, Lisbon Packet!

Fletcher, Murray, Bob, where are you?  
 Stretched along the deck like logs!  
 Bear a hand, you jolly tar, you!  
 Here's a rope's-end for the dogs.  
 Hobhouse, muttering fearful curses,  
 As the hatchway down he rolls;  
 Now his breakfast, now his verses,  
 Vomits forth, and damns our souls.

Here's a stanza  
 On Braganza.—  
 "Help!"—"A couplet?"—"No, a cup  
 Of warm water."—  
 "What's the matter?"—  
 "Zounds! my liver's coming up:  
 I shall not survive the racket  
 Of this brutal Lisbon Packet!"

Now at length we're off for Turkey—  
 Lord knows when we may come back ;  
 Breezes foul, and tempests murky,  
 May unship us in a crack :  
 But, since life at most a jest is,  
 As philosophers allow,  
 Still to laugh by far the best is ;  
 Then laugh on, as I do now.  
     Laugh at all things,  
     Great and small things,  
 Sick or well, at sea or shore ;  
     While we're quaffing,  
     Let's have laughing ;  
 Who the devil cares for more ?  
 Some good wine !—and who would lack it,  
 E'en on board The Lisbon Packet ?

He landed at Lisbon, and rode through Spain to Cadiz. With Cadiz he was delighted, for many reasons: the first of which he gives in the words, " Cadiz is a complete *Cythera*. Many of the *grandeos* who have left Madrid during the troubles, reside here; and it is the prettiest and cleanest town in Europe. The Spanish women are *all alike*,—their education the same. The wife of a duke is in information as the wife of a peasant; the wife of a peasant is in manner equal to a duchess. Certainly they are fascinating; but their minds have only one idea, and the business of their lives is *intrigue*." This character of the Spanish ladies was dashed off after a week's acquaintance with a single town, on the principle of Matthews's story of the French officer in prison at Portsmouth; who wrote down in his journal, that all the English ladies boxed, gave each other black eyes, and drank gin. It must be allowed, however, that a larger knowledge of the Peninsula might not have much altered his opinion. Absolution is cheap, and frailty, of course, fashionable.

At Malta he met with Mrs. Spencer Smith, the wife of Sir Sydney Smith's brother. He describes her as very pretty, very accomplished, extremely eccentric, and twenty-five. She was quite a cosmopolite, was born in Constantinople, the daughter of the Austrian ambassador, married Smith, then, we believe, Envoy, or Secretary of Legation, quarrelled with him, as all women of genius and romance do with their husbands,—rambled over the continent, apparently for no other reason, than that she had no business there,—ran after the the French,—ran from the French,—fled with an adventurer, the Marquis De Salvo, from some prison or other, though, as the lady declared, with an unimpeachable character,—believed herself a public victim to the security of the continent—and took to herself the flattering belief that she was the object of peculiar horror to Napoleon. This was just the woman to captivate the quick fancy of a man like Byron; and he embalmed her in his first foreign verses.

In his letters he keeps up a regular detail of his movements, with now and then an anecdote. The following is well told.

" You don't know D—s, do you? He had a farce ready for the stage before I left England. When Drury-lane was burned to the ground, by which accident Sheridan and his son lost the few remaining shillings they were worth; what doth my friend D— do? Why, before the fire



was out, he writes a note to Tom Sheridan, the manager of this combustible concern, to inquire whether this farce was not converted into fuel, with about two thousand other unactable MSS. Now, was not this characteristic? The ruling passions of Pope are nothing to it. While the poor distracted manager was bewailing the loss of a building only worth £300,000, in comes a note from a scorching author, requiring at his hands two acts and odd scenes of a farce!"

After two years travel he returned, in 1811, and luckily escaped publishing a "paraphrase" on Horace, which Moore pronounces heavy enough to have sunk his lordship below the possibility of recovering a poetic reputation. Dallas was the lucky critic on the occasion, and he was rewarded by the MSS. of *Childe Harold*. In another month his mother died, "characteristically," of a fit of rage, brought on by reading over the upholsterer's bills!

He now, probably warned a little by the suddenness of this death, made his will, the most striking point of which is, his determination that nobody should mistake him for any thing but what he was.

"The body of Lord B. is to be buried in the vault of the garden of Newstead, without any ceremony or burial service whatever, or any inscription, save his name and age. His dog not to be removed from the vault."

So much for bravado; too boyish for Byron's time of life; to say nothing of the profaneness. It was in this spirit, that the wretched coxcomb, Shelley, whose only apology can be, that he was insane, scribbled himself down, *Atheist*, in the album of Mont Blanc. The whole was vulgar bravado—that was not content with being impious unless all the world knew it; that felt insult to Heaven an empty indulgence, unless the insult was blazoned to man; and that found its triumph in calling on society to stare at the courage which could defy common sense, and outrage decent virtue. We are neither Methodists nor Muggletonians, but we have knowledge enough of the Shelley tribe to know that three-fourths of their taunts and insolence are adopted merely to catch the world's wonder.

His next tidings were of the death of another atheist, his friend Matthews, who was drowned at Cambridge. But this worthless personage was fortunately replaced in the same year by a different kind of friend. The burlesque in the notes to the "Edinburgh Bards" on Moore's duel with Jeffrey, had drawn on a correspondence, the result of which was a meeting, not with sword and pistol, "and other wild animals," but over coffee; and the two poets became companions. Byron's nature was haughty and bitter; there is no use in denying it. But Moore's, setting aside the little retorts natural enough to a stranger and an Irishman, thrown loose among the proudest aristocracy that pride ever made at once insolent and ridiculous, has always been touched with human good nature. His satires on the great, in and out of power, we can heartily forgive, for the sake of those noble persons themselves; than whom, as a race, no race on earth requires more to be reminded, that men without title are not dust under their feet; and that the wearer of a coronet may deserve the lash and may meet it, from a man with not a drop of Norman blood in his veins.

The warlike correspondence ended in an armistice, cemented at a dinner given by that "ancient and loving grandmother, as Massinger would have it, of the muses," Rogers; but of which Byron would partake

nothing but "potatoes and vinegar," a mixture which that wicked wit, Lady Caroline Lambe, pronounced to be "in compliment to the country of his antagonist, and the qualities of his host." Byron's opinions about the poets of the day were easy enough. "Do read mathematics. I should think X plus Y, at least as amusing as the Curse of Kehama, and much more intelligible. Master Southey's poems are, in fact, what parallel lines might be, viz., prolonged *ad infinitum* without meeting any thing half so absurd as themselves."

What news, what news, Queen Oreaca,

What news of scribblers five?

S—, W—, C—e, L—d, and L—e,

All *d—mn—d*, though yet alive.

The initials comprehended the various names of Scott, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lloyd, and Lambe; though, subsequently, he did due honour to Scott's fine Lyrical powers. The others he seems to have complimented when he chose to play the courtier, and burlesqued when he returned to the art of plain speaking. He concludes this letter, with—"Coleridge is lecturing." "Many an old fool," said Hannibal to some such lecturer, "but such as this never."

His hits on character are in the highest spirit of that *dash* and *rattle*, which he loved. "Pole is to marry Miss Long—and will be a *very miserable dog* for all that. The present ministers are to continue, and his majesty *does* continue in the same state, so there's folly and madness for you, both in a breath.

"I never heard but of one man truly fortunate; and he was Beaumarchais, the author of Figaro, who buried two wives and gained three lawsuits before he was thirty."

His summer visits to the country seats gave him some insight into public persons. At Lord Jersey's—"Erskine was there, good but intolerable. He jested, he talked, he did every thing, admirably. But then, he *would* be applauded for the same thing twice over: he *would* read his own verses, his own paragraphs, and tell his own story again and again; and then the 'Trial by Jury:' I almost wished it abolished, for I sat next him at dinner."

Drury Lane having been burnt, for the ruin of Sheridan's creditors, and rebuilt for the ruin of a fresh set, the committee, with Lord Holland at their head, perpetrated the long-laughed-at scheme of summoning all the verse makers of England or Europe to write an opening address. Some thousands poured in upon them, all equally good or evil. Until the committee convinced, at last, that to choose was impossible, and to recite them all at once, not very easy; came to the natural expedient of having one address, written by one person, and recited by one other. The task was comfortless enough, and Lord Byron made it a curiously anxious one; for we have no less than a dozen letters written to his unfortunate inspirer, Lord Holland, in the course of a month; and every one of them containing cuttings out, cuttings up, and corrections, that must have singularly perplexed his lordship. It is not easy to reconcile this industry with his letter to Mr. Murray.

"I was applied to to write the address for Drury-lane; but the moment I heard of the contest, I gave up the idea of contending against all Grub-street. To triumph would have been no glory, and to have been defeated—'sdeath! I would have choked myself, like Otway, with a quartern loaf. So, remember, I had, and have nothing to do with it,



upon my honour!" His poem, after all, was good for nothing; but it was good enough for the purpose. It produced, however, two good consequences, the "Rejected Addresses," on the fame of which "the authors of the Rejected Addresses" still put forth their performances; and the display of Dr. Busby's person haranguing from the boxes, his son's person haranguing from the stage; a display of the Bow-street officers interfering with the eloquence of both; and a week's ridicule of all the parties concerned. The Dr.'s poem, beginning with

"When energizing subjects men pursue,  
What are the prodigies they cannot do?"

had the honour of a parody in the Morning Chronicle by his Lordship.

"When energizing objects men pursue,  
The Lord knows what is writ by Lord knows who.  
A modest monologue you here survey,  
Hissed from the theatre the other day." &c.

The Address continued to be a bore to him, and to his correspondents for some months; but he at last plunged into authorship again, and produced his poem on "Waltzing," which being but lightly received, he disowned.

"I hear that a certain malicious publication on waltzing is attributed to me." This report, I suppose, you will take care to contradict, as the author I am sure, will not like that *I* should wear *his cap and bells*." This, in a letter to the publisher himself, is rather amusing.

He and Sheridan sometimes met; the young Lord having a great and justified admiration for the abilities of the old dramatist.—"Sheridan was a rogue all his life long, but a delightful rogue."

"One day I saw him take up his 'Monody on Garrick.' He lighted on the dedication to the dowager Lady ———. On seeing it he flew into a rage, and exclaimed, that it must be a forgery—that he had never dedicated any thing of his to such a d—d canting, &c. &c., and so went on for half an hour, abusing his own dedication."

"He told me, that on the night of the grand success of his 'School for Scandal,' he was knocked down, and put into the watch-house, for making a row in the street, and being found intoxicated by the watchmen."

"When dying, he was requested to undergo an operation. He replied, that 'he had already submitted to two, which were enough for one man's lifetime;—having his hair cut, and sitting for his picture!'"

The biographer now comes to the Leigh Hunt acquaintance, which he gets over in a tone of easy contempt.

"It was at this time that Lord Byron became acquainted (and I regret to have to add, partly through my means) with Mr. Leigh Hunt." They went together to dine with Hunt in the Coldbath-fields prison, where he was confined for a libel on the Prince Regent, in 1813. The morning was ushered in by an epistle from his Lordship to Moore, beginning with

"Oh you, who in all names can tickle the town,  
Anacreon, Tom Little, Tom Moore, or Tom Brown;  
For hang me, if I know of which you may most brag,  
Your quarto of Two pounds, or Twopenny Post-bag."

The result of this acquaintance has been sufficiently known.

Byron's letters have a fling at every body.—“Rogers is out of town with Madame de Stael, who hath published an essay *against* suicide, which I presume will make somebody shoot himself; as a sermon by Blenkinsop, in proof of Christianity; sent a hitherto most orthodox acquaintance of mine out of a chapel of ease a perfect atheist. There is to be a thing on Tuesday yclept a National Fête. The Regent is to be there. Vauxhall is the scene. There are six tickets issued for the modest women, and it is supposed there will be *three* to spare.—Canning has disbanded his party, by a speech from his \* \* \* \*!—the true throne for a Tory.—Madame de Stael Holstein has lost one of her young barons, who has been carbonadoed by a vile Teutonic adjutant, kilt and killed in a coffee-house in Scrawsenhausen. Corinne is of course what all mothers must be, but will, I venture to prophecy, do what few mothers could, write an Essay upon it. She cannot exist without a grievance, and somebody to see or read how much grief becomes her.” In his poem, the “Devil's Drive,” Satan comes to the House of Lords.

“He saw my Lord Liverpool seemingly wise,  
The Lord Westmoreland certainly silly;  
And Johnny of Norfolk a man of some size,  
And Chatham, so like his friend Billy.  
And he heard, which set Satan himself a staring,  
A certain Chief Justice say something like *swearing*,  
And the Devil was shocked, and says he I must go,  
For I find we have much better manners below.”

The “Chief Justice” was probably Ellenborough, whose manners were violent and insolent.

Byron at length turned his thoughts to looking out for a wife; and Lady Melbourne recommended Miss Milbanke, to whom he accordingly made proposals. The offer was rejected; but the lady adopted the extraordinary measure of requesting his correspondence. So much for the delicacy of the *blues*. At the end of two years of this foolish and trifling sentimentality, he was informed that he might make his proposals again. “What an odd situation is ours,” says Byron, “not a spark of love on either side.” The mode of making this overture must be a pleasant discovery for the lady. His “memoranda” say, that a friend advised him to take a wife, and mentioned one. Byron mentioned Miss Milbanke. The friend objected to her want of immediate fortune, and her “learning.” Byron allowed the argument, proposed for the friend's choice, and was refused. On reading the refusal he tried Miss Milbanke again, writing a letter to her at the moment of his receiving the rejection. The friend still argued, but taking up the letter said, “It is really a very pretty letter. It is a pity it should not go. I never read a prettier one.”—“Then it shall go,” said Byron. It went at the instant, and as Moore rather legally says, was “the fiat of his fate.” Byron declared that he had not seen her for ten months before!

What wonder that this kind of marriage should have run into bickerings and separation. The biographer throws no further light on the “mysterious separation,” of which all the world talked so much at the time. But the courtship was a sufficient solution. The wife had taken her steps in palpable defiance of her parents and friends, and of course had nobody to thank for her subsequent ill-luck but herself. Byron brought her into a house which had *nine* executions in it in the



course of one year,—was a *roué*, and clearly a troublesome companion for a fire-side. But all this the lady knew before; for the gentleman had never made any concealment of his tastes; and she ought to have abided by them. Moore says, with sufficient plainness, that the fault “was in the choice.” And as Miss Milbanke married, in the spirit of *blueism*, a man who was proud of publishing his scorn of mankind and womankind, and home and country, and the habits and principles of English life, she ought to have made up her mind to go through with the affair. Byron was no more to blame than every rake, and he was probably not more a rake than ninety-nine out of the hundred of his rank, except in his ostentation of offence to society. His wife took him “with all faults,” and her separation from him certainly threw the weight of blame on her side. Byron’s nature was arrogant and sullen, but he had intervals of gentleness and feeling. Time, and kindness at home, might have softened him, and he might have gradually taken the place in society, due to men of abilities, who have at length discovered that there is a more enduring fame, and a wiser occupation of life, than the cackle of coteries, or the alternate riot and dejection of the tavern.

The volume, on the whole, is amusing. Moore should be a man of *tact*—from his mixture with the race who are always talking about it—yet we miss this considerably in his determination to insert every thing that dropped from Byron’s pen—the frequent panegyric of himself in the letters must have been a painful pressure on the biographer’s feelings, to which we think his love of fidelity might have given way without a crime. Byron’s own details of his reprobate amours, the morals of his friends, and his *religious* notions in general, (which are nonsense, much less remarkable for their novelty than their ostentatious emptiness, folly, and ignorance,) ought to have been wholly omitted.

But, for the one grand merit of impartiality, the biographer may claim universal praise. He lets out the *facts*, be they what they will, and run a muck at whom they may. The following anecdote from one of Byron’s many journals, is we suppose, historic.

“Murray, the *bookseller*! has been *cruelly cudgelled* of misbegotten knaves, in ‘Kendal-green,’ at Newington Butts, in his way home from a purlieu dinner, and robbed—would you believe it?—of three or four bonds of forty pounds a-piece, and a seal ring of his grandfather’s, worth a million. This is his version; but others opine that D’Israeli, with whom he dined, knocked him down with his last publication, the *Quarrels of Authors*, in a dispute about copyright. Be that as it may, the newspapers have teemed with his *injuria formæ*, and he has been embrocated and invisible to all but his apothecary ever since.”

Nothing is said in this volume, that we can discover, of the famous MS. which was burned, “to the amount of 2,000*l.*,” at the desire of Mrs. Augusta Leigh, to the chagrin of Murray and Moore, and the astonishment of every body. But whatever the loss was at the time, it seems to have been completely atoned by the use of papers in extraordinary abundance, provided by his lordship to acquaint posterity with his “whereabout.” We thus have one entitled a “Register” of his ways; another, a “Dictionary;” a third, “A Journal;” and so forth; amounting not perhaps “to the value of 2,000*l.*,” but clearly amounting to a close detail of almost every transaction of his mind or body. So much the better, we say. The MS. ought not to have been burned; though, from the superfluity of Journalising, nothing may have been lost by its mounting to that lunar region where

Lawyers' consciences, and lover's brains,  
And statesmen's feelings float, and Laureate's strains.

Of Byron's poetic powers there can be no doubt; and as little of his possessing some qualities which circumstances might have softened and improved into social good. But he was, in the strongest sense of the word, unlucky. He had but two friends, Hobhouse and Moore, both gentlemen, and fitted to have led him away from the hollow and hazardous pursuits which bad company and bad habits had made second nature. But the Shelleys and the Matthews, and the Guicciolis, had higher captivations for him; and he flung away himself, his fortune, and his fame; a memorable example of great powers rendered a source of misery to the possessor; and of the highest advantages of society consigning him, by a direct and almost fated progress, to the life of an exile, to an empty struggle for empty objects, and to a foreign grave, among the obscure haunts of banditti and barbarians.

#### THEATRICAL MATTERS.

MISS KEMBLE has appeared in a third character, *Euphrasia*, in the "Grecian Daughter." The choice was injudicious: the play is intolerable. Murphy had some liveliness as a farce writer, and by the help of plundering from the French, might have been endured in a comedy; though there, his dialogue is deplorably dry, or relieved from dryness only by the worse quality of grossness. But in tragedy he was beyond all endurance. The frigidity of his French model, for he was an eternal plagiarist, was uncompensated by any dexterity of his own. The inflexible and didactic dulness of the foreign dialogue was transferred with desperate fidelity through his pen; and away he prosed in the idle belief that he was actually writing blank verse until he mercilessly murdered the heroine and the subject together. Mrs. Siddons gave some popularity to *Euphrasia*, as her acting would have given popularity to any thing. But the part is forced, and is not capable of powerful effect, let it be placed in what hands it will. Kemble's *Evander* was an example of personal ability, struggling against a disadvantageous part. Bennett is a melodrame player, on the Macready plan, a plan which he must utterly abandon before he is fit for tragedy or any thing but sitting before blue fire and raving to demons. Warde's voice is still unmanageable; the weather, we suppose, has made a malicious combination with nature to render him formidable to the human ear, and he is the most calamitous of lovers and heroes.

Drury-lane promises a multitude of pleasantries, when the frost shall let people enjoy them; till now the power of laughter has been frozen on the lips, and the genius of theatres has been buried in a cold bath of sleet. However, sunshine and summer airs must come at last; and we shall then be able to enjoy the dozen comedies which Lord Normanby has just brought over with him from his repertoire on the classic shores of the Arno. Kean plays frequently and with success, retarded only by a thermometer fifty degrees below the point of human endurance. Morton was said to have a drama on the subject of Baron Trenck. The dramatist has indignantly denied the imputation, and says, that though the secret of his having a drama with a person of that name in it, his is not *the* Baron: perhaps Morton is irate with the report that could fasten on him any connexion with the memory of so notorious a prison-breaker, or, perhaps, the whole is a pleasant, though by no means new theatrical expedient to awake the public curiosity to the drama by a little previous controversy.

Macready, who, it seems, will engage with nobody, or whom nobody will engage, is mentioned in the Portsmouth paper as exhibiting his *Macbeth* before an audience of ten persons in the boxes, and a proportionate number in the pit. Macready is a clever fellow in his way, but deplorably given to think very highly of himself, and very lowly of all who differ with him on



this point. He is, on the whole, we think, very well circumstanced at the Portsmouth distance from town.

"Robert, the Devil," a melodrama with more than an usual proportion of songs, we are told, is to be brought forward rapidly at Covent Garden. Duruset, always a very agreeable and popular singer and performer—Keeley, a dry humourist—and Miss Cawse, a pretty and piquant one, are to have the principal characters. The *Gazza Ladra* is to be brought out at the theatre, turned into English. The plot (the Maid and the Magpie) is abominably tedious and childish, but the music is frequently pretty, and we hope it will succeed better than those importations in general. But there are fifty operas of Rossini, worth fifty of it. Why will not managers lay their hands on some of them?

Miss Jarman is gone to Edinburgh; peace be with her. She is said to be greatly admired by the 'modern Athenians': joy be with them! They may keep the lady as long as they please. She has some theatrical faculties, but Nature has denied her others, without which the stage says to the host of its débutantes, "Come like shadows, so depart."

The French comedians at the Lyceum, threaten to take the field in great force; they have already announced their Staff with due magniloquence. The actors engaged are—M. Portier, for two months; M. Chacon, comedian, of the Bourdeaux Theatre; M. Belford, *père noble*, of the Marseilles Theatre; M. St. Aubin, *premier amoureux*, of the Lille Theatre; M. Felix, *second amoureux*, from Bordeaux; Mad. Dumont, first *Duenna*, from Bordeaux; Mad. Baudin, second ditto, from Nantes; Mad. Caussin, *première chanteuse*, of Strasbourg; Mdle. Florville, of the Lyons Theatre; Mad. Beavois, *seconde amoureuse*, of the Metz Theatre; Mdle. Irma, of the Theatre Vaudeville, Paris; and Mdle. Anais, Mesds. St. Ange and Beaupré are also engaged, with several other artistes from that capital. Mdles. Jenny Colon, Léontine Fay, and Bernard Leon, are expected in the course of the season. Laporte, Pélissie, and Cloup, are the directors. To these people we have no objection. They play pretty Vaudevilles; play them tolerably well, and are not paid intolerable salaries. The case is different, and shamefully different with the Italian Opera. There a woman, with whom no decent person ought to sit down in company, carries off half a dozen thousand pounds in half a dozen months, on the simple strength of her solfaing. Such is Noble patronage, while not merely the native theatre is deserted by them; but demands of a more important nature than those of theatres are urging them on every side. The money paid for this childish and unnational indulgence amounts to not less than 50,000*l* a-year, the half of which would relieve the national theatres from all embarrassment, encourage the arts, stimulate dramatic authorship into a sudden life that might give us a second Shakspeare, and provide for the popular mind the most intellectual of all amusements. Yet all this enormous sum goes into the hands of a little knot of signors and signoras, of whose lives, here or elsewhere, the anecdotes are sufficiently public to leave no kind of doubt on the deserts of the individual. If our nobility had the spirit or common sense of English gentlemen about them, they would send back the whole tribe to wallow in their native Italian sty, and make their purgation with the Pope and Cardinals.

Laporte is actively engaged in preparations for the opening of the Italian Opera, which will shortly take place, many of the *artistes* engaged being immediately expected in London. Donzelli, Curioni, Santini, Ambrogi, and Lablache, are among the number, as well as Mesdames Blasis and Lalande, Castelli, and one or two third-rates. Gosselin, Charles and Ronzi Vestris, and Mdle. Brocard, are engaged for the ballet; Mdle. Taglioni will also add to its importance in the course of the season. Deshayes will have the direction of the dances. "*La Gazza Ladra*" is spoken of as the opera intended for the opening, in which Santini and Ambrogi will make their *début*. Some new operas are in preparation, amongst them Pacini's *L'Arabe nelle Gallie* stands most prominent. Bochsa will, we believe, again have the direction of the music. We expect to hear of the engagement of some other *donnas*, as the Opera at present seems very deficient in them. This list, however, shows con-

siderable deficiencies: Malibran, Pasta, Pisaroni, Sontag, Zuchelli, Galli, &c. are among the "non inventi." De Begnis is in London, as the papers say, *reposing* from his triumphant tours through the country, and when he shall awake, ready to take as many pupils as he can possibly get. Old Garcia is looking to a London engagement; but the French say that he has every qualification for a singer "but voice;" and we say, that from what we remember of the Senor, they are welcome to keep him till he "struts the stage" no more.

A comedian of the name of Mansard, who chose to distinguish himself as a patriot, or as a rebel, by studiously adopting Bonaparte's dress on the stage, and giving a fac-simile of his manner, has been brought before the Court of Montauban, fined one hundred francs, and a fortnight's imprisonment. The fellow deserved it, as does every fellow who takes advantage of a public situation to insult the good order of the state. As to the tyranny of the Bourbons on such occasions, we can remember the keenness of the Bonaparte police on similar subjects. The actor who dared to represent the Duke d'Eughien would have been guillotined.

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#### NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

INDIA is almost too far off for us to trouble our cerebellums about it. With seventy-five per cent. taxes to pay, who can reproach us with inhumanity for forgetting the troubles of blacks and browns ten thousand miles out of sight? Yet India is a curious instance of that universal consent which all corners of this best governed of all empires have to be in trouble at this present time. The old happiness of making both ends meet, is likely to be a good deal discoloured, by this kind of conjunction. The letters from our scorching brethren in the great peninsula are expressive.

"DUM DUM, July 21.—"Really the state of things is such that one hardly knows how to begin, and what the result of all their wise proceedings will be, God only knows. If all rumours be true, we are all likely soon to see old England,—that is, those who have the luck to get out of the country. The plot is thickening fast, and matters must soon come to a crisis. A late order abolished several provincial battalions, and three (6th, 7th, and 8th) corps of irregular cavalry. The 6th have (they say) refused to disband, as well as the Dinagepore battalion, who not only refuse to lay down their arms, but have got the judge in confinement, and possession of the treasury chest. This will run like wild-fire through the country, and who is to put it out? In short, Lord Bentinck is going on like a blind man, without knowing what he is about. The state of disgust and dissatisfaction throughout the country exceeds any thing you ever witnessed."

The DUM DUM, at the top of this letter, would furnish a "diner-out" with a pun. But if the writer could have dated his dispatch from the city of the DEAF or the BLIND, we might discover in it that he had a good deal more to say, and also that he was confoundedly afraid to say it. Well! India has of course, its full title to take a share in the *boueversemens*, (for no English word has efficacy for the idea,) which thee felicity of enjoying the present illustrious ministers may bring on, before the next half-dozen years, or perhaps before the sixth part of the time.

Let us look at the elements which we hope may *not* be mixed in this Indian chaos.—A breaking up of the charter; which nominally preserved, and radically perverted, would, before a year was out, be so many skins of



parchment, and no more.—An inundation of all kinds of muslin and rascality under the name of Free Trade, into the East, from Bombay to Birmah.—Discontent, grumbling, and courts martial among the repugnant officers, with the echo of their parts of speech among the sepoys.—Angry rajahs and imprisoned polygars sending missions to the Pindarrees to come down by the half million, and make a general plunder.—The Russian army, with all the pikemen of the Don and the Caucasus, quietly gathering like a hurricane cloud on the frontier, until the business is ripe; and our well paid ambassador at St. Petersburg, and nincompoop, is though one of the nearest and dearest cousins of the Minister, informed by the Czar that there is no further occasion for his services; an Ukaze is issued from the throne of earthly thrones, acquainting England, that Russia being displeased with our habit of shaving, and our dislike to train oil, recommends that we should withdraw from India, and keep within our own island, *until* further orders.—Then explodes the hurricane; Field Marshal Powderowski, with Generals Thunderblastem and Lightningsplitzem, “at the head of separate corps,” rush over the Indian Balkan, before the Members in Council at Calcutta have time to secure their dressing boxes. Then come Affghans, Persians, Chinese, Tartars, rolling down like a hundred avalanches from the Pole.—And what is to knock out the brains of all those Goths and Vandals?—the solitary wisdom of Lord William Bentinck: a very good man, we hope and believe, for a whig; and endeared to the universe by being at once a son of that very dull nobleman, the late Duke of Portland, and a dependant of that very slippery statesman and poet, the late Mr. Canning. But setting aside his Lordship’s duplicate fame, as a retreating warrior in Spain, and as a retreating legislator in Sicily; we think that he will have quite enough on his hands. We only say, however, as Mr. Dillon, in his celebrated Narrative of the Lord Mayor’s Journey up the Thames, said of his Lordship and the goose pye,—we wish him well through it.

As to the complexion that the affair may take at-home, for that we are prepared. There may be two visits to Windsor, and three cabinet councils, for which no man living will be the wiser. The government newspapers may pleasantly hint, in the first instance, that the whole of the Indian news is a fabrication, of which they can point out the fabricator, he residing in an attic “not a hundred miles from Leadenhall Street.” In the next instance, they may be suffered to declare that the whole is an expedient of the most extraordinary genius that ever bore the destinies of England in his hand, to compel the Russians to throw off the mask, and come to a fair understanding, whether they meant to go to war or not.

The next information may be of a succession of balls in Whitehall; a levee at the Pimlico Palace, the minister “most graciously received, and surer than ever of retaining his hold on the confidence of the best of kings, and the affections of the most triumphant of nations.” On the very evening of the most glowing paragraph, may come out the Gazette, cashiering every hero of them.

The papers now are overflowed with such a flood of panegyric on the late President of the Royal Academy, that they have nearly drowned the public sympathy. His life is already announced as on the tapis, by Campbell, who, it seems, was on terms of intimacy with him, and

who, of course, will write with the enthusiasm of old acquaintancè. His works are already announced as in a state of preparation for the engraver, and we shall no doubt be furnished with recollections supplied neither by the pen of the poet, nor by the pen of authenticity in any shape.

Lawrence was a loss to the arts. He was a man of a singularly elegant taste in painting; and by a happiness, unaccountable from his early circumstances and education, of graceful accomplishment in many other ways. His nature was the teacher: it gave him, by instinct, a graceful address, a graceful phraseology, and a graceful mind. Nature had also given him a handsome face, to which his manners and his abilities gave a kind of dignity; and, on the whole, never was man fitter for the painter of the fair and fashionable world.

But the estimate of his powers may be made more fairly when the first regret for his loss shall have subsided. He was a masterly draughtsman; he had great skill in taking the likeness, and all his portraits were characterised by elegance; yet to this elegance he often sacrificed truth. He wanted the force, the fearless and decided pursuit of reality, which made the fame of the great painters. His colouring was tame; it possessed neither depth nor nature. All the bloom of his women was rouge, and all the clothing of his men, silk, or some unsubstantial weaving of the pencil.

Reynolds had the boldness to paint cloth as it was; the eye could distinguish it at a glance from velvet, or gossamer, or stained paper, or cloud. Lawrence's back grounds were feeble, a mottled vapour, the feeble sunshine, or showery landscape of a soil washed with eternal droppings of the sky. His portraits, too, had an extraordinary and unfortunate likeness to each other; and it was one of the wonders of the painter's art how he could reconcile the perfect accuracy of the individual likeness with this curious generic resemblance.

It is equally remarkable that a painter, so cautiously reluctant to offend rank, should have almost always painted his women of rank, as if their morality were as transparent as their dress. Many of them, he certainly could not exaggerate on this point, and some of them might have taken a pride in the display. But Lawrence gave the same expression to all. In this he differed from Reynolds; whether the difference be due to the inferiority of the artist or of his time. But to have given Lawrence his fair place before posterity, he ought to have been suffered to abandon portraits for awhile, and give the only proof of his powers that a great artist can be content with—historical painting. He often expressed a wish to make this experiment. But his perpetual embarrassments and the perpetual solicitations of persons of the higher orders entangled him, and checked his step into the region of the grandeur of his art.

One historical picture of his we have seen, which he painted in early life, and which gave the noblest promise. We believe that he never had time to paint another. The subject was Satan in Pandæmonium, standing on the burning lake, and summoning his overthrown legions to rise. Beelzebub stands by his side, but in shadow. The Prince of Evil is the most powerful embodying of the Miltonic conception that perhaps the pencil could give. The countenance magnificently beautiful, yet full of scorn and despair; the figure with the proportions of a giant, yet light and youthful; the attitude fierce and defying, yet full of dig-



nity ; the whole figure kingly, or more, of a king of those beings, who could " take the wings of the morning, and fly to the uttermost parts of the sea."

We hope that this fine picture will be among the first that are engraved. It will be only a due tribute to the painter's fame.

We give the following *hint* to the melodramatists. It is too pathetic for our sensibilities.

" On one occasion a bailiff, ' wishing to do the thing genteel,' disguised himself so successfully as actually to mislead the servant of Sir Thomas Lawrence into the belief that he was a gentleman who wished to sit—alias *to be taken off, rather than to take his master off*. He was accordingly admitted, and introduced into the show-room till Sir Thomas Lawrence could be apprized of his visit, who soon made his appearance—when, to his astonishment, he found the strange gentleman on his knees, in the utmost agony of tears, before the portrait of a venerable lady habited in mourning. Sir Thomas, with all his graceful kindness and eloquence, raising the stranger, begged to know to whom he was indebted for the honour of a visit, and the cause of his excessive grief. *The Dispenser of " unholy writ,"* overpowered by the talents of the painter and the gentleness of the man, confessed that he was overcome by remorse at the unexpected sight of the picture, which so greatly resembled his dear lost mother, who, by imprudence, he had reduced from a state of opulence, to misery, want, and the grave. He then explained the true object of his visit, but assured Sir Thomas that such were his feelings and admiration of his talents, that any arrangement the most convenient to him he would with pleasure accept, and that he should for ever regard him as the maker of a ' sinner saved.' "

In the pause of the English Attorney-General's libel functions, the Irish Diabolus has taken up the trade. The proprietor of the *Dublin Evening Post* has been called on to plead. The paper is a very clever one, and has been for a long time the organ of the " Association," and every kind of party, person, and doctrine, that could, in the words of Captain Rock's historian,—

Make the fun stir

In Ulster, Leinster, Connaught, Munster ;

but unless O'Connell and his compatriots spoke treason, we can discover no treason in the *Dublin Evening Post*. The *Freeman's Journal* is still more deeply stricken : for it is said to have no less than four *ex-officios* against it. And the Attorney-General is determined to make Mr. Henry Grattan plead, Mr. Grattan being no longer the proprietor !

Why all these symptoms of belligerency are going on, in the pacific administration of Mr. Archdeacon Singleton, is beyond our fathoming. With a Lord Lieutenant who, possessing no more than £150,000 a-year, relieves the starving weavers by buying five pounds worth of waistcoats from them at a time, which may, in all human probability, last his Grace for twice the number of years, we cannot conceive why this irritation should continue an hour. The law of the Irish press, however, is so incomparably fitted for encouraging it in licentiousness, that perhaps we ought to feel no surprise at the active vigilance of the Diabolus on the other side of the water. In England but two proprietors of a paper must register. In Ireland, if there were five hundred, all their names must

go in, and every member liable for every paragraph. Nor is this all. The presentation of a Grand Jury, made up of those great lawyers, called country gentlemen, or, perhaps, grocers and cobblers, may order the presses, types, and printers to be tossed into the street.

No wonder that the newspapers, gifted with such ultra freedom, such savage liberty, such reckless hazard, and superhuman release from the chains of authority, should be objects of incessant alarm to a paternal Government.

The old sneers at the stage will not last above the first week after Easter: this we are positively informed. As no less than four of the nobility will indulge the theatrical public with the exhibition of their delightful accomplishments—Lady Harborough, Lady W. Lennox, Lady Fife, and the Countess of Sontag Thundervontrunck—they will, by the particular desire of managers, appear under other names, lest the galleries should be too much alarmed by being suddenly brought into the presence of the *haut ton*.

The grand agitator, begins every year, like Bonaparte, with a grand exposé of what he *intends* to do. Though we are sorry to say, that he generally ends the year, pretty much in the style of his pattern, by telling us, what he *had intended* to do. We are no lovers of this fracture of promise. We recollect that he solemnly pledged himself to *die*, either in the *field* or on the *scaffold*, before he would see his beloved forty-shilling freeholders deprived of their birth-right; a birth-right much nearer and dearer to them than their shirts. We now, in the name of all that is patriotic, by the aggrieved majesty of the rights of man, and the naked injuries of the *unforty-shillinged*, call upon the great agitator, before the assembled world, to redeem his pledge, without further let or hindrance, giving him his choice of the field or the scaffold.

Yet, precarious as the very sound of pledge is in our ears, if he he will but break ground upon any one of his list of public efforts, we shall perhaps suffer him to exist until the end of the session. He publicly vows—1. To repeal the Subletting Act—2. To repeal the Vestry Bill—3. To repeal the Grand Jury System of Jobbing—4. To repeal the law that makes Truth a Libel.—5. To repeal the law rendering the Charities of Dissenters and Catholics unsafe.—6. To repeal the laws of Corporation Monopolies—7. To repeal the law authorizing excessive tolls—8. To repeal the law allowing the freedom of Corporation to non-residents, and excluding certain residents—9. To repeal the law, allowing *tithes* in Ireland—10. To abolish all sinecures, and pensions unearned by public services—11. To diminish all public salaries raised during the war, or by the fall of the paper currency: the salaries of the Judges having been twice raised in this way—12. To procure a new and comprehensive code of law—13. To correct the present system of legal proceedings, and render law simple, cheap and expeditious—14. To call for, 1st. The abolition of the irresponsible power placed in the most unsuitable hands of unpaid magistrates—2nd. The abolition of the present system of special pleading, that being the most fertile source of falsehood, fraud, and perjury—3rd. The abolition of the absurd distinctions between Courts of Law and of Equity—4th. The abolition of all decisions on mere points of form, and com-



pellung all decisions to be made on the merits only—5th. The abolition of all technical rules for the exclusion of evidence, and the compelling judges to receive evidence from every quarter capable of giving it—6th. The prevention of any suits being instituted until both parties appear in proper person before the Judge, whenever such attendance be had.—15. To obtain a *radical reform* of the House of Commons.

Now of all those brilliant conceptions, the great agitator will not realize one, nor attempt to realize one. But there are men of a different stamp upon earth ; and to some of those, the list of this copious promiser may be of importance. We hate the watchword, Reform, while it remains the pretext of the basest trickeries—of the basest faction : but we fully join with those who say, that there is “ something rotten in the state of Denmark.” The country has a right to call for reform : for a close inquiry into the whole machine of its government : for a keen and sifting examination into the nature and proceedings of its representatives. The crisis is at hand ; and those who wish to see England escape a trial of misery and blood, will resolutely wish, and openly demand, to see a change of the system, under which corruption has thickened round the high, and poverty smitten the low. The enormity of sinecures, the great reversions, the overgrown salaries of public men, all are exciting a spirit of scorn among the nation, which delay may unhappily irritate into a spirit of vengeance. Mr. Peel’s salary is £6,000 a year, besides a whole crowd of minor emoluments. Mr. Herries’ salary, as master of the mint, an employment of which Mr. Herries of course practically knows nothing ; and which is, in fact, nothing more than a cover for paying a Cabinet Minister an inordinate salary, is no less than £5,000 a year. Does any man living venture to say, with the hope of ever being believed again, that Lord Ellenborough’s services to the country, as President of the Board of Controul, are worth £5,000 a year, besides the abundant possession of that mysterious thing called patronage ? What is the office of Post Master General, but a huge sinecure ; the secretary to the post-office doing all the duty, and the noble person at its head not burthening himself with much severer labour, than that of signing his quarterly receipt for his monstrous salary ? Does Lord Rosslyn, the Privy Seal, render services to the amount of his £3,000 a year ? The whole system is nonsense. England contains hundreds of men, fully as competent to every office under the roof of Downing-street, who would do the work, and more than the work, for the tenth part of the salary. Look to America. She does not pay her great officers a tenth of the sum. Is she worse served ? Is she not better served ? The salary of her President is not equal to the salary of that man, of the turned coat, Mr. George Dawson, of despicable fame. The salaries of her two Secretaries of State are not equal to the Treasurership of the Ordnance, conferred on Billy Holmes, for whipping in the Commons, the only service of which such a person is capable, *hæccine fieri flagitia*.

There must be an end to these things ; aye, and a speedy one. With every man’s income drained to let persons of this class roll in their carriages ; for whom no man on earth feels the most trivial consideration, the Dawsons, the Bankes, the Plantas, the Goulburnes, &c. &c., names the very antipodes of public ability, manly accomplishment, or national confidence ; with a general breaking down of the public prosperity, which every man attributes to ministerial blundering ; and the still deeper evil of an universal scorn of the professions of public men ; who

will be absurd enough to say that things can go on as they are? There are sullen visions upon the clouds, to which the brute feeders in the mire of corruption cannot lift up their eyes. But those visions will take substance yet, and those clouds let loose the thunders.

Since Battersea-fields were the scene of his Grace of Wellington's shooting at Lord Winchelsea, they have been embellished by another exhibition of the "only way of settling matters between gentlemen." The difference in the parties was considerable, we must allow; for instead of the noble lord shot at, the present sufferer was a poor literary struggler; and, instead of the magnificent field-marshal with half a hundred uniforms, the present shooter was a commissionless lieutenant with a waistcoatless coat. The catastrophe was succinctly told by one of the witnesses on the coroner's inquest:—

"Thomas Skinner said: I live in Battersea-fields. I am a labourer in the employ of the proprietor of this house. On Friday morning last, about *half-past six o'clock*, I was going to my work at the Red House. I was in the field, and observed two flashes, about 300 yards from me, and pop, pop, almost at the same moment. It was *dark and snowy* at the time. I heard the parties speak, but could *see nothing* of them. On my arrival near the Red House, I observed four persons carrying the body of a man on a shutter, or a board. I heard the deceased say, 'Oh, do not shake me!' They placed him at the front door of this house. Mr. Swaine's family were in bed at the time. I knocked at the door, and told them there was a dead man, and *then went to my work*. I knew none of the persons concerned."

Such was the "affair of honour." Two wretched men going out to a common in this bitterest of seasons before day-break, without light enough to see each other; and going out for the purpose of mutual murder. The witness's *sang froid* is characteristically worthy of the affair. He knocked at the door, told them there was a dead man, (as if it had been a dead rat,) "and then went to his work." The victim, Clayton, died in twelve hours. The antagonist was stated, by the police officer who arrested him, to be drunk. Yet this fellow had the flourish of "honour" about him as loftily as any Patrician of St. James's.

"Mr. Hone arrived just before the prisoner gave the account, and his worship now asked whether it had not occurred to him, seeing that he had given the offence, and had declined giving a written apology, to fire his shot in the air.

"The prisoner (with an appearance of *surprise*): I would not *fire in the air with any man*. If I had it again to do, I *would not*.

"Mr. Chambers inquired whether both pistols were fired at the same moment?

"Prisoner: I believe they were. *It was dark. I could not see Clayton*.

"Mr. Chambers now told the prisoner he would advise him seriously to make his peace with God, for, if he were found guilty, he would, in all probability, be executed.

"The prisoner seemed rather astonished to hear this; but, after a short pause, as if weighing the advice in his mind, he said, 'I have seen a good deal of service, and shall meet my fate with becoming fortitude, I have reason to believe: but I must say that I think it unjust, if I should be used as you say.'"



The guilty lenity of the courts on such occasions may let this man, who has seen so much "service," loose again upon society. But the law is express. Duelling is murder. For it is obviously murder to fire at a man with intent to kill him. It cannot less be murder, because the challenger may be killed in the attempt to kill the challenged. The highway robber risks his life perhaps still more in the attempt to rob; but neither law nor common sense justifies him for the crime by the personal hazard. If we are to be told that the challenged exposes himself voluntarily, we are told what is an untruth in a thousand cases out of a thousand and one. The challenged is *forced* to the field by a sense of the degradation with which the criminal and foolish notions of society brand the man who shrinks from rushing from a field of blood into the presence of the future world, who dreads to leave wife and children probably beggars, or whose generous feelings abhor shedding the blood of a rash and passionate fool.

To say that duelling keeps society in good manners, is contradicted by all experience. Good manners never originated in personal fear, but in personal confidence and general goodwill. The habit of duelling divides society into the bully and the coward. The Irish, half a century ago, were the most habitual duellists of Europe,—they were the most uncivilized gentry on earth. The Irish Brigade were the most habitual duelists in the French army. They were brave, but proverbially the most uncivilized corps in the service; and were in every instance kept in coventry by the native officers. The Americans now are the most habitual duelists. They are proverbially the most uncivilized society under the sun. Their gouging, tearing, biting, and rifle murder, are below even the Indian savage. The most civilized and most intelligent, the most heroic and high spirited nations of antiquity, the Greeks and Romans, had no duels; and yet for want of them, they had neither insolence of manner, nor assassinations. The law must be restored to its primitive meaning; the laws of God and nature demand it. The man who sends and the man who accepts the challenge, should be transported for life, where death has not ensued; where it has, the survivor should be hanged. The seconds, in all cases, should be transported; for seven years or upwards, according to their share in promoting, or their negligence in reconciling the quarrel. Let this punishment be once inflicted, and it would not be required again for a hundred years.

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Somebody or other had the immeasurable cruelty a week or two since, to rob Lord Ellenborough of his donkey. His lordship was represented by the Bow Street reports as inconsolable for the loss of a companion so dear to all his sensibilities. He, however, found the barbarian who had thus left him a prey to solitary anguish, recovered the donkey, free of expense too, and is now all smiles again.

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The chief *ministerial paper* has lately published a succession of articles that extremely perplex the quidnuncs. Windsor and its inmates are handled in the most unceremonious style; and even the highest dweller is called to account for his disbursements. We give the words of one paragraph, which makes every lock on our brows "emulate the fearful porcupine:—"

*The King's Pocket Money.*—The following has been stated to be at His Majesty's disposal; the expences of his Royal state, and his charities, being defrayed out of the Civil List:—Privy Purse, £60,000. a-year; the Duchies of Cornwall and Lancaster, £25,000. a-year; the Surplus Revenue of Gibraltar, £8,000. or £10,000. a-year; an obscure, but snug little matter in Scotland, under the quaint denomination of "Green Wax;" Droits of Admiralty; and a variety of odds and ends, for the diligent collection of which, a certain Right Honourable Gentleman is indebted for that high degree of confidential favour which he is said to enjoy, and which he has employed to so many good purposes, both in the east and west—to the benefit alike of the Christian and Jew. These items (not to mention Hanover, where there are pretty pickings) amount to upwards of £100,000. a-year, which is at the absolute disposal of His Majesty, unburdened by any charge whatever.

If this be true, we congratulate the spenders, whoever they may be. If the King require this, with the 300,000*l.* a year voted for the supply of his Castle, well and good—let him have it. But we wish, like all London besides, so see him dispense a little of the light of his countenance, independently of the exhilaration of his expenditure, in town. Our theatres, our shopkeepers, our nobility, and our populace, all long to know something more of the English monarch than they do of the monarch of Muscovy, or to have somewhat more chance of seeing King George than they have of seeing Sultan Mahmoud. Let him come among them, and they will shew him more honest English feeling in an hour than he will know in a year among the circle of gas-lamps and bedchamber-lords of Windsor.

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The Bishop of St. Asaph's is dead. We take it for granted that that *scurra* Philpott will be running up to town to claim something or other on the occasion. We take it for granted also, that he will have his journey for his pains; and after trying to sneak his way into Apsley House (where he will never get farther than the servants' hall), he will be sent off.—*εἰς τὸν ἰδίον τόπον*. Let the wretched man's remaining Greek tell him what we think of him, and what millions think of him. He has obtained a celebrity of his own, which let those envy who may. For this man's conduct, we feel an unspeakable disdain; nor shall we, while we have power to speak our mind, ever suffer him to fall into the silence that can let him imagine himself forgotten or forgiven.

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The Dowager Queen of Portugal is dead at last, for which the story goes, that the Portuguese here are about to have a solemn *Te Deum*. This woman was but fifty-four, yet she has figured before her affrighted subjects long enough to make them wish her in the Red Sea, for the last quarter of a century. She was the daughter of the mother of the present King of Spain, though by what father, the old Queen's habits render among the most difficult questions. The matrimonial connections of the Romish royal family give a striking view of the pleasant complications that popery sanctions, in the flocks of its royal sheep.

Ferdinand VII., when Prince of the Asturias, married the daughter of the (then) King of Naples, and sister of the present King; while the latter married about the same time the sister of Ferdinand. They thus became doubly brothers in-law, and Ferdinand became his own brother-in-law. On his second marriage, he wedded his niece, the daughter of his sister and King John VI. of Portugal. By this



marriage he became his own nephew-in-law. Ferdinand's brother Don Carlos, and his uncle Don Antonio, are both married to daughters of John VI. of Portugal; which has made his brother and his uncle also his brothers-in-law. Finally, Ferdinand has married the daughter of Francis I. his brother-in-law, and one of his sisters—that sister being the niece of his first wife, and whose brother, Don Francisco di Paulo, married the eldest sister; thus Ferdinand has become at once the uncle, the uncle-in-law, and the brother-in-law of the last named Prince.

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The Attorney-General has not brought forward any libel prosecutions "since the holidays," the fated period for which he announced that he had suspended his vengeance. A sense of the public feeling should make its way at last within the varnished doors of the Cabinet. The personal attacks on character have been disposed of. Let the visitation and the vengeance rest there. But if the ministerial character is to be defended only by prosecutions, it must perish. The public indignation will be roused by the proof of vindictiveness against the public freedom of speech; and the prosecutions and the prosecutors will be overthrown together.

Nothing but the idlest misconception can think that the *Standard*, one of the most manly, sober, and able publications, that distinguish the history of the public press, has ever had national evil, or even ministerial obloquy, in its contemplation. Admiring, as we do, the eloquence and literature of its columns, we have felt our chief tribute demanded by the spirit of sincerity, the honest patriotism, the solemn and unadulterated zeal for the constitution in church and state, that have still more conspicuously distinguished this masterly journal. To suppose that exertions of such an order could be created by the feeble gratification of stinging a minister, would argue an absurd ignorance of human nature. But to suppose that the spirit which sustains such exertions can be extinguished by the pressure of ministerial vindictive prosecution, is to argue an equally absurd ignorance of the course of human things. By paltry revenge, by gross oppression, by an unrighteous use of power, the noblest natures have been, at times, embittered into dangerous and irreconcilable hostility. But genius and virtue can never be broken down into the slave, nor terrified into the apostate, nor made to hug the chain,—but with the solemn determination to beat it into the sword!

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A new weekly journal, "*The Foreign Literary Gazette*," has just appeared. Its purpose is to give the most immediate intelligence of foreign publications; and the numbers already given to the public fully sustain the promise implied in the name of the principal conductor, who is, we understand, the very able and active editor of the *London Literary Gazette*. The articles are intelligent, various, and interesting, and from our respect for the individual, and our feeling of the necessity of some such performance, we both wish it well, and augur its rapid and extensive celebrity.

## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

*The Exclusives*, 3 vols., 12mo. ; 1830.—

These, we were led to believe, were the *élite* of the *élite* of the fashionable world, and the picture, of course, drawn by one of themselves, for who else could get a peep behind the curtain? The *Court Journal*, now very high authority, whispered, a few days ago, the highest personage of the land was the original suggester and shaper, though compelled of necessity to consign the execution to less laborious hands—the minister's, perhaps, or some duke or duchess, or peer or peeress, of lower degree, and greater leisure. But we have been sadly taken in—it proves to be no representation of those who, by the *rerum imperiti*, are supposed to constitute the highest classes of society; but of a *soi-distant*, self-elected knot, a *clique*, a set, made up of persons, or at least originating in persons baffled in their ambitious attempts to lead the good among the great, as they readily did the bad, and become in danger themselves of exclusion from them, resolving to turn the tables upon them, set up a claim to superior qualifications, arrogate the name and honours of fashion, and shrouding themselves with a veil of mystery, exclude all who were likely to censure their practices, or not go completely into their views. How the writer comes by his knowledge, or what is his or her authority, or whether the whole be not imaginary, we know not;—common report, and she is “a liar,” and the public prints, who are not at all better, point to certain well-known personages, who, whether truly or not, are said not to have escaped the flames without a little singeing. That some such society, so influenced by a common spirit, or, rather, blindly following the wiles and the smiles of some presiding genius, for self-defence, and for exclusive purposes, exists, is not at all improbable. All the world through, birds of a feather flock together, and among them all, high and low, the exclusive spirit pervades; and nowhere is this spirit so apparent, and so fiercely effective as in the middle classes of society—nowhere appears there so much fixedness of purpose, such inflexibility in resisting encroachments, such determination in keeping out the lower vulgar still, as in the outskirts of London, at Clapham, or Kennington, and places of that cast. The “*Exclusives*,” and *Almack's*, long ago, in this respect, are fools to them; but these *Exclusives* are represented as aiming not so much to exclude, as to *seducer*—to sweep within their net the influential, the wives of ministers, youthful senators, wealthy peers, &c.; and the purpose of the novel is to shew the workings of the set, by detailing the history of its leaders, and, especially, of a few of its victims. We answer not for the correctness of the picture; we know nothing about the parties; it is with us a

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fancy-piece, and the writer shall speak for himself. He describes, obviously, to condemn, and details only to expose, and is, of course, liable to the charge of exaggeration—that is his affair. After describing a good old-fashioned assembly of the last reign, where all is good-naturedly supposed to be as it should be, he adds—

The *société choisie*, however, which Lady Tileney desired to form was, in its nature, the very reverse of what has been described. Its exclusive character was to consist, not in the selection of what was amiable in nobility, or virtuous in talent; it was not to be the circle drawn within a narrower circumference, for a more perfect enjoyment of private friendship, or the cultivation of more intellectual pursuits than the wide range of fashionable life could afford; it was not to be retirement from the busier throng, for the purposes of a more rational and purer existence; but it was to consist of those whose follies in the pursuit of pleasure, and whose weakness in the indulgence of all the empty toys of life, had given them a distinction above their fellows; of those who judged immorality, when burnished by the tinsel of superficial acquirements, as venial error; of those, in short, who were either senseless or wicked enough, to consider life but a bubble, to be blown down the current according to the dictates of the will, and whose daily existence testified that they were alike without a thought or a fear for the morrow's eternity. Such were to be its members, and its seclusion from the general eye of the world; its secession from all others but —; its rigid law, that unmarried women were not eligible to its chosen meetings—for what purpose, and to what end were these? If for vanity of distinction, merely, it was weak; if for the purpose of indulging in pursuits and conversation, which could receive a check in a society less selected for the object, it was wicked. In whichever point of view, a society so constituted must be demoralizing, for assuredly it would have the character of being, if it even were not really vicious—and its example would have a contaminating effect in the corruption of morals, and the overthrow of the barriers of domestic peace.

It is, perhaps, scarcely worth the space to allude further to the tale; but in a word—the hero of the piece is a young lord, of superior intellect, brought up with a respect for religion and good morals, and betrothed to a lady of the same virtuous bringing up and excellent qualities. On his return from a continental tour, being in parliament, and likely to become *somebody*, he is immediately snapped up by the society, and is soon alienated from his old and more sober associates; and, what is worse, one of the circle, a young Circæan widow, fascinating and irresistible, contrives to sow jealousies between him and his soul's charmer, and only fails of entangling him in a marriage with herself by blundering in the address of a letter. The wrong epistle luckily discloses the whole series of artifice and intrigue in which she had long been dealing;



and after numerous *contretems*, and severe suffering on the part of the young and interesting couple, they finally meet and "explain."

The other conspicuous victim of this charming set, is that of a young lady, of great beauty, of course, and fascinating qualities, who marries a lord, already somewhat connected with the party, and now high in office. Of course, her marriage gives her importance, and everybody is put immediately in requisition to draw her within the magic circle. One lady, an old stager, it appears, is especially appointed to drill the poor unsuspecting lady, who is all simplicity and frankness, and devoted to her husband—qualities which are treasons to the society; and a profligate youth is encouraged to pay her his patronizing and insidious attentions to detach her unfashionable fondness from her *caro sposo*. This gentleman goes somewhat beyond the rules of the institution, and almost succeeds in corrupting her; but, luckily, his purpose is detected before an *éclat* is produced; the lady goes abroad with her well-judging husband, and an absence of a couple of years seems to cure all. The sufferers, of course, renounce the Exclusives.

*The Cabinet Cyclopædia: Sir Walter Scott's History of Scotland; 1830.*—Though histories of Scotland undoubtedly abound, nobody, who knows any thing about them, will think another, and that other coming from Sir Walter Scott, superfluous. The story of the country was, in fact, till now, untold in a style and spirit to keep us awake, and with a judgment, at once sharp and sound, to engage our confidence. Of the older writers on Scottish history, who reads either Buchanan or Boethius?—and of more modern ones, Robertson is confined to Mary and James, and as to Pinkerton and Hailes, though both go farther back, it must be allowed, the first wanted judgment, and the other materials. The treasures collected within these twenty years by Mr. Chalmers and Mr. Thomson of the Register-Office, are reported to be immense; and of these Mr. Tytler is now taking the full advantage. *His* history, at the first glance, might be expected to supersede Sir Walter's, but it is too voluminous—too controversial—is not yet completed, and, besides, only begins with Alexander III. The rest are all for the antiquary, or for schools, or relative to particular periods only, and of little authority. A popular view of the *whole* history was obviously still wanting—and who, for talents natural and acquired—from personal position—from early association—from continuous study of the subject—from indefatigableness—from rapidity and facility of execution, was so admirably calculated to perform the task as Sir Walter Scott? He has done it, distinctly, vividly, happily. The externals of research—the parading of

authorities—the balancing of evidence—the *pros* and *cons*—these are the scaffolding, and are all swept away, and the building is left full and free in its fairest proportions. The rapid and searching glance which he casts into the chaos of his materials, like electric fire, often evolves and separates the pure elements. It follows not that Sir Walter is always right;—his purpose, it must be recollected, was to give results only, and our reliance is upon the strength and rectitude of his judgment. No doubt he often cuts the knot which more perseverance might untie, but then it is generally where it is scarcely worth the labour of solution.

The early history is full of confusion, with conflicting statements at every turn—the debatable ground of antiquaries for centuries—the Scots and the Picts, the Celts and the Goths, where they begin, where they end, whence they spring, and where they vanish or amalgamate. Sir W. seizes upon the prominent points, and leaves the minor and mingled details to more minute inquirers. In the time of the Romans, he finds none but Caledonians—these were, of course, Britons, or at least undistinguishable from them now. In the fifth century appear Picts and Scots—who were these? The Picts were Caledonians, called Picts by foreigners, the Romans, to distinguish them from the southern, and now more civilized natives, from the fact of their still painting their bodies—*nec falso nomine*, says Claudian. They occupied, apparently, the whole line of the eastern coast, from the extreme north down to the Firth of Forth, and were mixed up, more or less, with settlers from Scandinavia, who must be called Goths, while the Picts were by origin Celts. The Scots, on the other hand, were colonists from Ireland, established late in the fifth century, and covering the western coast to the Firth of Clyde, till they came up with other Irish settlers of an older period. After the invasions of the Saxons, in the sixth century, the whole country now called Scotland, appears to have been divided under five distinct governments—1st. the Saxons, extending along the country from Berwick to the Firth of Forth—2nd. the kingdom of Strathclyde, occupying the central parts of the Lowlands, as far, to the south, as the borders of Cumberland—3rd. Galloway, filled with the elder Irish colonists, and a remnant of unexpelled Picts—4th. The Irish settlers in Argyll and still farther north, and 5th. The Picts of the north and east. Of these five, the Picts were at this period by far the most numerous. In the ninth century, the Picts and Scots, after a struggle of centuries, finally merged into one nation, under the dominion of Kenneth Macalpine; and from this period vanishes the name of Pict, not so much from destruction, as is often stated, though there was probably enough of it, as from their melting into the Scots, of whom

Kenneth was one by birth. Under one of his successors, a third Kenneth, were subdued the dominions of Strathclyde, or, at least, rendered tributary, for, apparently, they were governed by their own chiefs still.

Till the age of Malcolm Cœan Mohr, son of the 'gracious Duncan,' little can be made of a continuous story; but with him begins a new and a permanent interest. There are no more gaps of any considerable dimensions. Malcolm married Edgar Atheling's sister, which connected him with an English party, which, though a discomfited one, had some influence on the fortunes of Scotland. His court became by degrees the common refuge of the discontented, not only of the Saxons, but of the Normans, many of whom, by him and his successors, were retained by feudal grants. The daughter of this Malcolm was married to Henry I. of England, and his son David volunteered a defence of his niece, Matilda, but proved unfortunate at Northallerton. The connection with the Normans was kept up by nearly all the successors of Malcolm till Alexander III., at which time all the chiefs of the Lowlands at least were actually Normans; and on the death of his granddaughter, the maid of Norway, nearly all the competitors for the crown were Norman—both Baliol and Bruce were so. The story of the Bruce is, of course, told *con amore*; and, indeed, the whole narrative, to the succession of the Stewarts, is fondly and warmly told, and possesses more interest, and is altogether more readable, than it has ever been made before. The volume concludes with the Field of Flodden, and the death of the fourth James.

*Dr. Biber's Lectures; 1830.*—We know nothing of Dr. Biber more than he tells us. He is a German, it seems, who has long resided in England, and considers it as his country: He writes the language of England well—too *idiomatically*, indeed, for the writing to be all his own—and he has looked upon English society, in its several gradations and classes, with the eye of a philosopher, sternly trying them, not by any artificial criterion, but by the inflexible principles of common sense and common equity, enlightened by revealed religion. He is a most unflinching and unsparing person; he makes no compromises; he tells what to him seems the truth, and he tells it plainly and eloquently, in full confidence that plain truth can do no harm, and must, first or last, work useful effects. The Lectures were delivered to public audiences in town, and are stated to have been given extemporarily—not, of course, without due preparation—and subsequently written from notes taken by a friend, which process probably contributed very materially to the perfect English of them. The subject of them is Education, and, specifically, *Christian* education, which the author finds to be univer-

sally neglected in all existing systems, whether for rich or poor. The thing which is wanting through the whole of society, and which, to be at all effective, must begin and co-operate with education, is influential religion—not a religion for the brain, but for the heart—not the inculcation of doctrines, but the controlling of conduct—not catechisms and creeds, but a permanent stirring of the conscience.

Dr. Biber is of no church or sect; he is a Christian, neither indifferent, nor tolerant of indifference, but earnest to excite and extend a feeling for religion that shall *really* operate upon the actions of its professors. He would influence the education of youth, not by emulation, by ambition, by the hope of reward, but by the love of knowledge—by a deep sense of the obligation upon them to cultivate all their powers—by obedience to the commands of Scripture. Upon parents he would enforce their *duties* towards their children more than their rights over them, and presses upon them the necessity of directing education more according to the abilities and qualities of their children, than, as is universally done, according to the station and circumstances of the family. He would—good man!—banish vanity from among the motives which operate upon parents in the education of their offspring. He would gladly see broken up among children those distinctions which depend upon the father's acres, and dwells with delighted recollection on schools in Germany, where the sons of the noble, and his tenant, or his tailor, learn and eat together. The right, or rather the duty, of superintending education, falls naturally upon the parents; but if they neglect, society must not—it is equally the duty of society to supply such neglect. It is the duty of society to see that all its members are educated, and that, not according to their rank or station, but their capacities and tendencies, and to the fullest extent. It is not only the *duty*, which, however, he chiefly insists upon, but the advantage of society to do so—for what is the consequence of neglecting it, but a mass of population bred up to plunder and prey upon the rest? Dr. Biber doubts not the actual losses incurred by the wealthy in this way would more than cover the expences attending upon general and complete education. But the quantum of expence he disdains to calculate—it is the first obligation of society, involved in the profession of Christianity, to look to the well-being and cultivation of all its members.

Well, but has not society, within these few years, effectually bestirred itself for this purpose—has it not actually instituted schools of one kind or other, in which not fewer than a million receive instruction? Yes; but probably a million more share none of these advantages. Advantages, too, Dr. Biber would exclaim, — I have looked close into these schools; I can trace



no advantages; they are mere show-shops, drill-yards, manufactories of bigotry and solemn foppery, cramping and stunting the human intellect, grinding all, mechanically, in the same mill, or shaping them after the same pattern. The foremost thought among the great patrons of education in England is to teach the greatest numbers by the smallest means, without distinction of capacity or regard for particular talent—not to awaken the intellect to spontaneous exertion—so set it a working and fermenting, but to cram the memory with odds and ends—creeds and codes of divinity; to show handsomely at public examinations—to teach sharpness in detecting the slips of their companions, and emulation, envy, and all uncharitableness. Gabbling the commandments against swearing, lying, and stealing, is to counteract the practice and examples they meet with in the streets and at home. The difference between the National and Lancasterian systems, he finds to amount to a geometrical distinction—the first teach in squares, and the others in semi-circles; and infant-schools are mere introductions to the national, governed by the same principles, and filled with the same nonsense. In none of them did Dr. Biber discover any thing like intelligence; none of the children could go one step out of the given track of question and answer. He found one form copying “Live in Love.”—“What does that mean?”—“I don’t know.”—“You don’t know! but don’t you know what *love* means?”—“No.”—“Or do you know what *live* means?”—“No.”—“What must you do to live in love?”—“I don’t know.”—“Do you know what you must *not* do to live in love?”—“No, I don’t.”—“Well; but you should know something about what *live in love* means. Does it mean that you are to fight with the other boys?”—“I can’t tell.”—“Well,” said I, turning to my friend, “what do you say to this?” Upon which the school-master, observing somewhat of the scope of our conversation, came up to us, and said, “I dare say you might ask such questions all over the school, without getting a better answer; they none of them know what they are writing.”

Others were writing long words—one had on his slate, “*disadvantageous*.” “What does that word mean, my boy?”—“I don’t know.”—“You know, perhaps, what *disadvantage* means?”—“No.”—“Do you know what *advantageous* means?”—“No.”—“Or have you ever heard the word *advantage*? what does that mean?”—“I don’t know.”—“Well, but suppose you lost your jacket, would that be an advantage or a disadvantage to you?”—“An *advantage*,” was his answer. Some of the children read the parable of the Prodigal Son, when Dr. B. asked what was meant by riotous living? “Dissipated living.”—“And what does that mean?”—“Wasteful living.”—“And what does that mean?” Their synonyms

were exhausted. To get upon intelligible ground, he then asked what things were necessary for subsistence, and what were not? when some of the girls contended that beer, and cheese, and cakes, and patties, were indispensably necessary for life, &c.

The cant, and parade, and puffery of these institutions, in a multitude of particulars, are well exposed, as well as those of some others of a less public character, especially Gall’s Sabbath School System, and his Rules for *Teaching Children to Pray*. But in nothing is he more earnest, or more effective, than in dissecting the hypocrisies and pretensions of society, in higher classes: but we have no space to follow him. The whole volume is worth attending to. We are tempted to quote a piece relative to servants. Of course the evil it exposes is incurable; but let it be *seen*.

In no country, I apprehend, is there a more debased and more corrupted race of servants to be found than in this—owing to the hauteur with which they are treated, and from which other fruits cannot be expected. It is not natural that a human being should consent to be treated as if he belonged to a different species, to be used as a machine for a variety of purposes, without being regarded otherwise than as a machine; seen, and yet not perceived; spoken to, and yet not noticed; to be condemned to stand, earless, eyeless, motionless, and speechless, until the look or word of command restore to him the use of his senses and limbs for a specific purpose; to be considered and dealt with, in the parlour, as a piece of furniture; or in the kitchen, as an utensil; and to be attended to in his wants and wishes, or cultivated in his affections, no more, if not less, than the dog or the horse, upon whom it is his duty to wait, in the master’s name;—I say it is not natural that a human being should consent to endure all this degradation at the hand of his fellow-creature, without a compensation which, in his estimate, makes up for the loss of what no man should ever be tempted to part with, his human capacity. And what can that compensation be? It cannot, in the very nature of things, be a moral one; for the last remnant of taste for any mental or moral gratification, would render the condition, by the endurance of which it is supposed to be purchased, perfectly insufferable. The compensation for the conditional setting aside of the fact, that the servant has an immortal soul as well as his master, and is his fellow-creature in every respect, can only be one which is calculated to make the victim of human pride and vanity, really forget that, which he is under the obligation of affecting not to know; it can only be the high wages of Mammon, and the sensual enjoyments which can be bought with them, and which too often the master’s sensuality presents in a more alluring light. Are we then to wonder that our servants are covetous and vicious, when we have taken care to exclude from their bosoms every nobler feeling, which might be a safeguard to them against the snares of evil; and if, by way of reconciling them to such degradation, we hold out direct temptations to covetousness and to vice? The feelings and humanity of religion have, after a long slumber of dulness,

been aroused to an unequivocal condemnation of negro slavery, which is a thralldom of the body more than of the soul; but it may well be questioned, whether negro slavery is in itself worse, and it must at all events be admitted, that it is far more consistent, than that slavery which I have been describing, which, under the forms of freedom, demoralizes the soul, robs it of all liberty and of all dignity, and, by the bait of licentious self-indulgence, entices man to descend, of his own accord, below the level of a brute, &c.

*Tales of a Briefless Barrister*, 3 vols. 12mo.; 1830.—Barrister or no barrister, with briefs or without, these tales—the reader need apprehend none of the botherings of the courts—though not very remarkable for novelty of incident, or cleverness of construction, or the painting of striking scenes to the neglect of every thing else, are very agreeably told, leisurely and quietly, with *gaieté de cœur* and soberness of humour, touching grave topics lightly, and light ones trippingly, and securing attention without wearying it. The principal tale, entitled “Second Thoughts are best,” concerns chiefly a young gentleman of good family and fortune, who, at a very early age, abandons his father’s roof and civilized society, to consort first with gipsies, and, in succession, with players, radicals, and methodists, for the purpose of correcting, by any means, the world and its worthless ways. After a career of four or five years, during which misery had brought him acquainted with strange companions, and with, of course, very moderate success in the carrying of his object, circumstances, especially the death of an elder brother, bring him back to his father’s home, where he quickly begins to feel some of the consequences of his deviations from the forms of society recoil upon him. Unluckily, his father’s conduct had not been of the correctest—through some very singular circumstances, the mother of his children was not his wife; the discovery of which, apparently, though not distinctly, adds to the son’s embarrassments in treading back the path to sobriety and intercourse with his caste. Though returning, with very little persuasion, to his father’s house, he had changed none of his opinions—at least he refused to confess a change; but a succession of little events and mortifications, by degrees, and not very slowly, operate a complete one, which he finally and fully acknowledges. He encounters an elderly gentleman at a coffee-house, who, by good humour and calm argument, baffles and bothers him, and by whom, eventually, with the aid especially of a lovely niece, he is finally corrected and redrilled into the level course of common forms. It is idle to particularize farther; the merit of the tales lies in the cheerful philosophy and moderating tone of the author—a vein of quaint and quizzing remark running through the whole, the more acceptable as there exists, at the same time, a disposition to discussing. It is more to the purpose to furnish a specimen,

though it be one, rarely occurring, of unmixed gravity. The dialoguists are the hero, and the chief agent of his reformation. The young gentleman begins Socratically:—

“But are you not of opinion that there is something wrong in the state of society?”

The stranger good-humouredly answered him accordingly, “There is.”

“And is it not desirable that that which is wrong should be corrected and made right?”

“It is desirable.”

“If there be something wrong, and if it be desirable that it should be made right, by what means can it be so made right but by directing the attention of the world to the means of correcting evil?”

“Clearly that must be the first step to improvement.”

“And is not that which is right, more advantageous than that which is wrong?”

“There can be no doubt of it.”

“When, therefore, men know what is wrong, and how it may be corrected; and when they know that the right is more advantageous than the wrong, will they not naturally pursue that which is right?”

“No.”

“No?” echoed the young gentleman. “Are not all men guided in their conduct by that which they perceive to be their interest?”

“Not one in a thousand,” said the stranger. “Human beings do not act upon calculation; they act from impulse, from passion, from caprice, from any thing, in short, than calculation. All the moral and religious exhortations which are addressed to mankind, all the passionate and earnest appeals that are made to their feelings in favour of virtue, are on the supposition that they do not act upon calculation. If virtue, and religion, and propriety of demeanour, and benevolence in conduct, were the result of calculation, they might be taught as easily as the multiplication-table, and their influence over the mind would be as permanent and universal as the knowledge of figures. When a man has learned the multiplication-table, he knows as long as he lives, and he uniformly acts upon the knowledge, that three times three are nine; he never has a moment’s doubt of the fact. In matters of calculation there is also a complete and unwavering uniformity of opinion; on other topics you can scarcely find two people to think alike.”

The best scene in the book is a literary conversation, to which the hero is conducted by some of the understrappers of the press—the foppery and inanity of such meetings are well shewn up.

*Family Library*, Vol. IX. *Milman’s Conclusion of his History of the Jews*; 1829.

—With Mr. Milman’s views, his execution of the early history of the Jews was a difficult, because a delicate, and even a treacherous task, while that of the modern part was comparatively easy and safe; for, though the materials were more scattered, he had only a plain tale to tell. He has, however, done the whole thing, in our opinion, for the most part, well, and is already, we hope,



begirt for new undertakings. He is a very competent person for such matters; and we must say, we greatly prefer his history to his poetry. Divided as men are, on the momentous question of religion—even we who heartily embrace the fact of revelation—it was not to be expected Mr. Milman would please every body; and, accordingly, we find, many of his friends—we do not, of course, mean the “mumpsimus” party, but even those who are willing and able to take common sense with them to the consideration of the subject,—even these have, some of them, thought him approaching the very confines of scepticism; while others, of the evangelical cast, not to use the opprobrious term of *fanatic*, have broken into open exclamations, and charged him with rank infidelity. We observed a letter in a religious paper, called the Record, a few days ago, representing the work as stained with one universal tinge of atheism—the writer affirming, moreover, that he knew but three persons who had read it, and all three had had their faith not only shaken, but shattered. Mr. M. will, of course, treat those extravagances with the contempt they deserve. His purpose was plainly to confine himself, as far as was practicable, to the historical—to separate what rested, apparently, upon human testimony, and though constituting a portion of the scriptures, to treat it like any other historical evidence—to discriminate the extraordinary from the common—to illustrate, in the career of the Jews, each stage of civilization, by reference to similar stages in other nations in different regions of the world—and to explain what was explainable by natural phenomena, on the common principles of philosophy—to admit no more causes than are necessary, and to ascribe the same effects to the same causes. The prosecution of these principles has, occasionally, given the author the appearance of wishing to reduce extraordinary matters to the smallest possible quantity of miracle, and has exposed him to the vituperation of some who would have men, like children, shut their eyes, open their mouths, and swallow what is put into them. According to these persons, Mr. Milman has treated the inspiration of the scriptures with little or no respect. Yet to suppose the scriptures the direct effect of inspiration both in matter and language, from one end to the other, and on every subject, is a supposition fit only for children. The absurdity of it, to any one who looks fairly at them, stares him in the face. Obviously the historical part depends on human testimony, for it tells only what had occurred; and differing, as in different parts it often does, if not in substance, yet in circumstance, the conclusion is irresistible, that the writers depended not on divine communication, nor wholly on their own knowledge, but on report and tradition. Take the moral parts again, such as the Proverbs—what signs are

there of inspiration there? Are not the maxims and monitions the gatherings up of ordinary and every day's experience? The story of Job again is, apparently, merely dramatic—inspiration would not surely argue so uncharitably as Job's comforters? In short, inspiration seems limited to the *prophetic* parts, and in them to the subject—the varying style shews, not the varying feelings of inspiration, but the varying instrument—the taste of the individual. Ezekiel differs from Isaiah, and Jeremiah from both, not because each is not divinely inspired, but because each conveys his inspirations in the manner prompted by his genius, associations, and habits.

Mr. M., in his preface to the last volume, describes his views of inspiration as corresponding with those of Tillotson, Secker, and Warburton—like our own, though, perhaps, not so broadly expressed—and prudently (we do not use the word invidiously) appeals to the authority of the present bishop of London, who, in some Dissertation of his, expressly states his belief, “that Moses himself may have possessed many sources of information, from which he might draw the most material circumstances of the early history of mankind, without being indebted for them to direct inspiration,”—which sources could amount to nothing but tradition—books, apparently, there were none.

Now these views of inspiration leave greater freedom of inquiry, and are admirably calculated to baffle such men as Bayle, Voltaire, and Volney, and all who attempt, as somebody said—Paley we believe—to wound Christianity through the sides of Judaism. The Jews were the conservators of the doctrines of the divine Unity and Providence, and the promises of a Redeemer; but, in other respects, they seem to have been left to pass through the ordinary stages of society, with no other advantage than the stimulus and excitement such apparent privilege was well calculated to furnish. “The seeming authorization,” says Mr. M., “of fierce and sanguinary acts, which frequently occur in the Hebrew annals, resolves itself into no more than this—that the *Deity* did not think it time to correct the savage, I will add, unchristian, spirit inseparable from that period of the social state.” Whether we can penetrate the purpose of the Deity or not, the career of the Jews is accountable enough upon the common influences of human passions—they acted like other men, with this difference only, that they were more assuming, insolent, and inflexible, from the feeling,—irrepressible and inevitable, if the fact were so, and the belief of it comes to the same thing,—that they were the favourites of Heaven, and its especial instruments of vengeance.

The best and most humane feelings pervade Mr. M.'s tracings of the treatment this unhappy people met with in their later his-

tory; and referring to the anticipations of their general conversion, he concludes thus:—"Christianity, to work any change on the hereditary religious pride of the Jew, on his inflexible confidence in his inalienable privileges, must put off the hostile and repulsive aspect which it has too long worn; it must shew itself as the faith of reason, of universal peace and good will to men, and thus unanswerably prove its descent from the all-wise and all-merciful Father."

*Excitement; or a Book to induce Boys to read; 1830.*—This well chosen collection comprises remarkable appearances in nature—signal preservations—and such incidents as, in the editor's judgment, are particularly fitted to arrest the youthful mind. The collector was prompted to make the selection, and publish it, by the remark of an Edinburgh professor amounting to this—that, let any boy be as thoughtless and volatile as you please, if you can hit upon a train of thought that suits his state of mind, you are sure to secure his attention; and if this faculty be thus once excited to one class of objects, it may be afterwards more easily directed to others. The language is obviously that of Mr. Dugald Stewart, or one of his disciples, and is, at best, but a sort of *ex uno disce omnes* argument. We like the city preacher's (Cecil) remark a great deal better—it has no theory mixed up with it. 'No sermon,' said Cecil, 'put my mind half so much on the stretch as a sermon to children; stories fix children's attention. The simplest manner in the world will not make way to children's minds for abstract truths. With stories I find I could rivet their attention for two or three hours.' The collection itself consists of passages chiefly from popular works, most of them very well known—a lion hunt in Africa, from the notes of Pringle's Ephemerides—the Boiling Springs in Iceland, from Henderson's Journal—Signal Preservation in the Life of Captain James Wilson—Destruction of a Whaler by a Whale, from a narrative from the mate, Owen Chase, of Nantucket—the Black-Hole of Calcutta—the Boa Constrictor's swallowing a Goat, from Macleod's Voyage of the Alceste—the Sufferings of the Judsons during the Burmese War—Lion Fight, from Croly's Salathiel—Anecdotes of Lions, and an Elephant Hunt, from Thompson's Travels and Adventures in Southern Africa—the Ashantees, from Bowdich's book—the Wreck of the Medusa—Sharks in the South Sea (original)—Siege of St. Sebastian (original,) with a few others, and among them, His Majesty's Visit to Scotland in 1822, taken from letters addressed to Sir W. Scott, on the moral and political character and effects of the said visit, which were written, it seems, but not generally known to be so, by James Simpson, a Scotch advocate, better known as the author of 'a Visit to the Field of

Waterloo.' This account of his majesty's visit we never read before; it is impossible not to be borne along by the eloquence and enthusiasm of the writer, and as impossible not to exclaim—absurd—at the end of it.

Ruins of Ancient Grandeur in Idumæa—an extract from a work by Alexander Keith, minister of St. Cyrus, entitled 'Evidences of the Truth of the Christian Religion, derived from the Fulfilment of Prophecy,'—is a remarkable passage. We can only direct the reader's attention to it.

*Forby's Vocabulary of East Anglia, 2 vols; 1830.*—This is a posthumous publication—the work of a Norfolk clergyman—a man whose life was actively and usefully spent in the education of youth and the duties of a country magistrate, utterly unknown to literary fame, though respected by the few who knew his acquirements, and were able to estimate them. The Editor of the performance is Dawson Turner, one of his early pupils, who has put together a few particulars concerning the author, and the circumstances which led to the composition of the work. The Vocabulary itself is of very considerable value, as a mere collection of ancient words still in use among the illiterate, but faithful conservators of them, in a region, in some respects, as remote as any corner of the kingdom, and as unlikely to be corrupted by affectations and *improvements* in matters of language. But the distinguishing merit of the book is the sound view the writer takes of the matter historically—the independent consideration he gives to it—his contempt of mere theories, and disregard of great names—the true clue which his shrewd understanding afforded him, and the steady use he made of it, in tracking the labyrinths of his subject. The preliminary essay is one of the most intelligent things we have seen a long time. The basis of the English language is irrefragably Saxon. No one word, now in use, is clearly traceable as Celtic, in spite of all the efforts of Whittaker, and others of his school. The fact of a Saxon basis is established, beyond all further discussion, by Sharon Turner, in his History of the Saxons, if other evidence be wanting. Take a proof:—

"Then when Mary was come where Jesus was, and saw him, she fell down at his feet, saying unto him, Lord, if thou hadst been here my brother had not died. When Jesus therefore saw her weeping, and the Jews also weeping which came with her, he groaned in *spirit* and was *troubled*, and said, where have ye laid him? They said unto him, Lord, come and see. Jesus wept. Then said the Jews, behold how he loved him."

Excepting the names, this passage contains seventy-two words, all of which are Saxon, but the two printed in italics, and none of which are yet obsolete. Mr. Forby establishes the same point by tracing the



history of the country. The Saxons, we know, succeeded each other, horde after horde, driving the Britons before them to the north and west; and this they appear to have done sweepingly—leaving, we mean, but a sprinkling of Britons, and certainly not enough to retain long their own language, for the fact of the intraceability of any Celtic words is undeniable. In what state the language of the Saxons then was we know not—no documents exist; but our Saxon Lexiconists choose to define it as pure Saxon, which was subsequently corrupted by successive intermixings of Danish and Norman. This original purity, and this subsequent corruption, Mr. Forby doubts; he questions not but this pure Saxon had already Greek and Latin mixed up with it, and that thus much of both the latter came to us ‘north about.’ The intercourse of the Romans with the Germans on the Rhine, from the days of Cæsar, or before, and of the Greeks, earlier and later, with those on the Danube, could not fail of introducing numerous words, with foreign articles. Even in Tacitus we find some of the chiefs, and others who were not chiefs, acquainted with Latin. Pure Saxon, if there is any meaning in the term, was thus, apparently, corrupted before it came to England, from these sources. Established, however, in England, in this state, whatever it was, the Danish invasions could have affected it little, for their occupation of any part of the country was no where continuous for any considerable time; and if it had been, how know we that this Danish differed from the Saxon? did not both come from the same quarters, and appear to be of the same races? The Normans again were the same; they invaded Normandy, from the same regions, about the same time the Danes did England, and probably spoke the same language. Before the Normans, indeed, invaded England, they had become half French, but then Norman-French also seems to have had little influence upon the general language of England. It must be recollected, the Normans, compared with the Saxons, were very few, and that they did not, like the Saxons themselves, in the case of the Britons, cover the country, and expel the mass of the population. Only the nobles and the clergy of the Saxons probably learnt or adopted the Norman language; the bulk of the people could have little interest in doing so: and the fact is, that Kelham’s Norman Dictionary, the very object of which was to collect the Norman words in English use, is far from ample; and the words are chiefly such as were used in the law courts. French, indeed, under the Plantagenets, came in in abundance, and the stream has never ceased to flow from their times to these; but this was discernible mainly in books, and but slowly made its encroachments on the spoken language of the country, and especially among the illiterate. The Greek and

Latin of modern importation are, of course, attributable wholly to the writers of books.

It is only of late years that the subject of Provincialisms has been at all understood. Sir Thomas Brown, who settled as a physician at Norwich in 1637, in a discourse of his on languages, quotes a sample of Norfolk words, quite new to him, a stranger, not more than twenty-six, which he refers to a Saxon origin. Ray, far better known as a naturalist, never surpassed for accuracy and sagacity, made a much more considerable collection. There is also a collection of Suffolk words by Major Moore; and many county histories furnish lists of words considered as peculiar to districts. Some papers in the *Archæologia* exist of the same kind—such as Mr. Drake’s comparison of the Mæso-Gothic and the Anglo-Saxon. Dr. William’s words, too, may be added, from the West Riding of Yorkshire, in the sixteenth century, and Mr. Wilbraham’s Cheshire words in the nineteenth. Mr. Brockett’s book on the dialect of Northumberland, may also be mentioned, and particularly a couple of volumes recently published on the Craven dialect. These are all of a grave cast, but several pieces exist of a burlesque character, equally valuable, for they equally supply words of good origin, such as Timothy Bobbin, the Lancashireman, and the dialects of Exmoor and Sedgemoor. Of these, Grose, in his provincialisms, made considerable use; and, finally, Mr. Samuel Pegge made large additions to Grose. The aggregate of all which, exclusive of the Craven dialect, which has been published since his death, Mr. Forby states to be about 3,500. Mr. Forby himself, in the district of East Anglia, meaning only Suffolk and Norfolk, collects 2,500, and of these, 600 only had he found in previous collections. Of course he has made an addition of 1,900.

The Essays on the pronunciation and grammar of East Anglia, though full of information, and shewing a thorough knowledge of the subject, we cannot now notice—they will be found even *amusing*.

*Bertha’s Journal*, 3 vols., 18mo.; 1830.—Of all the little works contrived of late years, for the purpose of conveying information to young folks, in an attractive manner, this, we think, will prove by far the most successful. Some link connecting subject and self—something in the form of narrative is indispensable to arrest attention; and this form of a journal, keeping up a perpetual allusion to personal pursuits and family arrangements, yet without occupying any disproportionate space, very sufficiently and happily effects this purpose. Bertha has spent the first years of her childhood in Brazil, and circumstances still detaining her mother in that country, she is sent to an uncle’s to secure an English education and English manners. The tie between parent and child is to be maintained by Bertha’s

engaging to keep a journal, which she accordingly does during the whole voyage, and her residence through the *winter*, a new scene to her, at her uncle's, with a family of young cousins all actively and eagerly occupied in acquiring information under the eye and direction of very intelligent and judicious parents. The young Bertha, though so entirely foreign to her previous habits, soon accommodates and enters into the spirit of the thing; and the daily pursuits of the school-room, the novelties out of doors, the conversation of well-informed people, especially of those who have travelled into distant countries, furnish the current topics of the journal. The information thus conveyed is of the most varied kind, though a large proportion is employed on the memorabilia of botany and natural history, but upon nothing of the common-place kind, and all of the latest and most authentic character. Every Sunday some religious topic is noticed—some passage of Scripture illustrated—some apparent contradiction reconciled, and especially the ceremonials of the Jews are explained; on good, sound, orthodox principles, of course, but without any attempt to enforce matters of doctrine, and singularly untinged with party-spirit. The elements of geology also are detailed, in the principles of Conybeare and Phillips; and a little touch of metaphysics, we observed, after the manner of Mr. Dugald Stewart, distinguishing, very nicely, judgment and taste, as *two* faculties, &c. Manners, morals, and character, are, of course, carefully attended to by the excellent uncle and aunt; and Bertha, who is a very honest little girl, has the satisfaction of conveying to her mamma, on the authority of her uncle, her progresses in improvement—her happy exchange of indolence for activity—neatness for untidiness—frankness for shyness, with many other budding virtues, which are likely to ripen during the projected tour of all the party in Ireland. This tour will of course extend her journal, which not only young but old may read with pleasure, and no little chance of gathering knowledge.

*Political Economy. An Inquiry into the Natural Grounds of Right to Vendible Property or Wealth. By Samuel Read; 1829.*—Writers on Political Economy generally define their science, as what determines the laws which regulate the production and distribution of wealth. Mr. Read thinks it not only of prior, but of higher importance to determine, first, the natural grounds of right to the said wealth, which he, for the sake of a more specific term, chooses to call vendible property, and frames the title of his work in accordance with this view. This is making, we think, a great fuss about nothing, and a fuss far from harmless; for nothing is harmless which takes the attention from the real pith of a subject, and fixes it upon inferior or

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foreign considerations. If political economists have not formally discussed the grounds of right, those rights have always been implied in their discussions; and in point of fact, and it may be added, with any tolerable government, inevitably, civil rights are, for the most part, built upon those perhaps sufficiently understood principles of natural right.

But though Mr. Read takes more credit than we think due to him, on this point, or useful for the discussion of the subject, his book is an excellent one, and especially throughout the whole of the controversial matter. Its chief merit, indeed, and in the present puzzled state of the "science," that is no slight one, is the attempt to rescue it from the clutches of the mathematical economists, into which it has unluckily fallen, and place it again within the province of plain facts, common experience, and moral reasoning. He finds no advantage has been conferred on the "science" by Adam Smith's improvers.—Ricardo's doctrines, especially, appear to him to be a set of mere sophistications, and we fully agree with him. That man—a clever man, and a reasoning one upon given data, but incapable of estimating the soundness of those data—a man, moreover, in possession of half a million, and, therefore, of course, in England, if such a person write a book, it must be one of authority, at least as long as the writer has ought to give—that man has done more mischief in these matters than any man of his time. Some of his doctrines, it is true, such as that of rent, were merely speculative, for nobody acts upon them; but others have had a practical effect, and woeful in proportion to the effect, such as his sentiments on bullion and paper, and especially his conclusions on the subject of profit and wages. These, profit and wages we mean, according to Mr. Ricardo, vary inversely to each other, and his rule, which, of course, the masters welcomed with pleasure, thinking the game must be in their own hands—to keep up profits, you must keep down wages. To justify this doctrine and precept, he prefaced them with another maxim, that the natural amount of wages was that which would just enable the labourers to live, and keep up their numbers. Never was greater nonsense uttered; but the terms of this "law" were so precise and clear, so mathematical and exact, and with such a perfect absence of doubt, as to leave an impression which any memory could retain, and the grounds of which it seemed superfluous to consider. It was, to most minds, an axiom, and what is the advantage of an axiom if it must be perpetually reconsidered? But, notwithstanding, profit and wages are not always in opposition—scarcely, indeed, ever; and still less is the lowest possible quantum of subsistence the natural rate of wages; and Mr. Read, though not the first who has done it, has done well in exposing these absurdities



with a degree of clearness we have not before met with. We shall still express our own convictions. The law which regulates profit is the relation of supply and demand, and that same law will raise or depress both profit, and wages, though not precisely in the same ratio. The rate of wages, again, is not the least the labourer can live upon, but the best he can get by bargain and compact. Look to the common sense of the thing, shown by plain facts.

Some years ago, manufacturing labourers had high wages. Why? Because it was the master's interest to give them. Why? Because he had a market for his actual produce, and for as much more as he could compass. It was his interest, therefore, to employ as many more labourers as possible, to the extent of his capital and credit, and tempt them with higher wages. These labourers have now *low* wages—and why? Because it is no longer the master's interest to give higher. Why? Because he cannot himself get the prices he used to do. Why? Because either he has overstocked the market, or that market is contracted—either he has indiscreetly multiplied the supply, or the demand has decreased, or both. And both causes *have* concurred. Other countries manufacture for themselves; and the masters among us, calculating on the old demand, have not stopped their supplies in time. These are undeniable facts, and surely shake to the foundation the soundness of Mr. Ricardo's doctrine.

Ricardo and all his school assign all to labour, not meaning, nevertheless, to exclude capital, but rather implying that capital is the result of previous labour. Of this an ill use has often been made by injudicious persons, especially by the author of "Labour defended against the Claims of Capital," who have led the labourers to suppose *they*, the existing labourers, do all—are the sole producers, and, of course, are entitled to all, or at least to a much larger share than they ever get. It has not been sufficiently urged, in company with this notion, that the labourer, as things are now conducted, could no more get on without other people's capital, than the possessors of capital without his labour. The effect of this doctrine, coupled with existing misery, is to exasperate, and to teach them to throw more blame upon the masters than fairly belongs to them. The government is far more to blame than the masters; for the great mass of taxation falling upon consumables, presses heavily upon the labourer, and makes him feel the reduction of wages more severely than he would otherwise do. To listen to these Ricardo folks, the natural and inevitable tendency of civilization is to depress the condition of the workman—capital and labour are for ever separate, and their interests are for ever opposed to each other. No: capital and labour are not necessarily and for ever separable; and the Co-operatives, now beginning to spread and

be felt, will prove the fallacy of doctrines calculated to drive the labourer to despair and the country to rebellion.

*True Stories, from the History of Ireland, by J. J. Gregor. Second Series; 1830.*—Of course, these are intended as companions to Sir W. Scott's stories from the Scottish history, as well as some other person's stories from the English history; but neither of them very worthy of the distinction they aspire to. The first series did not fall in our way; and this, which is entitled the second, is nothing but a continuous history of the Anglo-Irish under the reigns of the Tudors. In that of Henry VII. something like an approach to distinct stories is attempted in the narratives of the two impostors, if impostors they *both* were, Simmel and Perkin Warbeck, both of whom were favoured by the Irish, then, apparently, *all* Yorkists. A similar attempt, though blended still with both these, is the story which details the ups and downs of the Earl of Kildare, during the same reign. Two or three similar attempts occur, as the story of Lynch, the mayor of Galway, 1493, who, with a sort of Roman sternness, an exaggerated sense of duty, more surely to be wondered at than admired, became the arrester of his own son, charged with a murder, committed in passion and mistake, and not only his arrester, but his judge, and finally, and literally, his executioner, for nobody else could be found barbarous enough, even in Ireland, to perform the horrid office. More than one half the volume is occupied with O'Neil's rebellion, during the last twenty years of Elizabeth—the narrative of which is full of confusion, and written in perfect oblivion of the author's professed purpose. Though O'Neil, as Essex said of him, probably cared as little for religion as his horse did, yet the changes in religious forms, and for political purposes, violently enforced, were, at least, the ostensible cause of O'Neil's rebellion; and we are glad to see, in any shape, such violences for such purposes reprobated. A popular history of Ireland is sadly wanted, and we are half afraid Moore is scarcely to be trusted with the subject.

*An Introductory Treatise on the Nature and Properties of Light, and on Optical Instruments. By W. M. Higgins.*—Greek and Latin used to be not simply the staple but the *ne plus ultra* of English education, and the pedagogue, to employ the language of the late Dr. Parr, who failed to drive it into the heads of his pupils, jerked it in where he could. Things are changed now, and education is required to be *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*: we know not what good can come of it: the brain of a boy is not like the stomach of an ostrich, it cannot digest the heterogeneous crudities with which it is surcharged, and intellectual disease must follow. Still this system is the rage of the day, and interest is too feelingly

alive in the promotion of it for the press not to swarm with elementary works of every description, in addition to what each joint stock knowledge company sanctions by its approval. *Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura.* The work before us belongs to the former class. Without any pretention or parade, it affords a clear but simple view of the elementary properties of light: the principles of the science are perspicuously laid down and applied to illustrate the theory of optical instruments, and the more striking natural phenomena. With the whole of this book we have been much pleased, and by persons little versed in mathematics, it will be found extremely useful—indeed, if the remainder of the author's course of natural philosophy, which will speedily appear, is to be judged by this specimen of his labours, there will be few, if any, productions on the same subjects, better adapted for general circulation.

*Time's Telescope*; 1830.—This annual mélange—a combination of the Almanack and the Album—is very well calculated to convey much useful information to certain classes, in a very agreeable way. Its materials are thrown together under the heads of Remarkable Days—Astronomical Occurrences—and the Naturalist's Diary, and each of these for every month in the year. Under the first head fall short notices, taken chiefly from the periodicals, of eminent individuals, who have died in the course of the preceding year—and some many years ago—placed at the anniversary of their deaths; and of some who are still living, as Scott and Moore commemorated at the anniversaries of their birth;—together with snatches of poetry from the popular writers of the day, at every seizable opportunity which the calendar presents. The Astronomical Occurrences and the Naturalist's Diary are full of very valuable matter, conveyed in a plain and intelligible manner. The woodcuts are numerous, and are relative, generally, to objects of sufficient interest. Among them we observed Sir Walter Scott's Whimsical Buildings at Abbotsford, and Moore's Cottage, near Devizes, where the editor informs us—God-wot—the Poet lives rather retired than otherwise, while all the world supposes him involved in all the follies and gaieties of life.

Though the editor of the preceding volumes has disclaimed having any thing to do with the present, the change is not perceptible—the manner and materials are essentially the same—though the old Editor would probably not have committed so gross a blunder as the following:—

“Jan. 23d, 1806, Right Hon. William Pitt died. This eminent statesman commenced his parliamentary career early in life, having taken his seat soon after he came of age. He had not long been a member when he was attacked by Sir Robert Walpole, and taunted with his youth; to which

Pitt replied in a speech which might be regarded as a model for young men to imitate. It is worthy preservation, and will justify insertion on this day.”

And then follows Lord Chatham's well known speech, which is very safely preserved in numerous records—though he, it is equally well known, was as much entitled to the credit of it, as this well-read editor of *Time's Telescope*.

*Moments of Loneliness, or Prose and Poetic Efforts, &c. By Sibella Eliza Hatfield*; 1829.—Printed at Falmouth, as was this volume of odds and ends and occasional scraps—at the very Land's-end—it is a pity it had not remained in that corner of the world; and the author's parents, to whom, “by their affectionate permission,” she dutifully dedicates, been spared the expense of carriage. Not that the contents are worse than scores of similar books which fall into our hands, and of which the world never hears, even from us—but mere mediocrity, especially in poetry, no mortal can bear, not connected by love, or friendship, or neighbourhood; and scarcely then. The folly is, not in printing for private circulation, to save the labour of copying, at the obliging importunities of friends, but in *publishing*, and *hoping* such things will sell. It is marvellous that anybody can still be found, of man and woman born, even in so remote a spot, to imagine for a moment that strangers will buy them. Nobody, now-a-days, —and let the publishers of such things listen to us—nobody purchases a volume of any kind, and especially of poetry, unrecommended—on the chance of what he may find; the very numbers forbid; and books of indispensable importance crowd upon all who have money to spare to the full amount of their available funds. We are far from saying this is the worst volume that ever was printed; but really, on glancing over it, our eyes caught nothing better than the piece we copy:—

#### ON BEHOLDING A BEAUTIFUL AND WELL-KNOWN SEA PROSPECT.

How altogether lovely! what a glow  
Of gold around the sky, and on the sea!  
Yon glorious, gorgeous sunset canopy  
Is worthy of this paradise below.  
This prospect is no stranger unto me;  
Mine eye can claim acquaintance with each hue,  
Oft seen before: yet, as on novelty  
I gaze intent, oh, magic memory!  
Thou fixest thus my gaze upon the view,  
And drawing feelings out in bitter tears,  
Thy long-resisted influence appears  
Too much—too much, I will not, must not weep.  
Scene of the beauteous land, and glorious deep,  
Once more, once more, we part—perchance for years:—  
Let me bear from thee, as from some loved friend,  
Lessons that make me worthy here to bend.  
2 F 2



With memory's sweetness o'er thee; the wild  
 storm  
 Hath oft assailed thy lonely castle's form,  
 Sacred Pendennis! yet thou standest still,  
 Braving the blast awaked at Heaven's will,  
 And calm and lovely smiles the azure deep.  
 As if it ne'er had felt a tempest's sweep:—  
 I have had clouds and storm-blasts round me  
 too,  
 But oh, I will be *firm* and *calm* as you.

*Deutsches Lesebuch; or Lessons in German Literature.* By J. Rowbotham. *F. Ast. S. L.* 1829.—This is one of the scores of introductory helps to the study of languages prompted by the spirit of emulation and improvement, spreading fast through every class of instructors—scarcely excepting certain privileged institutions, where the professors, raised, in their own fancies, above the necessities of vulgar exertion, would willingly, but must not wholly, indulge the *otium* of their own shades and eschew the conflicts of competition. The plan of this little work is well conceived, and the proposed assistance so well arranged, step by step, as to call, if that be a virtue, for no other efforts than acts of memory, till the pupil is, ultimately, as he ought to be, thrown almost solely on his own resources. But the planning is better than the execution, though the errors of execution are chiefly such as are almost inseparable from one who undertakes to judge of a foreign language. The pieces are not, in the first place, well selected, for many abound in phraseology now perfectly obsolete among the best writers of the day,—and others are not even free from common grammatical errors. The translations, again, though on the whole very well performed, are often, we take upon ourselves to say, erroneous, and that, of course, precisely, where a learner would find obscurities—that is, he will be most misled where he most wants help, and most relies on receiving it. For the student, then, who has an instructor at hand, the volume is a good one; but for one who depends wholly upon books, he must look for a safer guide, and such are not wanting. Mr. Bernays's Selections, which we noticed a few months ago, are made with a *modern* knowledge of the lan-

guage—he is a native German, and a man of good taste.

*A Practical Treatise on the Diseases of the Genitals of the Male*, by Dr. Titley; 1830.—This medical treatise—the production of a gentleman who has directed his attentions closely to a subject of incalculable importance, since it unhappily concerns very considerable numbers, and those most exposed to the impositions of quackery, and, moreover, the physical soundness of succeeding generations, we notice, partly for its apparent completeness as to descriptions and remedies, but more particularly for its Preliminary essay, in which the author discusses the history, nature, and general treatment of Lues Venera. This discussion is very ably conducted, and to a considerable extent establishes his point. He scouts the notion of its being a *new* disease, or even a *specific* disease; but this last matter we leave, as a question exclusively professional—he denies that it was, as is so often affirmed, an importation from America, or even the communication of the Moors at an earlier period. He finds the disease marked among the Greeks by Hippocrates, in its strongest and most specific symptoms, and even in the same combination of symptoms, or nearly so—he finds it among the Romans, in the works of Celsus; and in numerous writers from two to three centuries before the American Discoveries. Yet it cannot be denied, that numbers soon after these discoveries do speak of a new disease of this kind, that is, of one appearing during the last years of the fifteenth century. It is not quite satisfactory, to say, that all were mistaken—that the same thing had existed, but was not observed before. No, the intelligent author inclines to believe there was a new disease, then imported from America,—not however the Lues Venera but the *Yaws*. That is a disease quite distinct from Lues Venerea, but attended with several similar symptoms. It is, however, peculiar to tropical regions, and soon mitigates in other climates—as confessedly the *new* disease, as it was termed in the south of Europe, in a few years did—a fact which does not at all characterize the Lues Venerea.

## VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

*The White Lupin.*—Gardeners generally think the white lupin a summer plant, requiring much water and manure. Willdenow imagines that the husks of the white lupin, before they are ripe, might be substituted for coffee when they have been prepared in water, cut, dried, and roasted. M. de Vulfen, having taken an agricultural journey some time ago, found that in one part of France, the white lupin was cultivated in vast plains; and that it attained the finest

development in places where the soil was not very sandy. The sole object of this extensive cultivation of the lupin was to employ it as a manure; for no animal eats either the plant or the grain it yields. On account of the nature of the soil most favourable to it, the white lupin is cultivated only in the district which forms a triangle between Valence, Lyons, and Grenoble. Beyond these limits, and in places where the soil is richer and more compact, this plant

has not a flourishing appearance. To give an idea of the powerful action of the white lupin as a manure, we shall quote the words of M. Vulfen himself. "It is impossible," he says, "to have seen the vast extent of country which the south of France presents, the prosperity of which, and the very population, rests upon this plant, and to have heard the extraordinary influence it exercises upon the production of corn unanimously extolled, without feeling the necessity of making careful experiments regarding it." The consequence is, that this experienced agriculturist has been making experiments on the white lupin in Northern Germany, of which he has published an account, having fully and satisfactorily proved that the cultivation of this plant is of a nature to surpass the most sanguine hopes.

*Artificial Gems.*—The base of all artificial stones, is a paste composed of silex, potash, borax, oxide of lead, and sometimes arsenic. The best silex is obtained from rock crystal, and the next best from white sand, or flint. The following are two receipts for making a good paste:—Rock crystal, 4056 grains, minium (red lead) 6300, pure potash 2154, borax 276, arsenic 12 or, sand 3600, ceruse (white lead) 8508, potash 1260, borax 360, arsenic 12. Now, it is of borate of lead and silex, that Mr. Faraday has succeeded in making the flint glass, of which such high expectations are formed for scientific purposes. Now, it is known, that more metallic matter was formerly employed in the manufacture of glass, than at the present day, and the consequence was, as may be observed in many of our very old church windows, that the surface of the glass became oxydised. We hope that the same fate may not attend a return to the same, or similar method of manufacture.

*Improvement of the Cape of Good Hope.*—The advantages that would result to England from a communication with the interior of Africa are well known; and it affords us great pleasure to learn that at the Cape of Good Hope much is now doing to effect this desirable object, by the construction of a new road over the Hottentots' Holland Mountains, which has been planned by Major C. C. Michell, the surveyor-general of the colony, under instructions from the governor, Sir Lowry Cole. It appears that the old military road of the French block, though reflecting considerable credit on the engineers by whom it was executed, has not answered the expectations formed of it, owing to several natural difficulties; and the governor, with a zeal for the improvement of the colony, which does the highest honour to that distinguished officer, has made a personal journey of inspection, accompanied by the surveyor-general, to ascertain the practicability of improving the passage over the steep and dangerous mountain range. In this plan Major Michell, after a laborious survey of the whole chain of the "Hottentots' Holland Kloof," seems to

have triumphed over the difficulties interposed by nature to the passage of the majestic barrier which divides the western coast and capital of the colony from the interior. By the most able and ingenious adaptation of his new line of road to the stupendous features and intricate sinuosities of the ground, he has provided an easy ascent over a mountain chain of which the lowest passes rise to the perpendicular height of eleven hundred feet above the plains at their base. The breadth intended to be given to the road is twenty feet, with the exception of that part near the summit, which requires blasting, less than a quarter of a mile in length, and which, for the present, will only be made twelve feet broad. Appropriate stop places will not be neglected. The road will average in its slope two and a half inches to the yard, which, in a country like this, may almost be regarded as approaching to a dead level, considering that the old *kloof* averaged nine and a half to ten in the yard. The ultimate utility of this great work to the colony, (and eventually to the mother country) in facilitating the intercourse between the coast and the interior for the transit of foreign merchandise and native produce is incalculable. But we notice the undertaking chiefly for the one more interesting proof which it affords of the advantages which accrue even to the civil service of the state from the cultivated genius and science and the enterprising spirit of military men whenever a fair field is permitted to their abilities and zeal in the arts of peaceful improvement.

*Height of the Patagonians.*—An officer of Captain King's expedition has communicated the following interesting notice. Measurement of the largest Patagonian, in a tribe of about 150 in number. Height, 6 feet 2 inches; circumference of the chest, 3 feet 11 inches; ditto of the loins, 3 feet 5 inches; ditto of the pelvis, 3 feet 10 inches. The limbs of the men were finely formed, but the muscles were not so strongly marked, and did not exhibit those elevations when thrown into action so much as in stout sailors or other athletic Europeans who have been accustomed to muscular exertion. There was, seemingly, in the whole of them, of both sexes, a thickish layer of adipose substance, under the common integuments, covering the whole of the body, which seemed to fill up the hollows of the muscles seen so distinctly in most hard-working persons. The shortest man in their party was five feet ten inches and a half high: the generality of them appeared to be about six feet, with large bodies. The women, he thought, were larger in proportion to the men than is observed in civilized society.

*Wells of Salt and of Fire in China.*—A French Missionary, M. Imbert, has forwarded to Europe a description of certain laborious wells of salt and of fire, at Ou-Tong-Kiao Kiatingfou, and at Ise-Lieou-Tsing, in



China, which rank among the most singular natural phenomena on record. The wells are perforations about five or six inches in diameter, extending to the depth of as much, in one case, as 3,000 feet, ordinarily from 15 to 1,800 in the solid rock; from which, in the one case, water is drawn by means of a hollow bamboo and the labour of oxen, which yields from one fifth to one fourth of its weight of salt, and, in the other, an inflammable gas is discharged in very large quantities, which serves to boil the pans in which the salt is prepared, as well as to supply the means of illumination. The method by which these wells, or cylinders are made in the rock, is by attaching a steel head, weighing about three or four hundred pounds, by a cord, to a beam, which has a motion on a horizontal axis, when, by depressing the opposite end of the beam, and suddenly dismissing it, the steel head, which moves up and down in a stone cylinder, pounds the rock beneath, and the perforation so made being properly moistened, the pulverised rock, in the shape of mud, lodges above the steel head, and is, when necessary, drawn out, and rejected. At least three years are required to make one of these wells, though sometimes, when the rock is good, the workmen can perforate two feet in 24 hours.

*The Light of the Sun compared with that of the Stars.*—In the Philosophical Transactions for 1767, a suggestion is thrown out by Mr. Mitchell, that a comparison between the light received from the sun and any of the fixed stars might furnish data for estimating their relative distances; but no such direct comparison had been attempted. Dr. Wollaston was led to infer from some observations which he made in the year 1799, that the direct light of the sun is about one million times more intense than that of the full moon; and, therefore, very many million times greater than that of all the fixed stars taken collectively. In order to compare the light of the sun with that of a star, he took, as an intermediate object of comparison, the light of a candle reflected from a small bulb, about a quarter of an inch in diameter, filled with quicksilver, and seen by one eye through a lent of two inches focus at the same time that the star and the sun's image, placed at a proper distance, was viewed by the other eye through a telescope. The mean of various trials seemed to show that the light of Sirius is equal to that of the sun seen in a glass bulb one-tenth of an inch in diameter, at the distance of 210 feet, or that they are in the proportion of one to ten thousand millions: but as nearly one-half of the light is lost by reflection, the real proportion between the light from Sirius and the sun is not greater than that of one to twenty thousand millions. If the annual parallax of Sirius be half a second corresponding to a distance of 525,481 times that of the sun from the earth, its diameter would be 3·7

times that of the sun, and its light 13·8 times as great. The distance at which the sun would require to be viewed so that its brightness might be only equal to that of Sirius, would be 141,421 times its present distance; and if still in the ecliptic, its annual parallax in longitude would be nearly 3''; but if situated at the same angular distance from the ecliptic as Sirius, it would have an annual parallax in latitude of 1'·8.

*German Names.*—The great men of the sixteenth and seventeenth century who throw such a splendour over the literature of Holland, are seldom connected in our thoughts with the country to which they belong. They write the learned language of Europe, not that of their native land. In fact, the old and absurd habit of Hellenizing or Latinizing their surnames, frequently leads to great confusion in their patronimics. The name of Aurelius, the preceptor of Erasmus, was no better than Hermanszoon.—Canisius was Mynheer de Hondt.—Fullonius is Willem Gaeffe—and the magnificent Johannes Palaenodorus, without his mask, is simply Jan Oudewater. But what shall we say to the vanity of Erasmus—Desiderius Erasmus, with his Latin and Greek names, each meaning the same thing. His mother knew him only as Gherardt Gherardts; while the gentle Philippus Melancthon, or, as he occasionally subscribed himself, Ippofilo di Terra Nera, would scarcely be recognized under his synonymous and national appellation of Schwarzhertdt. Then there was Jan Van Gorp, who wrote a book to prove that Adam and Eve spoke Dutch alone, but was ashamed to employ the language of Paradise to introduce himself to the learned world, and took thereupon the title of Toropius Becaus.

*New Fossils.*—A new species of Pterodactyle, for which the name of Pterodactylus Macronyx is proposed, has been discovered in the lias, at Lyme Regis in Dorsetshire. The head of this new species is wanting, but the rest of the skeleton, though dislocated, is nearly entire, and the length of the claws so much exceeds that of the claws of the Pterodactylus-Longirostris and brevirostris, of which the only two known specimens are minutely described by Cuvier, as to show that it belongs to another species. Dr. Buckland, by whom the above account has been communicated to the Geological Society, also concludes, from an extensive series of specimens, that the fossils, locally called Bezoar stones, that abound at Lyme, in the same beds of lias with the bones of Ichthyosaurus, are the fæces of that animal. In variety of size and form they resemble elongated pebbles, or kidney potatoes, varying generally from two to four inches in length, and from one to two inches in diameter; some few being larger, others much smaller. Their colour is dark gray, their substance like indurated

clay, of a compact earthy texture, and their chemical analysis approaches to that of album græcum. Undigested bones and scales of fishes occur abundantly in these faecal masses. The scales are referable to the *Dapedium politum* and other fish that occur in the lias: the bones are those of fish, and also of small *Ichthyosauri*. The interior of these bezoars is arranged in spiral folds; their exterior also bears impressions received from the convolutions of the intestines of the living animals. In many of the entire skeletons of young *Ichthyosauri* the bezoars are seen within the ribs and near the pelvis: these, most probably, have been included within the animal's body at the moment of his death. The doctor found, three years ago, a similar ball of faecal matter in the collection of Mr. Mantell, from the strata of Tilgate Forest, which abound in bones of *Ichthyosauri* and other large reptiles; and he conjectures that these bezoars exist wherever the remains of *Plesiosauri* are abundant. An indurated black animal substance, like that in the ink-bag of the cuttle fish, occurs in the lias at Lyme Regis; and a drawing, made with this fossil pigment three years ago, was pronounced by an eminent artist to have been tinted with sepia. It is nearly of the colour and consistence of jet, and very fragile, with a bright splintery fracture; its powder is brown like that of the painter's sepia; it occurs in single masses, nearly of the shape and size of a small gall bladder, broadest at the bare end, and gradually contracted towards the neck: these are always surrounded by a thin nacreous case, brilliant as the most vivid *Lumachella*; the nacre seems to have formed the lining of a fibrous thin shelly substance, which, together with this nacreous lining, was prolonged into a hollow cone like that of a belemnite, but beyond the apex of this alveolus no spathose body has been found. Dr. Buckland infers that the animal from which these fossil ink-bags are derived, was some unknown cephalopode, nearly allied in its internal structure to the inhabitant of the belemnite; the circular form of the septa shewing that they cannot be referred to the molluscous inhabitant of any *Nautilus* or *Cornu-Ammonis*.

*Apparatus for Warming Buildings.*—A patent has been obtained for an apparatus designed to combine elegance with utility and economy, and appearing to offer one of the most convenient and effective methods of warming large apartments and public buildings that has fallen under our notice, beside possessing the very important feature of heating air without deteriorating it. The proposed form of the apparatus is that of a hollow pedestal, containing a spiral channel through which the pure atmospheric air is made to pass in a considerable current by the upward pressure caused by rarefaction, the spiral being encompassed by a chamber filled with hot steam.

*Questions regarding Alcohol.*—An Ame-

rican professor has proposed the following query for a medical dissertation:—Are spirituous liquors obtained from succulent fruits, as grapes, apples, pears, and peaches, more inflammatory than those from grain or wheat, rye, corn, oats, and barley? From some observations made on the effects of intemperance upon persons within his knowledge, professor Eaton imagined that the following results were clearly evinced. Those who drank wine, cider, perry brandy, and cider brandy, presented red, bloated, and highly inflamed surfaces. Those who drank gin and whisky, became pale and debilitated. Those who drank rum, were at a medium in this respect. Hence he inferred, that although *pure alcohol* is always the same, there is something combined with it which influences its effects, and that alcoholic liquors, from succulent fruits, had a tendency towards the surface; that the same from farinaceous seeds caused a recession of the fluids towards the heart, and that when derived from the herbage of plants, as the stalks of cane, its effects were of the medium kind.

*The spontaneous Purification of Thames Water.*—In the report which Dr. Bostock made of the result of his examination of Thames Water to the Commissioners appointed by his Majesty to inquire into the supply of water for the metropolis, one of the specimens, taken near the King's Scholars Pond Sewer, was described as in a state of extreme impurity. This water had remained in the laboratory unattended to, and after an interval of some weeks it was observed to have become clear, while nearly the whole of the former sediment had risen to the surface, forming a stratum of half an inch in thickness, and still emitting a very offensive odour. In process of time this scum separated into large masses or flakes, with minute air bubbles attached to them. At the end of two months longer these masses again subsided, leaving the fluid almost totally free from any visible and extraneous matter. On analysis the water was found to contain lime, sulphuric and muriatic acids, and magnesia, in much larger quantities than in the specimens of Thames water previously examined; the proportion of saline matter being increased four-fold. The proportion of the muriatic is nearly twelve times greater; that of carbonate of lime between two and three times, and that of sulphate of lime five and a half times greater. The water in its foul state had given very obvious indications of both sulphur and ammonia; but neither of these substances could be detected after its spontaneous depuration. The source of these new saline bodies is referable to the organic substances, chiefly of an animal nature, which are so copiously deposited in the Thames. The depurating process may be denominated a species of fermentation, in which the softer and more soluble animal compounds act as the ferment, and are



themselves destroyed; while the salts that are attached to them are left behind. Hence the more foul the water, the more complete the depuration; and it is on this principle that the popular opinion of the peculiar fitness of Thames water for being used at sea may be explained; its extreme impurity inducing a sufficient degree of fermentation to effect the removal of all those substances which might occasion any future renewal of that process.

*Atomic weight of Mercury.*—In a recent examination of the powder supposed to be a protoxide of mercury, the attention of an experienced American chemist, was turned to the subject of the atomic weight of mercury; and upon applying to some of its combinations the generally received theory that binary compounds are more difficult of decomposition than ternary, he was led to the conclusion that its equivalent number has been misstated by chemical writers. The protosulphuret and protochloride are both more easily decomposed than the compounds containing double the proportion of their respective electro negatives. The only cyanide of mercury is now considered as containing two atoms of cyanogen. The protoxide, it is believed, exists only in combination with acids. He has very frequently decomposed several of the protosalts of mercury with alkalis, and the resulting powder has uniformly contained metallic globules, either visible to the naked eye or easily rendered so by a slight degree of friction with the finger; the pressure attending which could only have brought already existing uncombined particles within the sphere of each others attraction. When calomel (protochloride of mercury) is decomposed by an alkaline solution, if the latter be cautiously dropped upon it, a reddish powder is at first apparent—(a careful repetition of this experiment has placed its accuracy beyond a doubt. On calomel, prepared by precipitation from a solution of crystallized protonitrate of mercury with muriate of soda, which was repeatedly washed with warm distilled water, with solution of muriate of ammonia, and with warm alcohol, he dropped a small quantity of potass water, a reddish powder was very distinctly observable. When sufficient alkali was added to decompose all the calomel, the powder was of a brownish black colour; and when dry, contained visible globules of metal. This shows the fallacy of one of the reputed tests of the purity of calomel.) This fact and the subsequent evidence of the existence of metallic mercury in the powder, may serve to explain each other. A *muriate* of the alkali is formed at the expense of a portion of water, and the oxygen being left to the free exercise of its affinity, forms with half of the metal a binary compound, the red oxide through which the remaining proportional of mercury in a state of extreme comminution is

mixed. The powder will be found capable of amalgamating gold, and the uncombined metal may be rendered evident by friction, percussion, or elevation of temperature, or by pouring upon it a minimum quantity of diluted acetic acid. The supernatant liquor will contain peracetate. More conclusive evidence of an error in the atomic weight of any body, could not be adduced. Annexed is a table of the corrected atomic weights of a few of the mercurial combinations:—

| —            | Proportions<br>by<br>Analysis. |          | Atomic<br>Pro-<br>portions. | Atomic<br>Weights. |
|--------------|--------------------------------|----------|-----------------------------|--------------------|
| Suboxide...  | 100 m                          | + 4ox    | 2m+1 ox                     | 208                |
| Oxide ....   | 100 m                          | + 8ox    | 1m+1 ox                     | 108                |
| Subchloride  | 100 m                          | + 18 ch  | 2m+1 ch                     | 236                |
| Chloride ... | 100 m                          | + 36 ch  | 1m+1 ch                     | 136                |
| Subiodide .. | 100 m                          | + 62 io  | 2m+1 io                     | 324                |
| Iodide ....  | 100 m                          | + 124 io | 1m+1 io                     | 224                |
| Subsulphuret | 100 m                          | + 8 su   | 1m+1 su                     | 216                |
| Sulphuret .. | 100 m                          | + 16 su  | 1m+1 su                     | 116                |
| Cyanide....  | 100 m                          | + 26cy   | 1m+1 cy                     | 126                |

*Preparation of Hartshorn Jelly.*—The following process is due to a French chemist, M. Ferrez: four ounces of rasped hartshorn are to be steeped in eight ounces of water, acidulated with sixty grains of muriatic acid for ten minutes, and then washed carefully in two or three waters. It is then to be boiled with fresh water for half an hour, pressed through a cloth, and the liquid filtered while hot. This fluid is the jelly, which being qualified by sugar or other ingredients, and boiled slightly, gives, upon cooling, a perfectly clear and good jelly for the table.

*The Progress of Steam.*—That a steam carriage could be produced was well known to every engineer, the object to be obtained was to produce a machine which, when every thing connected with it was considered, should be less expensive than a vehicle drawn by horses; whether this is finally obtained is yet to be seen. But the results which have appeared, from a comparative trial near Liverpool, of certain locomotive engines, seem to have given rise to a new question—whether or not a force capable of producing a velocity (on a rail-road certainly) of 32 miles in the hour, may not be applied by means of rotatory vanes, to raise and direct a body in the air—or at any rate guide a balloon. The success of such an attempt is by no means more chimerical than many projects which have been brought to bear at the present time, would have appeared half a century since; and though we are far from thinking that the element of air, like the other elements, will be subjected to the power of man, still it is by no means improbable that material benefits may accrue from the attempt.

## WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

## WORKS IN PREPARATION.

*Excerpta Historica*; or, Illustrations of English History. The object of this work is to elucidate public events, domestic and foreign, our ancient relations with France, Spain, and other nations, the laws and constitution of England, the state of the Navy and Army, the economy of the Royal Household, the splendour, magnificence, and personal character of our Monarchs, the history of Monastic Establishments, the lives of distinguished men, the costume, modes of living, manners and customs of our ancestors, the moral and political condition of society, the state of language and literature, the introduction and progress of the Arts, Heraldry, Courts of Chivalry, and Genealogy: in short, to collect whatever may present vividly to the mind the characteristic features of former ages. This collection will undoubtedly prove of the utmost consequence to Historians and Antiquaries; and, indeed, to men of letters generally. It is to be published in royal 8vo., in Quarterly Parts, of not less than one hundred pages, illustrated by wood-cuts. Part I. will appear in March.

The Portraits of the Countess Gower, the Hon. Mrs. Hope, and Lady Charlotte Bury, from paintings by Sir Thomas Lawrence, will form the earliest of the forthcoming embellishments of *La Belle Assemblée*, in continuation of its series of the Portraits of the Female Nobility, now in progress.

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To William Parr, Union Place, City Road, Middlesex, gentleman, for having invented or found out a new method of producing a reciprocating action by means of rotatory motion to be applied to the working of pumps, mangles, and all other machinery in or to which reciprocating action is required or may be applied.—18th January; 4 months.

To Edward Dakeyne and James Dakeyne, Darley Dale, Derby, merchants, for having invented a machine or hydraulic engine for applying the power or pressure of water, steam, and other elastic fluids to the purpose of working machinery and other uses requiring power and applicable to that of raising or forcing of fluids.—21st January; 6 months.

To John Yates, Hyde, Chester, calico printer, for having invented a method or process of giving a metallic surface to cotton, silk, linen; and other fabrics.—26th January; 6 months.

*List of Patents which having been granted in the month of February 1816, expire in the present month of February 1830.*

1. John Millington, London, for machinery by which vessels may be propelled in the water.

3. John George Drake, London, for a certain method of expelling the molasses of syrup out of refined sugar in a shorter time than is at present done with pipe clay.

— John Budgeon, Dartford, for a process for reducing rags or articles composed of silk or cotton after they have been used, and bringing them into their original state, and rendering the material of which they are composed fit to be manufactured and again applied to beneficial and useful purposes.

6. John Thomas Dawes, West Bromwich, for improvements in steam engines, applicable to other purposes.

— Joseph Barker, Camberwell, for certain means of continuing the motion of machinery.

10. William Milton, Heckfield, for improvements upon the wheels and perches of carriages.

20. Henry de Sarul, London, for improved cylindrical gold and silver sweep and washing machine.

— William Baynham, London, for a composition for making leather and other articles water-proof.

29. Joseph Manton, London, for his improvements in fire arms and the shoeing of horses.

## BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A., F.R.S., LL.D., &c.

PRESSED as we are for room, it is impossible for us to pay the enlarged attention we could wish to the high professional merits of Sir Thomas Lawrence, the President of the Royal Academy, of whom death has just suddenly and unexpectedly deprived us. Indeed, we can do little more than offer a brief and simple statement of the few facts and dates which have come within our knowledge.

Mr. Lawrence's father, formerly an officer in the excise, kept the White Lion inn, in Broad-street, Bristol, where the child appears to have been born, in the year 1769. His mother was the daughter of a clergyman, the incumbent of Tenbury, in Gloucestershire. He had two brothers and two sisters; of whom the sole survivor is his younger sister, the wife of Dr. Bloxam, of Rugby.

When young Lawrence was about a year old, his father removed to Devizes, in Wiltshire, where he became the landlord of the Black Bear. The old gentleman is described as a fine tall man, eccentric in dress and manner, sensible and clever, fond of reading and reciting Shakspeare and Milton, and much gratified when his superior guests condescended to become listeners. It is possible that the boy imbibed this passion from his parent; as Sir Thomas Lawrence was always distinguished for skill, taste, and feeling, in recitation. He was also, in his youth, an elegant dancer, fencer, and billiard-player; and with an adequate knowledge of music, a capital singer, and performer on the violin. How he first ac-

quired a taste and talent for drawing, does not appear; but, when not more than six years old, his skill in sketching likenesses procured for him great celebrity. When about this age, he produced two portraits, in profile, of the late Lord and Lady Kenyon; the former of which her Ladyship always considered to be the most faithful of any that had been taken of her husband. At the age of nine,—it is said, without instruction from any one—he was capable of copying historical pictures in a masterly style; he succeeded also in compositions of his own, particularly in one of Peter denying Christ; and, in about seven minutes, he scarcely ever failed in producing a strong likeness, distinguished, too, by freedom and grace, of any one who might be present.

Not succeeding in his occupation as an inn-keeper, at Devizes, his father retired to private life, in Alfred-street. Bath. There, the boy was, for a time, under the professional care of Mr. Hoare, an eminent crayon painter, and father of Prince Hoare, Esq., the well-known dramatist, &c. There, too, he executed crayon likenesses, at half-a-guinea, and a guinea each, by which means he was the chief, if not sole support of his father, brothers, and sisters. The Hon. John Hamilton and Sir Henry Harpur, Bart., patronized him warmly: the former allowing him access to some fine productions of the old masters, and the latter generously offering to expend £1000. on the completion of his education in Italy. The offer seems to have been somewhat proudly declined.

In 1783, before he had completed his fourteenth year, young Lawrence obtained from the Society for the Encouragement of Art,

&c., in the Adelphi, for the crayon drawing of the Transfiguration of Raffaele, the Society's prize of a silver palette, gilt, with the additional, and then very unusual compliment of five guineas.

At the age of fifteen, this distinguished and promising youth went to Salisbury, where he was patronised by Dr. Hancock, in whose family, two of his portraits, in coloured chalk, yet remain. On the recommendation of Dr. Hancock and his friends, he next removed to London, accompanied by one brother, and his two sisters, who resided with him in Greek-street, Soho. Many of his pencil sketches, &c., were, at that time, disposed of by his father, as low as half-a guinea each. All of these that Sir Thomas could afterwards meet with, he is known to have re-purchased, and sometimes at very high prices.

Mr. Lawrence, for some time after his residence in London, painted heads at three guineas each. In 1787 (the season of Westall's first appearance), and before he had completed his eighteenth year, he exhibited seven pieces at Somerset House. Amongst these was a portrait of Mrs. Esten, in the character of Belvidera. In 1788, he had six portraits in the exhibition; in 1789, amongst thirteen of his pictures, were portraits of the Duke of York, and three ladies of quality; and in 1790, he exhibited portraits of the Queen, the Princess Amelia, and a whole length of Miss Farren. The last-mentioned fine picture was hung as a *pendant* to Sir Joshua Reynolds's celebrated whole length of Mrs. Billington, as St. Cecilia.

Amongst Mr. Lawrence's earliest and most generous patrons was the late Lord De Tabley. His exquisite painting of Lady De Tabley, in the character of Hope, one of his finest productions, will be long remembered.

In 1792, when he exhibited a portrait of George III., he was a principal Painter in Ordinary to His Majesty. The Prince of Wales, our present King, having been struck with the beautiful fidelity of some of Sir Thomas Lawrence's likenesses to ladies whom he knew, honoured him with some commissions, with which it is hardly necessary to say he was abundantly satisfied. From that period, the painter's fame and fortune were established. Probably no artist ever painted so many portraits of his sovereign as Sir Thomas Lawrence has produced of George the Fourth, with whose friendship, as well as patronage, he was honoured for a series of years, until death dissolved their intercourse.

After the general peace of 1814, Sir Thomas painted the portraits of Blucher, Platonoff, Metternich, Castlereagh, Wellington, &c.;—subsequently, those of Louis XVIII. and several members of the royal family, at Paris; the Allied Sovereigns, and their Ministers, at Vienna; the Pope, and Cardinal Gonsalvi, with others, at Rome:—and,

more recently, that of Charles X., of France, by whom he was invested with the *insignia* of the Legion of Honour.

On the death of Sir Benjamin West, in 1820, Sir Thomas Lawrence was elected to succeed him, as President of the Royal Academy. He was then at Rome, employed on a portrait of the Pope, but he speedily returned to England.

In his high and honourable office, Sir Thomas Lawrence's elegance and suavity of manner, united with a strong impression of his general benevolence and liberality, rendered him eminently popular. It is greatly to the credit of the Academy, that, in the person of Martin Archer Shee, Esq. it has elected a successor, at least equally worthy.

The critical eye cannot have failed to remark that, although, from circumstances, confined almost exclusively to portrait-painting, Sir Thomas Lawrence's genius was essentially historic and poetic. Independently of his noble portraits, witness his Lucifer, Hamlet, &c. It is said, also, that his attention had been long engaged upon a grand composition from Milton. In portraits, he possessed the eminent merit of presenting the most exquisite likenesses, at the same time that he heightened in beauty, character, and expression, every feature of his original. Let critics, when so disposed, compare him with Rubens, Titian, Velasquez, Vandyke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, &c.

Sir Thomas Lawrence's prices were necessarily high—£600. for a whole length, a moiety of which was expected to be paid on the first sitting. No wonder, therefore, that his professional income should have been estimated at from £10,000. to £15,000. a-year; no wonder at the immense number of pictures which he has left unfinished. Of these, many will, of course, be handed over, for their last touches, to our chief surviving artists; and, from his happy skill in delineating the female form and face, Pickersgill, we apprehend, will have an abundant portion of them on his hands.

However, notwithstanding his high prices, and consequent large income, Sir Thomas has died poor, and embarrassed in his circumstances; yet, contrary to report, he was no gamester; his involvements are ascribed chiefly to his liberal and profuse expenditure in the purchase of scarce and valuable works of art. His collection of drawings, etchings, &c., is supposed to be worth £50,000.; a sum which, it may be presumed, will more than cover all deficiencies.

For many years Sir Thomas Lawrence was intimately connected with the Siddons and Kemble family. It is generally understood that there was an attachment between him and one of the daughters of Mrs. Siddons; but, that the mother's consent was refused, on the ground that his income was not then adequate to her wishes and expectations. Be that as it may, the lady



died, and Sir Thomas remained unmarried.

It was on Saturday, the 2d of January, when he dined with a party at Mr. Peel's, that Sir Thomas experienced the commencement of that attack which terminated in his death, on the 7th of that month. In the interim, however, he was several times abroad; and, for the Athenæum Club House, on the Wednesday, only thirty hours before his decease, he was anxiously engaged on a splendid portrait of His Majesty; thus verifying his motto—*Loyal à la mort*. His last drawing, lithographed by Lane, and now at every printseller's, was a portrait of Fanny Kemble.

Sir Thomas Lawrence's illness was understood to be of an inflammatory nature; but, on opening the body, by Mr. Green, the Lecturer on Anatomy, at the Royal Academy, it appeared that, although inflammation of the bowels had taken place, the actual cause of his death was an extensive and complicated ossification of the vessels of the heart.

Sir Thomas Lawrence was considered so handsome in his early youth, that Mr. Hoare is reported to have said of him, that if he had to chuse a head for a picture of Christ, he would select Lawrence for that study. This character he retained in an eminent degree through life. He was thought to resemble Mr. Canning, and he was proud of the resemblance. Two or three slight portraits of him are amongst his

friends; one, we believe, remained in his own possession; besides an exceedingly fine one, in rapid progress, at his death, which he intended as a present to the Literary and Philosophical Institution of his native town—Bristol. He had appointed the 12th of January for a sitting, to his friend and townsman, Baily, the sculptor, for a bust. Since his decease that able artist has taken a cast of his head, from which it is his intention to proceed.

On the evening of Wednesday, the 20th of January, the remains of Sir Thomas Lawrence were removed from his house, in Russel Square, to Somerset House, where they lay in state on the following morning, the day appointed for his public funeral, at St. Paul's Cathedral. The order of procession resembled that which was adopted at the funeral of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The Academicians, Associates, and Students, attended; also the officers, &c. of the Societies of Painters in Water Colours and British Artists. There were forty-two mourning coaches, the coaches of all the Ministers, many of the nobility, and about two hundred others. In all respects, every possible mark of respect was paid to the memory of the deceased. His remains were interred in the vault beneath the south aisle of St. Paul's Cathedral, in the immediate vicinity of the grave of Sir Christopher Wren, and divided from Sir Joshua Reynolds's only by that of Sir Benjamin West.

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## MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE general tenor of our country letters is, that an Agricultural Report for the past month must be chiefly meteorological, with a detail of home business, of almost universal distress in the midst of overflowing abundance, and of the great and various efforts making for its relief. About the middle of last month, in the most forward districts, and among the best farmers, winter fallowing was completed, and some little ploughing done for beans, our earliest spring crop. Upon cold and difficult soils, tenanted by persons in distressed circumstances, all out-door business is very backward; the chief exertions of such having been directed to getting their corn to market with all possible expedition, in order to raise money for their immediate occasions. The commencement of the frost put an immediate stop to field labour, with the exception of carting manure upon the land, and taking back bank and ditch earth, as a fresh supply. Felling trees, carting wood, and road-mending, have also formed the usual routine of home occupation. To speak of the weather, during the last thirteen months, our climate, however proverbially variable, has surely outdone all its former outdoings. No living man, we apprehend, ever before witnessed such incessant alternations of wind and weather. During the severity of the frost, we were somewhat surprised at finding the wind quoted, in most parts, as from the N. and N. E.; whereas, in our vicinity, it has seldom remained long in those quarters of the compass, blowing chiefly, during the frost, from the E. S. E. and even the S. To this general southerly tendency of the wind, we no doubt owe the short duration of the frost, and frequent thaws. Had the wind, as in former hard winters, blown steadily from the N. and N. E., we might again have had frost and skating-fairs upon the Thames. But cultivation, draining, and clearing the country of wood, has softened the ancient rigour of our climate, and never more will Father Thames bear the burden of hackney-coaches plying upon his glassy bosom, as happened a few years before the Revolution; nor will, probably, another "Tiddy Doll" (whom, by the by, we knew personally) ever again have a similar occasion to exclaim "where are you now, Mary?" as in the great frost of 1739-40.

The thaw now appears to be general, with rain, the wind full south, and we now look for a cheering appearance of the late sown wheats, which have lain dormant and hidden in the soil, an unprecedented length of time. The frost very fortunately put an end to the

ravages of insectile vermin, and has been further instrumental in the destruction of vast numbers of vermin of another description, which of late years have increased multitudinously in most parts of the country—crows, rooks, wood-pigeons, and small birds of every description. The gunners have taken an active part in aiding Nature in this her necessary work of cruelty. Roads have been rendered impassable in various parts, by a depth of snow which has not been witnessed for many years; and, on one occasion, upwards of one hundred men were employed in order to make a passage for the mails and stage-coaches. The deep covering of snow has, however, been beneficial to the lands in a double view; as a preventive of the frost from penetrating too deep into the soil, and as a manure, by its nitrous and fructifying quality. Some time and labour have been thrown away, by attempting to cart and even to plough during the intervals of frost and thaw; particularly upon heavy lands, which such weather leaves in the same sodden and puddled state as constant rain. The snow has also protected the turnips, but they cannot be expected to remain long sound after a change of weather. The sheep are said to do very well upon them; and these animals, to which moisture is known to be the great bane, are, by an English custom, left abroad in deluges of wet, their fleeces constantly soaked through, and their loins chilled; yet they generally escape in some sort of condition. But surely a superior condition of our flocks, both in wool and carcase, would well repay the labour and expense of sheltering and of supplying them with food, which, at any rate, must be done, whilst they remain in the field covered with snow.

That immense bulk of fodder, of hay and straw, of which not long since we made such boast, has already been considerably, indeed alarmingly, reduced on some farms, where, in case of a protracted spring, a deficiency of food for the stock will be most distressing, if not ruinous. Great quantities of barley have been thrashed for the straw, and the corn itself, perhaps our largest crop, is too generally unfit for any purpose but cattle food.

The late crop of wheat is again represented variously, with more complaint of late, both of the yield and the quality; and it is now said the stock of English wheat will be nearly exhausted before harvest. Those farmers who have no other resource, have nearly cleared off the whole of their corn, and disposeable live stock, the value of which has been totally absorbed by rent, taxes, and poor's rates, leaving yet, with too many, considerable arrears! From some counties a slight advance is reported in the price of store stock, but at most of the great fairs, there has been the usual glut of fat cattle and sheep, which could not be ridded at any price, and this was particularly the case at Aylesbury, with the finest show that has been there seen during many years, in consequence, it appears, that the number of stall-fed cattle at present, is considerably below that of former years; as much is averred of the reduced number of sheep in the hands of our flock masters. Pigs have had somewhat of a start again in price. Apples and potatoes also begin to feel the effects of consumption. The rabbits and hares, near the great preserves, have done immense mischief by cropping the young buds of the wood, during the hard weather. The former continue to increase in such multitudes, that neither the national consumption, nor any means that can be adopted, are sufficient to reduce them. Game is said to be scarce, excepting where preserved. The wages of labourers in regular employ, from 12s. to 9s. per week, in the best counties; 8s. and 9s. in the poor land districts. The reports from Scotland are more favourable in all respects, than from any part of South Britain. How happens it that their labourers are more generally employed, and in so much more comfortable circumstances than ours? Is there then a lesson to be taken from our northern brethren? On one subject, however, it does not appear that we can gather much instruction from them. Their writers tell us that, in the case of Gowrie, alone, the deficiency in the last crop of wheat, occasioned by the "wheat-fly," amounted to the value of £36,000. Now this is somewhat like using the ancient figure of putting the cart before the horse, since, but for the nature of the season, neither fly nor consequent deficiency would have been heard of. From the multitude and variety of memoirs and essays on this subject, it would seem that certain northern heads were ventable flies' nests, and a large premium for fly-traps will, no doubt, be shortly offered.

The accounts from almost every quarter of England of unemployed labourers, and their dissolute, demoralized state, are most distressing. Their diabolical cruelty to the innocent animals of those persons whom they deem their enemies, still continues. They are driven to a state of absolute madness and distraction; and all the boasted religious instruction, which has been made so great a point of, within the last thirty years, seems to have been cast upon the waters. A correspondent from a great county tells us that it has cost that county nearly forty thousand pounds, within a year, to provide the commonalty with religious books and instruction; on which he remarks, that such a sum would have been far more charitably, morally, and better employed in relieving their physical wants! The returns of rent made, instead of ingratiating and encouraging the tenantry, seem to have given very general, and at present, not much concealed dissatisfaction. The universal cry is for an adequate reduction of rent, to enable them to afford which, the landed interest have it in their power to reduce taxation and redress grievances. The spirit of association for addressing the legislature is alive, active, and energetic throughout the land, guided by men of the highest character for both influence and



talent. To addresses, whether of petitions or remonstrance, from such a source, the parliament will feel it a bounden duty to attend. It is most desirable, however, that those who petition, would calmly consider to what degree the evils of which they complain, may have been attributable to their own errors, and how far relief may still be in their own power. This passage must not be understood as extending beyond the immediate state of our agricultural and commercial concerns; for as to the abuses and systematic errors of our government, unless they are reformed, no certain and permanent material benefit can be obtained. With respect to an immediate remission of taxes, it will be obviously nugatory to require too much. For example, the malt and beer duties, on which, it would seem, Mr. Coke's opinion deserves most attention. Relief from both cannot be expected; and it will be more for the general interest that malt should be left free. It may, perhaps, appear, anon, that the long-winded speculations and controversies on our CURRENCY have not been worth the paper on which they have been written.

*Smithfield.*—Beef, 3s. to 4s. 2d.—Mutton, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 4d.—Veal, 3s. 4d. to 5s. 4d. Pork, 3s. 8d. to 5s. 6d.—Rough Fat, 2s. 2d.

*Corn Exchange.*—Wheat, 40s. to 65s.—Barley, 27s. to 36s.—Oats, 16s. to 32s.—Fine Bread, the London 4 lb. Loaf, 10d.—Hay, 44s to 100s. per load.—Clover, ditto, 55s. to 112s.—Straw, 36s. to 45s.

Coals in the Pool, 32s. 6d. to 37s. 3d. per chaldron.

*Middlesex, January 25.*

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## MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

**SUGAR.**—The demand for Muscovadoes continued general last week, and considering the small shew of sugars, the purchases were extensive. The prices of strong and colouring sugars were about 1s. higher; the other qualities were unvaried. The stock of sugar is nearly the same as last year. The weekly deliveries are increasing. At the close of the market the estimated sales of this day were 1,100 hogsheads and tierces, including the public sale of St. Lucia, which went off at full price. In refined goods the prices were 1s. and 2s. higher: in the middling qualities there was no alteration: the low goods sold at a small reduction. Molasses were dull at a small decline. Average price of sugar in last week's Gazette, 23s. 6d. *Foreign Sugars* were small parcels of the late public sale, which were disposed of. Middling white Havannah, 44s., yellow, 23s. 6d. to 28s. *Sugar Duties.*—In an interview between the ministers and West India planters, on Saturday, the Duke of Wellington held out not the slightest hopes that any duties on any sort would be taken off.

**COFFEE.**—The coffee market was rather heavy last week. Foreign and East India were a shade lower; Sumatra, 27s. 6d. to 28s.; low, good, ordinary St. Domingo, 31s. The parcels of Jamaica and Berbice suitable for home consumption went off at full prices.

**RUM, BRANDY. HOLLANDS.**—The rum market remained from last week: purchases were inconsiderable, the buyers refusing to accede to the advanced prices. Brandy and Geneva were neglected.

**HEMP, FLAX, AND TALLOW.**—The tallow market has been declining: the prices at 6d. to 1s. lower; flax is without variation. Hemp at a small decline.

*Bullion per Oz.*—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—Foreign Gold in Bars, £3. 17s. 9d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s. 0d.—New Dollars, £0. 0s. 0d.—Silver in Bars (standard), £0. 0s. 0d.

*Course of Foreign Exchange.*—Amsterdam, 12. 7½.—Rotterdam, 12. 7½.—Antwerp, 12. 7½.—Hamburgh, 14.—Paris, 25. 80.—Bordeaux, 26. 10.—Berlin, 0. 0.—Frankfort-on-the-Main, 154. 0.—Petersburg, 10.—Vienna, 10. 19.—Madrid, 35. 0½.—Cadiz, 35. 0½.—Bilboa, 35. 0½.—Barcelona, 35. 0½.—Seville, 35. 0½.—Gibraltar 47. 0½.—Leghorn, 47. 0½.—Genoa, 26.—Venice, 47. 0½.—London DOCKS (Stock), 82½.—West India (Stock), 188½.—East London WATER WORKS, 114½.—Grand Junction, 0½.—West Middlesex, 77½.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 10½.—Globe, 164½.—Guardian, 27½.—Hope Life, 6½.—Imperial Fire, 112½.—GAS-LIGHT Westminster chartered Company, 55½.—City, 190½.—British, 0½.—Leeds, 195½.

*Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.*—Birmingham CANAL, (¼ sh.) 300½.—Coventry, 0½.—Ellesmere and Chester, 103½.—Grand Junction, 284½.—Kennet and Avon, 27½.—Leeds and Liverpool, 430½.—Oxford 665½.—Regent's, 22½.—Trent and Mersey, (¼ sh.), 780½.—Warwick and Birmingham, 270½.—London DOCKS (Stock), 82½.—West India (Stock), 188½.—East London WATER WORKS, 114½.—Grand Junction, 0½.—West Middlesex, 77½.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 10½.—Globe, 164½.—Guardian, 27½.—Hope Life, 6½.—Imperial Fire, 112½.—GAS-LIGHT Westminster chartered Company, 55½.—City, 190½.—British, 0½.—Leeds, 195½.

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

Announced from December 22d, 1829, to Jan. 23d, 1830, in the London Gazette.

## BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Newcombe, T. York, common carrier  
Woodward, R. Great St. Thomas  
Apostle, packer  
Fox, S. Blackfriars-road, druggist.

## BANKRUPTCIES.

[This Month, 141.]

Solicitors' Names are in  
Parenthesis.

Addis, T. Hereford, builder. (Bodenham, Furnival's-inn; Bodenham and Co., Hereford)  
Alsop, J. Manchester, grocer. (Forbes, Ely-place; Milnes, Derbyshire)  
Audley, W. Grafton-street, victualler. (Stevenson, Paternoster-row)  
Armitage, W. Netherend-in-Denby, fancy-manufacturer. (Walker and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Allison, Huddersfield)  
Bowles, J. Balsham, grocer. (Gatty and Co., Angel-court)  
Bloxham, J. M. Halesowen, apothecary. (Barber, Fetter-lane; Fellowes, Ludley)  
Bowles, J. Leeds, flax-spinner. (Makinson and Co., Temple; Foden, Leeds)  
Baynton, T. Spa, Gloucester, coach-proprietor. (Warren, Symond's-inn)  
Burt, J. Whitchurch, linen-draper. (Sole, Aldermanbury)  
Bowler, J. Kidderminster, carpet-manufacturer. (Bigge, Southampton-buildings; Hallen and Co., Kidderminster)  
Buckingham, S. I. Islington, victualler. (Parker, Furnival's-inn)  
Brancher, T. Leeds, merchant. (Richardson and Co., Poultry; Richardson, Leeds; Davenport, Liverpool)  
Birks, J. Wickersley, maltster. (Lever, Gray's-inn)  
Birks, J. Doncaster, cattle-salesman. (Lever, Gray's-inn; Fisher, Doncaster)  
Budd, J. Minchinhampton, maltster and baker. (Beethams, Freeman's-court)  
Brashier, E. J. Chancery-lane, shoemaker. (Swan, Bell-yard, Doctor's-commons)  
Brett, J. and J. sen. and jun. Luton, dealers. (Taylor, Featherstone-buildings; Williamson and Co., Luton)  
Buxton, O. and T. Preston, corn-dealers. (Norris and Co., John-street; Walker, Preston)  
Came, G. H. Limehouse, victualler. (Marson and Son, Newington)  
Crawley, S. Hemel-Hempstead, linen-draper. (Farrar, Goddard-street)  
Crode, D. Sweeting's-alley, broker. (Fatson and Co., Old Broad-street)  
Crump, T. and J. Tewkesbury, woollen-draper. (King, Serjeant's-inn; Brookes and Co., Tewkesbury)  
Clark, T. B. and W. Woodbridge, drapers. (Jones, Size-lane)  
Cooke, S. Coventry, ribband-manufacturer. (Austen and Co., Gray's-inn; Troughton and Co., Coventry)  
Clarke, E. and A. Deacon, Goswell-street, drapers. (Bartlett and Co., Nichol's-lane)  
Coppock, J. and C. Cross, Gutter-lane, silk-warehousemen. (Fisher, Walbrook-buildings)  
Crook, H. Preston, coach-proprietor. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Charley, Preston)  
Dewhirst, T. Sheffield, grocer. (Walster, Symond's-inn; Parker and Co., Sheffield)  
Davenport, E. Bristol, grocer. (Brittan, Basinghall-street; Bevan and Co., Bristol)  
Dawson, W. Tetford, carpenter. (Young and Co., St. Mildred's-court; Pye, Louth)  
Davis, S. S. and J. S. and J. Robinson, Liverpool, merchants. (Taylor and Co., Temple; Pritt and Co., or Lowndes and Co., Liverpool)  
Downing, H. Smethwick, iron-master. (Tooke and Co., Bedford-row; Capper, Birmingham)

Ellam, T. Liverpool, bricklayer. (Chester, Staple-inn; Cort, Liverpool)  
Elgie, G. T. Silver-street, wine-merchant. (Wilkinson and Co., Bucklersbury)  
Fisher, W. Keswick, jeweller. (Addison, Gray's-inn; Lightfoot, Keswick)  
Fraser, J. Bath, perfumer. (Simpson, Furnival's-inn; Brokenbrow, Bath)  
Farrant, T. Egham, upholsterer. (Yates and Co., Bury-street)  
Franklin R. Southampton-row, tailor. (Brough, Chancery-lane)  
Fox, S. of Hackney, Edmonton, Stoke Newington, and Blackfriars-road, surgeon and apothecary. (Gregory, King's Arms-yard)  
Guy, A. Chippenham, money-scriver. (Pinneger, Gray's-inn; Pinneger, Chippenham; Clarke and Son, Bristol)  
Goodchild, J. Reading, grocer. (Hore, Serle-street; Mogridge, Reading)  
Gore, E. Worcester, brewer. (Platt and Co., New Boswell-court; Hyde, Worcester)  
Geddes, R. Fenchurch-street, wine-merchant. (Murphy, Castle-alley, Cornhill)  
Gray, J. Lambeth, coal-merchant. (Bennet, Adam's-court, Bread-street)  
Gaskell, N. Wigan, iron-master. (Keightley, Temple; Winstanley, Liverpool)  
Howard, R. High Holborn, baker. (Turner, Clifford's-inn)  
Hattersley, D. Bilton-with-Harrogate, innkeeper. (Dawson and Co., New Boswell-court; Powell and Son, Knaresborough)  
Hammond, G. Piccadilly, draper. (Ashurst, Newgate-street)  
Hastie, T. Whitehaven, merchant. (Falcon, Temple; Hodgson, Whitehaven)  
Huddleston, S. Ardwick, saddler. (Norris and Co., John-street; Rymer and Co., Manchester)  
Hendry, J. Great Newport-street, plumber. (Pontifex, St. Andrew's-court)  
Howells, R. Llandoverly, shopkeeper. (Vizard and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Gregory and Co., Bristol)  
Hall, T. G. Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant. (Walker, Old Broad-street)  
Hawkins, C. E. Crown-street, Soho, victualler. (Evans and Co., Kensington-cross)  
Haxby, J. Brotherton, lime-dealer. (Milne and Co., Temple; Walker and Co., Manchester)  
Hordidge, J. Liverpool, confectioner. (Smith, Chancery-lane; Bristow, Liverpool)  
Harris, J. Stepney, currier. (Sandom, Dunster-court)  
Judson, C. jun. Ripon, upholsterer. (Beverley, Temple; Coates, Ripon)  
Jacob, J. Walton-upon-Thames, auctioneer. (Norton, Jewin-street)  
Jacob, S. and J. Houndsditch, furriers. (Pasmore, Sambrook-court)  
Kemball, J. Haverhill, grocer. (Gatty and Co., Angel-court)  
Leach, J. H. Canterbury, draper. (Ashurst, Newgate-street)  
Lloyd, J. Liverpool, linen-draper. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Booth, Manchester; Brown, Liverpool)  
Lang, N. Teignmouth, grocer. (Darke, Red Lion-square; Herne, Exeter)  
Lodge, D. Almondsbury, fancy-manufacturer. (Walker and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Allison, Huddersfield)  
Lamb, J. jun. Nottingham, tobacconist. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Greasley, Nottingham)  
Luckett, W. Bloxham, dealer in cattle. (Aplin, Banbury)  
Mears, W. Chapel-street, Mayfair, baker. (Griffith, Queen-street)  
Mortlock, W. Rochester, linen-draper. (Rogers and Son, Manchester-buildings)  
Meeley, W. East Retford, lace-manufacturer. (Dawson and Co., New Boswell-court; Mee and Co., East Retford)

Murgtrody, W. Sculcoates, grocer. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Perrit, Kingston-upon-Hull)  
Moody, R. Romsey, plumber. (Kelly, Temple)  
May, R. Devonport, tobacconist. (Smith, Basinghall-street; Husband, Devonport)  
Morgan, J. Exeter and Woodbury, grocer and farmer. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Furlong, Exeter)  
Mitchell, G. jun, Brighton, broker. (Egan and Co., Essex-street; Valance, Brighton)  
Mayor, J. Freckleton, and H. Crook, Preston, corn-merchants. (Chester, Staple-inn; Armstrong, Preston)  
Mayor, J. Freckleton, and H. Burroughs, and H. Crook, Preston, corn-merchants. (Chester, Staple-inn; Armstrong, Preston)  
Marshall, J. Norwich, silk-merchant. (Hudson, Gray's-inn)  
Morris, R. Regent-street, auctioneer. (Burton, Queen-square)  
Mosman, A. Liverpool, merchant. (Batye and Co., Chancery-lane; Crumps, Liverpool)  
Nevett, J. George-yard, agent. (Kearsey and Co., Lothbury)  
Noy, E. H. Cannon-street, money-scriver. (Nicholson, Dowgate-hill)  
Nimmo, W. Calthorpe-place, baker. (Cocker, Gray's-inn)  
Newcomb, E. Brentwood, corn-chandler. (Holtway and Co., Tooke's-court)  
Neale, W. and R. Hale, Southwark, druggists. (Sherwood and Son, Southwark)  
Oke, E. Falmouth, tailor. (Nicol, Queen-street, Cheapside)  
Price, C. Strand, umbrella-manufacturer. (Humphreys, Broadway, Ludgate-hill)  
Packman, W. Ludgate-hill, tavern-keeper. (Thompson, George-street)  
Page, D. Epsom, horse-dealer. (Young, Poland-street)  
Preis, P. M. Regent's-park, wine-merchant. (Atkins, Fox Ordinary-court)  
Preis, P. M. and W. Donne, or Donna, Park-terrace, wine-merchants. (Freeman and Co., Coleman-street)  
Peters, J. Hoxton, ale-brewer. (Brown, Gray's-inn)  
Fays, W. Leeds, coach-maker. (Woodhouse and Co., Temple; Stott, Leeds)  
Petrie, T. S. Liverpool, wine-merchant. (Batye and Co., Chancery-lane; Crumps, Liverpool)  
Packwood, T. Welshpool, innkeeper. (Tooke and Co., Bedford-row; Griffiths, Birmingham)  
Pearce, R. A. Southwark and Pimlico, livery-stable-keeper. (Turner, Clifford's-inn)  
Pain, J. Bentinck-street, dealer in beer. (Hamilton and Co., Berwick-street)  
Pearson, W. York-castle, tanner. (Tattershall, Temple; Tattershall and Co., Sheffield)  
Potter, J. Maidstone, grocer. (Dod, Northumberland-street)  
Rix, E. E. Brighton, linen-draper. (Hardwicke and Co., Lawrence-lane)  
Rastall, J. Kilburn, builder. (Nicol, Queen-street, Cheapside)  
Richmond, T. Stones-end, Southwark, corn-dealer. (Tilson and Son, Coleman-street)  
Rowe, J. St. George's in the East, shipowner. (Wells, York-terrace, Commercial-road)  
Rayner, R. Crawford-street, iron-monger. (Orchards, Hatton Garden)  
Ripamonti, A. G. Fox Ordinary-court, merchant. (Coombe, Tokenhouse-yard)  
Shepherd, J. L. Castle-street, linen-draper. (Davies and Co., Warwick-street)  
Sprigg, O. Birmingham, fire-iron-maker. (Austen and Co., Gray's-inn; Palmer, Birmingham)  
Scrivener, N. Ratcliffe Highway, builder. (Gilbert, Mark-lane)  
Smith, J. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer. (Foster, Lawrence Pountney-place; Nuttall, Nottingham)



Smith, G. Nottingham, currier.  
(Foster, Lawrence Pountney-place ;  
Nuttall, Nottingham  
Smith, T. Bromley, sheep-salesman.  
(Addison, Gray's-inn  
Sirley, J. East Peckham, baker.  
(Bigg, Southampton-buildings  
Scott, W. Bristol, merchant. (Hicks  
and Co., Bartlett's-buildings ; Tan-  
ner and Son, Bristol  
Sainter, W. Kingston-upon-Hull,  
worsted-manufacturer. (Capes,  
Gray's-inn ; Shearburn, Snaith  
Sainter, J. Snaith, worsted-manufac-  
turer. (Capes, Gray's-inn ; Shear-  
burn, Snaith  
Smith, D. Walham Green, stage-  
coach-proprietor. (Willis, Sloane-  
square  
Stephenson, J. R. Manchester, iron-  
monger. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-  
Hampson, Manchester  
Smith, J. and J. Hutchinson, Liver-  
pool, shipowners. (Chester, Staple-  
inn ; Mallaley, Liverpool  
Thompson, N. Dartmouth, master-  
mariner. (Wolston, Furnival's-inn ;  
Wolston, Brixham  
Taylor, J. Kirby-Misperton, timber-  
merchant. (Hicks and Co., Gray's-  
inn ; Walker, Malton  
Thackeray, J. Manchester, cotton-

spinner. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-  
lane ; Hampson, Manchester  
Tidman, E. Birmingham, victualler.  
(Heming and Co., Lincoln's-inn-  
fields ; Bird, Birmingham  
Thatcher, W. Westminster, victualler.  
(Glynnes, Vine-street  
Tatton, J. H. Thames-bank, coal-  
merchant. (Ivimey, Harpur-street  
Vandercom, T. Hampstead-road,  
plasterer. (Farden, Great James-  
street  
Williams, W. Bristol, iron-founder.  
(Austen and Co., Gray's-inn ; Ar-  
nold and Co., Birmingham  
Williamson, J. and T. Rishworth.  
Keighley, worsted-spinners. (Daw-  
son and Co., New Boswell-court ;  
Weir, Bradford  
Walker, J. Clehonger, miller. (Church,  
Great James-street ; Bellamy,  
Hereford  
Walters, T. Jun. Cheadle, innkeeper.  
(Barber, Fetter-lane ; Brandon and  
Co, Cheadle  
Watson, W. and T. Yeoman, Jun.  
Cliffe-cum-Lund, miller. (Jaques  
and Co., Coleman-street ; Wood  
and Co., York  
Wilbblood, S. Rayton, maltster.  
(Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane ;  
Holden, Liverpool

White, J. Bolton-upon-Dearne, inn-  
keeper. (Taylor, John-street ; Bad-  
ger, Rotherham  
Wright, J. and J. Davies, Liverpool,  
grocer. (Taylor and Co., Temple ;  
Miller, Liverpool  
Wood, J. Haddenham, baker. (Lo-  
vell, Gray's-inn ; Nash, High Wy-  
combe  
Wicks, F. Holloway-road, cheese-  
monger. (Fisher, Walbrook-build-  
ings  
Whitby, T. Liverpool, miller. (Ad-  
lington and Co., Bedford-row ;  
Farr and Co., Liverpool  
Wagner, G. and W. Chapman, Greek-  
street, drapers. (Ashurst, New-  
gate-street  
Wake, M. Wapping, anchor-smith.  
(Brown, Mitre-chambers  
Weston, G. Lane End, Stafford,  
earthenware-manufacturer. (Hicks  
and Co., Bartlett's-buildings ;  
Brown, Hanley  
Yeoman, T. Sutton-upon-Derwent,  
corn-factor. (Jaques and Co.,  
Coleman-street ; Wood and Co.,  
York  
Yates, C. Stafford, banker. (Dax  
and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields ;  
Jones and Co., Staffordshire-pot-  
teries.

## ECCELESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. J. H. Watson, to the Rectory of Tydd St. Giles, Cambridge.—Rev. R. F. Jones, to the Vicarage of Compton, Barks.—Rev. J. P. Marriott, to a Prebendal Stall in York Cathedral.—Rev. G. C. Rashleigh, to the Vicarage of Andover, Hants.—Right Hon. and Rev. Lord W. Russell, to the Rectory of Eastmanstead Cheyneys, Bucks.—Rev. M. C. Thompson, to the Rectory of Woodstone, Huntingdon.—Rev. E. R. Thead, to the Rectory of Fletton, near Peterborough.—Rev. W. Hicks, to the Rectory of Sturmer, Essex.—Rev. C. Fisher, to the Rectory of Culton, Suffolk.—Rev. G. Bonner, to be Minister of the New Suffolk Square Church, Cheltenham.—Rev. R. Newcome, to the Rectory of

Cloacnoc, Denbigh.—Rev. P. Poore, to the Rectory of Fyfield, Hants.—Rev. R. Ward, to the Rectory of Stanton, Norfolk.—Rev. V. K. Child, to be Domestic Chaplain to Earl Buchan.—Rev. H. J. Barton, to the united livings of Latton and Eisy, Gloucester.—Rev. J. Bramston, to the Vicarage of Great Baddow, Essex.—Rev. J. Spurgeon to the Rectory of Twyford, Norfolk.—Rev. H. Gipps, to the Vicarage of Corbridge, Northumberland.—Rev. H. J. Todd, to the Prebend of Huthwaite.—Rev. W. Cuthbert, to the Chaplries of Bowtry and Austerfield.—Rev. F. Custance, to the Perpetual Curacy of Rippenden, Halifax.

## CHRONLOGY, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, ETC.

### CHRONOLOGY.

December 24. Exeter 'Change, the ancient bazaar of London, totally demolished, and its site added to widen that part of the Strand on which it formerly stood.

25. By news from Constantinople, dated, the Blonde, Nov. 5, it appears that our ambassador gave a grand entertainment on board that frigate, to a party of 450 visitors, comprising all the principal Turks, Franks, and Russians, with a number of Turkish and Frank ladies!!!

27. (Sunday!) The Solicitor-General paid a

\* Amongst the distinguished guests were a number of Turkish noblemen (a thing unprecedented in the annals of history), such as the Seraskier Pacha, a second person in the Turkish empire ; the Capitan Pacha, High Admiral of the Turkish navy ; Gazee L'Asker Hekim Pacha, or Sultan's physician ; Reis Effendi, Secretary for Foreign Affairs ; Halil Pacha, Ambassador to Russia ; Silektar Agasi, Sword Bearer to the Sultan ; Abdulgeit Effendi, Chief Surgeon, &c., with a number of naval and military officers.

third visit to the Fleet prison, and remained, examining the Chancery prisoners, from about 11 A.M. until 4 P.M. !!!

\* Two of the prisoners, after a long incarceration in the Fleet, the one three years and a-half, and the other a much longer period, received their discharge a few days since, through the instrumentality of Sir Edward Sugden, who, in both cases, had exerted himself greatly, and in one of them paid £20 out of his own pocket. The name of one of these prisoners is Measell, and that of the other Butcher. Measell, shortly after his imprisonment, lost his wife, who died of a broken heart, and some of their children followed her. The tears trickled down the old man's cheeks as he narrated his short and artless story. After her death he had contrived to pick up a subsistence by taking other prisoners to lodge in his room, and supplying those who wanted, and could afford to pay, with the luxury of a bedstead and a few chairs in the cells of the Fleet!!! He has crawled from his old habitation into the heart of the City of Charities, whether to a dwelling or to the streets we know not ; but this we know, that he had not the means to pay his discharge fees, and would have been detained on account of their

Dec. 31. This, the last day of 1829, was signalized by the execution of four convicts at the Old Bailey!

January 5, 1830. By the state of the revenue, published this day, it appears there has been a falling off of £1,165,449, compared with that of last year; that ending January 5, 1829, being £48,305,328, and that up to this day being £47,139,873!

8. Message of the President of the United States to the Congress, arrived: it breathes a friendly tone to Great Britain (in modifying the tariff) as well as to most foreign states.\*

10. The services of the King's chaplains at Whitehall dispensed with, by order of the Bishop of London.

14. Sessions commenced at the Old Bailey.

— A deputation from the city of London had a conference with the Duke of Wellington and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in Downing-street, on the subject of the price of coals, the combination among the coal-owners of the Tyne and Wear, and of the best modes of reducing the alleged high charges in the port of London.

19. The Solicitor General applied to the Lord Chancellor of the Equity Court of England, for the release of Mr. Wegener, who has been in prison [thirteen years for contempt of Court. The Solicitor General said "there is no plaintiff, no attorney, no clerk in court, and no demand!!!" The Lord Chancellor granted the order for the discharge of Mr. Wegener, without payment of costs.†

21. The Middlesex magistrates passed resolutions to the Home Secretary of State for the consideration of ministers, relative to the improper indulgence of British spirits, aggravated by the mixture of vitriol and other deleterious ingredients, and sold at a cheap-rate to the lower classes of the people, thereby causing misery, madness, and crime, in the metropolis.

22. Sessions terminated at the Old Bailey when 15 prisoners received sentence of death, 124 were transported, and 40 imprisoned for various periods.

Jan. A meeting of maltsters took place at the Corn Exchange, London, which was very fully attended, when a petition to the House of Commons—non-payment, had not another prisoner stepped forward and advanced the amount!!!—*Bell's Messenger*.

\* General Jackson has more than realized the hopes of his friends, and completely silenced and confounded his enemies. The finances of the Americans are in such a flourishing state, that the Debt will be redeemed in four years; and if the present rate of taxation continue, the government will be placed in the singular situation of having more money than they well know what to do with it!!! What a contrast to the present state of England!!!

† We trust that at length some good will result from the publication of such appalling scenes of suffering. The following dialogue passed between the Lord Chancellor and the Solicitor General:—*Lord Chancellor*. Why did he not apply a long time since?—*Solicitor General*. Because he did not know, or had not inquired into any of these circumstances.—*Lord Chancellor*. There should be some person appointed to give advice to these unfortunate persons!—*Solicitor General*. I hope we shall remedy that, with your Lordship's assistance.—*Lord Chancellor*. IT MUST BE REMEMBERED!!!—*Solicitor General*. We all of us see the necessity of it.—This passed in the court; out of it, the necessity of some alterations to ameliorate the condition of poor suitors has been pretty visible for many a long day!

more was adopted, which prays for the repeal of the duty on malt.\*

#### MARRIAGES.

At Troy, the Hon. P. Abbott, brother to Lord Colchester, to Frances Cecil, daughter of Lady E. Talbot, and the late Dean of Salisbury, and niece to the Duke of Beaufort.—At Marylebone, R. B. Clayton, esq., son of Lieut. Gen. Clayton, to Miss C. J. Dobson.—At Westminster, C. Stephens, esq., to Catherine, youngest daughter of M. Wood, esq., M.P.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, S. Digby, esq., to Miss Morse.—At Lambeth, J. Wright, widower, aged 102, to C. Stringer, widow.

#### DEATHS.

Sir Charles Burton, Bart.—At Kensington, Miss Vernon.—In Regent-street, Mrs. Willaume, niece of the Right Hon. W. Wyndham.—In Albemarle-street, Dowager Lady Neave.—In Curzon-street, the Dowager Marchioness of Donegal.—At Camberwell, Sir W. C. de Crespigny, Bart.—At Manton House, Lady Isabella Boyle, daughter of Lord and Lady Cork.—At Queenborough, T. Y. Greet, esq., late Mayor of that place; the fishermen hoisted flags, and illuminated their houses to celebrate the event!—Alexander Davison, esq., 80, of Swarland Park, Northumberland, and formerly of St. James's-square, London.—At Fineshade Abbey, the Hon. J. Monckton.—At Whitehall, Dowager Lady Grantham, 74.—At Hadleigh, the Rev. Dr. E. A. H. Drummond, 72, only son of the late Archbishop Drummond.—At Hampton Court, Sir J. Pakington, bart., 70, of Westwood Park; by his demise the baronetcy, created in 1620, becomes extinct. By the contents of his will it appears that J. S. Russell, esq., of Powick Court, near Worcester (nephew of the deceased) has a son about four years of age; to the eldest son that may be born of this child, Sir John has bequeathed his large landed estates, so that the income must accumulate for nearly forty years; in default of issue, the estates go to the descendants of the second son of Sir William Bryan Cooke, of Wheatley, near Doncaster; and in case of a second default, the property goes to a grandson of Mr. Knight, of Lea Castle. Sir John has, therefore, effectually barred any of the present generation from the enjoyment of his property. His will, in some respects, resembles that of Mr.

\* The petition states that the maltsters, in common with every other class, are suffering under a taxation, the principal cause of which appeared to be the enormous national debt contracted in a paper currency, the interest of which is now exacted principally in metallic currency. The petition went on to state that the expenses of the army and navy were thus increased from £3,700,000 a-year to upwards of £14,000,000; the civil list from £900,000 to £3,500,000 a-year; and, in fact, the whole expenditure of the country had increased within the last thirty-eight years from £15,000,000 to about £60,000,000 a-year. While the currency had been limited, all places, pensions, sinecures, &c., remained the same; and while the price of land had advanced more than two-fold, rents had not been reduced, though paid in the same limited currency. The petitioners could not refrain from recommending a revision of the church property, by which princely incomes of £30,000 and £40,000 a-year were drawn by mitred Lords from the earnings of a starving population, the people now being called upon to pay £8,000,000 a-year in church and poor-rates.



Thelluson.—In Gower-street, Honore Marguerite Francoise, wife of Dr. Spurzheim.—In Russell-square, Sir Thomas Lawrence, President of the Royal Academy.—In Davies-street, Anne, Countess Dowager of Galloway, 88.—In Great Stanhope-street, the Countess St. Martin de Front, 79.—At Duncombe Park, the Hon. A. Duncombe, fourth son of Lord Feversham.—At Elthly House, Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Vinicombe Penrose.—At Chester, Alderman Bowers.—At Maulden Mill, Bedfordshire, Mr. Edward Pennyfather, and two days after, at the same place, Mr. Isaac Pennyfather. These gentlemen were twins, and both lived to be nearly 77 years of age.—At Castle Irvine, Eleanor Jones, at the advanced age of 105. She retained all her faculties till within the last six months, and was only confined to her bed one day before her death. No person remembers her having a day's sickness.—At Batsford Park, Lord Redesdale, 81.—At Burnham, the Rev. J. Glaspe, 88.—In Montague-square, Lady Lee O'Meara, wife of Barry O'Meara, esq. The first husband of this lady was Captain Donellan, who, nearly

half a century ago, was executed at Warwick for the wilful murder of Sir Theodosius Boughton, bart., of Lawford Hall, by poisoning him with the Juice of laurel leaves.—The Right Rev. Bishop Sandford.—In Saville-row, the Right Hon. George Tierney, M.P.—At the Palace of St. Asaph, the Bishop of St. Asaph, 74.

#### MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At Quebec, the Hon. F. W. Primrose, brother to Lord Roseberry, to Percy Gore, third daughter of Colonel R. Gore, and niece to Major General Arthur Gore, and Vice-Admiral Sir J. Gore.

#### DEATHS ABROAD.

At Tournay, Captain R. Foley, R.N., nephew of Admiral Sir T. Foley.—At Paris, Mr. Wilkinson, the banker; he died suddenly, just after being admitted to a private audience with Prince Polignac.—At Paris, 31st ult., the Hon. Arthur Southwell, only son of the Right Hon. Viscount Southwell, of Hindlip Castle. The Queen of Portugal.

### MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

**NORTHUMBERLAND.**—The Newcastle Savings' Bank have published their account up to November 20th, last, by which it appears that upwards of £264,000 have been received, from 4,006 depositors, eight charitable institutions, and 88 friendly societies.

**DURHAM.**—At a meeting of proprietors and occupiers of land, and other inhabitants of North and Island shires, held at Berwick, it was resolved, in consequence of the great and general distress existing amongst the industrious poor and labouring classes, to petition Parliament for a total repeal of the duties upon malt and beer.

The foreman of the Grand Jury at the late Sessions at Durham, informed the Chairman, that he was desired by his fellow jurymen, to complain of the multitude of trivial cases which were brought before the court; he was quite certain that many of the indictments would not have been preferred if the expenses had not been paid for by the county. Another cause of complaint was the number of indictments manufactured out of one offence; and he was desired to request the magistrates to be economical, as, in the present depressed state of the agricultural interest, the county rates were so very oppressive.

The coast of Durham was visited with a violent storm from the N. and N.N.E., on the 9th of Jan., a part of the wall of Clifford's Fort, at North Shields, was broken down by the irresistible force of the sea. Hartlepool pier, was also much damaged. In another gale on the 20th, much damage was done to the shipping.

**CUMBERLAND.**—The report of the committee appointed to ascertain the state of the poor, in Carlisle, presents an appalling picture of misery and want.—Upwards of 1,000 families were found to be in distress, comprising at least 5,000 individuals! The want of food, fuel, and clothing, was general. With many families there was nothing deserving the name of bed or bedding; but they slept on chairs, or the floor, and covered

themselves with what they could!—The various interests of this important county are at length roused by the pressure of distress to speak out, and call for relief. A requisition is in course of signature to the High Sheriff, to call a county meeting.\*

A meeting has been held at Wigton, to carry into effect the establishment of an infirmary for that county, when a piece of ground on the west side of the city of Carlisle, was decided on as the situation for the infirmary, and the committee was empowered to purchase the same. The donations for the building amounted to nearly £8,000. A similar institution is about being founded at Whitehaven, in the same county.

**YORKSHIRE.**—Earl Mulgrave's alum manufactory, situate under the cliff at Kittleness, near Whitby, with the agent's house, and 14 cottages, were reduced to ruins recently by the falling of an impending rock. A cracking before the fall, gave timely notice to the workmen to escape.

At the General Annual Meeting of the Society of Shipowners, held in the Mansion House, Hull, Jan. 13, it was resolved, "that this Meeting contemplates with deep regret, the present condition, and with melancholy forebodings the future prospects, of the Shipping Interest of the United Kingdom, as well as every other upon which it is

\* The design originated, we believe, with the agricultural and shipping interest. The Earl of Lonsdale, as Lord Lieutenant of the county, was first consulted; and, in a letter, addressed through his steward, to the gentlemen who took an active part in the matter, his Lordship expressed his hearty concurrence, but recommended them not to insist on any particular legislative measures, but to urge on the attention of Parliament the prevalence of great distress, and petition for such remedies as the legislature may think best. His Lordship observed that the Duke of Wellington was not convinced that there was great distress in the country, and, therefore, it was expedient to press this fact firmly but respectfully.—*Leeds Intelligencer.*

dependant; and believing that the causes of its distress have never yet been made the subject of a full and impartial examination, feel it their duty once more to petition both Houses of Parliament, praying that such inquiry may be instituted during the ensuing Session, as may lead to the adoption of those remedial measures which alone can prevent this very important national interest from sinking into a state of hopeless and irrecoverable decay!!!"

The distresses of the country experience no abatement—no alleviation but from the hand of private charity, which can do little in so overwhelming a visitation. We continue to receive the most heart-rending accounts from all quarters; and we fear that, unless we have a speedy change, we shall soon have a still more melancholy tale to tell. The Barnsley weavers residing in the villages of Kexbro', Darton, Cawthorne, Hoyland-Swaine, and High-Hoyland, are almost to a man working upon the roads, or depending upon parochial or individual relief. Many have a family to support for a shilling per day, some even not so much! At Huddersfield, Knaresborough, and many other places, the condition of the labouring poor is deplorable beyond description.—*Leeds Intelligencer*.

A very destructive fire lately consumed the manufactory of Mr. Greenwood, at Wheatley, near Halifax. Luckily no lives were lost; but no less than 1,500 persons are thrown out of employment by this melancholy event.

A very numerous meeting has been held at Doncaster of landowners, farmers, and others interested in agriculture, in order to consider the present state of the country, when it appeared to be the powerful feeling of all present, that something must be done to relieve the present depression, or irrecoverable ruin would be the consequence; it was, therefore, unanimously resolved to petition the legislature, on the meeting of the Parliament, to take into immediate consideration the state of the country. Sir W. Cooke, bart., was in the chair, and two of the county members, Messrs. Duncombe and Wilson, were present.

Most of the large towns in this county, will soon be lighted with gas. Preparations are making to light Ripon with that material. A joint stock banking company is formed in York. The capital to consist of £500,000, in 5,000 shares of £100 each. There are £122,416. 6s. 11d. deposited in the York Savings' Bank, by 2,976 depositors.

On visiting the poor of Leeds, by the relief Committee, it was found, that there were at least 4,000 persons in the town, whose average earnings did not exceed one penny a day!

Something more than one-third of the cloth manufactured in Yorkshire is exported, and less than two-thirds disposed of at home. Therefore the well being of our manufacturers must mainly depend on the home market.

The Hon. E. R. Petre, has been elected Lord Mayor of York for the ensuing year. The gentleman is a Roman Catholic. He will also be the High Sheriff for the county; uniting the two offices in his person—a very singular occurrence.

The Yorkshire coast was visited by a dreadful storm on the 9th, 10th, and 11th, of January. attended with two very high tides on the latter day, which did great damage, at Scarborough, Bridlington, and Whitby. At the latter place

several houses were washed into the sea; and at Staithes, a village adjacent, no less than 18 houses were washed away.

A new Cutlers' Hall, on a noble scale, is about to be erected in Sheffield.

The distress in the manufacturing districts of Yorkshire, appear to be of the most appalling nature. The sufferings of the poor during this inclement season must be dreadful.

**LANCASHIRE.**—A meeting has been held at Liverpool, when it was resolved to form a company for the purpose of applying to Parliament for power to accomplish the great national undertaking, of a rail-way from thence to Birmingham.

The superb service of plate, weighing 1,200 ounces, voted by the merchants and other inhabitants of Liverpool, to James Maury, Esq., late American Consul in Liverpool, during 40 years, was presented to that gentleman lately in the Grand Jury room.

No less than 10,000 persons are weekly relieved by the soup committee of Preston, and one-third of the population are actually receiving charitable relief in one shape or other. But this is not all. No person receiving more than half-a-crown a-week is entitled to relief!—a circumstance, as the *Preston Pilot* observes, from which we may form some estimate of the wretched earnings of the 10,000 who are relieved. The probability is that the average does not amount to two shillings a-week. Notwithstanding the miserable state of things, we are assured, upon good authority, that Preston is "infinitely better off" than most of the neighbouring towns.

**LINCOLNSHIRE.**—Jan. 8. Upwards of 2,000 persons attended the County Meeting, called by several magistrates, the Sheriff having refused. It was held in the Castle-Yard, Lincoln, for the purpose of petitioning the Legislature for the repeal of the malt and beer duties, when a vote of censure passed unanimously against the Sheriff for refusing to call the meeting, "thereby shewing an unwarrantable contempt for the wishes of the county, and setting a most dangerous example, tending to deprive the people of England of their legitimate rights and constitutional privileges." The petition to the House of Commons was afterwards proposed and carried unanimously.\* Thanks were likewise voted to

\* Petition.—"We, the undersigned Inhabitants of the County of Lincoln, call upon your Honourable House, beseeching you earnestly though respectfully that you would give your undivided attention to the unspeakable distress which pervades the country. We humbly represent, that taxation, excessive as it was at the conclusion of the war, has become far more so by the change in the value of money. That it is incumbent on the Government to accommodate its expenditure to this new order of things, which itself has created. That the burthen is now intolerable, and must be lightened. We therefore, under the perfect conviction that Taxes must be remitted to a great amount, beg to point out to your Honourable House the injurious nature of the taxes on Malt and Beer. That they are hostile to Agriculture, and are equally disadvantageous to Manufacturers, for they deprive us of the use of our own produce, and send millions of pounds out of the country to purchase the produce of foreign soils. That they deprive the people of their natural beverage, forcing them to the use of noxious drugs and ardent spirits. That these obnoxious taxes fall principally upon the



the magistrates who signed the requisition for the meeting. After the meeting, above 100 of the principal gentry dined together, and amongst the topics introduced at table, Sir W. Ingilby said, "In a late parliamentary inquiry, it was stated by a very old and experienced agriculturist, that 45 or 50 years ago, there was not a house in his parish where there was not a barrel of good malt liquor on tap, and that now the change was so entire, that there was not *one* house in the whole parish, where a barrel of beer was to be found broached!!!"

**NORFOLK.**—General meetings of the nobility, clergy, and freeholders of this county, as well as the owners and occupiers of land in the hundreds of Tunstead, Happing, Grimshoe, Eynsford, Guiltcross, Shropham, &c. &c., have taken place, when it was determined to petition Parliament for a repeal of the malt tax. "Nothing but a reduction of taxes, can save thousands of industrious families from ruin"—was the universal opinion at all these meetings.

The cliffs at Mundesley have been greatly undermined by the late very high tides, and the whole line of coast demonstrates the devastating influence of the hurricane of Jan. 2; the land has been swept into the ocean in some places astonishingly.

**NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.**—At the meeting at Newark, Dec. 31st, for relief of the poor £553 was subscribed for purchasing beef, and selling it to the poor at 1½d. per lb., and flour also in a similar way. From the details brought before the committee, it appears there are in Newark 482 families (1,468 persons) quite distressed and unemployed.

**WORCESTERSHIRE.**—At a Meeting of the Committee of Magistrates, at the last Quarter Sessions, at Worcester, it was resolved to procure an act of parliament for the erection of county courts and judges' lodgings in that city.

By the annual accounts of this county, made up to Michaelmas last, it appears that the sum expended was upwards of £8,000; about £6,000 of which was spent in *punishing* crime! independent of £600 for maintaining Irish yagrants, and £350 for the Clerk of the Peace's Bill of *cravings*!!!

**GLOUCESTERSHIRE.**—It is lamentable to witness the frequent perpetration of serious offences by the youthful class of society in this city, of which the recent quarter-sessions afforded abundant proof. Out of 47 prisoners enumerated in the calendar, 21 were under the age of 20!!! The magistrates, laudably anxious to reclaim these early wanderers from the path of rectitude, felt great difficulty in deciding on the degree of punishment; but in almost all the cases, imprisonment, with hard labour, was resorted to, as most likely to attain the desired end.—*Felix Farley's Bristol Journal*.

At a public meeting recently held at Bristol, of the merchants, manufacturers, traders, and other inhabitants of that city, resolutions were entered

middle and labouring classes, and that the effect is to demoralise one, and to make the other dissatisfied. We, your Petitioners, therefore humbly pray your Honourable House, that you would be pleased to repeal forthwith these odious Taxes, and grant that the trade in Beer may be free."

into, subscriptions commenced, and a committee formed, for the purpose of forming a rail-road from thence to the city of Bath.—The Mayor of Bristol has granted the use of the Guildhall for a public meeting to petition Parliament for a repeal of the malt and beer duties.—Subscriptions have commenced at Bristol to defray the expenses of an application to Parliament for leave to build a suspension bridge over the river Avon from Clifton Down.

**SUSSEX.**—The Earl of Egremont, according to annual custom, on New Year's Day, gave a dinner to upwards of 2,000 poor women and children of Petworth and the adjacent parishes. There were 4 fine oxen, estimated to weigh from 120 to 130 stone each, slaughtered and cooked on the occasion, beside 500 plum puddings, and a plentiful supply of strong beer. The company were enlivened by the band of the 10th hussars.

The magistrates assembled at the late Lewes quarter sessions, passed resolutions on the commercial and agricultural distresses of the country, which were forwarded to the Duke of Wellington, who, in his answer, said, "I will draw the attention of the King's servants to it."

**CHESHIRE.**—There are now in Macclesfield 900 families not possessing more than one blanket to every 10 persons!! Nothing but personal inspection can convince one of the horrible wretchedness existing in the dwellings of the poor. In one instance our informant found a family, consisting of father and mother, a daughter aged 17, another about 13, in the last stage of consumption, and two young children, with but one bed to sleep on, and that without blankets or any other covering than a coarse linen sheet and a tattered cotton rug!!! It is our duty to appeal in the strongest language we can use to the humane feelings of those who in these times have means to relieve left in their power.—*Macclesfield Courier*.

On New Year's Day Earl Grosvenor and friends visited, according to annual custom, the school at Chester, of which he is the founder. The children, to the number of 460, were assembled in the spacious room up stairs, and presented a very clean and healthy appearance, especially the little girls, 100 of whom distinguished for good conduct, received an annual suit of clothes from the Countess. His lordship delivered an appropriate address to his youthful auditory; and at half-past one the little hungry host proceeded to the large room below, to dine, where they found 555 lb. of roast beef; and plum pudding in proportion, and the boys were regaled with half a pint each of good ale. This school was established in 1812, for the gratuitous instruction of the children of the inhabitants of Chester; and 10,000 children of both sexes have already received the invaluable blessings of education. The *Chester Chronicle*, from whence we extract the above, adds, "we wish this noble and patriotic example were more generally followed. Did every nobleman and gentleman in England but love the children of the tenantry and labourers as he does his game —."

**BUCKS.**—At the Magistrates' Chamber, January 2, several poor persons complained of not receiving their allowance, which led to a conversation between Lord Nugent and Sir J. D. King as

to the state of the poor in general, and the best mode of affording them relief. They coincided in opinion that the best plan would be to let them have small portions of land to cultivate. Sir J. King mentioned an instance in his own parish where a person, who occupied a small quantity, for which he paid a rental of £6., maintained himself and family independently of parochial assistance.

**ESSEX.**—The calendar at the recent quarter sessions of this county furnishes an apt illustration of the demoralizing effects of the distress generally felt throughout the kingdom. There were 52 prisoners for trial, 35 of whom were charged with stealing property, the aggregate value of which did not exceed £10 or £15 at the utmost; and this, too, after a gaol delivery only one month back.—*Essex Mercury*.

**DEVONSHIRE.**—A meeting of the freeholders of this county has taken place at Exeter, at which upwards of 2,000 persons attended to take into consideration the state of the Tithe Laws, when a petition was unanimously agreed to be presented to the legislature "under the firmest conviction that the existing Tithe Laws are highly injurious to the best interests of society, both in a religious and political point of view, and praying such alterations and arrangements as may be deemed more consistent with justice\* and religion." Petitions to be presented in the House of Lords by the Lord Lieutenant, and in the Commons by the county members. Thanks were voted to the Sheriff.

**CAMBRIDGE.**—Sir S. V. Cotton, bart., in moving the petition, said, that by striking at the root of the licensing system, affecting the repeal of the malt and beer duties, they would at once afford relief to the agriculturists of the kingdom. The petition was unanimously agreed to, after much speechifying, uproar, proposals for impeachment, &c. &c.†

At a late meeting of agriculturists belonging to Ely and Witchford Hundreds, it was unanimously resolved to petition Parliament to take into consideration their present state, as well as those of the labourers, and to adopt measures for their relief. It appears from a statement produced at the meeting, that the arable farms in the neighbourhood were cultivated at an expense of £22. 5s. 6d. (including rent and tithes) for three acres of wheat, barley, and beans, and that the

produce of the crops, at the present prices amounted to £21. 7s. 6d.; thus rendering the occupation not merely profitless to the tenant, but the returns 6s. per acre minus the disbursements!!!—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

**BERKS.**—At the quarter sessions, the chairman (C. Dundas, Esq., M. P.) adverted to the general state of crime throughout the country, and could not forbear observing that its influence arose principally from the universal distress which was spread throughout the kingdom; it was unquestionable that the poor were in a most miserable state; the consequence was, they were driven to the commission of dishonest acts. It was lamentable to notice that some magistrates had been compelled to commit offenders for stealing articles of a very trifling nature.\*

**NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.**—The Annual Poultry show at Lord Althorp's farm, Chapel Brampton, notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather, was never more numerous and respectfully attended. The competitors were also numerous, and the various descriptions of poultry exhibited, afforded ample testimony of the progress of improvement in breeding, &c.

**SOMERSETSHIRE.**—The parishes at Bath of St. Peter and St. Paul, Bathwick, St. Michael, and the Abbey, have had meetings on the subject of the assessed house and window taxes (which, when they were laid on the people during the revolutionary war, were promised to be repealed whenever peace should be established), and resolved,—“That a memorial be presented to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, pointing out the oppressive and grievous nature of the assessed house and window taxes, more particularly in Bath, where a large portion of the inhabitants obtain their livelihood by the letting of lodgings, and who, owing to the general depression of the times, are threatened with total ruin from the pressure of these burthens, and that a deputation be appointed to present the same.”

**DORSETSHIRE.**—A new road is now being formed between Crewkerne and Langport, which will be opened by Lady-day next, by which means an easy communication will be opened between Dorset and the most populous district of Somersetshire. It will lead from Crewkerne to Merriot, Lopen Head, Compton Durville, Kingsbury Episcopi, Muchelney, and across the river Parret, over a handsome stone bridge, which is now in course of erection, to within a quarter of a mile of Langport, where it will join the new road which has been completed from that place to Bridgewater.

**SHROPSHIRE.**—Petitions to parliament for repealing the duty on malt are rapidly spreading through this county. Already have they been signed at Ellesmere, Whitechurch and Wem,

\* “Disputes respecting payment of Tithes,” say the petitioners, “are determined in a court constituted in a manner peculiar to itself, and without the constitutional intervention of a jury!!!”—This allusion will apply to the Chancery, as well as the Ecclesiastical Court. When it was mentioned at the meeting, by the Hon. Newton Fellows, he was interrupted by rounds of applause, and cries of “It’s the Inquisition!” “Relics of Popery!” &c. &c.

† Mr. Wells, of Huntingdon, said, it was over taxation, a standing army, a countless host of placemen and pensioners, that was the cause of our distress. In looking over a document he held in his hand, he found that in Huddersfield there were 13,226 individuals subsisting upon 2½d per day; he mentioned other places in the same miserable state, and then compared their situation with Colonel Trench, whose salary and pay, he said, were about £5. 10s. per day, equal to what is daily earned by nearly 600 poor labourers of Huddersfield, and sends supperless to bed every night 300 honest Englishmen!!!

\* The committing for trifling offences, it seems, is not confined to Berks, for two babies (about six years of age!) were charged at the Westminster sessions, Jan. 8, with having robbed a mercer of a pair of stockings!!! The principal witness was a policeman, who admitted that he knew they were about to commit a robbery, and therefore watched till he saw them do it! So much for the new plan of preventing robbery! The chairman very properly restored the infants to their parents for correction at home, rather than try them at the bar!



Wellington, Wenlock, Bridgenorth, Ludlow, Bishop's Castle, Shifnal, Newport, and Oswestry.

The Shropshire masters, at the quarterly meetings last week, were compelled to submit to another reduction in price, viz. 5s. per ton on pig iron; and this will ultimately cause a depression of full 10s. per ton on manufactured bars and rods.

**WILTS.**—At the quarter sessions, there were 93 prisoners for trial, and upwards of 20 appeals were entered. Simon Haskell, for having entered Ragland coppice, the property of the Marquis of Bath, with *intent* to destroy game, was sentenced to seven years transportation!!! At these Sessions, petitions to his Majesty and to both Houses of Parliament, on the distress which pervades every class of the community, were unanimously agreed to, and signed by every magistrate present.

**KENT.**—Fifty-nine houses were lately destroyed by fire at Sheerness; the damage is estimated at £20,000.

A meeting has been held at Tonbridge, and petitions been prepared there and at Wrotham to the legislature, on the depressed state of the country.

**DER BYSHIRE.**—A meeting has been held at the County Hall, Derby, and which was attended by the most eminent agriculturists and landowners in the county; when, after many communications had been read, relative to the agricultural distress of the country, it was agreed that a memorial should be presented to the First Lord of the Treasury, representing the *extreme depression* of the agricultural interest.\*

**WARWICKSHIRE.**—At a meeting lately held at the Public Office, Birmingham, it was resolved to establish in that town a society for the Suppression of Mendicity. The committee of this Self-Supporting Society have recommended also the appointment of four additional surgeons, in order to extend its benefits as much as possible over the town and neighbourhood.

The amount received in deposits at the Birmingham Savings' Bank last year was £25,787. 18s. 2½d. while the sums repaid, including interest, did not exceed £13,313. 10s. 10d. leaving an excess of receipts of £12,474. 7s. 4½d.; and in the course of the same period, interest amounting to £1,177. 13s. 5½d. has been paid to depositors, or placed to the credit of their respective accounts. The total amount of deposits, on the 20th

of November, was £43,906. 7s. 8d. of which £43,741. 17s. 5d. was invested in government securities, and £164. 10s. 3d. remained in the hands of the treasurer. The number of depositors was 2,480.

A meeting of the merchants, manufacturers, tradesmen, mechanics, artisans, and other inhabitants, has been held at Birmingham, for forming a general political union "between the lower and middle classes of the people." The High Bailiff having refused to call it, alleging that "it was no part of his duty to call a meeting for such a purpose," a party of 12 of the inhabitants undertook it; and it was attended by upwards of 10,000 persons, who resolved, "That the severe distress which now afflicts the country, and which has been so severely felt for the last 15 years, is entirely owing to the gross mismanagement of public affairs; and that such mismanagement can only be effectually and permanently remedied by an effectual reform in the Commons House of Parliament." A censure was passed on the High Bailiff, and thanks to the Chairman and Messrs. Attwood and Beardsworth, and the Political Union formed, and 36 gentlemen nominated for a Political Council; when, after three cheers "for our good king," this immense assembly quietly dispersed.

**SCOTLAND.**—Before the middle of the 18th century, Loch Roag was the most celebrated herring fishery station on the North-west of Scotland, the herrings there being accounted the largest and richest of all. Soon after 1750, the herrings abandoned Loch Roag, and for 35 years none were seen in it. In 1790 the shoals began to revisit the loch, and in the course of 1794 no fewer than 90 sail of deck vessels were employed in the fishery. In 1797, the herrings again bade adieu to the loch, and no shoal has entered till the present (1829) autumn; when, after the lapse of 32 years, their presence was again witnessed to the great joy of the parishioners of Uig.

**IRELAND.**—*Distress in the Liberty.* A meeting was lately held at Dublin, for furthering the plans previously adopted for the relief of the starving artisans. Thousands of the miserable victims of decayed commerce, with which the Irish metropolis abounds, took their station near the Rotunda, and presented a melancholy spectacle. The attendance at the meeting was, we are sorry to say, very thin. The Lord Mayor presided at this meeting. One of the Secretaries read the report of the Committee which had been appointed at a former meeting. This report stated that there were the appalling number of 7,000 indigent operatives receiving from the Committee a weekly allowance at the rate of a penny a day!!! About 130 of the weavers who could not obtain employment in Dublin, have sought it in the manufacturing towns of England, rather than remain in a state of mendicity at home. The efforts to promote the use of Irish manufactures have not, as yet, produced any sensible effect. The Committee refer to the report previously published; and appeal, in very pressing terms, to the public feeling, touching the urgent necessity for general exertion, to arrest the progress of existing misery. The balance on hands for the relief of those indigent families with which the Liberty is crowded, amounts to the pitiful sum of £307.

\* We extract from this memorial the following.  
"We hold it to be our bounden duty as men desirous of enjoying and of transmitting our possessions unimpaired, to our posterity, to state without disguise or delay, to those authorities to which we necessarily look for relief, our painful sense of our present sufferings, and our reasonable apprehensions of being driven by a continuance of them, from that sphere which we occupy amongst the loyal subjects of this empire. We beg to intimate to your Grace with melancholy reluctance our personal knowledge of rents greatly reduced and still in arrear—of tenants ruined—of labourers unemployed—of farms thrown out of cultivation, and of sales, forcibly effected, of produce, at a price infinitely below the cost of production; and to express our conviction, under the duration of the present severe distress, of our inability to keep up our usual demand for articles of manufacture, and to contribute our accustomed share, which we have always borne, and are still ready to bear, willingly, in proportion to our means, in the collection of the revenue."

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THE OPENING OF THE SESSION OF PARLIAMENT.

ON Thursday, the 4th of February, the Parliament was opened by Commission. On this mode of commencing the public business, we have no inclination to involve ourselves in extent of remark. But we believe that a more acceptable mode of declaring the royal opinion on national affairs might be discovered, and that this is the seventh or eighth commencement of the session which has exhibited the Hibernian anomaly of his Majesty being in two places at once, and speaking to his faithful subjects the Lords and Commons at Westminster assembled, while, at the same moment, he is listening to the *polished* pleasantries of Sir Andrew Barnard; or giving a solemn ear to the grave wisdom of Sir Edward Nagle, in his boudoir at Windsor. When King Charles of facetious memory was asked, why, instead of speaking his speech, he read it, the monarch, "who never said a foolish thing, nor ever did a wise one," replied, that "By'r Lady, he had so often asked Parliament for money, he was ashamed to look them in the face." We are far from presuming that any such declaration will be made by our illustrious Sovereign. But we wish that we could enjoy the advantage of seeing him oftener. We give him full credit for the due fitness for his exalted functions, and for the corresponding zeal. But still, Windsor is twenty-two miles from Westminster, and the most loyal telescope will find a difficulty in penetrating so far. A day spent on the road between Hyde Park Corner and the Castle-gates, may be but a pastime to Ministers, who are, we honestly believe, much more harmlessly employed while counting donkeys or dandelions along the road, than counting boroughs, or scribbling despatches in the showily-furnished rooms of Whitehall: but to humbler men, the distance interposes a formidable barrier between his Majesty and public recollection; and, not being of the opinion of some important persons, that royalty may be fairly left beyond the visible horizon, so long as the country is blessed with a stirring Cabinet, we say, let us have no more Speeches by Commission.

We utter those sentiments from unfeigned respect for the monarchical portion of the Constitution. In the struggles which will unquestionably rise, we cannot afford to cast away any part of that great defence which our ancestors erected for the freedom of the people. The weight of the attack has, within our time, shifted from quarter to quarter of that triple bulwark, which, if ever wisdom, virtue, and piety hallowed a work of man, hallowed the Constitution of the British Empire. To what has been done, we shall advert no more, until we can return with a hope of reno-



vation. But the monarchical principle still remains unassailed by any breaker-in upon the glorious labour of the glorious dead ; and that principle it shall be our most zealous task, as it is among our first duties, to preserve unshaken in the general trials that, from time to time, visit all nations.

The King's Speech is divided, as usual, under the several heads of foreign and domestic policy, trade and revenue, law, manufactures, and the state of the people. In this Speech, two important features are omitted, the Church, and Ireland. Another feature might have been introduced, for which no trivial gratitude would have been felt ; and which must be introduced before long ; the improvement of the Legislature. A measure before whose importance all the other interests of the state are child's play.

Let no one suppose that we are stooping to follow in the train of those miserable beings whose principles were as black, as their conduct was calculated to excite the indignation of every man of British feeling. We abhor the Radicalism, which sees nothing in established institutions but objects for the exercise of its powers of overthrow ; hates every man in the exact proportion as he rises superior to the multitude in manliness, wisdom, and integrity ; and clasps to its bosom and lifts on its shoulders every man of conspicuous miscreancy. But we must not suffer ourselves to be deaf to the voice that calls for the purification of all the great instruments of Empire. We must see the great political priesthood who officiate in our names round the Altar of the State, prepared for their office by something more than the mere robes. And we must see this, or see a result, to which our present public anxieties, the clamour of our struggling population, and the deepening pressures on every man, let his rank be what it may, will be but as the blowing of the summer's wind. The theory, that there was a grand rectifying power in the Legislature, which would instinctively correct its anomalies, seems to be given up by its oldest advocates. Canning's showy declamation has faded away, and we hear no more of the influence of popular checks on the one hand, and legislative impulses on the other, each exercising that measured restraint, those centripetal and centrifugal forces, by which the State was swept harmoniously round its orbit from year to year, every slight deviation compensated by some wise reaction, until the whole moved, the balanced and illustrious phenomenon of a free constitution. But we may give other evidence than our own, to the fact that Parliamentary Reform, conducted on the original principles of parliament, is growing less into a rabble desire than a public demand. We quote on this subject, (*Quarterly Review*, January 1830) an authority which will be scarcely suspected of blowing the trumpet to rouse a sleeping opinion.

"We cannot refrain from intimating it as our firm persuasion, that whoever listens attentively to the tone and language which is now heard in the unrestrained intercourse of the higher as well as lower classes of society, will be constrained to admit, that the resolutions and proceedings of the Legislature, and especially of the House of Commons, no longer command that respect and submission with which they were wont to be regarded !"

After this auspicious opening, the *Review* gives a passing touch of panegyric to Parliaments in general, which by no means communicates any peculiar share of brightness to the one in question. "So long as the Representatives of a Free People discharge their duty with wisdom

and firmness, no class of men can be named who receive a larger share of the love and veneration of their countrymen; but there is none whose *dereliction* of duty is visited with more mortifying *alienation and neglect*."

The sentences that follow are equally pithy.

"When a popular body begins to *degenerate*, it affects to deprecate all injudicious harshness and austerity, when the end can be equally attained by being more measured both in their language and resolutions. The people perceive the change; and, after a while, an *evident abatement* ensues of the expectations which are formed of their deliberations. After this, they become so *idle or inattentive*, that they suffer the business which comes before them, to pass too much as a matter of course; and this, in its turn, causes their proceedings to be treated with carelessness, and sometimes with *disrespect*."

Then comes on the more formidable declaration, partaking of that style—

"When old Experience doth attain  
To something of prophetic strain."

"In the last *stage of decay* they serve merely as a *pageant*, and are *despised*; as only serving to register the decrees of the Executive Government, which they have neither the virtue to modify nor to resist." The Review then remeasures its steps; and stating that there are important individuals who still think the danger chimerical, proceeds to fix its speculations to the particular object, and inquires—"whether it be really so certain that this branch of the Legislature (the Commons) possesses the character that it once did, for either ability, attention to business, or independence." On those points it is declared that—"whether it be that the *House has sunk*, or the well-educated community has risen, it would be difficult to maintain, that as a body, they now constitute the choice of the Commons of the Realm, in the same sense in which they did some time ago." The next hit is "unkinder still." "Let any person listen to their ordinary conversation or reasoning, or sit down to the perusal of the thoughts they may have committed to writing, and they are not only found inferior to many private individuals among their contemporaries, but one seldom recognizes the grasp of mind and statesmanlike qualities which the representatives of a free and enlightened country might be expected to possess."

Then ensues a comparison with the proceedings of the Upper House, in which the Lords beat their unfortunate compatriots hollow—"for gravity, precision, and judgment."—"Another quality, in which the Members of the Lower House are thought likely to have somewhat declined, is *efficiency*. Whether this be originally the fault of the House or of the neglect or hurry of the Government, by whom the necessary measures ought to be prepared, can make no difference.—The main purpose of the House of Commons is, to see that the business of the nation be done, and its grievances redressed; and if, year after year, they meet and separate without seeing this accomplished, their efficacy must, for all useful purposes, be regarded as diminished. All real business is drowned in debates and reports. It is astonishing, at the end of a Session, to see how much has been said, and how little real business has been transacted."

So far has gone the estimate of the Legislative diligence, information, and ability. It is, certainly, not given in the shape of flattery, and we are, unfortunately, not at present furnished with materials for the over-



throw of this merciless inquirer into public brains. But we come to a question still more important.

"The point, in which the Members of the House of Commons have sometimes been thought to be most deficient, is, their want of independence! Though less open to direct improper influence than formerly, there is too much reason to surmise that they do not speak and vote sufficiently according to their real sentiments."

The necessity of adhering to a party; the "multitude of applications which almost every member receives from his constituents, compels him, whether attached to Administration or not, to receive favours of one kind or another, *from almost every department of the Government.* All those things, in the breast of a person of *delicate* feeling, restrain the just and legitimate freedom of thought and language, *beyond what can be easily imagined.*" We here protest against the Reviewer's ideas of the case; we believe that the imagination is perfectly conceivable, and that a person of "*delicate feelings,*" as the epithet is happily applied, generally, has no scruple whatever in trying the strength of his own delicacy. But "worse remains behind."

"There is something," says this writer, "in the very atmosphere of the House, unfavourable to *bold and uncompromising* conduct. It is, *de facto*, a sort of overgrown club. This is the worst part of the whole business. Things are every day admitted in private among the members, which are absolutely denied or concealed in the speeches reported from the gallery. Whoever, therefore, should endeavour to rend asunder that veil, which by all parties in the House is held up before the public, would lose his character and caste. He would be treated with coldness by those to whom he wished most to approximate, while he might feel insuperable repugnance to unite with those who were most willing to receive him. A loss of independence more painful to the individual or more injurious to the commonwealth than this, cannot well be pictured. It amounts to a surrender of the noblest privileges; and chokes the source of the fairest virtues which distinguish and adorn the citizen of a free country."

A quotation from Sallust reinforces the position, that, as the commonwealth rises to distinction by the virtue and incorruptibility of its individual members, so does the period arrive when the commonwealth must support, as it may, the vices of its leading men. Then comes the comment.

"Were many of those elder Romans among us, the *versatility* of the House of Commons would not be so rapid and remarkable as we sometimes find it. It too often happens, that the public measure connects itself at some link or other with the job. It is the indulgence of a grovelling and selfish spirit by their representatives, which has, at last, in so many instances, made the subjects of free states grow weary of their representatives, and take refuge in an absolute monarchy—as both more vigorous and more virtuous." The argument is clenched with the famous quotation from Montesquieu—"As all things have an end, the state of which we are speaking, will lose its liberty and perish. Rome, Lacedæmon, Carthage, all have perished; and it will perish when its Legislative shall have become more corrupt than its Executive."

This we give "without note or comment," as the phrase is. We shall not add a syllable to it. We shall not even venture to say whether it is true or false. And for this silence we, in common with all writers within the borders of this free country, have our especial reasons. But the whole extract is a sign of the times. It must have been no gentle

change of the tide that swept round the good ship the Quarterly to lie with her stem where her stern lay before. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy. But it is not for us to "pluck out the bowels of the mystery," and there we leave it to the grand interpreter—Time.

The King's speech has for once disappointed no hope of the country, for the sufficient reason, that the country expected nothing from it. It is of course the speech of ministers; and however their words are in the habit of exceeding their deeds, yet their whole frame is so nerveless, evasive and trifling, that they have not left themselves the faculty of even a vigorous fiction. The first statement of this Ministerial *Exposé* is worthy of being ranked under the "Court Circular." It informs his Majesty's faithful people that they are not at present fighting the French, nor the Russians—intelligence which, for its interest and novelty, must be duly appreciated by an admiring people.

The speech next informs us that the Turkish and Russian war has been brought to a conclusion. This vies in novelty and interest with the preceding.

His Majesty has "concerted with his allies measures for the final pacification and settlement of Greece, and trusts to be able to lay such information before the House as will explain his conduct in those transactions." We trust that his ministers will lay a very large bundle of tape-tied papers on the table of the Honourable House, which nobody will read, or could understand in case of reading; that Lord Aberdeen will make a speech of immeasurable prolixity and unfathomable profundity on them in the Upper House, and that Mr. Peel will emulate his Lordship's example with an extraordinary closeness of rivalry in the Lower; that Mr. Hume will throw the subject into confusion, and Alderman Waithman throw the house into convulsions; that the motion, whatever it may be, will leave the country gentlemen and others as wise as it found them; that a great deal of pleasantry will diversify the proceeding, and that every one present will be happy to get to his bed.

"His Majesty laments that he is unable to announce to you any prospect of a reconciliation between the princes of the House of Braganza." Of course not, and the result of the attempt was obvious from the beginning to every human being but the "Inscrutibles." The scarlet doors of the council-room shut out the common sense that was to be found in the streets. Every captain of a skiff from Rio or Lisbon could have told the wise men of Downing Street that Don Miguel was a coxcomb, and that Don Pedro was not a hair's-breadth more indebted to nature; that two coxcombs can never be brought together but for some additional display of foolery—an inflexible law; and that to persuade either of them to listen to any plea of public feeling or personal generosity, is an extravagance worthy only of the stolidity of a Rat Cabinet.

But it comes out in this formal document, that Don Miguel is to be recognized as king. And the document makes the further confession, that the Don has forced us to this measure. He is told, that he has gained the victory, and that he owes it to himself, to his system of scorning our remonstrances, and harassing our intercourse with his people—"The numerous embarrassments arising from the continued interruption of those relations, increase his Majesty's desire to effect the termination of so serious an evil."—"Here be sweet words, faith," as Dame Quickly says. There is no mention of the right or wrong of the affair, none of the old declamation on the hereditary privileges of the



Brazilian prince, nor of the guarantee of England to the perpetual connection of the thrones, nor a syllable of the antagonist right of Don Miguel. The only question with his Majesty's ministers, after all their virtuous wrath at usurpation, comes to be one of profit and loss. Whether shall we gain or lose more by siding with Don Miguel or grappling with him? The question is undoubtedly an excellent one for a rat cabinet, but it is, believe, the first time that it has been embodied in a king's speech. That Don Miguel's conduct has been contemptuous of the opinions of the cabinet we perfectly allow, and by no means blame him for it. That he "humbugged"—the vulgarity of the word does not prevent its applicability—the Lord Dudley in the most consummate manner, is matter of universal acknowledgement; nor do we impeach him for so fair and so easy an exercise of his ingenuity. (The noble lord had, however, the compensation of getting his house handsomely furnished on the retreat of the royal fugitive, on which fortunate windfall we congratulate a nobleman of his narrow income). That Don Miguel laughed at in council, and put to instant rout in the field, the whole rabble of that puppyism in politics, which, armed with a Benthamite constitution, and a clamorous tongue, began with giving lectures on liberty, with the dungeon and the scaffold in the background; we cannot place among the counts of his indictment. But, that he did as it pleased his royal will, to our merchants and fellow subjects—that he treated England with scorn, and menaced us with the combined hostility of the family thrones, is as well known, as it would have been natural that we should retort scorn with scorn. But he knew our ministers better; he threw "embarrassments" in their way; and he left them to flounder on as they could. It does not appear that he moved hand or foot to assist us out of the slough. The policy of contempt fully achieved its triumph, and the ministerial *exposé* has at once taught him, and every other state, how to deal with us in future. But among the "quips and cranks" of the affair, is the horror of the radicals at the triumphant Portuguese. In their journals, in their harangues, in the streets, in the Honourable House, in every spot, from a Mechanics' Institute up to the legislature, they exhaust all their righteous indignation upon this "unlicensed grasper at a diadem." Brougham exhales a subtler venom while the name hangs upon his lip; Hume is more unbearably Scotch in that conglomeration of rugged words which tumble out to announce his virtuous wrath; and poor Lord Holland shakes off his years, and shoulders his crutch, to shew how fields were won in the days when Burdett and he were babes, sitting beside the full-charged kennel of Westminster eloquence, and sworn to Fox and buff-waistcoats. And the best part of the burlesque is, Don Miguel's "guilty disregard of royal rights," concentrated in the word, usurpation,

Oh word of fear,  
Ungrateful to a whiggish ear!

To have overlooked the glaring ridicule of this sudden fastidiousness would have argued wilful blindness; and accordingly Lord Aberdeen, who, mystified as he is, is not wilfully blind, attacked the noble lord on his sudden oblivion of his great friend, Napoleon, that gentle and un-usurping friend of liberty, on whose fall his lordship had bestrode his foundered Pegasus, and over whose tomb he had wept, to the amount of one of the most melancholy epigrams that ever made the clay lie heavier on the remnants of a lamented rogue.

The portion of the speech specially addressed to the House of Com-

mons, commences, as usual, with a promise of œconomy in the budget. "The estimates have been framed with every attention to œconomy; and it will be satisfactory to you to learn, that his Majesty will be enabled to make a considerable reduction in the amount of the public expenditure, without impairing the efficacy of our naval or military establishments." What reductions the premier may be pleased to make, we must be satisfied to wait for, until it shall be his will to declare them. But what he will not make, we shall take the liberty of venturing to conjecture. He will not retrench a penny of his own salary of 5,000*l.* a year as first Lord of the Treasury, nor of the pay and allowances of the multitude of those epaulet wearers whom he has planted behind the desks of civil office. To the fieldmarshal's emoluments, we have no objection. He has earned them, we admit. But generosity in public men is out of the question, and what he has earned he will hold fast. Nor will he diminish a penny of the enormous salaries of his fellow officials, nor mulct Sir Henry Hardinge of his half-pay, on consideration of his 3,000*l.* a year as Secretary at War. Nor will he unrighteously slice away the smallest strip of his gains from the celebrated Billy Holmes, that model of a statesman, and meritorious servant of his country; though those gains, in the single office of the Ordnance, amount to 2,000*l.* a year. Nor will he hurt the patriotism of Colonel Trench, whose public services, equally valuable, have been rewarded by a "grateful country," much against its inclination, with 2,000*l.* a year more. Nor shall we see any reduction, of any importance in the eyes of any man alive, (except that man be a Chancellor of the Exchequer,) suffered to occur during this session, nor the next, nor the next dozen, if we should be favoured with the present ministerial dynasty so long. That the premier would wish to lessen the public expenses, we have no doubt, if it could be done without any sacrifice. But that government, constituted as it has been within our memory, will ever seriously set about measures which curtail its own influence, we must be allowed to disbelieve.

Of course there will be desperate doings among the minor offices. We see, in the dim futurity of the grand retrenchment, the dismissal of a shoal of fifty pound clerks; and Lord Melville, a nobleman and minister, whose zeal, vigour, and ability, have been by all men long estimated at their full value, has already commenced a new æra in "chips." The speculation in chips has been magnanimously crushed in the bud throughout the dock-yards; and if the ship-carpenter lights his fire with any chips whatever, they must henceforth not be the chips of his Majesty's blocks! But what do we hear of retrenchment in the salaries of the whole body of the higher dependants on the purse of John Bull? We have not yet heard that the proud patriotism of his Grace of Buckingham has stooped to follow the example of Lord Camden, and disgorged the enormous profits of his place in the Exchequer. As to that illustrious victim, the Marquis Camden, we see that this nobleman's self-denial does not ascend to the denial of self-panegyric. Every year a trumpet is blown before him, on his refunding the sum, which the outcry of the nation wrung from him after long and many a compunction. But of Lord Camden we plainly say, that he had as much right to the whole 40,000*l.* a year, as he has to the 4,000*l.* a year, which he has retained: he having in fairness no right whatever to either, if right is to be estimated, not by the mere grant of ministerial prodigality, but by service done. What services were ever done by the Marquis Camden in the Exchequer to the



value of 4,000*l.* a year? Or what services of any kind has he done during the last fifteen years? Has he not lived in total absence from public exertion during those money-making years? Yet his tranquillity, varied only by his transits from one country seat to another, from the Wilderness to the Priory, and from the Priory to the Wilderness, (as the newspapers take the trouble to tell us) has cost the public purse, within those fifteen years, the sum of no less than 60,000*l.*

And there remain a whole tribe of sinecures, equally corpulent, and equally well earned. Is there nothing to be done with the pension list of England and Ireland, but to pay them? The English pension list is not less than 100,000*l.* a year; the Irish is 80,000*l.* Is there no ground for asking questions in this rich department of national liberality? Let justice be done, say we. Let the man of genius, the man who has bled for the empire, the public servant of the country, or even of the crown, who has laboured until he can labour no longer, be rewarded, or rescued by the state from the degradation of poverty. But let none other be suffered to live upon the sinking resources of the empire.

Let the whole enormity of reversions be cut away. Lord Ellenborough is a clerk in the court of King's Bench, a court in which we never heard of his Lordship's soliciting any of the labours of patriot industry; and yet from this easy function, his Lordship receives £1,500 a year. The reversionary places in Ireland were of old a rich harvest for the minister, and they still have some very tolerable things, sufficiently acceptable to persons of condition on both sides of the water. Let those be lopped down to the ground. There can be no right to their possession now, where there could have been no right from the beginning. The prodigality of a minister, or the corruption of a minion, can constitute no right; and if the holders set up a clamour, the true answer to them is, "You have fattened on the public vitals till you have sickened and exhausted the public strength; be content with your past plunder, and be thankful that you are not compelled to refund every shilling of it!"

The undeniable fact is, that the abuses of patronage, through the whole extent of office, have been monstrous. We, of course, cannot lay the blame of this upon the present ministry, the evil is of old standing; it has been the scandal and the crime of every successive administration, and it singly has gone further to degrade and vilify the powers of government in the public mind than all the other errors or crimes of public men. Here the reform must begin. Here is the deepest root of the whole national discontent, and here the steel must strike. England is too high-minded to hesitate at the largest sacrifices, where she feels them essential to her honour. In a righteous cause, she knows no limit to her liberality. But it is the sting, to think that her liberality may be given to support the waste and luxurious insolence of a class whom she cannot recognize as among her active and honourable citizens. Every shilling lavished on the sinecurist is not simply so much thrown away, but it is the infusion of a new portion of distrust and repulsion into the national heart, until that heart refuses to be drained any longer.

But when the whole finance of sinecurism shall have been rigidly shorn away—and in this we include the inordinate payments annexed to inadequate services in every department of the State—the premier will have another noble opportunity for the exercise of his saving virtues. The British army amounts in troops of the line to no less than 91,000 men; or, reckoning *dépôts*, staff, waggon-train, and the

various scattered officials connected with this ponderous establishment, we have to pay at least 150,000*l.* And this in the fifteenth year of an unbroken peace ; with his Majesty's gracious declaration that we are in brotherly love with all mankind, or, in the more circuitous dialect of the speech, that, " His Majesty receives the strongest assurances from all foreign powers of their desire to maintain and cultivate the most friendly relations with this country."

If his Majesty's ministers do not believe those most friendly assurances, why do they report them to his Majesty's people ? If they do, why are his Majesty's people forced to pay this *military* multitude ? The colonies, we admit, require troops, and those troops must be occasionally relieved ; but 30,000 men form a force three times the strength of any that we have in the colonies. Why then are we to be encumbered with the remaining 100,000 ? Are we to be told that they must be reserved for European emergencies ? Let us also be told, that France, or Spain, or Holland, is meditating a descent on our coasts. Let us be told, that the sea between Calais and Dover is dried up, or that we are to be invaded by balloons. But if those tales are not to be told us, are we not entitled to demand, why we shall be put under the burthen of an enormous military establishment for a contingency which ministers would be the first to pronounce ridiculously remote ? Why are we to pay eight millions of pounds a year for a service which ought not to cost us one ? Nothing can be more idle than to suppose, that if we to-morrow disbanded nine-tenths of the troops now in Great Britain, and if France or Russia declared war against us the day after, we should not have full time to prepare an army adequate to every possible purpose. The foreign standard cannot be planted at our doors without our having seen its wavings along the horizon. The channel cannot be bridged over in a night. The preparations of foreign war must be slow. Even the vivid and remorseless activity of Napoleon could not overcome the obstacles that nature has erected between this country and the impulse of a hostile force. On the other hand, by preserving the staff and a few of the regimental officers, a regiment fit to take the field could be formed on the nucleus of the old corps in a month. Napoleon's preparations for invasion cost him nearly two years, and still they were incomplete. Yet to meet this remote contingency, this almost impossibility, we are to be broken down with an enormous expenditure. Here the premier may exhibit his economical zeal with the most laudable vigour ; and we shall follow shouting, " Io triumphe " in his train. The Navy is the true power of England ; her most vigorous and irresistible arm ; her most natural and most impregnable defence. To the largest expenditure of public wealth actually required by the navy, no true Englishman will ever demur. The Humes and Burdetts may cavil at this expenditure ; but we disclaim all alliance with them and their faction. In our remarks we have no object in view but the public good ; and it would be no gratification to us to assist the ambition or swell the clamour of men whose principles we scorn.

The allusions in the speech to the public distress are flippant and feeble. But the topic would now lead us too far ; and besides is too likely to be a permanent one, to make it necessary for us to examine it now. It is the great problem of the time. That England, with her extraordinary means of prosperity, should be yearly sinking into pecuniary distress, is not to be accounted for on the ordinary grounds of national



evil. But the ministry by which this distress cannot be counteracted, acknowledges its own unfitness for its trust, and ought to be removed.

The Debates which have already occurred, shew the feeling of the country. On the first night, the whole power of the minister could not bring forward more than 158 members in the Commons. The address was carried by a trifling majority; though it is almost an etiquette that it should give rise to neither a debate nor a division. In the Lords, a division was called for by Lord Stanhope, evidently against the wish of the Noble opposition, who reverence etiquette more than their contemporaries in the lower House. The division was of course, in point of numbers, merely nominal, and for the purpose of avoiding a slight to Lord Stanhope. Yet, even in that division, appeared names of formidable import: the Dukes of Cumberland, Newcastle and Richmond.

A committee of eleven has been appointed for the India question; on which however there is no probability of a decision. Yet we draw no conclusion from Lord Ellenborough's elephant letter. His Lordship writes with an easy pen, and was probably more engaged with some new pattern of pantaloons, or some exquisite cosmetic, at the time than his *billet doux* to Sir John Malcolm. Yet even Lord Ellenborough himself might be the "tame elephant between the two wild ones," and be unconsciously trained on between the premier and his friend Sir George Murray, to say what might answer the purpose of two personages who have played many a *ruse* before now. His Lordship's letter declares, for it is nonsense to say that it has any other meaning, that the India charter is to be renewed. The declaration comes out under circumstances which make us conclude the direct contrary. And if the letter shall serve to lull the vigilance of the Company, it will have effected at least as much as any penmanship of poor Lord Ellenborough's could ever hope to do. The remainder of the debates have been busied about motions of such persons as Sir Robert Wilson (who is not yet a general), of Lord Holland, who will never be Secretary of State, and of Lord Palmerston, whom the Princess Lieven's most ardent influence has failed of making prime minister. Mr. Huskisson, who is not yet Secretary for the colonies, had made several speeches on the popular distress, to the existence of which he has pledged himself, with the happiest oblivion of his opinions six months ago. The stock question of East Retford has been talked over again for the fiftieth time, and the representative glories of Birmingham extinguished by 126 to 99. While such models of patriotic wisdom engross the public ear, we may congratulate the premier on his security from all the "natural shocks" that place is heir to. But this kind of debating must have an end! The country looks for something more from its representatives! There are the elements of an irresistible opposition in the legislature; and if they are not inclined to act there, they are likely to be summoned to a species of action, which we would as sincerely deprecate as the most luxurious sinecurist who ever smiled over an order on the treasury. The national feeling is deeply dyed with scorn! The session of 1829 is indelible! The Rat Cabinet is estimated at its proper value; and let the worst come to the worst, we say, "Long live the King!"

## THE FOURTEENTH; OR, THE UGLY MAN.

BEFORE I enter upon my explanation of the riddle which I have just written—"The Fourteenth"—it is necessary that I should introduce myself to the reader "in my habit as I live."

It is the practice of writers who describe themselves to begin by saying—"I am five-and-twenty years of age. My manners are amiable, my address fascinating. My person is well-formed, and my features, though not handsome, are interesting. They are capable at times of an expression that is considered fine—indicating purity of mind, firmness of character, and sweetness of disposition." This at least is the style of those very old, or very young gentlemen, who offer themselves in the "Morning Herald," on such eligible terms, as sacrifices to rich widows and wards in Chancery. I am sorry that I cannot conscientiously adopt this style myself—a hero, in these days, being nothing if not handsome. But I must admit at once, in plain language, without shame or equivocation, that I am what the world calls—and particularly the female part of it—confoundedly ugly! There is not a feature in my face where it ought to be. I look as if I had just walked out of "Der Freischütz." You would fancy that I had been, not created, but guessed at—or that I had been made by mistake. I have been accused of picking up my countenance at a masquerade; and it has been stated that Mr. Farley invented me for a pantomime. People are surprised that they do not see a line of italics upon my forehead—"drawn and etched by George Cruikshank." Liston has frequently expressed his admiration of my ugliness, and regards me with a kind of envious enthusiasm. I was once obliged to fight a duel with a friend, only for looking at his little girl, whose imagination had been excited by reading the history of an ogre; and was, a short time ago, cast in an action preferred against me for stopping to admire a horse, that happened at the same moment to take fright. I am a particular favourite with the author of "Frankenstein," who thinks me philosophically frightful: I sate to her for the Monster. I have seen people stare at me, as if they wondered how I escaped from St. George, or wished to know when I was last at Wantley. Frequently have I been puzzled to think how Narcissus could fall in love with himself: the thing seems to me impossible. When I have surveyed my face in a glass, I have been rather alarmed lest, instead of passing a pocket, I should put my hand into it. How sorry I have sometimes been, when, calling upon a friend, I have seen all the little children, as they stole a glance at me on my entrance, prefer going to bed to the proffered privilege of a game at forfeits! Shakspeare must have seen me in a vision when he drew Caliban; Spencer also has very nearly described me in several places. One day or other, I shall be taken up for a triton that has strayed from its pedestal in a gentleman's pond. I should make a capital study for a knocker: Mr. Nash wishes to take a cast of my face for that purpose. It is not long ago since mine host of the "Saracen's Head" offered me a share in the concern, on condition that I put up my portrait for the sign. He little suspected the impossibility of painting it; it would be easier to personify a chaos. Fuseli could not have made me more frightful; nor could Lawrence have extracted a grace from me—even when the alchemy of his pencil found gold in all things. No painter, therefore, has yet had the courage to sketch me. Yes: as I stood the other day, looking at a Hercules and laughing at



myself, I turned and caught a pale thin young man pencilling my contour into his pocket-book ; and a few days afterwards, while I was talking to some ladies in a carriage, what was my surprise at recognizing my own features, in all the sublimity of ugliness, painted upon the pannel ! I was in the character of a griffin ! What was worse, the ladies, who happened to be horribly handsome, observed the likeness, which they seemed to regard as a coincidence highly flattering to me. I fancied every moment that they would compliment me on the resemblance, and expect me to present them with their crest set in diamonds, for my miniature. While leaning over, they glanced first at the green pannel, and then at me—comparing the grin of the griffin with the smile of unconsciousness which I assumed, and which must have looked very like a paroxysm of horror. It grew more and more ghastly, as I affected to look pleasant. I endeavoured to twist my mouth into something not disagreeable, and tried it in every possible shape, from an *S* to a *Z* : but in vain. I only resembled a fury playing on the fiddle. At last, finding that the griffin had decidedly the best of it, I left the ladies to their scent-bottles. I believe one of them fainted. As I retreated, they seemed a little surprised at my walking away in the ordinary manner, like other people. They looked down, and consulted together—they had counted my legs.

I shall not attempt to convey to the reader any definite notion of my features. As well might I endeavour to paint the sound of the bagpipes, or to turn a barrel of vinegar into verse. It may be observed, however, that my eyes would not be so exquisitely disagreeable, if they were a better match either in colour, size, or situation. Eyes in general look much better for wearing lashes ; but mine, being destitute of these ornaments, are not seen to advantage. Of my nose, which is constructed on true Bardolphian principles—but no, I should do it wrong to throw out even a hint respecting it. Let it pass for ever undescribed—a shape of shadows—a riddle to all ages. I bequeath its memory to mankind ; and, in after-times, let it be said that there was at least one nose of which the human mind could form no conception. Pitt and Sheridan are reported to have had a duel of wit on this subject. The meeting took place ; and spiry steeples and burning meteors were exchanged—but without effect : the affair was compromised. But mine—I will not compare it with the Pyramids. I will merely observe, that if it should acquire, either from time or the table, any other form or hue, it must inevitably be handsomer than it is. I shall close this part of my subject by saying, that my mouth seems cut in my face like a keyhole ; that Mr. Kean has completely failed in his imitation of my legs in “Richard ;” and that my feet very much resemble those which we frequently encounter in modern poetry, being sadly deficient in quantity when compared with each other.

After the incident related above, of my rival and representative the griffin, and his frightened and fainting patrons, the reader will be surprised to learn that I am an especial favourite in all societies ; and that the more delightful as well as more discerning sex, in particular, has invariably received me with favour and partiality. I am, in fact, one of the most popular men of my day. A party is hardly considered complete without me. I take precedence of the youthful and the elegant. You will always find me in the loveliest, the liveliest, and the least superficial circle in the room. I attract about me the gay and the romantic—

the sentimental and the impassioned; all sects and parties, from the grave dowager to the graceful damsel. Mind, I am not hired like a genius or a juggler, who is expected to amuse in proportion to the honours that are paid him. I am not employed either to attract visitors or to frighten them away. My face is not my fortune. And yet I am hunted as a curiosity, and carried about like a new poet or a new shawl, and shewn to every body. But for what? I do not write songs—nor have I made any useless discovery in science. Of art, I am too ignorant even to talk fashionably upon it; nor am I sufficiently acquainted with the names of the old masters to pretend to admire them. “To be able to dance well,” says some great author, “requires a good understanding;” it also requires legs—which the articles that assist me in walking cannot with correctness be called. Of music I know little: I used to play on the flute; but a superstitious lady having been thrown into hysterics by the expression of my face during the performance, I have since thought proper to desist. As for my singing—it would only remind you of a frog imitating a blackbird, or affecting to hum “I’d be a butterfly!” There is some secret, then, by which ugliness may be made fascinating, and the absence of every accomplishment eminently profitable? There is—and I shall at once give this secret to the world, for the benefit of the ordinary and the uninvited. It consists simply in this singular fact—that I never in my life happened to read any one of the Scotch novels! This forms my character; I am known as “the gentleman who never read ‘Waverley’!” I live upon the *nil admirari*—I flourish upon nothing. I do not know “Salathiel” from “Pelham,” and my popularity is consequently prodigious. I am the first person singular—the curiosity of the hour. Every body is contending who shall get me into a corner to describe to me Amy Robsart or Mac Ivor. I am like the New World—all are anxious to cultivate me. My ignorance is universally coveted—to know is to be nothing. People are dying for the delight that awaits me on the first reading. How I am envied! All leave me with an impression that I am exceedingly well informed, because they have communicated to me every thing that they happen to know up to that period. I am locked into boudoirs and private rooms. Consultations are held as to which novel I am to read first, and at what part I am to begin to be enchanted. At one visit they unfold to me the entire plot; at another, they are all impatience to know how far I have read, and what my sensations were when I came to a particular chapter; at the third, they meet me on the stairs, to ask if I had the least idea of its being so interesting, and whether I am not perfectly enraptured.

Amidst these flattering successes, I am of course exposed to some annoyances. There are those that take a pride to gird at me—as men did at Falstaff. But my triumph is no less complete—I have captivated the loveliest of her sex. She writes romances, and I have promised to read none but hers. I am to furnish her with perpetual ideas for her corsairs and bandits: she will never want a demon while I live. But having accomplished my first object, by introducing myself at full length to the reader, I will proceed to my story.

My hopes of happiness just alluded to had not yet received a confirmation. I was in hourly expectation of a decision, and flattered myself—except when I happened to be standing near a mirror—that it would be favourable. My anxiety increased to the highest pitch, when I was informed that my fate would be decided as soon as the sentiments of a



rich relative should be known, and that in five days an answer should be sent. Well, five days were not quite an eternity ; it was only to wait with patience—the hour would come. My heart beat responses to the clock, and ticked as if it had been warranted. I watched every hour that came, as a debtor does a dun, and was thankful when it was gone. Five days—twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth—it would be the fourteenth of the month. Memorable date ! I fancied myself in my fourteenth year, and that I was going to be bound apprentice to Pan or Apollo. Nothing but delight was before me. There seemed to be no number beyond fourteen ; that formed the sum-total of my arithmetic and my anxiety. Yet it appeared to contain more figures than the national debt ; I thought it never would come. At last, however, it arrived. Heavens ! what a discovery I then made : it was the commencement of a new hebdomad ; it was a *dies non* ; it was, in short, Sunday ! I found it out by the title of my newspaper on the breakfast table. Watching for the fourteenth, I had overlooked the days of the week. I read the paper completely through, down to the printer's name, to revenge myself on my stupidity. The day, however, departed in the usual way ; the sun sunk, and, to my great satisfaction, rose again. Now, then, for my letter. "Letitia," said I (these girls get such fine names), "you may bring up my coffee ; and mind, I expect a letter this morning ; pray let me have it the moment it comes." The girl stared at first, and then I believe almost tittered. "There has been one already, sir."—"There has !" exclaimed I, in a rapture ; "never mind the coffee now ; put that down immediately, and bring me the letter." She indulged me with another stare, and treated herself with another internal titter. "Oh ! I refused it, sir," said she, with an air of discretion, and a smile that betrayed much satisfaction with herself, and surprise at my emotion. "Refused it ! furies ! when ? why ?"—"It came by the eight o'clock post, sir. I thought it was a valentine, and that of course *you* would not take it in." This was said with a significant glance at my figure, intimating, in very good English, that she considered me a fair subject for a quiz ; and that the epistle she had, with so much tenderness for me, rejected, was a dispatch not from Cupid, but from Momus. I was in a violent rage, but I smothered it in its birth. I felt an earthquake within me, but stood firm. It was not so much at the girl's good-humoured glance, and the commiseration with which she regarded me, as at the loss of my letter, and the situation I was in, in expecting an epistle of such importance upon such a day. I summoned my wits, and held a select vestry in my mind. The result was inevitable ; I was obliged to take in every letter that came, until the right one arrived. I communicated this determination to Letty, with instructions to deliver them to me without delay. "Certainly, sir," said she, "and if I had known that you take such things in, I would not have refused the one that came this morning—but I have seen rather handsome gentlemen send them back."

Determined not to be disconcerted by this incident, but to wait at home the whole day, I drew my chair almost into the fire, and invented a plan for laying out my grounds—when I got them ; and then I longed for the lease to arrive—or in other words, for the letter ! The post-hour came, and—*Heu mihi !* what an inundation of dispatches ! I forget how many—some at twopence, some at threepence—none paid ! The whole Post-Office establishment, backed by the Stationers' Company, had

conspired to prey upon me. Like the letters of the alphabet, which they exceeded in number, there were no two alike. Some were folded very mysteriously, and tortured into geometrical forms; others were not folded at all, but looked as if they had been doubled in the dark. The seals were no less multifarious, and were graced by every impression from a sixpence to a key. There was, however, a surprising unanimity in their contents; they all struck at me with some silly satire. But it was quite in vain. Nature had done so much for me, that my enemies could not by any possibility caricature me. I wished that these were indeed my portraits: instead of scorning them, I contemplated them with envy. All that I regretted was, that the real letter, the Ariel among these mischievous imps, did not appear. I waited till the next post; to my dismay, the dose was repeated—"the mixture as before." Here they were again, some directed at the right-hand corner, and others at the left—many bearing the insignia of a button, and more of a thimble. I opened them one by one; and Letty found or feigned something to do about the room, in order to catch a glance at their contents, and to see how I bore my misfortunes. Every one I came to increased my disappointment. I looked for "South Audley-street" at the top, and "sincerely your's" at the bottom, in vain. Letty observed the change of countenance that attended the opening of these seals. She felt for me—I saw it in her face. She is really a kind creature, for she never laughs out even when I look serious. When I opened the last, and beheld a coloured nose extending all across the page, with "turn over" written beneath it, tears of disappointment gushed into my eyes. Letty attributed my grief to the sight I had just witnessed; she ventured to speak. "I wish you hadn't taken them in, sir; it's a shame that they're all so! I did think you would have had *one* rose, or a true lover's knot; and I'm sure if I'd known, and had thought you wouldn't have been offended, I'd have sent you one myself—with some verses out of Tasso, made by a friend of mine, a governess, that knows French very well."

After thanking Letty for all her intended kindness, I desired her to let me have the result of the next delivery. It was to the same effect as the preceding—they were roseless, torchless, heartless and dartless. Above all, they brought with them no redeeming companion, no saving clause or accompaniment, that, like a delightful air, might make even nonsense endurable. They were a flock of ravens—but where was my promised dove! My mortification rose twenty per cent. I paced up and down my apartment, ruminating upon philosophy and the post-office—on ill-directed love and mis-directed letters. At length the final double-knock was heard—the last delivery had arrived. The sound came upon me like the tolling of a bell; it announced the death of my hopes. Another moment, and a step is heard on the stairs, hurried and agitated. The door is flung back, and a packet of letters placed on the table—with four pence out of a half-crown that had paid for them. The door is shut again, and the candles brought nearer to me;—the seals are broken—the paper rent asunder. My eye glances rapidly over them one after another; my hand drops them tremblingly upon the table—the last wafer gives way—I turn paler than the paper, and sink back in my chair exhausted. It was not among them.

In this state of stupor I continued for an hour or two, when I rose, and once more paced the apartment. I began to sing, but a servant tapping at the door to tell me that her mistress had heard a strange



noise, and desired to know if anything was the matter, induced me to abandon this mode of cultivating my miseries. On looking in the glass, I beheld my features for the first time with complacency and satisfaction. They seemed to be the true outward and visible sign of the tempest that raged within. I saw—I felt—that I was “like no brother.” I could not help entertaining a belief that the ties that bound others did not extend to me—and I resolved to terminate my wretchedness at once. How could I live with such a face as mine! how should I look in old age—solitary and frightful! And then—wondering how Chabert could be so foolish as to refuse prussic-acid—a thing that seemed to me the elixir—I rushed out in search of it.

Many were the shops I visited—but I was not so lucky as *Romeo*; our apothecaries are too well off. Some considered me a madman—others seemed to think me far too demoniac to stand in need of such remedies, and that I was only tempting them to perdition. All refused. At last I found a shop with a boy whistling behind the counter. I made a desperate effort to be agreeable, and pleaded some experiments in natural philosophy—but he denied me like the rest. I begged for a little laudanum for the tooth-ache; the earnestness of my manner, I suppose, alarmed him, and he recommended tincture of myrrh. I gave him a look that I have no doubt haunts him to this day. As I stood on the step hesitating which way to go, I recollected a chemist of whom I had sufficient knowledge to calculate upon his consent; with him in some way or other I should effect my purpose. His house was only a street or two off, and I accordingly hastened thither. We chatted together about coughs and the currency, the weather and the Duke of Wellington. But, in spite of every effort, I could not introduce my subject. I reflected upon the trouble into which he would be brought by my death—to bring a person whom I knew into collision with a coroner would be selfish and cruel. My heart failed me; and, after one or two fruitless efforts to accomplish my request, I had only fortitude enough to ask for an ounce of acidulated drops! He wrapped up my change in paper, and I was again left in the world without a hope.

I now began to revolve in my mind the various modes of dying which human genius has invented. Drowning I entertained a particular aversion to—besides, the water was so extremely cold. Pistols occurred to me—but then I am no sportsman, and could never make sure of my aim. My razors I recollected required setting; but the instant this objection crossed my mind, I turned my head and saw that I was passing a cutler’s shop. I went in and selected a new set. They were not polished, and I could not have them that night. They were to be sent to me the next morning—certainly not later than nine. I consented to live till that hour. I felt relieved, and more satisfied with myself; and in this state returned home. Here, the first thing that met my sight was the hideous pile of letters—a *Mont Blanc* of paper, under which all my hopes lay buried. I calculated what they had cost me—and seventeen and sixpence sank deep into my soul. I vowed revenge. A flush of triumph pervaded my mind as I contemplated the pleasure of burning them. This was succeeded by a profounder thought;—why not set fire to the house, and perish like *Sardanapalus*! A moment’s consideration, however, convinced me that I had no right to do this, as I was only a lodger. Musing on the letters, I reflected upon the happy, the enviable lot of a twopenny-postman. He knows not the sickness of

hope deferred ; he never experienced what it is to open an unpleasant letter, or to wait for an agreeable one that has never been written. He has no letters—no correspondents of his own ; he has only to take twopences, not to pay them. How superior seemed the fortune of the man who had delivered these dispatches (probably a good-looking person), to mine, who had received them ! The contents of them were nothing to him—he looked only at the direction. He dreamed not of the agitation which his knock produced ; he presented the letter with a firm hand—while mine trembled as it touched the seal. It might bring tidings of the loss of friends—or of money ; and welcome for him—twopence being the boundary of his sympathies, the alpha and omega of his imagination. His bag and mind empty, he had gone home (perhaps in the omnibus) to his wife, whose kind heart and careful fingers were counting the copper for him into shilling piles ! Whilst I—but I could not trust myself to look at the picture. I had no wife ! I seized the letters and thrust them separately into the flames, to protract my entertainment. At last I became impatient, and consigned two or three at a time to destruction. The funeral pyre flourished—the coals crackled—the blaze ascended. I sate and surveyed it with a smile strengthened by a substratum of malice and revenge. But presently, in the midst of my enjoyment, I perceived that though the flames subsided, a sort of smothered light remained. I turned an inquisitive glance up the chimney—it was on fire ! What was my consternation at that moment ! I felt my brain spin round. An unnatural glare was thrown on the walls of the apartment—I shuddered at my own shadow. In a few minutes the house was alarmed ; the servants burst into my room, and saw the rug and fender covered with the fragments of my letters. They then rushed up stairs, to the roof of the house, with water ; thither, half-distracted, I followed them. The night being cold, my great-coat was brought to me ; and, in my confusion, I thrust it first into a tub of water, and then down the chimney ! After a little time the fire was extinguished, the crowd soon dispersed, the engines reluctantly retreated, and the house was restored to tranquillity.

In this calm, however, I had no share ; the events of the night had only confirmed my resolution, and I anxiously looked forward to the hour of nine, when my purchase of the preceding evening would arrive. Soothed by this reflection, I retired to bed—and to broken slumbers. I beheld nothing but scarlet coats and leather bags—a legion of postmen ;—I was wandering in a hall lined with looking-glass, that reflected my own figure a thousand times over ;—I was committed for trial for placing my portrait in the Royal Academy, to the great injury of the nerves of several persons of distinction. When I awoke it was very near nine—only a few minutes remained for me. My eyes fell upon the glass, and I gave the last shudder of disgust at the unhappy features that had involved me in ruin. The delay of the cutler rendered me impatient. I wondered what the papers would say the next morning, and whether they would publish woodcuts. Unconsciously I took up the wet sheet before me, to read my final debate. Underneath it lay—mysterious providence !—a letter. To seize it, to break it open, to devour it, was the work of an instant : it realized my fondest, my wildest dream. It was dated on the thirteenth ; but on Sunday there were no letters, on Monday too many ; the delay was clearly explained—it had just been delivered. At the same moment, Letty entered the



room. "Your razors are come, sir."—"Very well," said I; "then let me have some hot water, for I must dress directly."

I hobbled like Vulcan to his Venus. She is a splendid creature, and writes poetry so intelligibly, that you would hardly know it from prose. She possesses great originality of taste; for she does not think me at all too ugly—for a German tale. It is a maxim of hers that mediocrity even in ugliness is despicable. We are to be married on the First of April—the title of her next romance. Letty, who has a notion of literature, goes with us into the country.—Reader, whosoever you are, let this be at once your affliction and your balm—that you are less happy and less ugly than I am.

B.

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THE EXISTING DISABILITIES OF THE JEWS IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

IN the year 1753 the ministry gave their sanction to a bill enabling all foreign Jews, settling in England, to obtain letters of naturalization; the previous obstruction having been the necessity of their receiving the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The bill passed; but the public feeling was against it; circumstances raised this feeling into open violence, the ministry shrunk from resisting the national impulse, and the bill was speedily repealed. Since that period no effective effort has been made to influence the legislature on the subject of the Jews. They remain exposed to formidable civil disabilities.—In the first place, the usage of the corporation of London withholds from Jews the freedom of the city, and thus prevents them from exercising retail trades within its limits. And this, though but a *local* injury, yet becomes of the highest importance, when we recollect the magnitude of London, its influence on the country, and its being the chief residence of the British Jews.

The great general impediment to the Jewish possession of the rights of citizenship in the British islands, is the oath of abjuration, which, in denying the supremacy of any foreign potentate over England, pledges the taker of the oath, "on the faith of a *Christian*!" The taking of this oath, and of the oath of allegiance, on the holy evangelists, alike renders it obnoxious to the Jew. The oath of abjuration, containing the allusion to "the faith of a Christian," of course cannot be taken by a conscientious Jew; and by this impediment he is precluded from sitting in parliament; his vote may be refused at elections; he cannot practise at the bar as either barrister, attorney, or notary; he cannot even act as school-master or constable. An annual Indemnity Bill may protect him against penalties, as it did the dissenters before the repeal of the Test Act; but in all instances, where the oath must be taken *before* the office is assumed, it obviously acts as a direct disqualification. Another, though minor, disqualification arises from the 13th and 14th of Charles II., requiring persons who teach in private houses to have a license from the bishop of the diocese. Protestant dissenters and papists were relieved from this statute by the 31st of George III. Jews are still liable to it; and cases might easily arise in which it would form an obstruction.

It is a striking circumstance, that the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, by 9th George IV., should have actually placed the Jew in a worse condition than he was before. Until the year 1828, he might, like other non-conformists, have been protected by the annual act of Indemnity, in all cases where the oath of abjuration was not to be taken until after the assumption of the office. But the declaration which was substituted for the

abjuration oath contains the phrase, "on the true faith of a Christian," and is, therefore, still incompatible with the feelings of the Jew. There is now no bill of Indemnity, and he remains under the weight from which the late statute has relieved all but the Jew. But, by inability to make this declaration, he is actually excluded from all corporate offices, and all places under government.

In addition, it is still a question, whether the Jews are, even now, within the privileges of the Toleration Act, (1 W. and M., c. 18). That act, which was for the protection (from heavy penalties for non-attendance on the church service) of all non-conformists, except papists, and "*such as denied the Trinity*," obviously excluded the Jew from its protection. It may seem that by the statute of 1813, repealing the clause which contained the words, "*such as denied the Trinity*," the Jew was taken within its boundary. But the point is by no means settled, and the Jew remains liable to the chance of vexation on the statute. The conception, however, that a natural-born English Jew *cannot* be a possessor of real property, is a vulgar error, the opinions of the ablest lawyers having long decided the question. In the present time Sugden, Butler, Preston, and Humphreys, have distinctly expressed their opinions in the affirmative.

We have followed in this statement Mr. F. H. Goldsmid's intelligent pamphlet, as the most unequivocal evidence of the objects which the English-born Jew proposes in his appeal to the legislature. The boon which he asks is twofold: 1st. The removal of any doubts existing, relative to the operation of the Toleration Act, and the statute of 1813; 2nd. A statute allowing the omission, by English-born Jews, of the words "upon the true faith of a Christian," in taking the abjuration oath or the Declaration. To this it might be advantageous to add the direction, that all oaths administered to the Jew should be administered on the Old Testament, as they at present are in courts of justice.

We can see nothing irrational in these demands, nothing hazardous to the constitution, and nothing offensive to the religion of England. For the Jew is not bound by his tenets to overthrow protestantism in any shape. He is not chained neck and heels to the footstool of a foreign potentate, who looks upon protestantism as revolt, and who looks upon the revolvers as punishable by the sword and the flame, should chance ever give him the power. The Jew is not bound to make proselytes, by the belief that the making of proselytes secures his own soul from the penalties of the future world; that it is the only way to save the soul of the heretic from final ruin; and that to secure both results it is justifiable to use the extremities of persecution; or, in other words, to "consume the body for the sake of the soul." On those grounds we separate the claims of the Jew, by the broadest line, from the claims of the papist. To toleration we are the most unhesitating friends—to toleration on the largest scale—a total avoidance of every restraint upon a man's communion with religious things—a sacred sufferance of perfect freedom in his mode of address to the common Father and Lord of All! We resisted the demands of the papist, not as requiring religious freedom, for religious freedom he possessed in the fullest extent; but as compromising the safety of the state, as admitting into the councils, by which the protestant religion of England was to be protected, an influence always directly hostile to protestantism, and which is at this hour anticipating the period when it shall maintain a deadly struggle with our religion and constitution in their very temple. "Tolerate all religions," says Locke,



in his famous essay on "Toleration," "tolerate all religions but Popery! for popery tolerates none!" We resisted its demands, for the additional and still higher reason, that, seeing it denounced, in the most solemn words of Holy Writ, as the grand corruption of Christianity, which was to be suffered for a while, only for the trial of the human heart, and was finally to be extinguished by the open and tremendous vengeance of Heaven; the attempt to raise it into the place of power and honour was a national pledge to its support, and a public scorn of the high denunciations which had forewarned us of its offence to Heaven, and of its determined fall. Those reasons are as strong with us as ever; they were founded on neither party nor passion; and they will survive both: our opinions were not formed on the fluctuating policy of man; and they are not to be shaken by the temporary triumph of men, from whose principles we shrink with still more instinctive disdain, as their success urges on the crisis of their country.

But we can discover no sufficient reason why the Jew, if a natural-born subject of Great Britain, should not possess every privilege attached to so fortunate a distinction. He already exercises one office, which is, perhaps, more important to society than any other that England contemplates; he sits on juries, and thus decides on life and fortune. We are not aware that he has exhibited any unfitness for this important trust; and the chief qualities which it demands are satisfactory evidences of his fitness for the other general trusts of the commonwealth. We unhesitatingly lay down the principle, that religious opinions are not justifiable obstructions to public employments or national privileges, except where out of those religious opinions political prejudices or hostilities grow. To such exceptions the papist is as obviously exposed as the Jew is not; and on this ground we say, that the exclusion of the Jew is not less an act of injustice to himself, than a wrong to the country which is deprived of the public services of a portion of its people. As to any fear that the public councils may be perverted by the overflow of Jews into the legislature, the idea is chimerical. The Jews are a small community; in general a very poor one; and in general a very secluded and unambitious one. They have no party stimulant to urge them to faction, and the strong probability is, that if half a dozen of them became Members of Parliament, it would be the full number, and that of those the attention would be much more turned to commercial than political details. The whole population of the Jews in England is estimated under 30,000. The religious maxim of the Jews is also directly adverse to public disturbance. "Seek ye the peace of the city where ye dwell, and pray for it, for in the peace thereof ye shall have peace!" The Jew looks upon himself as of too distinct, and perhaps of too superior a race, to make the struggles for popular rank in other nations of much interest to him; he retains a good deal of the original impression of the patriarchal age of sojourning and pilgrimage; and, looking, like his great forefather, to a glorious consummation in his original land, feels but few of the stings that rouse other men to force their way to eminence up the perilous path of human passions. The Jew has been often a victim to popular violence or to regal rapacity; but it is remarkable, that during the long period of their residence in the British empire, there has been no Jewish insurrection. Mr. Goldsmid asserts, that there has not been even a single instance of a Jew being,—“he does not say guilty, but even suspected, of any offence against the state.”

If the wealth of the Jews be a subject of alarm to those who naturally desire to see Christianity take the lead in a Christian Legislature, the answer is, that the Jews, as a body, are, perhaps, next to the gipsies, the poorest body in England. A few of their community are always men of great wealth. Yet even that wealth is liable to strange fluctuations, and there seems to be something in the nature of Jewish opulence that always and in all countries prohibits it from taking the shape of solid and publicly influential property. But if alarms still exist, the Jew is ready to offer the strongest declaration that British law can require, as his assurance against disturbing the Religion or Constitution of England. He is ready substantially to take all the Oaths demanded of Dissenters; his only objection being to the phrase, "on the faith of a Christian"—a clause which must be altogether inefficient as to any security in his instance, if he were to adopt it; but which his national belief prohibits him to adopt.

It is observable that the admission of the Jew to all political privileges has been established during the last twenty years in France and Holland; and is almost cœval with the rise of the United States. This is no argument for its establishment here, from the difference of our Legislature. But the conduct of the Jew under the possession of those privileges in foreign countries, is entitled to rank among the probabilities of his future conduct here. And it is found that the sober and unambitious habits of the Jew have undergone no change by this participation of power. No Jewish interest has displayed itself in any of the Legislatures of the States into which they have formally gained admission.

To the question, why the Jews have not exerted themselves at an earlier period, or why they do not now press their claims more forcibly upon the public, the answer is not altogether easy; probably they have seen the Legislature too much occupied with the Dissenters and Roman Catholics, to expect much attention; probably, with that indelible pride which marks the character of the Jew, they have been reluctant to mingle their claims with those of other modes of belief; probably their desire for popular privileges is considerably restrained by the notorious existence of a strong body of opinion among them, which deprecates all public privileges, as injurious to the purity of their religious tenets, and looks to no final establishment but in the land of their fathers. At all events their moderation in pursuit of privileges may be fairly assumed as an evidence of their future moderation in the use of them.

But to all objections on the ground of religious difference, the answer is direct and irresistible. Christianity forbids all persecution, and allows no attempt on the faith of men by personal injury. In the first place, because the spirit of Christianity is benevolence; and in the second, because all such attempts, where they succeed, produce only hypocrisy; as, where they fail, they produce injury and unhappiness. That the Jews have long been persecuted, is the scandal of Christendom. But it was not by Christianity that they were persecuted. Their blood was upon the hands of rapacity, of tyranny, of furious prejudice, of brutal ignorance—not of Christianity. The men who dragged the unfortunate Jew to the scaffold, or crushed his limbs on the rack, or looked on as they were burned to cinders on the pile, were the same who slew or racked, or burned the Albigenses, and the early Protestants of Germany and Flanders. Men to whom the Bible was a sealed book, and who were sent forth by Rome to lay waste the early Church, and who were the sworn



enemies of all creeds but their own idolatrous and sanguinary superstition. In all Protestant countries all actual cruelties to the Jew may be said to have ceased with the commencement of the Reformation; and the example of Protestantism has, for a century past, sheltered him from the old violences of Popery. Yet, in the Popish countries he is still an object of especial insult. His confinement in the Ghetto, at Rome, and his compulsory attendance at the periodical sermons of the monks, whose zeal is measured by the force of their animadversions on their unwilling hearers, is a relique of their slavery, and an evidence of the spirit that would lay waste its victims on the first burst of popular rage or priestly fanaticism. On the part of Christianity, we wholly disclaim all right or desire of forcing human consent by human evil. Christianity is common sense elevated by divine obedience. It knows the folly of persecution, and would, on that ground, disdain to use it. But it knows the crime, and what it would refuse, as an abuse of reason, it abjures and abhors as a direct breach of the first law of religion.

It will be fully admitted, that the habits of the Jew have seldom lessened the prejudices of society. His determined separation, his peculiar ceremonial, his exclusive tenets, and his unequivocal assumption of a religious superiority, which some consider as ignorance and some as insult, have sternly prohibited him from entering within the social pale. His occupations, generally connected with the lowest livelihood; his avidity of trade, down to the most repulsive sources of gain; that love of money which has characterised him in every age of Europe, and has seemed to supersede every love of the honours of literature, the arts, and all those manly and graceful pursuits in which a high heart or a vigorous mind naturally solicits distinction; have nearly flung him out of the reach of public feeling. But much of this character must be accounted for by the difficulties of his position.

The legal disabilities which still beset the Jew, in the principal countries of Europe, shut him out from the career of a more honourable ambition. Trade, in some shape or other, has been left to him as his only resource. In the early ages of England and the Continent, the tyranny of the government would have instantly extinguished all his property, had he ventured to place it in a less transferrable shape than commerce. The doors of the law and the legislature were closed against him. Almost the whole range of professional life was closed against him. Trade was his only resource, and unless he were content to perish in the streets, he must be the thing that we have made him. It has been idly asserted that usury is a part of his nature. Yet, in his own land, the Jew was the least guilty of this vice, among mankind. While usury was the common practice of all other nations, and the chief source of misery, ending in tumults and revolutions, it was unknown in Judea. Even to take interest of any kind of one of the community of Israel, was a solemn prohibition of their law. Among all the nations bordering on the Mediterranean, they were also the least commercial. They saw the wealth of the East borne by their doors,—yet they seem to have felt no wish to share a traffic which has enriched in succession the chief nations of Europe and Asia. They were in all their institutes and habits an agricultural people. And, with the change of circumstances, they would probably return to a change of habits so strongly urged by their law, by their natural desire to throw off the past imputation, and by the original fondness of all mankind for that life of health, cheerfulness, and

innocent indulgence, which is reserved alone for the “sitter under his own vine, and his own fig-tree.”

What public advantages may be derived from the admission of the Jew into the full rights of the Constitution must be decided by the future. But some good *must* result from turning into the various and nobler channels of the Commonwealth the powers which have been hitherto so rigorously and successfully exercised in the most unpopular one. That for a long period the chief pursuit of the Jew will be trade, and chiefly that branch of trade in which his foreign connexions and personal knowledge give him such peculiar advantages, we cannot doubt. But we can as little doubt, that by degrees the passion for mere accumulation will be superseded by the more generous enjoyments of wealth; that the Jew, feeling himself a citizen, will feel a growing gratification in contributing to the good and honour of his country; and that, among the rising generation, there will be found individuals not insensible to the noble stimulants of public and patriotic life. Genius is impartially distributed among the sons of men, and probably many a powerful mind may have been buried in the routine of the counting-house, or many a “fine spirit, finely touched,” may have wanted only the “occasions clear” for the spreading of a wing which was fettered and unplumed by the consciousness of exclusion. But let the results be what they may, the true question with us is one of Duty! To give the Jew every freedom from personal or public injury is the dictate of our Faith. We rejoice to see that the measure is about to be brought forward in a substantial shape in the Legislature. We can anticipate no rational objection to it in politics;—we unhesitatingly disavow all resistance to it on the ground of religion. In its success we shall congratulate the Jew on the acquisition of a just claim; we shall still more congratulate the Christian on the triumph of the unsullied principles of Christianity!

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#### THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.

HAIL! thou March of Intellect!  
 Dear to every vagrant sect;  
 Dear to all the New Light School—  
 Compound rich of knave and fool!  
 Dear to all “feelosophers”—  
 Asses of supremest ears!  
 Dear to every rambling scribe,  
 Roving Southward for his bribe!  
 Dear to all the race of Macs,  
 (With their fortunes on their backs)!  
 Dear to all the Irish O’s,  
 Bursting out their patriot prose!  
 Scot unbreeched, unshod Milesian,  
 Coming, like the old Ephesian,  
 By the dagger or the flame,  
 Seeking a short cut to fame.

Hail! thou March of Intellect!  
 Brougham will ne’er thy praise neglect,  
 While he lords it o’er the geese,  
 (Sage at sixpences a piece),



Who in learned committees dabble,  
 Stewing science for the rabble ;  
 Teaching coalheavers the art,  
 (Dear to Jack Macculloch's heart),  
 Worthy of such men of *weight*,  
 How to *carry* on the State ;  
 Pouring on the barber's soul  
 Light that spreads from *pole to pole* ;  
 Cutting from the tailor's mind  
*Pattern* morals for mankind ;  
 Where the brawny butcher dozes  
 In the hum of kindred noses,  
 Stirring in his stagnant blood  
 Passion for poetic food,  
 Till he slices bone and chine,  
 To the tale of Troy divine ;  
 Pouring on the nightman's eye  
*Secrets* of humanity ;  
 Whispering deep to travelling tinkers  
 (Souls confined too long in winkers)  
 Theories sublimely penned,  
 All the nation's *flaws* to mend.

Hail ! thou March of Intellect !  
 In thy summer-badges deckt,  
 May Apostates, out and in,  
 Ropes of sand eternal spin !  
 May the scoundrels be *rewarded*,  
 Still unpensioned, still unlorded !  
 May eternal itch of place  
 Sink them deeper in disgrace ;  
 Cheat them more, the more they stoop ;  
 To the lowest dupes, the dupe ;  
 Hourly more a laughing-stock ;  
 Blockheads of the thickest block ;  
 Dragging up the self-same stone ;  
 Calling not their souls their own ;  
 Gulping down their hourly bile ;  
 Living on a great man's smile ;  
 Writhing on the tenter-hooks ;  
 Agonized by hints and looks ;  
 Still the tantalizing prize  
 Ever dancing in their eyes,  
 Forcing them to bear the chain,  
 Though it wring them heart and brain ;  
 Though the beggar in his lair  
 Well might shrink their feast to share ;  
 Though the liver of their life  
 Well might pray the speedy knife ;  
 Still, condemned the pang to feel,  
 Rolling round the fiery wheel ;  
 Stretching forth the eager grasp,  
 Still the cheating prize to clasp ;  
 Gnawed in soul by hourly care,  
 Denied the mercy of despair !—  
 Till, when Scorn has done its worst,  
 The wretches see the bubble burst,  
 To poison or the pistol fly,  
 And vindicate the earth and sky !

## THE PROGRESS OF PHYSICAL DISCOVERY.—PART II.

(Concluded from page 28.)

IN 1818, chemistry was enriched by two entirely new substances, brought to light by two Swedish chemists. The former was found by Arfvedson, in a stone called petallite: it is both metallic and alkaline—that is, its oxyde is a fixed alkali, and it has received the name of *lithion*. The latter was discovered by the celebrated Berzelius, in a manufactory of sulphuric acid at Falun; it is both metallic and acidifiable, of a grey colour, yielding a red powder by trituration, and more analogous to sulphur than any other mineral. It bears the name of *selenium*, and has hitherto been perceived in so extremely small quantities, that it seems natural to believe that further researches may probably deprive it of its rank as an elementary substance. Vauquelin's examination of Prussian blue in this year is highly memorable, having led, among other results, to the discovery of an acid, called cyanic acid. The experiments of MM. Chevillot and Edouard upon that singular combination of oxyde of manganese and potash—called, from its facility in assuming different colours, mineral cameleon—led them to conclude that the intervention of oxygen in the formation of cameleon tends to oxydise the manganese, and convert it into a real acid; so that cameleon is a manganesiate of potash; red cameleon being a manganesiate perfectly neuter, and green a manganesiate with an excess of alkali. Another acid was detected also, in this year, called *pyromucic*, by M. Hontou-Labillardiere, in the saline matter produced by the sublimation of the mucic acid yielded by sugar of milk, and which appears to have been confounded by Tromsdorf with succinic acid. Fertile as this period had already been in acids, there was yet another ascertained by M. Chevreul, in the continuation of his researches into soap and fat, which was distinguished by the name of the *delphinic*.

The science of meteorology, from the irregularity of the atmospheric phenomena, especially in our climate, is yet very far distant from the rank of a positive science. Every additional observation, however, increases its importance; and we are especially indebted to that indefatigable and enlightened naturalist, the Baron Humboldt, for his remarks made this year in the torrid zone, in whose climate the atmospheric phenomena are the most simple and regular. Baron Humboldt directed his attention to the connexion between the declination of the sun and the commencement of the rains in the north part of the torrid zone. As soon as the sun approaches within one league of the tropic, the breezes from the north are replaced by calms, or winds from the S.E.; the transparency of the air diminishes; the unequal refraction of its settings makes the stars shine at 20 degrees below the horizon; the vapours gather together in clouds, and thunder is frequently heard. These phenomena he explains by the inequality which exists between this part of the torrid zone and the adjoining temperate zone. When the sun is to the south of the equator, it is the winter of the northern hemisphere; and the air of the temperate zone is as different as possible from that of the torrid. It flows constantly into the former in a fresh breeze, which carries the hot and damp air into the height of the atmosphere, whence it returns, re-establishing the equilibrium, and bringing with it moisture: the average heat also is less by five or six degrees in the time of drought than in the time of rain; but the south-east winds do not act like those of the north, because they come from a hemisphere abounding more



with water, and over which the current of superior air does not disperse itself in the same manner as in the northern hemisphere.

There are few names more celebrated in chemistry than that of Berzelius, Secretary of the Academy of Stockholm, whose work on the Theory of Chemical Proportions, and the Chemical Influence of Electricity, was the first that fixed our ideas on those two fundamental points—the relative disposition of the elementary particles of bodies when arrived at a settled combination, and the impulsive force which conducts them to that state, or which obliges them to change it and re-unite themselves in new combinations, either among themselves or with particles of other kinds. The theory of Berzelius supposes the existence of homogeneous substances, formed of atoms or particles of matter, not, indeed, absolutely indivisible, but upon which no mechanical power can effect any further division; and when the chemical forces are equally powerless, the atom is then, as Berzelius calls it, simple. In the inorganic kingdom, the first order of composition results only from the union of atoms of two kinds; in the organic kingdom, on the contrary, there are always at least three. The atoms composed of the first order unite in their turn into atoms of the second, and those again into atoms of the third and fourth; but the tendency of atoms to unite diminishes in proportion as their composition augments. For them to act, indeed, beyond a certain degree of composition, circumstances are required over which man has no controul; and although nature may annually have formed, and perhaps continues to form in the bowels of the earth minerals of a very complicated composition, though chemically homogenous, art is able to produce nothing similar in the rapid operations of chemical laboratories. Berzelius, in tracing the causes which assemble or disperse atoms, has greatly modified the doctrine of Lavoisier, which attributed all combustion to a combination of oxygen with bodies, and the heat produced to the disengagement of the latent caloric which kept the oxygen in a gaseous state before its combination. He showed that other causes of a higher and more general nature were to be looked for, and it is by means of the chemical action of electricity, in the discovery of which he himself had no inconsiderable share, that he recognized these causes. They consist in the electro-chemical affinities of bodies; oxygen, acids, &c. being of the negative character, and hydrogen, alkalis, and salifiable bases, being what are called electro-positive. Thus the combination, or mutual neutralization of chemical agents would be a direct effect of the two kinds of electricity; and heat and combustion produced by combination would be of the same nature as when caused by lightning or an electric shock, and a stronger affinity would be only a greater intensity of polarization. Berzelius's new Nomenclature, and his new System of Classification of Minerals, which first became known to Europe, by translation, in 1819, may be ranked with his System of Proportions, as some of the most valuable additions to physical science made in our time.

MM. Gay-Lussac and Welther, in 1819, discovered an acid, formed by the union of sulphur and oxygen, intermediate, between sulphuric and sulphurous acid. It was named *hypo-sulphuric*, and its salts, *hypo-sulphates*. Thenard succeeded in his endeavours to oxygenize water, so far as to saturate it entirely, by making it absorb 616 times its bulk of oxygen gas. Several animal matters, besides metals, possess the power of thus acting upon water, which makes these researches important not

only to chemistry, but to physiology, on account of their analogy with the mysterious phenomena of the animal secretions. Two new vegetable alkalis, called *strychnine* and *brucine*, were, in this year, recognized by Pelletier and Caventon; a third, by Boullai, in the poppy of the Levant; and a fourth, by Vauquelin, in the *Daphne-mezereum*, which, together with morphine, of which we have spoken, form an important acquisition to chemistry. They are composed of oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon, and are a striking instance of the opposite means by which nature arrives at similar effects. Potash soda, and other mineral salifiable bases, are metallic oxides; ammoniac is a combination of hydrogen and nitrogen; and here are salifiable bases composed of merely hydrogen, carbon, and oxygen, elements which enter into various other kinds of vegetables which have no connection with alkalis.

In 1820, our countryman, Mr. Porrett, in his *Researches upon Prussian Blue*, and its Combinations, discovered that the salt, known as triple prussiate of potash, was composed of potash and a peculiar acid which combines the elements of prussic acid and oxide of iron. M. Roubiquet subsequently found that this acid contains no oxygen, and that the iron is consequently in it in a metallic state; he considered it as made of hydrocyanic acid and cyanure of iron, and that its union with peroxyde of iron is Prussian blue. In this year also, MM. Pelletier and Caventon made a discovery of the highest importance in the class of vegetable alkalis already mentioned, viz., the febrifuge principle of quinquina, which is found in the colouring matter of the quinquina, united to an acid which renders it soluble. It had, indeed, been perceived before by Gomés, a Portuguese chemist, yet he was entirely ignorant of its alkaline nature. This principle exists in the grey quinquina, and is called *cinchonine*; the yellow quinquina contains a principle slightly different, now in such familiar use under the name of *quinine*; and the red quinquina contains both principles in a considerable proportion. If the Jesuits have immortalized their order, as it is said, by the importation into Europe of Peruvian bark, these French chemists have reaped no less honour by bringing to light, substances, whose application to medicinal purposes has since become so valuable and extensive.

In analyzing various plants of the colchican species, Pelletier and Caventon, in this year, detected another alkaline substance, which they named *veratrine*, making the list of vegetable alkalis now contain seven, of which, four years ago, not one was known.

The researches of M. Chevreul on animal bodies produced an elaborate report in 1821. We have before alluded to his *stearine* and *elaine* principles, of the combination of which he considers organic bodies to be the result, when united to each other, as an acid to an alkali, or a comburant to a combustible. If his observations should draw attention to that chemical law, by which an energetic substance becomes able, by a kind of force, to effect the formation of opposite substances with which it unites, much light may thereby be thrown on the physiology of living bodies in this respect.

The works of Crawford and Lavoisier had caused the physiologists to revive the opinions held in the seventeenth century by Mayow and Willis, which attributed animal heat generally to the fixation of the oxygen absorbed during respiration, or, in other words, to the combustion which takes place in this act. M. Dulong, in 1822, by the aid of the calor-



meter for water, invented by Count Rumford, made repeated experiments, which, though they did not succeed in shewing what does produce animal heat, proved that it must be referred to some other cause than the fixation of oxygen. The clearing away of false notions in physics, as in all other things, is necessarily a preparatory step to the ascertainment of truth.

Dr. Liebig, in 1823, occupied himself with those combinations of silver or mercury with alcohol or nitric acid, which are known to fulminate so powerfully. This young German chemist precipitated the fulminating principle in the form of a white powder, which is one of the most complicated compositions that have yet been found, presenting a metallic substance, with the ordinary elements of animal matter, viz., oxygen, hydrogen, and azote. Professor Doeberimer of Jena, in this year also, made a curious discovery of the property of Platina, when passed through a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen, to effect the combination of these two gases, and to produce a heat by which it becomes itself red-hot. M. Chevreul, continuing his researches into the theory of saporification, discovered two principal acids in butter, the *butiric* and *capric*; one in the fat of the dolphin, named *phocenic*; and another in the fat of mutton, called *hircic*. M. Payen also found, in the bulbs of the Dahlia, a new substance, called Dahline, analogous in some respects to starch and gelatine, and which is converted, by sulphuric acid, into incrySTALLIZABLE sugar.

Mr. Dalton, during the last seventeen years, had been making experiments on the mountains in the north of England, to determine the quantity of dew contained in water in a spring situated in an elevated place, and the degree of temperature of this water. In 1824 he ascertained the following results:—that the quantity and density of vapour diminish as you rise; that, whenever there is a thick fog, the temperature of the atmosphere, and the degree to which dew is produced, are the same; that, when a mountain is enveloped in clouds, we find, in rising, very little variation between the atmospheric temperature and the point where the dew begins to form; and that the atmospheric temperature generally sinks one degree of Fahrenheit to 240 feet of perpendicular elevation when the heat of the day has reached its maximum; and under the same circumstances, that where the dew is formed, diminishes by one degree to every 390 feet. As the dew-point and the atmospheric temperature approach each other as we ascend, we arrive at a certain height where they are the same; and hence it happens, that the highest regions of the atmosphere are often cloudy, and that the moss on the top of high mountains is generally damp.

It had been some time known that the nature of bodies may be changed by dilatation, but not until this year that compression has the same effect. M. Legmuth verified this proposition by experiments on sulphur, which, by compression, became grey, and detached itself by small parcels, the separation of each of which occasioned a detonation like that of the electric spark. The fact of the penetrability of glass by water was this year ascertained, by sinking two hermetically sealed bottles 1200 feet in the sea, which, on being drawn up, were found to be filled with water by the powerful pressure of the surrounding liquid.

M. Savart having made a series of experiments on the vibrations of solid bodies, brought to light the following results of high importance with reference to the theory of molecular attraction:—Wherever an in-

strument gives a sound, it is the seat of molecular motion. In every case of vibration the molecules move in a straight line; and however the system of bodies may be disposed, all the molecules move in right lines parallel to each other, and to the right line by which the bow is conducted, which leads us to consider such a system as forming but a single body, since the molecules all move in the same manner. But when we reflect that each of these molecules is, in fact, a world of itself, and subjected to laws as peculiar to itself as those which are assigned to the several planets in their spheres, we cannot but be struck with the manner in which the whole system of nature is, as it were, concentrated into one point, and reflected in the properties of every one of its most minute elementary particles.

In 1825 a new acid was detected by M. Braconnot, which pervades generally the vegetable kingdom, particularly bulbous roots, fruits, and grains. It is called *pectic*, and has the property of turning into jelly a large mass of sugared water, though used in a very small portion. Another vegetable alkali was found by Brandes in narcotic plants, and an acid called *pariglini*, in Sarsaparilla, by Palletta of Naples. In this and the preceding year, Sir Humphrey Davy made a most useful application of his observations on electricity, by his method of preserving the copper sheathing of ships from corrosion by the introduction of small pieces of zinc or iron, whereby the copper is changed from a positive to a negative state of electricity. M. Arago, in his experiments on the thermometer, found, that in no time or place will a thermometer, raised two or three metres above the sun, and sheltered from reverberation, reach the 37th degree of Reaumur, (115° of Fahrenheit); that at open sea, at no time or place, will the temperature of the air exceed 24° of Reaumur, (86° Fahr.); that the highest degree of cold observed on our globe, with a thermometer suspended in the air, is 40° Reaumur, (56° below zero, Fahr.); and that salt water, at whatever latitude or season, never takes a higher temperature than 24° Reaumur, (86° Fahr.)

M. Freycinet's observations on the pendulum, reported to the French academy on his return from his voyage round the globe in 1826, present the following result:—That the general flattening of the globe is sensibly greater than that which had been deduced from the measures of the meridian, or the theory of the moon—(a remark which has since been confirmed by Captain Sabine);—that there is no reason to suppose that the northern and southern hemispheres have different degrees of flattening; and that, in some parts of the globe, as in the Isle of France, local circumstances produce considerable irregularities in the oscillations of the pendulum. A new acid was in this year discovered by that persevering chemist, Mr. Faraday, called *sulfo-naphtalic*, from its being obtained by the mixture of naphtaline, disembarassed of naphta by sublimation, with three or four times its weight of cold sulphuric acid. A mineral substance, that had been some years ago found in the salt-works of Espartines, near Madrid, by a Spanish manufacturer, named Rodas, was now ascertained by M. Casaseca to consist of sulphate of soda, with a very small portion of sub-carbonate of soda, and was assigned the name of *thenardite*. The substance called *brôme* was now first detected in sea water by M. Balard. It is liquid under the ordinary temperature of the atmosphere; its colour in mass is from a red brown to a red hyacinth; and that of its vapour is very like the colour of nitrous acid. It is very volatile, and its odour is strong, and much resembles that of



chlorine, to which its properties are, indeed, in other respects, similar. Several new vegetable substances were perceived about this time—one by Mr. Osborne of Dublin, in the *saponarius officinalis*; and four by Baup, viz. *abietic acid* in the resin of the *pinus abies*; *pinic acid* from the *pinus maritima*; an extract from the *Arbol a brea*; and *élémine* from the *Amyris elemifera*. We should not omit also M. Bizio's discovery of *melaine* in the ink of the cuttle fish; a substance, black, light, without taste or smell, heavier than water, and not affected by the air.

Hansteen's experiments on the intensity of magnetism in different parts of the earth, are very numerous and interesting. His magnetic lines determine the intensity for each given place; the line 750" passing a quarter of a degree south of Paris; 775" intersecting Amsterdam; and 820" Edinburgh. The magnetic law varies gradually between the equator and the pole, being at 45° as 1.2, and at 86° as 1.7. M. Savarig's researches on electro magnetism are important, though it would be impossible to give here any notion of their extent. But one of the most striking facts ascertained this year, was, though simple, that of an English lady, Mrs. Sommerville, who effectually proved the magnetic powers of the violet ray of light, by drawing the ray upon only one extremity of the needle, the rest of it being concealed with a screen, when the extremity submitted to the action of the ray constantly became a north pole, and the other consequently a south one. The blue ray has a slight power of producing this phænomenon, but the red and orange rays, singularly enough, have none whatever.

We cannot here forbear from noticing, though they are rather physiological than physical, the very interesting investigations of Dr. Milne Edwards, an English physician, residing at Paris, on the elementary organization of living bodies. It appears from his "*Recherches Microscopiques*," published in this year, that the simple organic constituent parts of plants and animals, (which, as far as they are capable of analysis by us, are globules of the diameter of one eight-thousandth part of an inch,) are capable when dissociated of independent life; that the death of an organized complicated being does not destroy the capability of life in its organic constituent parts, but that the decomposition of the entire being gives life to these parts when separated. The constituent globules can, it seems, only be deprived of life by being decomposed into their ultimate chemical principles, viz. carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and azote; for, so long as organization remains, there is a capacity for life. If any thing was ever calculated to excite wonder and surprise, it is this discovery. That our bones and muscles—our fibres, hair, and nails—and in short, the solid matter of all animal and vegetable bodies contain the elements of life for myriads of individual beings ready to spring into action at the dissolution of the greater fabric in which they are merged, is one of the most remarkable truths that physiological science has yet brought to light. Well may each of us now exclaim, in the words of the poet, though in a more literal sense:—

Non omnis moriar; multaque pars mei  
Vitatit Libitinam!

The experiments of MM. De La Rive and Marcet, in 1827, upon the specific heat of the gases, ascertained—that under an equal pressure, and with equal and constant volumes, all gases have the same specific heat; that all other circumstances remaining the same, the

specific heat diminishes with the pressure, and equally as to all the gases, following a progression slightly convergent, and in a proportion much less than that of the pressure—and that each gas has a different conducting power, that is, that all gases have not the same power of communicating heat. Mr. Perkins's cylinder for the compression of water, as applied to his steam-gun, is too well known to require description here; and Mr. Oersted's researches on the relative compressibility of different fluids at high temperatures have established the following rules on that subject, viz.: 1st. That the compression of water is proportionate to the compressing forces, that produced by an atmosphere being nearly 45 millionths of the volume; 2nd. That relatively to the temperature of water compressed as far as 48 atmospheres, no heat is disengaged by this compression; 3rd. That the compressibility of mercury seldom exceeds a millionth of its volume for each atmosphere; 4th. That that of sulphuric ether is about three times that of alcohol, twice that of sulphuret of carbon, and only once and one-third that of water; 5th. That the compressibility of water containing salts, alkalis, or acids, is less than that of pure water; and 6th. That the compressibility of glass is excessively small and very inferior to that of mercury. Berzelius, in this year, directed his attention to the component principles of indigo, among which he recognized four perfectly *sui generis*, viz. a peculiar substance of a glutinous nature; a brown substance, neither acid nor alkaline, having a great affinity for acids; a red substance, which, with alcohol, gives a beautiful red dye; and the blue of indigo, a matter without taste or smell, and having neither acid or alkaline properties. Liebig also produced from indigo, by the action of nitric acid, a yellow bitter substance, which he judged to be an acid, and gave it the name of *carbazotic*. Brôme, which we have mentioned, has a strong analogy to chlorine and iodine, and it is not, therefore, surprising that M. Serullas should now have ascertained, that it forms similar combinations, and produces hydrobromic æther, or *cyanure of brôme*, in the same way as cyanure of iodine is formed. It was this year first announced by Mr. Walker, that for the excitement of electricity by contact there must always be three bodies of a differently exciting power, and that all phenomena are subject to this condition. As, for instance, if two portions of the same metal are put in contact, and electricity is produced, it arises from there being three different states of temperature put into action, and one of which is the result of the two others. What particularly supports this idea is, that the electric currents are always the more apparent, as a third more sensible state of temperature is produced.

The spirit of inquiry had not, in any degree, relaxed in 1828, nor is there any semblance of its stagnation in the present year. We learn from Schouw's Observations on the Winds the most perfect information hitherto ascertained with regard to their direction in the northern parts of Europe. It is a general rule, that the west winds are more frequent than the east; but the west winds become rarer as they approach the centre of the continent, being more frequent in England, Holland, and France, than in Denmark or Germany; and more so again in the latter countries than in Sweden and Russia. At London the east are to the west winds as 1 to 1.7; at Amsterdam as 1 to 1.6; at Copenhagen as 1 to 1.5; at Stockholm as 1, to 1.4; and at St. Petersburg as 1 to 1.3. In the western and central parts of the north of Europe, the west winds are more frequent in the summer than in the spring or winter, which is



not the case in Sweden and Russia; and in the winter the west winds are more southern, whilst they are more direct, or more to the north, during the summer.

The celebrated Chladni, whose recent loss will be deplored, not only in Germany, but by all who feel the importance of the study of the supreme law of nature by the analogy of its different elements, shewed, many years since, that the vibrations of sounds put into motion grains of sand, united on a glass plate, in such a manner, that when the tones are pure the grains unite in regular forms, and when they are discordant, the grains trace upon the glass figures without symmetry. His latest discovery, previous to his death, was that of the manner of the propagation of sound, by means of applying the theory of liquid waves to that of aërial ones. When a sonorous bar of metal or glass is plunged into a liquid surface, four currents are observed round this bar, two of which are in the direction of the vibratory movement, and the others perpendicular to the direction of the former. Two currents are excentric or flying, and two concentric or returning, and between them is formed an oval movement; and from these phænomena we may imagine what passes in the waves of the air, and explain the interruption of sound in certain directions where the waves take a transverse course, viz. when they pass from the centrifugal to the centripetal movement. Nothing is so highly satisfactory as this analogy when shewn to exist in different elements,—an analogy which it has been the especial merit of the Germans, and of none more than Chladni, to inculcate as one of the fundamental principles to be borne in mind in the study of nature.

Schabler's examination of the temperature of vegetables has ascertained the singular fact, that trees have always, at sun-rise, a higher temperature than the surrounding air; whilst in the afternoon, when the air is become hotter, their temperature is less. This is the case not only in summer, but also in the midst of winter, and even when the thermometer is constantly below zero. Vegetables always keep up a moderate temperature, which is best explained by their being bad conductors of heat, and which, their being fixed in the ground, tends to keep in a uniform state.

M. Robiquet had discovered, in liquorice root, a crystalline matter to which he had given the name of *agedoite*, and Vauquelin had found, in the juice of asparagus, a substance which he called *asparagine*. It was now ascertained by M. Plisson, that these two are, in all respects, identical substances, and not other, or different. Berzelius's examination of tannin, of gelatine and albumen, of copal, and gum lac, or liquorice sugar and amber, are equally valuable with the former researches of this distinguished chemist. In addition to the chromic acid of an orange colour, already brought to light by Vauquelin, M. Kœchlin now detected another acid in chromium of a green colour, imparting to acid salts a greenish violet, and to neuter salts a green hue. The influence of electricity, on the emission of odour, was perceived by M. Libri, who found, that when a current of electricity crosses an odoriferous substance, its scent becomes weaker and weaker, and at last entirely disappears; and many substances, as camphor, for example, do not resume their qualities of scent for a considerable time afterwards. M. Prevost has lately advanced the theory, that whiteness is only a relative sensation, depending upon the predominating light. Two lights, that of the day, and of a candle, when seen separately, appear white; when brought

together, the one appears blue, and the other yellow. And the same object lighted by either, or both at once, remains white. The light of a candle, so bright when it dissipates darkness, appears yellow at mid-day; and, although moon-light gives to the night the sensation of whiteness, yet, if we project upon a white body, a shade occasioned by the interruption of the light of a candle which illumines the other parts of it, the part only lighted by the rays of the moon appears of a greenish blue—facts which, *primâ facie*, confirm M. Prevost's doctrine, though we are not aware whether it is yet generally received. A German chemist, M. Osaun, has obtained also much celebrity by his preparation of three phosphorescent substances, viz. phosphorus of antimony—of realgar, and of arsenic, which powerfully absorb light. He has likewise ascertained, that cold favours the absorption of light, as heat favours the dispersion of it. Boiling water, it seems, destroys phosphorescence, and phosphoric bodies, left in darkness after their preparation, are not luminous, whilst they shine for a considerable time if exposed to the light of the sun.

We are here compelled to stop in our very abridged notice of a few among the many discoveries recently made in physics, which, if they were detailed at length in the whole, "the world itself would scarcely contain the books that might be written." The progress in the other branches of natural history has been equally rapid; in fact, in these sciences the advance of one furnishes a safe index to that of the rest, and it is more on that account that we have selected the physical branch, than by reason of any peculiar pre-eminence it has attained over others. Its pre-eminence, indeed, is that of its present over its former condition—of its state at the end of the last century, compared to what it was a century before; and, at the present moment, in comparison with what it was not thirty years since. If the last twenty years of the eighteenth century were the æra of glory to Lavoisier and his distinguished school, the succeeding years have produced a race of giants, whose knowledge and power over nature have been absolutely unexampled. The vulgar are now familiar with what, thirty years ago, were mysteries to the learned; and we cannot but be as clearly convinced of the vast distance between the chemistry of the revolution and of the present day, as we were whilst the illustrious Davy yet lived, that a greater than Lavoisier was here.

Besides the prodigious increase of periodical and other works, throughout Europe, upon natural philosophy, we hail the institution of the society of Naturalists and Philosophers, which meets annually in one of the principal towns in Germany, as an important sign of the times. The divided state of Germany makes such meetings particularly useful there, on account of the want of a capital as the centre of communication; but we find, from the Reports of the Assemblies, held at Berlin in September 1828, and at Heidelberg in September 1829, that they were attended by delegates, not only from all parts of Germany, but from Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, Russia, Poland, England, France, and the Netherlands, amounting, on each occasion, to about 500. The institution is consequently become European; and it may easily be conceived how particularly advantageous must be the union of scientific men in an annual congress, which enables them to communicate personally, and adds so much to their zeal in the common cause during the ensuing year.



A benefit of another kind, too, may probably be reaped by the naturalists of the western states of Europe, in their intercourse with those of Germany. We mean, a more elevated and comprehensive method of studying nature in general. Something is evidently wanted, both in France, and in this country, to prevent the experimental system from degenerating into materialism—to fortify physical investigators against a degrading scepticism, which has already fastened itself upon too many of them. This scepticism has arisen from considering things exclusively under one point of view, viz., that of variety, or of their difference from each other, and losing sight of the universal harmony of all material existences with the human soul, and with each other; of the one idea which pervades all nature, reflecting itself constantly through every part of it; in a word, of the unity of the world. A perfect comprehension of this unity is indeed far from being attainable by man; but every advance in science brings us nearer to it, inasmuch as it enables us to compare each newly acquired fact with those already known, and to consider it in relation with the rest of the members of nature.

This philosophy, however, the Baron Cuvier, and other great naturalists, will say, is nothing but the speculation of a poetical imagination, and if intelligible at all, cannot possibly assist in the discovery of truth, and is therefore vain. If truth is only found out by experience, how can we be assured of the existence of what is called the principle of unity? The very essence of inductive philosophy is its rejection of all dogmas assumed *à priori*; and is not, it will be urged, this doctrine of harmony as much an *à priori* assumption as any that is contained in the Aristotelian System? "Let us," they say, "stand fast in the liberty wherewith Bacon has made us free, lest we be again entangled in Aristotelian bondage."

The fallacy, however, of this reasoning, consists in taking for granted, that because our knowledge with respect to matter can only be founded on the induction of particular facts by the aid of our senses, so neither can any thing belonging to our internal consciousness be admitted to exist unless evidence of the same kind can be produced for it. Now, without intending to inveigle our readers into a metaphysical disquisition, we cannot imagine how any one can deny the reality of the ideas in his own mind, without at the same time doubting his own personal existence. There is no man, who conceives of matter at all, who does not conceive of it under the idea either of unity or of variety; that is, every man regards it either as a connected whole, or as unconnected substances. The materialists, not having in their minds the idea of unity or infinity, are possessed by the opposite idea, that of heterogeneousness or variety; and hence arises their incapability of conceiving in another and nobler manner, and their disbelief of the existence of a certain immaterial principle, though they are themselves under the influence of a principle of an opposite tendency, but still equally immaterial.

We recommend those who are continually citing Lord Bacon as the pilot by whose guidance all new discoveries are to be attained, to consider well his explanation of that universal science, which he styles, *Philosophia Prima*,—the highway from whence the other roads part and divide themselves, as the branches of a tree from their common stem. "It is," he says, "a receptacle for all such profitable observations and axioms as fall not within the compass of any of the special parts of

philosophy or sciences, but are more common, and of a higher stage ;” and he instances as examples, the Persian magic, which consisted in the reduction of the principles of nature, to the rules and policy of governments,—and the resemblance of the quavering of a stop in music, to the playing of light upon the water. The *Philosophia Prima* of Bacon seems, in fact, almost as comprehensive as the Natural Philosophy of Schelling. It is the parent of all knowledge ; and, so far from being confounded with metaphysics, Lord Bacon took extraordinary pains to distinguish it from the latter, and to place metaphysics as a branch of natural science. Physics, then, are situated at a middle distance between natural history, which classifies and arranges things, and metaphysics, which, in Bacon’s phraseology, describes their *fixed and constant*, as opposed to their *variable and respective*, causes. To attempt to assign to each of these its respective importance is not our present business, we are only desirous to state our conviction, that a just conception of the harmony of nature must necessarily be founded upon metaphysics as well as the natural and physical sciences, and that each branch is only valuable in so far as it tends to such a conception. To seize every opportunity of impressing this truth upon physical investigators, seems tenfold more important now than in the days of Bacon, when he declared, “that natural history, physics, and metaphysics, were like the three acclamations, ‘Sancte, sancte, sancte’—holy in the description of God’s works—*holy in the connection of them, and holy in the union of them in a perpetual and uniform law.*”

Those who gainsay the influence of imagination upon the success of physical investigations, forget, that it is no part of the experimental method to conceive any thing farther than experience has already demonstrated. The principle of gravitation would never have been known to Newton had not his consciousness first imagined its possibility, which excited him to prove, by experiment, its truth or falsehood. It is not, therefore, solely to induction that we are indebted for this or any other discovery. Former experience, indeed, forms the basis upon which the imagination rears itself, which, in its turn, requires experience to render it a substantial fabric ; but experience alone is as wholly incapable of generating any thing new as an organized body, whose life has fled, is of propagating its kind.

The operation of the imagination, then, is mysterious ; but is not life also a great mystery ? Will the vital principle ever be disclosed to us by chemistry, or the soul be detected by analyzation ? If we feel within us the uniformity of the law of creation—the harmony of nature with our own minds—the analogy of forms, of sounds, and colours—the relation that a noble poem bears to a fine picture or statue—the connection between sadness and clouds—between rage and the stormy sea—between joy and the sunbeam ;—if we perceive the resemblance of the history of a nation to that of man—of the course of a river to the course of human life—of the succession of the seasons of the year to the succession of our own infancy and manhood, our decline and decay ;—if, in short, we have any notion of that kind of likeness which schoolboys call a simile, we should think it absurd to require experimental proof of the resemblance, when we have a far more convincing evidence of it in the depth of our own sentiments.

If we are asked, what are the qualities which peculiarly fit a man for



the study of nature? we say, 1st. enthusiasm of imagination; and 2nd. patience and caution in investigation. That large stores of knowledge may be possessed by those who have the latter quality only, is undeniable, but it is the union of the two that mark the possessor of the *Philosophia Prima*. We need only refer to the Baron Humboldt, whose enlightened sentiments are only equalled by the immense mass of his experimental observations on nature—to Schelling, whose name will long live in the annals of physics as well as metaphysics, and whose system of natural philosophy demands so much attention in the state of the present age; and, as a more familiar example, to the late Sir Humphry Davy, whose researches were uniformly conducted in that enthusiastic tone and temper, and that ardent love of nature, the influence of which will, we trust, be widely extended.

If this spirit were more generally diffused among men of science, there seems little wanting, but that we should tend continually more and more to the perfection of the knowledge of nature. The zeal for inquiry is absolutely amazing; and if the experimentalists should become convinced that it is necessary that the whole of their moral being—their sentiment as well as their understanding—should be employed in this inquiry, we think we see the time approaching when the world will be peopled by a race worthy of being styled philosophers indeed, before whom the wisdom of even the present generation shall appear as foolishness. The human mind moves forward with a velocity continually increasing, as it were, in geometrical progression; and we should be extremely rash in forming our judgment of the extent of knowledge at the end of another century from the progress that has been made during that which is past. If we pride ourselves that our generation is wiser than our forefathers, let us not pretend to assign limits to the superiority which our posterity may attain over ourselves; let us console ourselves for our ignorance of what is still withheld from us, by the hope, that the veil will be one day removed by our successors; and let us pray for the advent of that glorious period when all mankind shall possess that intellectual greatness, that sublime capacity of thought, through which, (in the words of an eloquent transatlantic writer,) “the soul, smitten with the love of the true and the beautiful, essays to comprehend the universe, soars into the heavens, penetrates the earth, penetrates itself, questions the past, anticipates the future, traces out the general and all-comprehending laws of Nature, binds together by innumerable affinities and relations, all the objects of its knowledge, and not satisfied with what exists, and with what is finite, frames to itself ideal excellence, loveliness, and grandeur!”

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## THE CORSICAN BANDIT.

I HAD passed the mountain which separates the smiling valley of Ornano from that of Bastilica. Throwing the bridle upon the neck of my little, ugly, headstrong, fiery, Corsican nag, I trusted myself entirely to him for safe conduct as we descended a rapid slope together, and crossed the thickets of a forest as yet unprofaned by the woodman's axe. The beauty of the sylvan scenery—the balmy breeze, murmuring gently, as if fearful of disturbing the serenity of nature—afforded me some relief from the tattle of my talkative guide, whose tongue had rung a perpetual 'larum-peal since the commencement of my excursion. A shapeless garment, that it would have been a misnomer to have called an upper-benjamin—a fusil, slung across his shoulders by a broad uncouth belt—and the national cap, resembling a village-steeple, completed the equipment of the last-mentioned personage, who ambled on in front of me, occasionally slackening his pace, and enlivening me, according to the laudable custom of his tribe, with interesting episodes of robbery, rape, assassination, and other bagatelles. I began to feel fatigued with his incessant prattle; when, on a sudden, he made a dead stop, seized his long brass-mounted fusil, and alighted in a twinkling. With his nose in the wind, and his sunken grey eye peering suspiciously around, he examined every bush and brake with the scrutiny of one accustomed to such rural adventures as for a good hour had been his theme. A slight rustling was heard amongst the foliage. "By the Virgin," said my guide, "that must be a robber, or a wild boar:—here goes!"—and his hand was already on the trigger, when a frantic laugh proceeded from the midst of the thicket. "Cecca!"\* cried he, "I had well nigh mistaken a Christian for a wild beast; and, by Our Lady, no great mistake this time!" A glance at the object which now issued from the thicket enabled me to comprehend his meaning. A female, or rather a half-naked human body, darted forwards, a rude goat-skin mantle scarcely sufficing for the purposes of decency, or protecting from the winds of heaven a form that had once perhaps been lovely. Her tattered scanty garment but ill-concealed her limbs, torn by the brambles, and emaciated by suffering. Her long, black, and matted hair descending to her waist, veiled a bosom that might once have glowed with feeling, with pity, or with impassioned fondness;—once, perhaps, fair as Pygmalion's sculptured marble, and far less cold. The summer's parching ray, the winter's blast, had wasted her bloom: the rose of health had drooped with her fond hopes, and withered with her broken heart. There was in her gait a step so hurried, so reckless!—a smile so joyless dwelt upon her lip, as if to mock the vacant expression of her dull, fixed eye!—and yet at times that dull eye beamed with a faint and feverish ray of consciousness—a spark of renovated mind, "false as the dream of the sleeper," and transient as the sick man's hectic flush!

The maniac approached with heedless step, and with one of those hideous yells of laughter whose mockery of mirth is more saddening than the wildest extravagance of sorrow. Stopping in front of us, and separating her hair on each side of her forehead—"Have you seen Pietro?" said she at length, gazing on me with "lack-lustre eyes," and with a painful effort to draw upon her scanty stores of memory. The

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\* An abbreviation of Maria-Antonia-Francesca.



light of pleasure for a moment brightened her countenance, and its fitful flash resembled a glimmering of reason. "Have you seen him?" repeated she more slowly, and with less vivacity than before:—and her eye again assumed its unmeaning, cheerless expression, benighted of intelligence, and bereft of hope.

Poor wanderer! I could understand thee! I had for a season known that sickness of the heart—that loneliness of suffering, which finds no echo in the sympathy of the hacknied, selfish crowd. Coarse, rustic hinds gazed upon thy agonies as on a holiday spectacle, or taunted thee with their witless jests. Thou hadst undergone the tender mercies of human kind—the inflictions of the experimental philanthropist, who wins back reason to her throne with the sovereign panacea of the prison and the scourge. But I could pity thy woes, for I had felt them: and could the accents of kindness now speak thee comfort, I would bear with thy frantic ravings;—I would soothe thee in thy milder hours of tranquil sorrow;—and "weep with thee tear for tear!"

My rude companion approached her, and tapping her on the shoulder,—"Ebbè, Cecca, non l'hai mica truvatu?"\* said he, with insolent and boorish familiarity. Maniac as she was, the ill-timed raillery stung her to the quick: her lip quivered—her eye kindled. "No, che no l'haggio truvatu,"† replied she, gnashing her teeth with wild execration, and in an attitude of menace which forced my guide, though armed, to recoil several paces. But her ideas instantly taking another direction, she paused. "Aggia pazienza," said she, "so io, so bè duve lu truvero:"‡ and, with another convulsive laugh, she fled, swift as the chamois of her native hills, and was lost among the thickets.

During the rapid apparition of Cecca, astonishment and pity had rooted me to the spot. My eyes, fixed on the path by which she had disappeared, still followed her trance; but the volubility of my guide soon roused me from my emotion.—"You would see her once more?" said he, with an inquiring look; and without waiting for my answer, he led back the horses which had been grazing on the luxuriant herbage. As we resumed our route, my guide acquainted me with the poor creature's story.

Cecca was the daughter of a rich farmer, who lived in one of the most elevated of the little villages forming the canton of Bastilica. The tough old forester, who was an equal adept in the chase of the chamois and of the marauding poacher, felt his bosom swell with conscious importance as he boasted that his household could furnish, at a pinch, at least twelve good men at arms. His daughter was the prettiest maiden in all the canton; and as she attended her devotions each Sunday, adorned with her coral necklace, and the kerchief which vied in whiteness with the bosom whose charms it concealed, the old man's heart warmed with a father's fondness, and a tear of pride glistened in his eye as the glance of many a village youth told how he envied him his darling treasure. Cecca was his only child: her winning graces, her playful caresses, enlivened his drooping age, and softened his regret that he had been denied a son, to whom he might one day bequeath his antique chesnut-trees, his hereditary animosities, and his double-barrelled gun.—"The

\* "Well, Cecca, have you not found him?"—[u for o in the Corsican dialect.]

† "No, I have not found him."—[l'haggio for l'ho.]

‡ "Have patience; I know where to find him."

flower of the village lads," said my guide, with a significant look that informed me himself was included in the list—"the comeliest and the bravest in the canton aspired to Cecca's hand, notwithstanding some five or six envenomed feuds which were to be espoused with the bride, and which formed part of her marriage portion. But, spite of their courage and their address at the carbine, Cecca had neither eyes nor ears for any of them. Her heart had long been devoted to Pietro, a rich proprietor, who lived in the village just below her own, but between whose family and hers a mortal hatred had for some time existed—the father of Pietro having been killed by Cecca's. In despite of the vengeful recollections which, in Corsica, are cherished with religious animosity ;—in despite of the blood-stained shirt suspended over Pietro's bed, as a memento of the still more bloody deed ;—in despite even of the ball which had killed his father, and which the son had vowed to wear as an amulet upon his heart till vengeance should be satisfied ;—in despite of all, Pietro had been ensnared in the silken bondage of love. Perhaps a refinement of Italian vengeance, still more than Cecca's dark Italian eye, had inspired him with the idea of entangling the affections of the child of his bitterest foe. Perhaps, too, the very contrast between his hatred for the father, and his impetuous passion for the daughter, added fuel to the flame. Be it as it may, he loved and was beloved. For many years, the two families, actuated by a spirit of mutual hostility that defied all hope of reconciliation, had closed against each other the entrance of their respective villages ; and more than one brace of whizzing bullets had been exchanged between the vedettes of the contending parties. But Cecca was a woman, and fertile in expedients : she was acquainted with the shortest by-roads to the place of rendezvous, and Pietro could have found his way thither blind-fold. Each night the lover glided unperceived along the narrow pathway of the village to visit his beloved, and the tell-tale guitar paid the homage of many an amorous lay to the shrine of his divinity. Love is a feeble reasoner : the path that Cecca trod was strewn with roses—so soft, so sweet, she scarce could feel the thorns. To love was an easy task :—to obtain her father's consent, more difficult than to level the mountain with the valley. Even had he consented, Pietro had sworn that steel should never cross his beard till life had been paid for life ;—and Pietro was of a race that, from sire to son, had never violated an oath of blood. More than once poor Cecca had shuddered at the violence of his imprecations against her father. More than once, her gentle caresses had interposed "between the lion and his wrath :"—but Pietro might grapple with his enemy in the forest—and Cecca might not be there to soothe him with her caresses !

Cecca's apprehensions were but too well founded. Her father, informed by some jealous rival of the lovers' nightly meetings, watched Pietro in his path, insulted him with bitter taunts, and swore that, should he again be found within the precincts of the village, a bullet should effectually relieve him from his love-sick pains. Pietro's blood boiled with indignation. He forgot Cecca ; he thought of his father's sad fate.—"Poor lad !" observed my guide, "his hand was unlucky—but he had his blow." Swift as the thought of vengeance that inflamed his soul, he discharged his carbine at the father of his mistress : filial affection turned aside the well-intended aim, and the old man, though within a few paces of his assailant, escaped with a slight wound. Pietro made for the forest, and from that moment commenced the wandering exist-



ence of a Corsican bandit—that miserable career generally terminated by the gen-d'arme's fusil, and, during its brief span, affording so many displays of energy and heroism worthy of a nobler cause.

Then commenced for Cecca a new existence. Confined to the narrow limits of the village by the suspicions of her father and the threats of her relations, she felt that her heart was steeled by persecution; and the very sufferings she endured for Pietro rendered him still dearer to her affections. Closely watched during the day, each night she quitted her sleepless couch to bear some message of peace and love to one that for her had sacrificed all. With feverish anxiety her eye watched the moment of his coming, and, if he came not, her scalding tears moistened the pittance of food which the fond girl had hoarded for the outlaw's subsistence. Cecca alone was acquainted with the impenetrable asylum where her lover had found a refuge. The thunder might roll over her head; the rain might drench her with its rushing torrents; the loftiest pines rent by the storm might impede her passage;—still would she climb the rugged path that led to Pietro's retreat among the mountains. She scarcely knew if the night was bitter—if the blast was loud. Poor Cecca! Whilst my guide told his artless tale in tremulous accents, that betrayed the emotions even of his rude nature, methought I could see her still lovely—her features still glowing with the angelic expression—the sublime of beauty which generous self-devotion lends. Methought I saw her sweeping along the valley with the swiftness of the blast that bowed her gentle head, or toiling up the steep whose flinty paths lacerated her delicate feet. Fancy conjured up her once gracious form, nightly cheering the sad repair of crime with one hour of peace—sharing her lover's hard, damp couch—his cold, exhausted frame pressed to hers—his icy forehead pillowed on her bosom—his aching heart soothed by the voice of her he loved! Oh! can the tame and vulgar spirits that love with cold precision—that measure out affection with the rule and square of formal, selfish, and sordid propriety—can the beings with hearts narrow as their vile systems, and hollow as their hopes—the traffickers in love, that bargain with their dull god even on his altar—can such conceive aught of the adoration, the world of tenderness, that filled the souls of two fond outcasts, isolated from their species by their affection and their guilt; forced to conceal their unhallowed flame among the ruder tenants of the forest, or in the solitude of the mountain; meeting with scorn the world's scorn; impassioned without hope, and devoted even in shame!

A sudden halt made by my guide roused me from my meditations. We had arrived at a sort of rocky platform commanding a view of the whole valley. At the extremity was a cavern, defended by a natural rampart—a mixture of rock and bramble. At the entrance, I observed two wooden crosses. There, as my guide informed me, was I to find Cecca. There she reigned and revelled in the wild riot of “a mind o'erthrown:”—on that spot her light of reason had been quenched for ever. With emotion amounting almost to terror, I approached:—she was not there. A couch of withered fern; a mishapen cross, rudely carved in the wall; and a few faded flowers, were all that the cavern contained. On the walls I could still observe the blackened marks of balls. In mournful silence we seated ourselves on the fern: at length, I requested the guide to continue his tale.

The lovers' mystery was soon discovered. Reproaches were spared,

they would have served but to awaken their precautions ; and, like the tame animal employed by the hunter to ensnare his fellow, Cecca was destined to discover Pietro's retreat. The following night she was allowed to escape as usual, and closely followed.—At this part of the narrative, my guide, rising abruptly, and with his Italian vivacity,—“There,” said he, “on that very spot where you are now seated, Cecca too was seated with Pietro by her side.” The full moon illuminated the valley and the entrance of the cavern, the interior of which was wrapped in profound obscurity.

It was one of those lovely summer nights whose refreshing breeze purifies the air so sweetly after the heaviness of a sultry day. No sound was heard save the distant murmur of the torrent, and the rustling of the wind amongst the foliage of the pines. Cecca, exhausted with fatigue, slept with her head reclined on the shoulder of Pietro, who, fearful of disturbing the slumbers of his beloved, scarcely allowed himself to breathe. Presently a slight noise was heard, which an inhabitant of the valley might have mistaken for that occasioned by the flight of some night-bird, or by the rapid pace of the chamois : but the bandit's practised ear was not to be deceived. In an instant Pietro was on his feet, and the suddenness of the movement awakened Cecca. “Hark !” said he. The noise had ceased. Pietro seized his carbine, and advanced towards the entrance of the cavern, the path leading to which was solitary as before : all was calm. The pale countenance of Cecca reposed on the shoulder of her lover ;—“I can see nothing,” said she.”—“There they are !” repeated he. “By Saint Antonio, 'tis something more substantial than the breeze that agitates the foliage yonder !” At the same instant, a flash lighted up the spot to which he pointed, and Pietro fell to the ground. Quickly recovering himself, but too feeble to stand upright, he raised himself on his knees.

Concealed by a projecting fragment of rock, he gave his well-furnished pouch to Cecca, who, placing himself behind him, by turns loaded each of his two fusils, which she immediately afterwards presented to him. Heedless of danger, the generous girl thought but of her lover, whom she beheld pale and bleeding, leaning against the rock, and at every instant becoming more faint. The unequal struggle rapidly drew near its close. A ball grazed the cheek of Cecca, and fractured Pietro's right arm. His eye inflamed with the expression of hatred and desperate courage, he extended to Cecca his fusil, charged with his last remaining cartridge. “Fire !” said he, pointing with his finger to an advancing enemy,—“fire, like a true Corsican's wife ; but first take good aim.” The aim was but too well levelled ;—the enemy of Cecca's lover fell weltering in his blood. Making a last effort,—“I am revenged !” cried Pietro with a savage yell ;—“Cecca, 'tis your father !” The wretched Cecca heard no more. Heaven, in pity to her sufferings, deprived her of the gift of reason. Since that fatal moment the maniac has wandered through the forest, half-naked, and impatient of the slightest constraint. Forced occasionally, by the cravings of hunger, to make her appearance in the village, she begs a morsel of bread, which is never refused ; and afterwards, guided by a sort of vague instinct, returns to her miserable cavern, where she passes her nights. A faint hope of finding her Pietro urges her sometimes to wander on the high roads ; but, as my guide observed, “'tis more a habit than an idea !”



Poor houseless maniac ! thou hast indeed drank of affliction's cup. Thy fair promise has been blighted. Thy morn of life has vanished. Thy home, thy friends, thy lover, all are lost. Thou hast passed the gradations of worldly benevolence ; but thou couldst not taste their bitterness : Providence in its mercy has deadened thy heart to the stings of close-handed charity, cold neglect, or the still more galling pity that, looking down from its proud and prosperous elevation, insults the misery for which it feigns to feel !

We descended slowly towards the valley. I was silent, and my guide was less talkative than usual. We saw her no more ; but ever and anon the breeze, which now sprang up, wafted to our ears the distant sound of one of those lengthened Corsican airs—those sad mountain-melodies, whose last notes, like the plaintive strains of an echo, are repeated from the hills. I recognized a love-ditty, which I had often heard in the course of my excursions, and which perhaps had been sung by Pietro :

“ Specchiu delle zitelle della pieve,

“ Più biancu de lu brucciu e de la neve,” &c.\*

——It was the poor maniac !

#### CARTHAGINIAN COMICALITIES :

BY ONE OF THE PUN-IC SCHOOL.

Punning is a talent which no man affects to despise, but he who is without it.—SWIFT.

#### NO. I.—TIM TIPPLE, THE TOPER.

TIM TIPPLE was a drunken wight,

In fact, a downright sot,

Whose friends with grief saw every night

Tim going fast to *pot*.

Yet still he kept his *spirits up*,

By pouring *spirits down* ;

And, when'er he went out to *sup*,

He *supped* his cares to drown.

Tim drinking loved of every sort,

No matter where he went ;

For *sailors'* healths he drank in *port*,

And *soldiers'* pledged in *tent*.

Of *lisbon* he would *swallow* much,

Like Lisbon's famed *earthquake* ;

And *hollands* drank with all the *Dutch*,—

With *sextons*, grave would take.

Old *hock* he loved—nay, if 'twas new,

He could it not *decline* ;

And yet 'tis said, that of the two,

He'd choose the *elder wine*.

With *millers* he'd toss *sack* each day,—

With *gardeners*, *shrub* at lunch ;

And oft he'd drink old *car'away*

With *showmen* over *punch*.

In *Wales*, of *mountain* he'd his fill—

With *parsons* drank pure *rum* ;

With *coachmen*, lots of *cape* would swill—

With *silent women*, *mum* !

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\* Mirror of young maidens of the parish,  
Whiter than snow and the brochio. [A sort of cheese.]

Of *porter*, Tim could carry much,  
Though not as *porters* stout ;  
But *ale* he seldom dared to touch,  
It *ailed* with the gout.

Yet Tim was called a bragging elf,  
And lied beyond belief ;  
For oft-times he would *pique* himself  
On drinking *Teneriffe*.

As happy as the king was Tim,  
Nor feared his royal frown,  
And boasted he would not give him,  
*Six shillings* for his crown.

But yet Tim was a loyal chap,  
And he, to shun all harms,  
Would always take his nightly nap,  
Fast locked in the *King's Arms*.

And that the king oft thought of him,  
By many folks 'twas said ;  
For every day this loyal Tim  
Would run in the *King's Head*.

Though fat as any prize-show pig,  
'Tim's mind on wedlock ran ;  
But, ah ! the girls thought him *too big*  
To be a *single man*.

And Tim, who never in his life  
Through courtship liked to wade,  
Wished a *maid ready* for a wife,  
But no wife *ready made*.

Poor Tim was taken ill at last,  
No hopes could physic give :  
Said he, " Alas ! my *die* is cast,  
And long I cannot *live*."

The doctors came, and looked full wise,  
Which proved Tim's ills no jest ;  
His pipe of port within him lies,  
Turned water in the *chest*.

He, therefore, ere the ills he bore  
Too much his health had sapped,  
Or Death *tapped* at his chamber-door,  
Must have his body *tapped*.

" Ah, no !" quoth Tim, " I'll ne'er agree  
To be the *butt* and scoff  
Of fools, and have a *cock* in me,  
To draw the liquor off.

" Besides, when I've a vessel tapped,  
In one short week at most,  
To fly away the *spirit's* apt,  
Or else give up the ghost !"

As nought could Tim's resolve subdue,  
'Gainst tapping in the side,  
He *day by day* more *weakly* grew,  
And in a *fortnight* died.

No pompous funeral he had—  
No friend to shed a tear ;  
Six *tapsters* were his *mourners* sad,  
Six *porters* bore his *bier* !



## SIERRA LEONE, AND THE SLAVE TRADE.

THE history of the settlement of Sierra Leone presents a stronger instance of the fatal consequences of zeal, untempered by discretion, than we recollect to have seen recorded in the annals of any country, ancient or modern.

Experience has shewn that colonization is, under the most favourable circumstances, a very difficult task; and that to conduct and establish the first adventurers in a manner conducive to their future welfare, and consistent with the dictates of prudence and humanity, requires a rare unity of purpose and foresight in the projectors, and of local and general knowledge, combined with firmness and decision, in the immediate conductors,—together with such individual disinterestedness in all—as is seldom to be found in any body of men whatsoever.

In the instance before us there seems to have been a total want of all the qualifications enumerated, although their presence to unite and control the first motley and heterogeneous collection of emigrants was required in an eminent degree. Blind zeal seems, even as early as 1787, to have been considered all-sufficient in the first instance, and incipient personal interests, and a greater talent for humbug, seem to have been the only additional qualifications brought forward by the second conductors in 1791.

The subsequent progress of the colony exhibits such a mass of deceptive juggling, and of ambitious scheming for individual profit under the guise of philanthropy, supported at the same time by such industrious plausibility, that the eyes of the public, and, we may also add, of his late majesty's government, seem to have been completely blinded to the true condition of the settlement, and real views of the leading parties; and if any individual, whose local knowledge and acquaintance with the actual state of affairs enabled him to detect and expose the current of misrepresentation, attempted to draw aside the veil,—evil intentions were imputed to him, his veracity and motives were impugned, and his single voice was drowned in the clamour immediately raised by a designing band of pretended philanthropists, and their well meaning, but ignorant, supporters.

Its progress since 1807, when the British government were unfortunately induced to take it off the hands of the Sierra Leone Company in order to combine and render its management subservient to the premature, ill-digested, and, consequently, abortive attempts, to put a stop to the foreign slave trade,—has been attended by such an extravagant waste of public money, and constant destruction of human life, without the slightest benefit either to this country or to the cause of humanity, that the mind seeks in vain for any rational grounds upon which to rest a justification of the past, or an excuse for keeping future possession of this great charnel-field, the climate of which has proved equally fatal to the brave and scientific European, and to the savage or semi-barbarous native of Africa!

We shall endeavour to give a brief sketch of the rise, progress, and present condition of this worse than useless settlement, stating such facts as have come to our knowledge regarding the loss of life, and treasure expended upon it; premising that we shall consider ourselves at liberty to revert to the subject whenever further documents are made public, and that, when we have occasion to notice the conduct of individuals, it

will only be in reference to their actions, considered in a public capacity; leaving our readers to form their own judgment of the accuracy of our conclusions.

The first idea of attempting to introduce civilization amongst the savage tribes of Africa, by the establishment of a colony for that purpose on their own coast, seems to have originated with Mr. Granville Sharp.

Mr. Smeathman, a gentleman who had lived for some time at the foot of the Sierra Leone mountains, had also, but perhaps for purposes of a more practicable nature, entertained the idea of establishing a colony there; and the discussions which, about that time, took place before Lord Mansfield, on the subject of slaves who had come to England, gave an impulse to public opinion, which, with other circumstances, increased the number of liberated Africans until they had become a nuisance in the streets of London. Their patron, Mr. Sharp, in conjunction with Mr. Smeathman, collected above four hundred of them, and, with the aid and assistance of government, they were shipped off, with about forty Europeans,—most of them kidnapped prostitutes,—to Sierra Leone, in February, 1787, under convoy of a sloop of war.

Had Mr. Smeathman lived to conduct these unfortunate “civilizers of Africa” to their destination, his practical experience and knowledge of the country might have been of some service to them; but, unfortunately, he died in England before the sailing of the expedition, which therefore proceeded under charge of the *philanthropists*; and such was the incapacity or misfortune of its conductors, that, before the end of the first rainy season after their arrival in the country, scarcely one hundred and twenty out of four hundred and forty-one remained alive, and in one body! This number was still further diminished, by famine, disease, discontent, and desertion, to about forty; “they plundered and attacked one another, and sold all the stores that were left with them;”\* and the whole were almost entirely annihilated in 1789, by the hostile attack of one of the neighbouring tribes, whose enmity they had, perhaps justly, incurred.

Hitherto, therefore, the result of the scheme was a frightful sacrifice of human life and loss of property; but, instead of having made any progress towards conciliating or civilizing the natives, they seem to have roused their jealousy and provoked their resentment.

About this period, principally through the zealous exertions of Mr. Sharp, the Sierra Leone Company was formed, for the avowed purpose of extending to Africa the blessings of “religious instruction, civilization, and liberty.” The members subscribed liberally for this laudible purpose, and a charter was in due time obtained. Had their affairs been conducted with that sound judgment, attentive discrimination, and unity of purpose, which the association of so many respectable names, in a scheme of philanthropy, would seem to have warranted, the disgraceful close of the company’s affairs, which took place in 1807, might have been avoided; but, unhappily, in every scheme of this kind, individual members are generally too much engrossed by their own affairs to pay that attention which the strict discharge of their directorial duty would seem to demand, and, in consequence, the management and details too often fall into the hands of a few individuals, through whose eyes their asso-

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\* Parliamentary History, vol. 29, p. 651.



ciates are content to see, and who are the more disposed to abuse the trust reposed in them, and to pursue their own individual interests, knowing that the censure which may attach to the company's actions must fall upon the members only in their collective capacity.

The company having nominated its directors at home, and its governor and council abroad, availed itself of the discontent created by the non-fulfilment of promises, alleged to have been made to the liberated negroes who had served in the British army during the American war, to invite them from the uncongenial climate of Nova Scotia to a country said to be more suitable to their habits and constitutions. Lands, houses, and every assistance was to be provided for them.

Above eleven hundred of these prematurely liberated slaves sailed for Sierra Leone in the year 1792, under Lieutenant Clarkson, but on their arrival they found that they had been deceived as to the state of the colony—that no proper provision had been made for their reception; they accused the Philanthropists of having most shamefully violated their promises;\* they could scarcely be persuaded or compelled to make any exertion for their own support; and, instead of assisting in the civilization of others, soon became very unruly subjects themselves!

It might reasonably have been expected, that under proper management, these people would have proved an invaluable acquisition to the colony; many of them were intimately acquainted with every species of tropical agriculture, and disposed to make a good use of their knowledge. But if it be true, that “the Governor and Council were selected rather from their views of religion than from any knowledge of colonization and government, and *when they ought to have been engaged in the discussion of parish boundaries, and the allotment of lands, they were thinking only of the conversion of souls,*” we need not be surprised at the total failure of all the great expectations of advantage to Africa by this accession of “*free labourers.*” Certain it is, however, that the disposition to be industrious, which they are acknowledged to have possessed on their first arrival, seems to have been quickly destroyed; and even the survivors, now reduced to four or five hundred, are still characterized in the last report of the commissioners,† as being in effect the least industrious class in the colony.

The next body of any consequence, in point of numbers, that joined these “civilizers of Africa,” consisted of 550 maroons in the year 1800. The history of the surrender and deportation of these unfortunate people, from their native mountains in Jamaica to the severe climate of Nova Scotia, would seem to indicate that government still owes them reparation for the bad faith with which the terms of their capitulation in Jamaica was observed. They seem to be the only race whose numbers have not been permanently diminished by the pestilential climate of Sierra Leone; for, although there was a falling off while under the *tender mercies* of the Philanthropists, they have since recovered under the British Government, and in 1826 they amounted to 636 souls. They have always shown a disinclination to agricultural pursuits; but, nevertheless, in point of intelligence and industry, they seem to have taken the lead of the other settlers.

The Sierra Leone Company having got quit of their original capital of

\* Vide Commissioners' Report—Parliamentary Papers, 1817—312—p. 10.

† No. 312, in the Parliamentary Papers of 1827.

£250,000, and an additional sum of £100,000, besides about £109,000 from government, had, in 1807, become bankrupt in resources ; and we pause to consider whether up to the date of their dissolution, they had really accomplished even one of the "philanthropic" objects, which was the ostensible end of their labours, or done any one thing beneficial to Africa. True it is, that with a rapid diminution of their funds, every succeeding year produced very plausible accounts of the "flourishing state of the colony," the "great progress" made in "the establishment of schools," and "propagation of the gospel in Africa;" the "rapid improvement" in the condition of all classes in the colony, and the beneficial effect of all this upon the neighbouring country. The testimony of Governor Ludlam (whose letters, when unfavourable, seem to have been systematically suppressed),\* Mr. Grant, member of the council of Sierra Leone, Dr. Thorpe, its chief justice, and various others, may be adduced in proof that these reports were most shamefully deceptive ;—these persons, as well as others, give very different accounts of the matter.

Governor Ludlam, in his celebrated letter to Mr. Macauley, of the 14th April, expressly shews the inutility of the Company's schemes ; and Mr. Grant, in a pamphlet published three years after the dissolution of the Company, says, "Their agents in the colony and their servants of every description, appear to have been almost uniformly selected from a class of men whose want of education was not compensated by liberal sentiments ; and whose ignorance of the foundations of civil government and morality, was ill supplied by an austere tincture of sectarian piety. Instead, then, of courting the affections of the different chiefs by whom they were surrounded, they managed to foment their suspicions, to abuse their prejudices, to profit of their simplicity. It does not seem to have occurred to them that their own ruin or expulsion might be the ultimate penalty of this invidious and narrow policy. Uninstructed in human nature, they conceived their first duty to be the religious conversion of their neighbours ; and to deride and insult their speculative notions, the surest means of effecting that conversion. It can, then, be no matter of surprise, that they soon found themselves besieged with the *hatred* and *suspensions* of the petty chiefs of their neighbourhood ; or that they should not at this day (1810) have availed themselves of any connection with the more powerful and enlightened potentates of the interior, to explore the country or add to our general information by discoveries in that quarter of Africa."† And in regard to the progress of industry in the colony itself, he states, "in the course of twenty years passed under the Company's Government, and two more since the transfer, the settlers at this hour depend on imported produce for the whole of their subsistence. A small quantity of inferior coffee, and a few common vegetable roots, constitute the whole sum of its agricultural and manufactured produce.

"*Sierra Leone is behind* (and in a proportion that is not justified by the comparative lateness of its existence) *every other establishment on the whole coast of Africa*!!‡

These assertions are amply confirmed by Dr. Thorpe, who, even at a

\* *Vide* Thoughts on the Abolition of the Slave Trade, by the late Jos. Marryat, Esq., M.P. 1816.

† Recent Transactions in Sierra Leone, p. 52.

‡ *Ibid.* pp. 62, 63.



later period (viz. 1814), states, that "Sierra Leone itself produces nothing exportable but a few bags of coffee for Governor Maxwell, and a few bags of cotton for Mr. Kenneth Macauley, *from the appropriations of the unrewarded labour of the captured slaves*," any other articles exported not being the produce of the colony, but brought from the neighbourhood; and these statements are more than fully confirmed by the more recent investigation of the British Commissioners. At home the Directors seem up to the last hour to have kept their seats, and to have continued to swallow the ready-made reports fabricated for their information; and it was not until they discovered that the whole funds received from subscribers, and from government, were exhausted, that they found it necessary to retire, which they were enabled to do with the less difficulty, as their confidential managers had already arranged for the transfer of the whole concern into the hands of government, and were ready to start a fresh scheme of philanthropy upon a similar footing, but under a different firm! A number of the subscribers, chagrined, no doubt, at this unexpected termination of their hopes, wished to institute an inquiry into the manner in which their funds had been squandered, and how the affairs of the colony had, from the beginning, been conducted; but this did not suit the views of the managing agents, they were outvoted, and the company ceased to exist.

Let it not be supposed, however, that under the conveniently assumed garb of philanthropy, the managing agents of the old company, or of the new association, were guided solely by the enthusiastic views of the original contributors. Subsequent exposures clearly evince designs of a more ambitious and less philanthropical nature; and, to their defeat may be traced the rancorous enmity which the disappointed projectors still bear towards our colonies in the West Indies!

In proof of the existence of these designs, the following is an extract from the report of a court of inquiry held by Governor Thomson:—"After considering the evidence produced before this court, we have no hesitation in declaring, that there appears to this court to have existed a plan, digested, concocted, premeditated, organized, for procuring the abolition of the general slave trade of Africa and the West Indies, and for *establishing on its ruins a monopoly in favour of this colony*, and of such other settlements upon the coast of Africa, as the persons concerned did expect should be committed to their management; but *with intent to promote the cultivation of tropical productions by slaves in Africa, in opposition to the cultivation by slaves carried on in the West Indian colonies*, with the advantage of having the raw material, the slave, at their doors, and of having thrown all competitors out of the market. We have marked the unravelling of the plot *in the purchases of many slaves before the transfer of the colony; in the purchase of a whole cargo afterwards; in the letters, which here substantiate the fact, that they who did not know that the period of the abolition of the slave trade was the proper period to begin the direct purchasing of slaves* 'did somewhat misconceive our ideas in England on the subject;' in the assertion of the Court of Directors that the money paid for the slaves to the sailors of the ships of war, was a 'premium of apprenticeship;' and, above all, in the anxiety displayed both in times past and at this moment, to introduce such measures as should prevent 'all attempts to revise what has been done.'\*—Need we add any further explanation of

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\* Recent Transactions in Sierra Leone, pp. 85 to 106.

their motives for concealment? The purchase of slaves was at home disguised under the name of "ransoming captives" or paying "an apprentice fee," and the true character and intention of these measures were carefully kept out of view.

Although Governor Ludlam was desired to correspond with the Colonial Department upon the dissolution of the company in 1807, it would seem, that owing to difficulties in obtaining a proper transfer of the company's charter, government did not identify itself properly with the administration of the colony, by sending out a chief justice and judge of admiralty, for several years afterwards. And such was the confidence of ministers in the old agents of the company, that before the arrival of Judge Thorpe, their ignorant and selfish proceedings had deeply compromised government, particularly with Spain and Portugal—verifying by this imprudence the *modest* assertion of Mr. Zachary Macauley, in his letter (already quoted) to Governor Ludlam, wherein he says "*I have no doubt that government will be disposed to adopt almost any plan which we may propose to them with respect to Africa, provided we will but save them THE TROUBLE OF THINKING!!*" Is it possible for language to exhibit in a more humiliating, and even ludicrous point of view, the ascendancy which the "philanthropists" had at this time acquired over the colonial department? an ascendancy which has since cost the country, as we propose to shew, *many millions*, without the attainment of one useful object. Let any unprejudiced person of common understanding read a few of the speeches made in and out of Parliament by the Directors and others connected with this affair, and compare their bold assertions and plausible representations with the real facts, as they have since been discovered and stand confessed, and we venture to affirm, without fear of contradiction, that he must rise from the task with the most unfeigned astonishment and immeasurable disgust. A motion made by Mr. Dent, 29th July 1807, for repayment of the £109,000 lent to the company, on the ground "that parliament was not bound to pay for the fanciful notions of any class of men," was negatived, and every subsequent attempt at inquiry into the past conduct of the company and their agents, was quashed.\*

Out of the materials of the Sierra Leone Company, the African Institution with its special *committee for Sierra Leone affairs*, was principally formed; and for some years government continued blindly to follow the advice of those members of the company who were supposed to be acquainted with the affairs of the settlement, and with the best method of civilizing Africa and putting an end to the slave trade.

One of the first errors committed through the influence of these advisers was to frame the most absurd instructions for the guidance of our cruizers in regard to vessels supposed to be engaged in illegally prosecuting the slave trade. The number of these vessels captured between the years 1811 and 1813, amounted to sixty-seven, many of them of great value; and before Lord Castlereagh, by his despatch of the 6th May 1813, put a stop to these unjust seizures and unwarrantable condemnations, our national honour had been compromised; we had roused the jealousy of the naval powers; exasperated Spain in such a manner, that subsequently she refused £800,000, and a loan of *ten*

\* *Vide Parliamentary Debates, 1807, p. 1005—Mr. Thornton's Speech, &c. Also Vol. XIX. pp. 745, &c.*



millions of dollars for the immediate abolition of her slave trade ;—we have had to pay her for our unjust seizures £400,000 ; to Portugal we have had to pay on the same score about £350,000, besides £600,000 to induce her to forego the slave trade *north* of the line.\* And to the irritation created at that time by the ignorance and imprudence of the abolitionists and their agents, as much as to the jealousy of foreign governments and their desire to rival the British colonies by increasing the number of labourers in their own settlements, we may attribute that private determination on their part, which has since been brought into full operation, to connive at that continuance of a contraband slave trade, which, in spite of all our exertions is now carried on with greater atrocity, and more activity than at any former period ;† and, to their blind zeal and the culpable rapacity of their agents, we may ascribe a great part of those horrors which have since been practised in carrying on this dreadful traffic.

To return to Sierra Leone—the supply of slaves consequent upon the seizure and condemnation of an immense number of valuable vessels, kept up and increased the number of settlers, adding, at the same time, in various ways to the immense fortunes acquired by certain individuals connected with the association. Their agents, with a view to commencing slave cultivation, obtained, as already stated, considerable numbers of these slaves, under pretence of apprenticing them for fourteen years (after the expiration of which period they may, according to act of parliament, be apprenticed for a further term.) And, to render it profitable to establish plantations by the forced labour of these slaves, they, in 1816, attempted to follow up their schemes by smuggling a bill through parliament, introduced by a leading philanthropist, called the African Goods Bill, which, if its concealed object had not been discovered and defeated by the West-India Body when it had nearly passed the House of Lords, would have enabled them to bring to England, rum, and all other West-India commodities (sugar excepted) on the same duties as those from the old colonies, and to compete with British sugars, in the European markets, with African slave-raised sugars !

Nor was this the only scheme for promoting private interests under the mask of philanthropy and pretence of civilizing Africa. Their attempt to get possession of the forts of the African Company—their endeavours to obtain British registers for ships condemned for carrying on the slave trade—which could only benefit individuals resident at Sierra Leone—and various other measures, clearly evince the *disinterestedness* of certain members of their body, and the blindness of government in becoming the dupes of cant and hypocrisy. We need only adduce one other instance of the deceptive nature of the “reports” promulgated at home, to show how little of the real state and progress of the settlement can be known from these reports. Their ninth report, dated in April, but not published till August 1815, states, in reference to the liberated Africans, that it could hardly have been believed how “*comfortable*” and *useful* they had in a few months become, and “that they appear now to be as happy and comfortably situated and as likely to rise in the colony, as any class of persons in it.” Now, it so happened, that, at a meeting of the mayor and aldermen of Freetown, held

\* Papers respecting the Slave Trade (and Convention with Portugal, 21st Jan. 1815) p. 43.

† *Vide* on this subject Monthly Magazine for February last, pp. 144, 145.

in the month of December preceding, called, in consequence of a discovery that these *comfortably situated* people had *joined the neighbouring savages in a conspiracy to massacre all the white people* of the settlement; the civic authorities recommended that arms should be distributed, and that the captured negroes—happy and rising people!—should be shut up in the fort after a certain hour of the evening. Circumstances attended this proceeding, which made much noise in the settlement, and the matter was, of course, fully known, but carefully concealed, by the reporter at home!

Our limits will not permit us to scrutinize the measures of the managing members of this institution further at present, and we shall take leave of them by repeating, in the words of Judge Thorpe, that “their reports prove, that, in 1814, they were *beginning to inquire* into the condition of Africa and Sierra Leone, though they had pledged themselves to the performance of such wonders in civilization, cultivation, instruction, and morals, when the institution was formed in 1807;” and that the committee have not been able “to prove the institution had ever performed a promise, carried into execution a profession, or done any one thing beneficial for Africa, either before or after these representations.”\*

Eighty-five rebel slaves, sent from Barbadoes in 1819, were, during that year, added to the colony; and, in 1822, the disbanded pensioners from the African corps and the West India regiments, amounting to twelve hundred and twenty-two men, with their families, were also brought to it. These, when added to the crowds of miserable Africans liberated from the slave ships, runaways, and people from the interior and other quarters, had, notwithstanding the constant mortality, increased the amount of the population, in 1822, to above fifteen thousand.

In pausing to consider some of the methods adopted for civilizing and improving the morals of the liberated Africans up to this period, we must not for a moment lose sight of one of the only inducements Great Britain has had to expend such enormous sums upon this modern Golgotha—namely, that by the influence and example of a European settlement planted in the country itself, and under the observation of its inhabitants, managed by humane and philanthropic governors and godly missionaries, industry, education, and a knowledge of the gospel, might be introduced among the savage tribes of Africa; that the most important part of this scheme had been for the preceding thirty-five years, under the particular direction of societies at home, possessing great influence with the legislature, and laying claim to greater sanctity, philanthropy, and humanity, than the generality of their countrymen; and that, during the whole of this period, they had *boasted of their eminent success*.

Some years prior to the arrival of the first judge appointed by the British government, and some time before the appointment of the mixed commissions, the liberated Africans were *entirely* under the guidance of these philanthropists; and it is painful to find, that against one of their principal agents, this judge should have found it his duty to prefer before the secretary of state for the colonies a charge of the following nature:—“That the aforesaid Mr. ———, in his capacity of superintendent of the captured negroes, did coerce and chastise the said negroes

\* Preface to a *Letter to Mr. Wilberforce*. Third Edition, p. 11.



most cruelly ; that he allowed them, at one time, to be almost starved, and, at other times, suffered their hospital to be most shamefully neglected ; that he permitted them to stray away from the colony, many of them to be kidnapped and inveigled from the colony, and intrusted them to persons who sold or placed them in slavery ; that he has neglected to make suspected persons, to whom they were intrusted, account for them, or enforce the penalties against those who had used them ill ; that he has even entrusted them to a woman of infamous character, who was known to prostitute them in the colony ; that he was known to have debauched many of the girls, and to have lived with them in the most profligate state." Yet, such is the fatal consequences of the climate, that this miscreant—of "iron constitution"—has, from necessity, been permitted to fill places of power and authority, and to amass an immense fortune under the protection and auspices of leading philanthropists.

Is it matter of surprise, therefore, that, under such guidance, feeble attempts to introduce order and improvement were constantly defeated ; and that, instead of realizing the views of the projectors, the place has become a sink of infamy and a den of pollution, even to the untutored African ?

It will be recollected that, with a view of more effectually putting an end to the contraband trade in slaves, and, at the same time, to prevent the recurrence of those disgraceful blunders which took place during the first years of the abolition, Great Britain, in conjunction with other states, established in 1819 courts of commission, before whom are brought, for adjudication, all vessels detained or captured while in the act of pursuing this interdicted trade, and that a numerous squadron of British ships, under active and zealous officers, is kept upon the African coast, and elsewhere, for the purpose of hunting these slave traders. Many vessels have, in consequence, been captured, and thousands of wretched beings liberated from their pestilential holds. Yet, when we look at the dreadful mortality that takes place before the rescued slaves can be landed and located, and when we consider attentively *their subsequent* condition, we cannot help feeling that our present measures, on the African coast, at least, are diametrically opposite to real humanity.

The true state of matters there has been made plain by the reports of commissioners sent out by parliament, and can no longer be glossed over, or denied by the party usually denominated *the saints*, whether in or out of parliament.\*

The instructions to these commissioners are dated November, 1825, and additional directions were given to them 18th January, 1826,† to which there is now appended a dispatch from General Turner, wherein he states, "Should the trade in slaves continue to increase in the manner it has done for the last two years, there is no doubt that the number brought in here will increase also."‡—"They have been distributed amongst the villages, where they have been *for years supported in idleness by the government*."—"In the cases where they have been located in the villages, and have received gratuitous maintenance, they can with difficulty be induced to give a day's labour, *even for good wages*."—

\* Parliamentary papers, 312, Sess. 1827, and 552, Sess. 1829.

† Parliamentary papers, 532, Sess. 1826.

‡ Parliamentary papers, 389, Sess. 1828.

"The expense of this establishment has been very great."—"The whole system is defective."—"There is not one person who has the slightest knowledge of agriculture; nor can I learn that there ever has been any person employed in the colony who had any acquaintance either with European or tropical agriculture." The General proceeds to state, that by his exertions (exertions which, alas! soon brought him to his grave,) he had accomplished a saving of 17,000*l.* a year,\* without reference to the stores from England, although he had greater numbers to support than at any former period; and that he had diminished the number receiving rations one half. Could there be a stronger proof of the necessity of inquiry? or of the serious waste of public property that had formerly prevailed? But the speculators know that dead men tell no tales; and that, while there are no living witnesses to confute them, the public money is safe in their pockets!

The impossibility of sustaining the cares and anxieties of office in such a climate, and amongst such a population, is too evident, by the sacrifices that have already been made. The nature of these difficulties cannot be more forcibly stated than in the ominous words contained in General Turner's dispatch of the 25th January, 1826:—"I am obliged to approve, sign, and become responsible for all expenditures, on account of these people; and it is quite impossible that I can examine into these matters, which are very voluminous. I happen to have very good health, and some acquaintance with business, but I cannot expect, in such a climate as this, to be able to continue such labours; those about me have all suffered, and I have lost their services."

It appears, by the report of the commissioners,† that, with a view of curbing the slave trade by interference in the interior of the country, General Turner had procured an extension of the territory of Sierra Leone in 1824, but that the influence of the *European slave dealers* had defeated his measures; and the commissioners recommend their discontinuance, as tending to warfare with the natives!

Notwithstanding that the settlement has been in our hands since the year 1787, no traces of agriculture are, generally, apparent. "The spontaneous productions of nature alone present themselves; and although a more intimate acquaintance with the localities and nature of the soil, in some measure accounts for this state of things, there is still sufficient to justify and confirm the unfavourable impression which this first view must produce of the progress in agricultural improvement."‡—"Near to Freetown stands a belt of thick forest, of considerable depth, breeding miasma and fever"—"its immediate vicinity (Freetown, viz.) wears an aspect of desolation."§ And all this with thousands of labourers at command, for each of whom the country has paid a large sum of head money, and an enormous sum in contingencies. Can there be a stronger proof of the folly of the whole system? The territory, generally, is said to consist of granite rocks and a surface of gravel; this soil, says General Turner, already "begins to refuse to them" (the liberated Africans) "a scanty subsistence; and they have begun to wander in search of better soil and easier maintenance: and the evident tendency of this is, that they will retrograde in the woods into a state of nature and

\* Expenditure, in 1824, was £40,907; in 1825, it was £31,965; and, in 1826, only £17,671!

† Parliamentary papers, 312, Sess. 1827.

‡ Commissioners' Report.

§ Sierra Leone Vindicated, p. 105.



barbarism, or become vagrants about Freetown,"—or, what we consider still more likely, be caught by the nearest tribes, and massacred, or re-sold to the slave-dealers!!\*

The second division of the report† states the number of the population, in April 1826, as follows:—

|   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |        |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|--------|
| Europeans                                 | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | 113    |
| Nova Scotians                             | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | 578    |
| West Indians and Americans                | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | 141    |
| Maroons                                   | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | 636    |
| Discharged soldiers                       | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | 949    |
| Liberated Africans                        | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | 10,716 |
| Kroomen, Mandingoes, Timanees, and others | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | 3,113  |
|   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   | <hr/>  |
|   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   | 16,246 |

It thus appears, that of the 441 original settlers in 1787, the 1131 in 1792, the 85 rebels in 1819, and the 1,222 pensioners in 1822, in all 2,879, only 1,668 remain. And what is still more appalling, out of 24,434 slaves, landed from 1808 to 1827 inclusive, scarcely 12,000 remain, being about one half, exclusive of births!! We have already seen, that it is not the poor and wretched alone that fall victims to this climate—the whole of our governors, (except Sir C. Macarthy) have been cut off. General Turner arrived in 1825; he died in 1826—and since then, Sir Neil Campbell, Colonel Denham, Colonel Lumley, and other brave officers, have followed him to the grave with frightful rapidity. The Church Missionary Society state, “that, to the end of 1824, they had lost by death, and removed, from ill health, 77 European, and 30 native, preachers and teachers in Sierra Leone.”‡

“The proportion of deaths amongst the officers, may be considered as a tolerably fair criterion of the effects of climate. The total number of officers upon the coast during the eight years subsequent to the cession of Senegal and Goree, was 269, and the number of deaths 65, or one-fourth of the whole. In 1824, the total number was 41, and the number of deaths 26. In 1825, the total number was 51, and the number of deaths 17.”

The European troops stationed on the western coast of Africa—June 1816 to December 1825—exclusive of officers, was 5,823,—the number of deaths was 1,912, or nearly *one-third*. But from the manner in which the returns are made up the *whole* mortality is not shewn.

In one year 301, out of 346, died!! In 1825 there were 1,193 Europeans—of these 621 died. “In the end of 1825, 108 young men, between 17 and 30 years of age, who had enlisted in the Royal African corps, and accompanied General Turner to the coast, were sent to the Isles de Loss. When these islands were visited by the commissioners in March 1826, 52 of them had died, and the remainder, with few exceptions, were suffering from disease. Out of 350 cases of fever in the hospital at Freetown, from 21st December, 1825, to 1st November, 1826, 160

\* In fact, a recent traveller expressly tells us, “one of our companions had a slave whom he said he had *procured at Sierra Leone*.”—“I saw the poor slave carrying on his head a burden (which he could scarcely carry), fastened to a rope, the other end fastened to his leg, so that it was out of his power to run away.”—*Caillie's Tombuctoo*, vol. i. p. 256. Colburn and Bentley, 1830.

† Pages 18, 19, 21.

‡ Missionary Register for May, 1826.

have terminated fatally. At the Gambia, out of 112 admissions, only 12 have recovered."

"No cultivation, no sanatory regulations, I feel convinced," says Dr. Barry, "will ever render these colonies congenial to European constitutions, particularly to the common soldier, whose irregular habits are too strongly confirmed ever to be eradicated: and the generality of the men of that description who escape the first season, will drag on a miserable useless existence, exhibiting in their diseased and broken constitution, the most appalling spectacles of faded manhood."

Is it necessary to say one word more regarding the climate?

With regard to the progress of civilization and moral condition of the population, the African Institution, among other good news, told us, in 1816, that "the conduct of the settlers is said to differ very little from that of the generality of English villagers."\* The Commissioners say, "with the exception of those who have been brought up to trades—those who have been educated and clothed for several years in the schools—and those who are employed as domestics, the *great bulk* of the liberated African population of Sierra Leone appears, at this day, as ill clothed as any of the native tribes on that part of the coast, and are, in this respect, *very far indeed behind the Mandingoes*, who occupy the opposite bank of the river." "Of two or three hundred women, frequently assembled in the market-place, from 15 to 20 would be a large average of those who have any other clothing than a piece of cotton or linen cloth fastened round the loins, and reaching nearly to the knee. This is the usual dress of the women, and of many of the labouring men in the villages."†

We presume, when such is the *market-day dress* of the females, their ordinary dress will be somewhat more scanty; and, in fact, we find, generally speaking, that the men use only a piece of clout before and behind, and that *full-grown young women go perfectly naked*, with the exception of a kind of stuffed cushion over certain parts, which only serves to make nakedness more conspicuous. Even at the boasted *schools* many of the children were nearly naked, and "some of them entirely so."‡

To expect any thing like delicacy or propriety of conduct in such a society, would evidently be absurd. We, however, find their moral degradation at a lower point than we could possibly have imagined. And "probably not a little" says the Rev. Mr. Raban, "may be ascribed to the unchristian lives of too many of the European residents, whose example, were they christians indeed, would have an influence on the minds of the natives which would be incalculably beneficial."

Concubinage is universal, and no punishment by loss of "caste" is the consequence of it. Prostitution of the most degrading kind is undisguised and regardless; "disgusting assaults upon female infants" say the commissioners, p. 98, "have of late been frequent." We forbear from further detail, but could a certain noble lord, a staunch supporter of the "civilizers of Africa" look in, for an hour or two, upon a "quality ball," or accompany some of the whites on a *Sunday's excursion* to the Bullam shore, he would not find it hard to believe that, instead of being likely to civilize Africa, the most untutored and unlettered African

\* Appendix to 10th Report, p. 73.

† Parliamentary Report—312, p. 49.

‡ Parliamentary Report—312, p. 69.



would be more likely to learn corruption from the infamous and evidently retrograding populace of Sierra Leone! The Commissioners (p. 47) may well say:—"It will probably be inferred from the preceding part of this report, and it is with regret that we state it as our conscientious opinion, that the progress hitherto made towards the civilization of the liberated Africans, as exemplified in their present habits and condition, falls infinitely short of what might have been reasonably expected from the liberal means dedicated to this benevolent undertaking."

Such being the state of society, need we wonder that the different African tribes, even those living within the pale of the colony, or occasionally residing there, continue to be either pagans or Mahommedans, adhering to their own superstitions and equally adverse to Christians and Christianity,\* and that so far from any thing having been attempted towards the civilization of Africa by sending missionaries to spread the light of the gospel, a white man, as in the case of Major Laing, would, within eighty or a hundred miles of the colony, be considered a curiosity?

Much has been said in this country about the "fourteen" churches, and numerous schools and other public buildings erected in the capital and villages. Our limits will not permit us to particularize the state of each, but we find the list of schools and churches composed of houses "in bad condition," "out of repair," in a "ruinous state," and "abandoned," "not finished," and never likely to be so—one church so ruinous that dogs and goats get in at any time, and "by no means," say the Commissioners, "kept in that clean and respectable condition which one would look for in a place dedicated to divine worship," others "never finished," and "out of repair," "a cattle house thatched with grass," in which divine worship is also performed"—girls' schools in a very inferior "*wattle house*," several boys' schools no better—"doors and window shutters much wanted"—other expensive buildings, owing to the "bad construction" and "insufficiency of the workmanship," in a state of ruin. The large building intended for a church at Freetown stands unfinished, the service being performed in the courthouse. It is said, that after having been used as a market-place, where negroes were publicly flogged, it is now, or was lately, used as a government commissary's store!—It is evident the colonists "care for none of these things." "The neglect of public worship is very prevalent among the resident Europeans;" the congregation of Mr. Raban, the only officiating clergyman of the established church, did not on any occasion exceed twelve Europeans, fifteen persons of colour, the military, and some school boys.

The superintendants' houses are, however, generally in good order, and form a striking contrast with those for religious purposes. They are generally on a very expensive scale. At the Banana Islands, they are the only public buildings which, "like most of those *built by the superintendents for their accommodation, appear unnecessarily large, thereby entailing expense, without ensuring the comfort which the climate requires.*" "*A mud-house is there used as a church and boys' school, but it is by no means in a state to protect them from the weather.*" The Isles de Loss were purchased in 1818, in the hopes of finding them a healthy

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\* Caillie's Travels, vol. 1., p. 195, 256.

station for the military ; hopes which the event totally frustrated. The officers' quarters, in Crawford Island, are out of repair, and going fast to decay. The soldiers' barracks are ill calculated, either for the health or the comfort of the men. The hospital is decayed and out of repair. " It is perched upon the top of a hill, in so exposed a situation, that, at times, there is only the option of shutting up the doors and windows, or of exposing the patients to strong currents of wind, and occasional rains." With regard to public instruction, " all these schools," twenty-two in number, say the Commissioners (p. 67) " were visited and *minutely* examined." " An insuperable difficulty was experienced from the *absolute ignorance* of most of the teachers !" The pupils, of course, were tolerable scholars, except that they could neither spell, read, write, nor count their own fingers !! " The noting of times and seasons, or even the common modes of expressing them, has"—" formed no part of their education." Some of the Mulatto children had made more progress, but " few of them can spell the commonest word correctly." The whole affair appears to be little better than a mockery !

We wish, for the sake of humanity, that in describing the situation of the liberated Africans, we could draw a veil over the cruel destruction of human life, which the Slave Trade and our impracticable plans for its suppression—as well as our injudicious arrangements in regard to the survivors—are daily creating on the seas and coasts of Africa. It is necessary, however, to notice the subject, that our readers may be fully aware of the fatal consequences of those measures, into which the legislature were prematurely hurried by the blind zeal and heated imagination of a party, who still possess too much influence with the government ; and who, impelled by the same fanatical irregularity of mind, or influenced by men who seek the interest of their party under the garb of philanthropy, are making exertions to hurry the country into further errors. For, unless it is fully understood, it may be continued and extended. We, therefore, call upon every humane person in the empire to attend to the further facts of the case.

In consequence of the trade being now contraband, concealment has become necessary ; and the smugglers, in order to escape our cruizers, employ small fast sailing vessels, into which they put such an over quantity of slaves, that pestilence and disease soon destroys great numbers of them. There has been an instance where many, having become blind, were thrown overboard alive—others in casks during the chase, and the trade is, unquestionably, carried on with much greater atrocity than at any former period. When actually captured by our cruizers, their sorrows do not cease. All those captured on the African coast must be taken to Sierra Leone, however distant, and the mortality, during the voyage, is often dreadful.\* In the instance of *La Fortune*, prize to the *Brazen*, of 245 slaves then on board, 46 died on the passage, and 77 in the harbour, when waiting for adjudication. In that of the *Rosalia*, taken by the *Athol*, 92 out of 285 died before they reached Sierra Leone. Many hundreds of these poor wretches die from previous suffering and the want of proper medical attendance, food, and lodgings, immediately after being landed, before it is possible to have them registered and located. Experience has shown that it is in vain to look for voluntary labourers among the survivors, and they are, therefore,

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\* *Vide Commissioners' Report.*



“maintained in idleness by the government,”—*compelled* to labour by fear of the whip—or to enter the army or navy; for to say that they do either voluntarily, would be a perversion of the term. “Some mild *coercive* power seems necessary, but this power should not be, *as in some instances it appears inexcusably to have been*, left in the hands of persons likely to abuse it”<sup>\*</sup>—and that it has been most shamefully abused, there is abundance of evidence.

“*The results of more than eighteen years' experience*, as exemplified in the condition of those liberated Africans located in Sierra Leone, seem to justify the inference, that either the mode pursued, with the view of improving their condition by agricultural pursuits, has not been judicious, or that their character and habits are unfavourable to that kind of improvement, or, perhaps, that both these causes have operated to a certain extent. However this may be, THE RESULTS ARE IN THEMSELVES INCONTROVERTIBLE, AND LEAVE LITTLE ROOM TO HOPE, THAT WITHOUT THE ADOPTION OF MORE EFFECTUAL MEASURES, *the adult class of Negroes will be induced to improve their present condition, which probably appears to them, when compared with the past, a state of considerable enjoyment.*”<sup>†</sup>

“Were the class of persons here alluded to available for the purpose, there is great reason to believe *that a mild and well-regulated system of coerced labour for a limited period, and exclusive, with a view to the advantage of the Negroes*, would be found the most effectual mode of attaining the end proposed; and it may be hoped, that its importance would remove objections to the manner of arriving at it.”<sup>‡</sup>

“The punishment for *minor* crimes is hard labour and chains.”—“*It is by no means uncommon* at Freetown to see thirty or forty culprits chained in pairs” (the chains round the middle) “and employed in a desultory kind of labour!”

In general when these wretched creatures, “the bad subjects of barbarous states,” are landed—nothing in the human shape can exceed their gross ignorance; and, under all the circumstances stated, is it possible to expect that the slightest progress in civilization can be made under the Sierra Leone system, or by the irregular discipline to which they are there subjected?

It is difficult to state precisely, and under distinct heads, the different sums of money which have been taken from the people of this country, and uselessly spent in the maintenance of this worthless place. The pay-lists, vouchers, &c. are “so vague as not to justify even a loose estimate of the expense incurred in each particular one.” (Here this, ye guardians of the public purse!) But estimating it by papers before the Finance Committee, not yet published, it appears, from 1807 to 1829, to be about £3,060,500! *sterling!*<sup>\*</sup> And this, owing to various con-

<sup>\*</sup> Commissioners' Report, p. 55—*idem* 51.

<sup>†</sup> Parliamentary Papers, p. 55.

<sup>‡</sup> *Ibid*, p. 55.

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|---|------------|
| § Viz. Payments to the Sierra Leone Company ..... | £117,100   |
| Army, ordnance, &c.....                           | 1,040,659  |
| Civil establishment, and public buildings .....   | 507,540    |
| Captured Africans, and other charges .....        | 573,152    |
|   | <hr/>      |
|   | 2,238,351  |
| Same expences 1825 to 1829 .....                  | 822,180    |
|   | <hr/>      |
|   | £3,060,531 |

tingent charges which cannot be specified, is much under the mark. This sum, when added to the expence of the mixed Commissions and of our other attempts to put down the foreign slave-trade up to the year 1826, amounted to £5,708,908; and taking the three succeeding years at £350,000 each, the total will be about £6,800,000!!

A gentleman who has made it his particular study to investigate these matters, has estimated the sums paid by this country *for liberated Africans alone* (including those paid to the United States, Spain, bounties, maintenance, mixed Commissions, &c.), at nearly *four millions*, and the total expence of all our slave-trade abolition measures, *at upwards of fifteen millions sterling!!\** without estimating the great deterioration of property in the West-Indies, the ascendancy given to the colonies of foreign states, and the future expence which our rash and precipitate conduct has entailed upon us. The country is now alive to the question, and to the enormous sums of money which have been squandered in measures which hitherto have only served to increase the sum of human misery.

We have no doubt it is the earnest desire of his Majesty's Ministers to cover up the errors of their predecessors: but how is that to be done?

It is true that the occupation of the Island of Fernando Po may be regarded as one step towards improvement, but it remains to be seen whether Government will follow up this measure, *or any other* connected with the colonies, with that firmness, justice, and manly decision which should mark the councils of a great nation, or whether they will continue to listen to the advice of those men whose fanatical irregularity of mind and maudlin ideas of philanthropy have already precipitated the country into such an incalculable train of evils.

With regard to Sierra Leone, it would appear little short of madness to retain it a moment longer than may be necessary to prepare for the removal of such of the settlers as are inclined to follow us. The only reasons that induced us to hold it have turned out nugatory. It is a place of no political importance in any one point of view. The total imports, taking as a criterion the average of nine recent years, amount to about £85,000 a year: the revenue collected, about £5,000. The exports *from the whole coast* last year scarcely equalled in value one year's ordinary expenditure.

Teake-wood, one of the principal exports, is not grown on the territory, but seems to be obtained by the agents of Messrs. Zachary Macaulay and Babbington from native chiefs—Dalla Mahomadder, for instance—*who employ slaves to cut it down, and who buy more slaves with the proceeds.*† That *firm* and its connections seem to have been the only gainers by this scheme of “philanthropy;” but looking at all the circumstances, we envy neither their immense wealth nor the feelings that must accompany it. According to the report,‡ they have also lately drawn the trade in gold dust from its usual channels, owing, say the other British traders, to the undue influence which have been acquired in the distribution of the *government presents* among the native chiefs!

It is evident by the Report of the Commissioners, that in order to retain Sierra Leone as a British colony, it would be necessary, at an

\* Letter to R. W. Hay, Esq., by James McQueen, Esq.

† Commissioners' Report, p. 81.

‡ P. 79.



enormous expense, to repair every public building in it, to erect new barracks, hospitals, &c. at an enormous expense, to send out a numerous train of civil and military officers and clergymen, and to adopt an entirely new system of management. And after all this is done, we might ask what good object could be gained? would the climate be one whit better? or could any possible advantage accrue to the nation by such a continual waste of men and money?

Fernando Po, therefore, provided no circumstance of climate, or otherwise, forbids the transfer, seems to be the only station within our reach wherein the evil part of the abolition system is likely to be abated. We should there have the liberated Arricans, and general population, more under command; there would be no necessity for concentrating the population, and taking them from agricultural pursuits, to repel the attacks of hostile neighbours; we should, in time, be able, with the aid of steam navigation, to open communications with the interior of Africa, through the great rivers falling into the Bights of Benin and Biafra; and by rigid discipline, moderate coercion, and strict sanatory regulations, we might hope, ultimately, to introduce that degree of industry and good order, through which alone civilization can be effected. Let the Maroons, the Nova Scotians, and all who might, now, or hereafter, be desirous of placing themselves under our protection, have the means of transportation to the island, as quickly as circumstances, and their own safety, would permit—leaving Sierra Leone to the Kroomen, Fantees, Timanees, Mandingoes and those other precious allies, whose courage and attachment were so conspicuous when Sir Charles Macarthy was destroyed; and who, unless they preferred decorating some new *King Tom* with the jaw-bones of their enemies, would soon be merged in the general mass of the neighbouring savages, to whom philanthropic societies in Europe are incomprehensible, and who know so little of the power of the British nation, as to consider *Mr. Kenneth Macaulay king of the whites!*\* The buildings, except such as may be necessary for the defence of a factory, and “good will of the business,” might at once be left for the use of the Macaulays—*et hoc genus omne!*

The measures that ought to be adopted for putting an end to the foreign slave trade, are more difficult to decide, and require graver consideration.

It is evident that if, in spite of the utmost exertions of a numerous British squadron, consisting, in 1826, of the following ships—*viz.* The Ferret, Pylades, Martin, Champion, Diamond, Doris, Ranger, Bustard, Helicon, Fly, Rainbow, Pandora, Harlequin, Tweed, Warspite, Volage, Cyrene, Sparrowhawk, Hind, Druid, and Galatea—the colonies of France and Spain have been more fully supplied with slaves than at any former period, our efforts are unavailing; and will, so long as France and America deny the right of mutual search, only serve to entail upon us a further waste of men and money—the odious distinction of destroying thousands of Africans by our false humanity, and of maintaining in idleness a crowd of savages, who, *as even Mr. Kenneth Macaulay now tells us*, are not innocent people, torn from their happy and peaceful homes, but beings “in the lowest state of ignorance and degradation, many of them *the bad subjects of barbarous states, enslaved for crime!*”

If France would consider her own honour, permit the right of mutual search, and join the maritime powers in declaring the slave trade *piracy*,

\* Vide Caillie's Travels, pp. 215, 256.

we would venture to say, that three British cruizers, in a very short time, would put an end to the whole traffic, save Great Britain two or three hundred thousands a year, and enable us to do something effectual towards the civilization of Africa; but if our government cannot induce France and Spain to aid us *sincerely* and *truly* in putting an end to this traffic; and if Russia and other nations continue to hold out premiums for its continuance by preferring, through their fiscal regulations, Spanish sugars at a higher rate than British, of the same quality, what is to be done? Is Great Britain to go to war with Europe and America? or, shall we quarrel with the potentates of Africa for murdering our travellers, or on some other pretence, declare the whole slave coast in a state of rigid blockade?

It is evident, however, that hitherto the only results of the councils of the "philanthropists," has been to embarrass the country, put money in their own pockets, entail greater misery upon Africa, and advance the prosperity of Foreign Colonies upon the declination of our own. A very great part of the present internal distress is undoubtedly owing to external mismanagement; and we hope both houses of parliament will now insist upon the full discussion and final settlement of a question, which has, for many years, wasted our strength and resources, and rendered us the laughing stock of the politicians of Europe, without in the slightest degree benefiting Africa, or the cause of humanity.

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GEORGE COLMAN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

THE proverbial dilatoriness of this man of pleasantry, has kept the public waiting his leisure for some years, and his facetious indolence has at length indulged us only with a fragment of his career. We shall write no review of his performance. It is only justice to let every man tell his own story, and we shall let the deputy licenser do this justice to himself. His story is a perpetual ramble through the most extravagant recollections; but jumbled in general with the easy gaiety that entitles its narrator at sixty-eight to subscribe himself "*The younger,*" or any more jovial and juvenile appellative that he may please.

The first question which George discusses is, why he should write at all. "When in the scale of man's waning temperature, his quicksilver has fallen to the degree of *pruna*—that is, when he has ceased to flame, is only a *live coal*—which, according to Wadstroem in his *Metamorphosis Humana*, is at the age of fifty-six—he has then become, (and he should be ashamed of himself, if he have not become so sooner) what is vulgarly a *staid* person, which by the by is a misnomer; for at this period, he cannot be expected to stay so long as when he was forty." The treatment, then, recommended by this physician, is "after he has been whipping his talent, spurring it, and using it worse than a post-horse, not to turn it out to grass, but to get upon it deliberately and daily, and amble it about for a morning's airing and gentle recreation." This sensible system urges its prescriber to give the world his experience. "It accounts for the propensity in old writers to scribble, *pour s'amuser*, and therefore has become the fashion for dramatists; who, when they are grown grey, find that narrating anecdotes is much easier work than inventing plays—to turn autobiographers. Detraction, per-



haps, will affirm that they are past the greater effort, though equal to the less; as, upon Falstaff's principle, 'Your worn-out serving man makes your fresh tapster.'—Still some fits of conscience seize him, and he takes refuge in example. "Cibber tells us that his principal object in writing his life, is to prevent others from writing it after his death. And now the motive for telling your own story is double. Since some people of late take the life out of your hands before the breath is out of your body, and that, without your leave, which does not appear to me quite fair.

"But the excuses of autobiographers are not yet worn out. Each crying, 'behold the maiden modesty of Grimbald,' till at last, my facetious friend and schoolfellow, Frederic Reynolds, with his *usual honesty*, asserts (A. D. 1826), that he has written, by the advice of his physician, to cure himself of the '*blue devils*.'" We have then a pleasant story, not the worse for its being as old as James the First's—"Counterblast against Tobacco."—"A little group of schoolboys took to the pipe, and like little Whigs, to show their independence of his Majesty, smoked day and night, like the kitchen chimney of a tavern. This, of course, was concealed, as much as you can conceal a smell, from the dominie. Till one luckless evening, when the imps were all huddled together round the fire of their own dormitory, involving each other in vapours of their own creation, in burst the master. 'How, now?' quoth he to the first lad, 'how dare you be smoking tobacco?'—'Sir,' said the boy, 'I am subject to head-aches, and a pipe takes off the pain.'—'And you, and you, and you?' inquired the pedagogue, questioning each in his turn. Each had something to say. One, 'a raging tooth,' another, 'a cough,' another, 'the cholic.'—'Now, Sirrah!' bellowed he to the last boy, 'what disorder do *you* smoke for?' All the excuses were exhausted; when the urchin, after a farewell whiff; said, in a whining, hypocritical tone—'Sir! I smoke for corns.'" George's secret is, at last, disclosed in a letter which he desires his correspondent to keep a 'profound secret.' It is, his having received a very good offer from his bookseller. The reason is satisfactory. We now plunge into the bustle of his biography. "Beginning your life—I mean your paper,—is like beginning a journey in a post-chaise. You never start at the time you intended. There is always something you did not expect, to be said or done, before you set off; some fiddle fiddle thing to be looked after, at the last moment. Now, just as I was stepping into my vehicle, that is, into this chapter, a sapient friend stopped me, upon the very threshold of my existence, by warning me against rushing upon my readers, without an exordium."

George Colman was born in 1762. His grandfather, Francis Colman, married the sister of the famous William Pulteney, Earl of Bath's wife; this grandfather died in Tuscany, where he was English ambassador. His father, then but one year old, was taken under Pulteney's protection, educated at Westminster, Oxford, and finally placed in Lincoln's-Inn as a student of law. The elder Colman was promised an estate by his protector; but the death of Lord Pulteney in 1763, broke up the Earl's plan. The estate was left to General Pulteney's discretion, who appears to have exercised it by keeping the property to himself, Colman, receiving a legacy, and, subsequently, £6,000 by the death of his mother. This narrative is gone through, to refute a story in the old Margravine of Anspach's Memoirs, that the elder Colman was a natural

son of the Earl of Bath, and cast off by him for preferring the drama to Parliament and politics.

Young Colman's first perception of human cares was, like that of the rest of the world, his going to school; his remembrances show the fierce vividness of the miseries that brand that period on the back and brains of the rising generation. He was sent to the Mary-le-bone Academy, then kept by Doctor Fountain, "a worthy, good-natured dominie, in a bush-wig," whom this inveterate punster calls "*principium et fons*." His wife's head, however, seems to have attracted the chief notice, as may be discovered from his laborious account of "the message or tenement of hair, upon the ground-plot of her pericranium."

"A towering toupee pulled up, all but by the roots, and strained over a cushion on the top of her head, formed the centre of the building, tiers of curls served for the wings, a hanging *chignon* behind defended her occiput like a buttress, and the whole fabric was kept tight and weather-proof, as with nails and iron cramps, by a quantity of long single and double black pins."

The experience of a dramatist is worth recording, if it were for nothing but its warning to all those who, gifted with the power of play-making, or thinking that they have the gift, (which, for the purposes of their ruin, is much the same,) embark on the troubled waters of the stage. Let us hear the most popular dramatist of his time: or, if we are to estimate popularity by the continuance and repetition of successes, perhaps the most popular dramatist of England since Shakspeare. Congreve had but three successful plays. Wycherley perhaps no more. Sheridan but three, and the Critic; while Colman has gone on for years in a perpetual production of comedies, all popular, and some likely to survive his generation.

"Few avocations," says this man of success, "are, in my present opinion, less eligible than that of the drama; but it caught my fancy when a boy, for I began not long after nineteen. At first, the very act of scribbling gave me pleasure. But the novelty of the thing wore off, and soon after my amusement became my profession. I felt the irksomeness of every task, and contemplated probable vexation in the event of it. When you are labouring for fame, or profit, or for both, and think all the while you are at work, that instead of obtaining either, you may be d—m—d, *it is not pleasant!* Nor is it agreeable to reflect, that a handful of blockheads may, in half an hour, consign, first to disgrace, and then to oblivion, your toil of half a year; nay, that your own footman, who is one of what is called the "Town," can, by paying a shilling, hoot at your new comedy from beginning to end; and, having broken your night's rest, your judge in the upper gallery goes to sleep in your garret."

"But these considerations apart, I verily think that the wear and tear upon the nerves, occasioned by dramatic composition, may deduct some years from a man's life. It has been my habit, I know not why, except that the muse is more propitious after dinner, to write chiefly late at night; and when I have grown heated with my subject, it has so chilled my limbs, that I have gone to bed as if I had been sitting up to my knees in ice."

Of the wonderful facility with which some aspirants have rode their



Pegasus, this "veteran stager," as he calls himself, doubts, very naturally.

"Some few dramatists have told me, that they have written with such ease and rapidity, that I have been astonished, or indeed have scarcely believed them." He sarcastically adds, "My wonder and incredulity have generally ceased upon a perusal of those gentlemen's productions." His conclusion is fair and forcible. "After all, success may tickle an author's vanity, but failure sadly mortifies his pride: particularly in writing for the stage, where success or failure are so immediate, and so marked; and, to say the best of it, *a dramatist's is a devil of a life.*"

Here spoke the philosopher: the punster follows. "The theatre upon Richmond Green (where he saw his first play, he being then in petticoats), was built in 1765 by Mr. James Dance, better known as Mr. Love, which was his *nom de guerre* when he came upon the stage, a translation of his wife's maiden name Delamour. In this change of appellation, it is presumed that both husband and wife cordially agreed, it least it is evident that there was no *Love* lost between them." The anecdote of Dodd the actor, shews what helps a dramatic genius may give a man in doubtful circumstances. Dodd lived in lodgings near the Richmond theatre with a companion of his solitude, who assumed the privileges without the rights of a wife. They were fond, but they sometimes differed, to the full extent of matrimonial customs, and the argument was often reinforced by "missiles rather than metaphors; the chairs, tables, and chimney-piece crockery, flying about the room," until they produced conviction. In one of those domestic *fracas*, which happened at an early dinner upon a shoulder of mutton, while Dodd clattered and the lady screamed, the landlord rushed upon the scene of action, in hopes to prevent the further breaking of his property: "How dare you, Mister," exclaimed Dodd, who was brandishing the shoulder of mutton, "obtrude into our apartment while we were *rehearsing*?"—"Rehearsing!" cried the landlord, while the bits of china were crashing under his feet, "I could have sworn you were fighting."—"No, Sir," said Dodd, "we were rehearsing the supper scene in *Catherine and Petruchio*, or the *Taming of a Shrew*." Dodd directed him to examine the play-bill for the performance, which the landlord answered by presenting his own, with a formidable list of undone earthenware, headed, "Mr. Dodd, debtor to John Wilson, for choice articles of rare and ornamental china, broken at the *rehearsal* of the *Taming of the Shrew*."

Coleman was sent to Westminster School, then under Dr. Smith. "A very dull and good-natured head-master he was. Vincent, the late dean, was second master, 'a man of *nous* and learning, but plaguily severe,' which is partially accounted for by saying that there is 'no *rationating* with the younger fry, and nothing is left for it but an appeal to their tails.' And this last was Vincent's way of disciplining his infantry, but he lost his temper, and struck and pinched the boys in sudden bursts of anger, which was unwarrantable." One of the boys drew a caricature of him, which was published in the print-shops with the following hexameter under it: 'Sanguineos oculos volvit, virgamque requirit.' We have the 'old Westminster's' verdict against Fagging, a practice whose absurdity can

be equalled only by its cruelty, and whose continuance in any school is the most unequivocal sign of the combination of blockheadism and brutality in its managers. The public are beginning to be awake to this abominable system, which gives ruffianism every incentive, and has broken the heart of many a boy, that might have been a happiness and honour to society.—“Fagging may inculcate subordination on the one side, but it encourages *tyranny* on the other. It may perhaps crush the overweening spirit of the heir-apparent to an earldom, when the son of a rich shopkeeper sends him on a message; but it may also fill the child of a dealer with notions of equality unfit for his future commerce; and as great boys fag the smaller, it seems that might overcomes right, which is the principle of the African slave-trade. At all events, it must strike the impartial that blacking shoes, and running of errands, are rather *redundant* parts of a liberal education!”

He might have added, that of all the systems hitherto devised to make a boy miserable while he remains at school, and mischievous to society when he comes into the world, a great school, on the present general system, is the most complete. That it breaks down the sensitive mind, while it hardens and ruffianizes the mind of ruder construction; that instead of giving boys the manliness that may be necessary for their struggle through the world, it makes them at once sheepish and self-willed; and that so far from teaching them delicacy or generosity in many matters, or a high spirited scorn of sycophancy, it teaches them the most corrupt and basest uses of money, and the most vulgar and palpable habits of subserviency to rank and fortune. The profligacy and the *tuft-hunting* of our public schools are notorious; and it is impossible to doubt that the scandalous vices, and the scarcely less scandalous servility of our public men and office-seekers of every kind, the whole multitude who solicit their idle bread from the lavish absurdities of the nobility, or the corrupt patronage of the State, are plants from the hotbed of our public schools! There are exceptions, but the exceptions only prove the rule. The whole system cannot be too speedily reformed.

“At Westminster he was drowned.” An ominous commencement for a poet, and portentous of his prowess in the *art of sinking*! “This submersion in the River Thames took place not far from Westminster Bridge, immediately opposite to the premises of the well-known Dicky Roberts, who for many years afterwards furnished school-boys with a capital opportunity of undergoing the same ceremony. This chance he provided at a moderate price, by letting out sailing boats, wherries, punch-hawls, and other aquatic vehicles, calculated to convert horizontal into *perpendicular* motion.

“My young friend George Craustoun and I happened to be the only boys who were then bathing: he swam like a duck, and I no better than a pig of lead. It was low tide, and the channel of the river was very near the bank from which I walked forward, up to my chin in the water, and then turning round, I began to strike out with arms and legs as an attempt at swimming, in order to regain the shore; but instead of approaching *terra firma*, the current, which was very strong, carried me out of my depth into the channel. It is a false notion that drowning people rise only three times, at least I found it so in my case, for my alternations of rising and sinking were many. Craustoun had wandered in the water to a considerable distance from me, but he had



seen my peril before I finally disappeared, and had to work up against a strong tide to come to my assistance. At length he gained the spot where I had gone down. I do not think that I had quite reached the bottom. He was however obliged to dive for me, when he caught me by the hair, and with great risk of his own life, kind-hearted fellow as he was, brought me to shore. But I was insensible, and on my return to a perception of what was passing, I found myself stretched on my stomach along the benches of a wherry drawn up on dry land, while Dicky Roberts was applying hearty smacks with the flat end of a scull to that part of my person which had so often smarted under the discipline of Doctor Vincent. This, no doubt, was Dicky's principle of restoring the animal functions, though it may safely be presumed that he had never studied Harvey on the Circulation of the Blood."

We are not sure that we are doing any service to the world in elucidating the theory of *hanging*; but coming from so high an authority in all that "comes home to the hearts and bosoms of men," we cannot prevail on ourselves to deprive the curious in *suspension* of the favourite dramatist's opinion. "I think that the sensation of drowning must be something like that of hanging: for I felt the sensation of tightness about the throat which I conjecture must be experienced by those who undergo the severest sentence of the English law. Yet, in the alarm and agitation of the moment I was not conscious of any great pain. A blaze of light flashed upon my eyes. This I imagine to have arisen from the blood rushing to the brain, though it might be occasioned by the sunbeams which were then playing in full force upon the water."

The subject is so attractive to all, and may be so *interesting* to certain individuals even of the class of marching intellect, that we must indulge our philosophy in a few sentences on the *funicular* close of the troubles of this very troublesome world. The sensation of drowning is a feeling of suffocation, sharpened by the rapidly growing belief that we are going to the bottom, there to lie. Of this sensation every one may have a foretaste who is absurd enough to dive, and may have the full fruition who dives too long. No amateur of swimming, who feels himself ten or twelve feet deep in a river, or arm of the ocean, with his last breath bubbling out, is to be envied. Nor is the situation increased in its comforts, by the consciousness that his feet are entangled in a mesh of weeds as inflexible as the Gordian knot, or encumbered by the branches of some monarch of the woods, fallen a century before into the bosom of the stream; or that he is whirled along by an under-current, that twists round him like a boa constrictor, pursuing the even tenor of its way to the brow of a precipice fifty feet perpendicular, the boasted ornament of my lord's demesne, and wonder of the country for fifty miles round. The truth is, that drowning is a disagreeable mode of shaking off 'life's coil,' and that hanging has little better to recommend it, *except* the publicity. The declarations of those who have recovered from the operation of the law, in less expert times, go for little with us. They generally make little of the affair. But, in the first place, their business is bravado; in the next, they forget it in the first carouse, which is generally evidenced by their putting themselves in the way of it again on the first opportunity; and thirdly, we are not in the habit of giving the deepest reliance to any thing that they say. '*Evita funem*,' therefore, as the philosophic Seneca said; and the maxim is worthy of his knowledge of the world.

Westminster supplies a few oddities more. In the following we see the incipient glories of one, who, if he had not been manager of a playhouse, would have driven a mail-coach, or flourished in the four-in-hand. "I was partner with a boy in a phaeton and pair, which we sported in Tothill fields—the equipage was of rather rude fabrication, consisting of unpainted pieces of rough wood, clumsily nailed together; and the cattle were a couple of donkeys, yclept *Smut* and *Macaroni*. Those quadrupeds enjoyed no sinecure, being in constant requisition for both draught and saddle; and when one happened to be lame or sick, the two proprietors rode double upon the other." Westminster, like every other great school, had its punster and its poet. "The punster was the head master, Dr. Smith, who, when the cook, according to annual custom, came to throw the annual pancake, on Shrove Tuesday, over the high bar which crosses the interior of the building, in which he always failed, by virtue of his office, and for the benefit of the anniversary pun; Dr. Smith regularly once a year cried out, at this exploit, *Παν κακον*, implying "*all bad*," while the pun *pan' kakon*, convulsed the school with unusual and decorous laughter at the pleasantry of its chief."

But the poet (the college baker,) deserves a still higher commemoration. He comprehended all his desires of the goddess Fortune in four lines, much more expressive than Horace's "*Hoc erat in votis*," or Swift's,

"I often wished that I had clear,  
For life three hundred pounds a year."

The verse is the happiest combination of pastoral feelings with civic cupidity.

"If I had a field, a garden, and a gate,  
I wouldn't care for the Duke of Bedford's estate;  
That is, I wouldn't care for his Grace's estate,  
If I had Covent-garden, Smithfield, and Billingsgate."

But the world was now beginning to open. The Elder Colman kept up an intercourse with the leading writers of the day; and his son had the advantage of being introduced at his table to Johnson, Foote, Gibbon, the Wartons, Garrick, Beauclerk, Reynolds, and others, chiefly of the celebrated "Literary Club." On the dogmatizing of this club, he makes the sensible observations that,—“Though it boasted certain individuals of the first order, it was rated too high; or, rather, society rated itself too low;—for so pusillanimous in that day were educated persons in general, that they submitted to the dominion of a self-chosen few.—Of Boswell's attempts to make Johnson amiable, by saying, that he had a love for little children, ‘calling them pretty dears, and giving them sweetmeats,’ George altogether doubts, and says, in his characteristic style, “The idea of Johnson's carrying *bonbons* to give to children, is much like supposing a Greenland bear to have a pocket stuffed with tartlets for travellers.” He was at length brought into the formidable company of Johnson at his father's house in Soho Square.

“On our entrance, we found Johnson sitting in a *fauteuil* of rose-coloured satin, the arms and legs of which were of burnished gold. The contrast of the man with the seat was striking. An unwashed coal-heaver, in a *vis-à-vis*, could not be much more misplaced. He was dressed in a rusty suit of brown cloth, with black worsted stockings;



his old yellow wig was of formidable dimensions, and the learned head which sustained it rolled about in a seemingly paralytic motion, chiefly inclining to one shoulder; whether to the right or left I cannot now remember;—a fault never to be forgiven by the *Twaddleri*, who think these matters of the utmost importance.

“He deigned not to rise on our entrance; and we stood before him while he and my father talked. There was soon a pause in the colloquy; and my father, making his advantage of it, took me by the hand, and said, ‘Doctor Johnson, this is a little Colman.’ The doctor bestowed a slight ungracious glance on me, and continuing the rotatory motion of his head, renewed the conversation. Again there was a pause; again the anxious father, who had failed in his first effort, seized the opportunity for pushing his progeny, with—‘This is my son, Doctor Johnson.’ The great man’s contempt was now roused to wrath; and, knitting his brows, he exclaimed, in a voice of thunder—“*I see him, Sir.*” He then fell back in his rose-coloured *fauteuil*, as if giving himself up to meditation, implying ‘that he would be no further plagued with either an old fool or a young one.’” This was savage enough, and we can scarcely wonder at the title conferred by the indignant object of his rejection.—“A new species of Barbarian, a learned Attila, come to subjugate polished society.”

He had previously seen Goldsmith, and found him the good-natured doctor that all the world found him. He was but five years old when the doctor first took him on his knee, and was rewarded for it by a “blow which left the marks of his little spiteful paw on his cheek.” For this the striker was banished to an adjoining room, to enjoy the benefit of solitary imprisonment. But Goldsmith himself came to liberate the prisoner, brought him back to the dinner table, and finally completed the treaty of pacification by showing him his skill in art magic. “He placed three hats upon the carpet, and a shilling under each, which represented England, France, and Spain. ‘*Hey, presto, cocolorum,*’ said the Doctor; and, on removing the hats, the shillings were found congregated under one. I was no politician at five years old, and, therefore, might not have wondered at the sudden revolution which brought England, France, and Spain, under one *crown*; but as I was also no conjuror, it amazed me beyond measure. From that time, whenever the Doctor came to visit my father, a game at romps constantly ensued, and we were always cordial friends, and merry playfellows. Our unequal companionship varied somewhat in point of sports as I grew older, but it did not last long. My senior playmate died, alas! in his forty-fifth year, some months after I had attained my eleventh.”

Of Foote, of course he must know much; but his avoidance of building on the foundations of other men is so punctilious, that his only record is, of the player’s *wooden leg*.—“This prop to his person I once saw standing by his bedside, ready dressed, in a handsome silk stocking, with a polished shoe and gold buckle, awaiting the owner’s getting up. It had a kind of *tragi-comical* appearance. And I leave to inveterate wags the ingenuity of punning upon a *Foote* in bed, and a leg out of it. His undressed supporter was the common wooden leg, like a mere stick, which was not a little injurious to a well-kept pleasure-ground. I remember following him after a shower of rain upon a nicely rolled terrace, in which he stamped a deep round hole at every other step he took, till it appeared as if the gardener had been there with his dibble,

preparing, against all horticultural rule, to plant a row of cabbages in a gravel walk."

With Garrick, his acquaintance commenced in boyhood; and his sketches of that extraordinary performer on and off the stage, are graphic and forcible. "The frequent letters passing between him, at Hampton-court, and my father, at Richmond, were so many opportunities for me to take airings on horseback, attended by the servant, who carried the despatches. On these occasions, I always, on arriving at Garrick's, ran about his gardens, where he taught me the game of trap-ball, which superseded our former nine pins. He practised too a thousand monkey tricks upon me. He was Punch, Harlequin, and a cat in a gutter; then King Lear, with a mad touch, at times, that almost terrified me, and he had a peculiar mode of flashing the lightning of his eye, by darting it into the astonished mind of a child, as a serpent is said to fascinate a bird, which was an attribute belonging only to this theatrical Jupiter." To Garrick, he gives the palm of all the actors whom he has ever seen. "He has only to repeat what others have said a thousand times—

'Take him for all in all,  
I ne'er shall look upon his like again.'

The uncommon brilliancy of Garrick's eye was proverbial, and yet "he had the art of completely quenching its fire, as in his acting Sir Anthony Brainville, a personage who talks passionately, with the greatest *sang froid*, and whose language opposing his temperament, breathes flame, like Hecla in Iceland. In this part he made the twin stars look as 'dull as two coddled gooseberries.'—But his *deaf man's eye* evinced his minuteness of observation and power of execution. There is an expression in the eye of deaf persons, I mean such as have not lost *all* perception of sound, which consists of a mixture of dulness and vivacity in the organ of vision, indicating an anxiety to hear all, with a pretending to hear more than is actually heard, and a disappointment in having lost much; an embarrassed look, between intelligence and stupidity—all this he conveyed admirably. On the whole, with all his superior art in pourtraying Nature, it is to be lamented that he outraged her in one character; he over-acted the part of Garrick, he converted his companions into critics in the pit, practised clap-traps upon them, and had the row of lamps in front of the proscenium eternally under his nose."

Of Gibbon the historian's prejudices and powers, the world has known a good deal already, but no man has left fewer records of his effect in social intercourse. His long residence abroad alienated him from English society, even when he occasionally returned home. Colman has laboured a portrait of him with more than the usual felicity of labour. "Gibbon was a curious counterbalance to Johnson. Their manners and tastes were not more different than their habiliments. On the day I first sat down with Johnson in his rusty-brown coat and black worsted stockings, Gibbon was placed opposite to me in a suit of flowered velvet, with a bag and sword. Each had his measured phraseology; and Johnson's famous parallel of Dryden and Pope might be loosely parodied in reference to himself and Gibbon. Johnson's style was grand, and Gibbon's elegant: the stateliness of the former was sometimes pedantic, and the polish of the latter was occasionally finical. Johnson marched to kettle-drums and trumpets. Gibbon moved to flutes and hautboys. Johnson



hewed passages through the Alps, while Gibbon levelled walks through parks and gardens.

"Mauled as I had been by Johnson, Gibbon poured balm upon my bruises by condescending once or twice in the course of the evening, to talk with me. The great historian was light and playful, suiting his matter to the capacity of the boy, but it was done *more suo*, his mannerism prevailed; still he tapped his snuff-box, still he smirked and smiled; and rounded his periods with the same air of good-breeding, as if he were conversing with me. His mouth, mellifluous as Plato's, was a *round hole*, in the centre of his visage."

This last touch of description is not very complimentary to the historian of the Decline and Fall, but it is true; and Colman, in giving it, boldly shows, that he was superior to the mellifluous civility that flowed from it on his young brow. Sheridan he met, of course, in all kinds of life; and he idly thinks it necessary to apologize for "thinking that Sheridan did not excel in light conversation." The fact was notorious, and easily accounted for. Sheridan was a wit—perhaps the most acute and finished writer of good things in the whole range of the English language. He sometimes said excellent things too. But wit is at all times an exercise of the understanding, and is often the gift of the gravest temperament. Humour is of a totally different calibre; it is light, obtrusive, and gay. The wit often becomes a silent man, from a jealousy of his own reputation. The humorist, seldom having any reputation to lose, which may not be regained by the next trivial pleasantry, strikes at every thing, and is the best companion in common society, for there the secret of success is to keep up the ball. In Sheridan's instance there was the additional obstruction, that he loved wine; and a lover of wine is, by habit, out of spirits until he is at least half drunk. The first hour after dinner found Sheridan much more disposed to sleep than to talk, or to growl at every thing round him than to make the most of the passing pleasantry. His planet seldom rose until the third bottle began its gyrations. He then felt the reviving lustre, and shone, when three-fourths of his fellow sitters were saturated and sleepy. Even his shining was but brief. Brandy gave the effulgence, which was but thinly supplied by claret; and the flow of soul, which had so tardily superseded the feast of reason, suddenly terminated under the table.

"Many men of inferior powers were, in my humble conception, pleasanter dinner companions—his son Tom, for instance. I admit, that nobody, sitting down with him for the first time, and even ignorant of his abilities, could have mistaken him for a common-place character, nor would the evening pass, without some thoughts or turns of expression escaping him, indicative of genius; but he wanted the flickering blaze of social pleasantry, the playful lightning of familiar discourse: his style appeared to me more an exercise than desultory table-talk. I have heard him late in the evening recapitulate nearly all that had been said at table; and comment on it with much ingenuity, and satire. But, to say nothing of people's disliking to find their careless chat thus remembered, and *summed up*, this was rather speechifying than conversing, and less fit for a dinner party than for a debating society." The narrator pushes his illustration of this parliamentary propensity to an extreme in which *we* suspect him of exercising his own pleasantry. "The habit of

harangue grew so much upon Sheridan in his declining days, that he would, in answering the observation of any person in company, call him "the honourable gentleman."

"The late Joseph Richardson, Sheridan's '*fidus Achates*,' was, with all his good nature and good temper, a huge lover of this particular kind of disputation. Tell Richardson where you dined yesterday, and he would immediately inquire, 'Had you a good day? was there much argument?'"

Erskine was of the Colman diners-out, and was then what he was when he became more known, and what he continued to his last hour, prodigiously fond of talking, and pre-eminently fond of talking of himself.

"My father often met Erskine in the street, and invited him to dinner on the same day. On those occasions, our party, which, when I was at home, formed a *trio*, might as well have been called a *duo*, for I was only a listener; indeed, my father was little more, for Erskine was then young at the bar, flushed with success, and enthusiastic in his profession. He would, therefore, repeat his pleadings in every case. This I thought dull enough, and congratulated myself, (till I knew better,) when the oration was over. But here I reckoned without my host; for when my father observed that the arguments were unanswerable—'By no means, my dear Sir,' would Erskine say, 'had I been counsel for A. instead of B. you shall hear what I could have advanced on the other side.'—Then we *did* hear, and I wished him at the forum."

To Bath Colman went like all "the other fine gentlemen about town" for a season. Bath was then the haunt of the *ultras* of fashion, the original Almack's, with only the difference, that it was on a larger scale, and that, instead of being ruled by the sceptre of Lady Jersey, it submitted to the ruder supremacy of Beau Nash. It had its living absurdities, as well as its successor. "The chief exquisite, or dandy, (macaroni was then the term,) who figured in the Upper Rooms, was the well known Tom Storer, *bien poudré*, in a fine coat with gold frogs; he moved the *minuet de la cour*, in buckram solemnity, pale, tall, thin, and ugly, making strange contortions of his legs when he turned a corner."

Mrs. De Crespigny's masquerade, at which Colman exhibited as Prince Arthur, extorts from him the very correct opinion, that "an English private masquerade, where people are striving to be clever, is the dullest of all dull vivacity—a public one is the most vulgar of vulgar dissipation." In the fury of his anti-masquerade ire he gives some lines, written for the benefit night of Jones the comedian, whom, by a well-deserved compliment, in which we believe the public fully join, he designates as "one whose domestic worth and gentlemanly manners are equal to his histrionic talents." We give a fragment of them as being among the smartest of their author's, and as hitherto unpublished:—

\* \* \* \* \*

"Then pouring in, come punches, Turks, and tailors,  
Heavy heeled harlequins, and inland sailors.  
Jews without Hebrew, brogueless Pats from Cork,  
And clodpoles without dialect from York,  
Sportsmen, who've scarcely seen a furrow's ridge,  
And ne'er shot any thing—but London bridge.

\* \* \* \* \*



Here songsters squall, fat waltzers there advance,  
 To crush our toes with what they call a dance.  
 A dance, at which a well-taught bear would *blush*,  
 Till supper is announced, and then—a rush ;  
 The masks pour in impatient all to stuff  
 Rolls stale, ham rank, pies mouldy, chickens tough,  
 Cold punch grown warm, dead porter, wine half rum,  
 And waiters 'coming,' who will never come.  
 The scramble o'er, the revel rises high,  
 With debauchees and dollies in full cry.  
 Till all in blazing sunshine reel away,  
 With fevered headaches to doze out the day."

In a visit to Oxford he makes some mention of the "Connoisseur," a paper started in 1754, by his father, when he was but an under graduate, and at the gay age of twenty-two. Bonnel Thornton was his coadjutor. Thornton was a man of some ability, some pleasantry, and with a growing propensity to get drunk, which soon completed his literary career. Thornton, as might be expected, generally shrank from his share of the task, and Colman was driven to double labour. "When the *onus* fell upon Thornton, he *waddled out*, like a lame duck in the alley, that is, he was delinquent, and his partner was left to supply the deficiency. On one of those occasions the joint authors met, in hurry and irritation, to extricate themselves from the dilemma—my father enraged or sulky—Thornton muzzy with liquor—the essay to be published next morning—not a word of it written—not even a subject thought on, and the press waiting ; nothing to be done, but to scribble helter skelter. 'Sit down, Colman,' said Thornton, 'we must give the blockheads something.' My industrious sire, conscious of obligations to be fulfilled, sat down immediately, writing whatever came into his head. Thornton, in the mean time, walked up and down, taking huge pinches of snuff, seeming to ruminate, but not contributing one word. When my father had thrown upon paper about one half of a moral essay, Thornton, who was still pacing the room, with a glass of brandy and water in his hand, stuttered out, 'Write away, Colman, you are a bold fellow ; you can tell them that virtue is a fine thing,'—implying that my father wrote nothing but common places. Thornton's worthless life had the natural termination. He was seized with dropsy, and died, talking in a style which it is only mercy to suppose was the language of insanity or intoxication.—"His relations surrounding his death-bed, he told them that he should expire before he counted twenty ; and covering his head with the bed-clothes, he began to count—one, two — eighteen, nineteen, twenty. He then thrust out his head, and exclaimed, 'It's very strange, but why ar'n't you all crying ? Teach my son, when I am gone, his A B C. I know mine in several languages. But I perceive no good that the knowledge has ever done me—so if you never teach him his A B C at all, it doesn't much signify.' Within an hour after this he died."

From Oxford George we went to see the wonders of the Peak ; where he set fire to the straw on which he lay in the boat that carried him through the cavern : an accident which reminds him of the good luck of a military officer, who could boast of having been nearly burnt to death, hanged and drowned in the course of five minutes. This happy person, who contrived to crowd so much adventure into so short a time, was on board a transport with his regiment. "They fell in with an enemy's

fleet, and the engagement began. The transport by some accident was set on fire; it blew up, and he was flung into the sea. Unable to swim, and expecting to sink immediately, an English vessel threw out a rope to him with a noose in it: in his hurry to fix it under his arms, it slipped round his neck; and when a friendly sailor tugged at him to haul him on board, the endeavour to save his life almost put an end to it. He was dragged upon deck, half singed, half drowned, and half strangled. The triple escape may be considered as quadruple; for he ran the immediate risk of being shot in the action!"

The elder Colman had promised to pay a visit to Lord Mulgrave at his seat near Whitby; and from York they set out with Captain Phipps, the captain's brother Augustus, Sir Joseph Bankes, and Omai, the Otaheitan, all in one coach; no bad imitation of the stowage of the Wronghead family in the journey to London. The coach was the ponderous property of Sir Joseph, and it was as "huge and heavy as a broad-wheel waggon. It carried six inside passengers, with somewhat more than their average luggage; for the packages of Captain Phipps were laid in like stores for a long voyage; he had boxes and cases crammed with nautical lore, books, maps, charts, quadrants, &c. Sir Joseph's stowage was still more formidable—unwearied in botanical research, he travelled with trunks containing voluminous specimens of the *hortus siccus*, in whity-brown paper, and large receptacles for further vegetable materials, which he might accumulate in his locomotions. The vehicle had, also, in addition to its contingent loads, several fixed appurtenances with which it was encumbered by its philosophical owner—in particular, there was a remarkably heavy *safety-chain* (a drag-chain upon a newly-constructed principle), to obviate the possibility of danger in going down a hill; it snapped, however, in our very first descent. It boasted, also, an internal piece of machinery with a hard name—a *hippopedometer*, by which a traveller might ascertain the rate at which he was going. This also broke in the first ten miles of our journey, whereat the philosopher, to whom it belonged, was the only person who lost his philosophy."

We are afraid that botany is not the most sublime of the sciences, and that Sir Joseph, if not a little of a quack, was a very bustling and *boring* gentleman in his chace of flies and his plucking of roses. They were tormented by his indefatigable botany. "We never saw a tree with an unusual branch, or a strange weed, but a halt was immediately ordered, and out jumped Sir Joseph, out jumped the two boys, Augustus and myself, and out jumped Omai after us all. Many articles which *seemed* to me no better than thistles, and which would not have sold for a farthing in Covent Garden Market, were plucked up by the roots, and stowed carefully in the coach as rarities."

It is to be presumed, that a hedge-row in Yorkshire did not contain many extraordinary discoveries in the botanical world even in Sir Joseph's day, and that the gathering of horse-mushrooms and thistles was as much intended for the fame of Sir Joseph's love of science, as for the benefit of mankind. But the finest display of zeal for science was to come. "Among all our jumpings, the most amusing to me was, the jump of a frog *down Sir Joseph's throat*; having picked it up from the grass, he held it in the palm of his hand till it performed this guttural somerset, to convince his three followers, the two boys and the savage, that there is nothing poisonous in the animal, as some ignorant people



imagine. As far, therefore, as enlightening the minds of a couple of lads belonging to the rising generation of England, the frog took his voluntary leap of self-destruction, like another Curtius, for the good of his country!" After this, we may believe any thing that we are told of the coxcombry of Sir Joseph's science. Peter Pindar should not have let this exploit escape him; it was even better than that celebrated experiment which ended in—"Fleas are *not* lobsters, d—mn their souls!"

At Scarborough George for the first time saw the sea, with which he was inclined to be disappointed, for he had always conceived it from the poets, to be in a fine frenzy rolling, to rage in a perpetual storm. However, he was on more mature knowledge convinced, "as George Hanger wrote of an army of many thousand men, that it was not to be *sneezed* at." On the morning after his arrival, he walked down to the beach, where he entered a bathing machine, to take his "maiden plunge." He found Omai wading in the water, of whom he gives this curious description. "The sun-beams shot their lustre upon the tawny priest (Omai's profession in Otaheite), and heightened the gloss he had received from the water; he looked like a specimen of moving mahogany highly varnished; not only varnished, indeed, but curiously veneered—for from his hips and the small of his back downwards, he was *tattooed* with striped arches, broad, and black, by means of a sharp shell or fish's tooth, imbued with an indelible dye." He invited young George to take a swim on his back. The offer was accepted. "Omai, who was highly pleased with my confidence in him, walked a considerable way out before the water came up to his chin; he then struck out, and having thus *weighed anchor* for this my first voyage, I found myself on board the Omai, decidedly not as commander of the vessel, but as a passive passenger, who must submit without an effort to the very worst that might happen. My wild friend appeared as much at home in the waves, as a rope-dancer upon a cord. But as soon as he had got out of his depth, my apprehensions were aroused, and I began to think that, if he should take a sudden fancy to dive, or to turn round, and float with his face to the sky, I, who was upon his back, must be in a very awkward situation. Every fresh motion of his arms and legs carried us some yards further out; after a time, however, we went on so steadily, that my fears subsided. At last I felt not only quite at ease, but delighted with my mode of vectigation; it had, doubtless, one advantage over sailing in a ship, for there was no rolling and pitching about, to occasion sea-sickness, and I made my way as smoothly as Arion upon his dolphin. I could not, indeed, touch the lyre, nor had I any musical instrument to play on—unless it were the comb which Omai carried in one hand, and which he used, while swimming, to adjust his harsh black locks, hanging in profusion over his shoulders. Having performed a trip of full three-quarters of an hour, the Omai came gallantly into harbour, all safe—*passenger* in good health."

A pleasantry is next recorded of John Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave, (afterwards Duke of Buckingham). This "warrior, politician, courtier, and poet, had fled from the plague of 1665 in London to his Yorkshire estate; there he rendered himself so popular, that on his return, his tenantry attended him in a body to some distance, trying to extract a promise of his soon coming to reside among them again. The request was evaded for a while; but the crowd at last forced an answer. 'My worthy friends,' said the Earl, 'I shall make a point of coming among you—at the next plague!'

After a lapse of forty-five years, George visited the seat of the Mulgraves once more. It had flourished prodigiously in the interval, the house had grown into a castle, and the grounds into woodlands and forests. His time passed delightfully, except for the peculiar regard of his noble host for his comfort. For two days he was laid up—by Friar Bacon, on whom he had taken a ride to Whitby. “The fat of this handsome pampered animal proclaimed him an old favourite, and the width of his back distended my femoral sinews, as if I had been put to the *question* by the Inquisition. My kind and noble friend had, I know, been studying my comfort before he mounted me upon this corpulent quadruped, whose ambling pace was smoother than the swing of a cradle; but, oh—his rotundity! take him altogether, he was one of the mildest tortures that ever stretched the limbs of an elderly gentleman.” The Mulgrave expedition passed off pleasantly, furnishing the wit with some sketches of character for his next drama, and supplying the reader with some odd anecdotes. The following slight exaggeration is new to us; he gives it in illustration of the *sang froid* with which the miners in the alum-pits on the Mulgrave estate sling themselves down the quarry. “A Scotchman slipped off the roof of a mansion in Edinburgh, sixteen stories high (at the least); when midway in his descent, he arrived at a lodger looking out of the eighth floor window, to whom, as he was an acquaintance, he observed, *en passant*, ‘Eh, Sandy, mon, sic a fa’ as I shall hae.’ He declines saying anything more on the alum-works, from the *astringency* of the subject, but refers the inquisitive to the Encyclopædia. He now studied botany in the evenings, under the indefatigable Sir Joseph, who sliced cabbages, cauliflowers, and every thing that came in his way, for the honour of science; from which study his pupil declares, that he rose with the power of distinguishing between “a moss-rose and a Jerusalem artichoke.” Growing sick of science, he naturally gives a passing rebuke to every project that withdraws a man from the cultivation of the play-houses and fire-sides of London. “What is,” says this gay Utilitarian, “the endeavour of *boring* beyond a frigid zone? If by possibility a passage were obtained this year, it would be blocked up in the next.” He accordingly pronounces the North-West passage as hopeless as “a turnpike road over the sands of the desert, or a permanent bridge across the crater of *Ætna*.” So much for the glories of Captain Parry and the projects of Mr. Barrow. The world has been long of the wit’s opinion; but he shines in description, and he gives us an excellent roasting of a pig, *au naturel*, by Omai, in the manner of the royal kitchen of Otaheite. “One day we had a barbecued hog—a huge whole monster. I took a prejudice against him while roasting—he was put down to a blazing fire in the field, where he was burned, and scorched, and blackened, until he looked like a fat protestant at the stake, in the time of Bishop Bonner—we all had a flap at him, with a rag dipped in vinegar, at the end of a stick, by way of a basting ladle, otherwise he would have been done to a cinder.” The monster was better than he looked. “As to Omai’s dish, in the eating nothing could be more savoury.” Sir Joseph too, that man of all arts, figured as a cook. “Sir Joseph made very palatable stews, in a tin machine, which he called by a hard name; but which is now very common.” But their experiments were sometimes more diversified than successful. “One day we roasted a sea-gull, which was enough to turn



the stomach of a *cormorant*. The raw dinner of a Hottentot would be a refuge from it."

They then took to boring the burrows or *tumuli* in the neighbourhood, from which they extracted some bones, potsherds, and copper coins, which, he observes, "it was impossible to *toss* up; they having neither heads nor tails." Two or three of them were given to him as the reward of his exploratory prowess, but they did not remain long with him. On this he makes the pleasant, yet pathetic reflection: "From that time to this, I have evinced no talents as a hoarder of coin. My attempts in that way, indeed, have been generally made with a view to *modern English specimens*, stamped with heads of the Brunswick line. Many of those have, at different times, been in my hands; but somehow or other, they have soon passed out of them again; and I have never been able to succeed as a *collector*."

On his tour homewards, he visited Sir Charles Turner, a famous country gentleman — "who persecuted a fox with joyful inveteracy, and was the most formidable Nimrod of his district. He showed us a picture of a favourite white hunter, surmounted by himself, in the act of leaping a five-barred gate, being the last of an uncommon number of similar jumps, which this fine animal had accomplished, with Sir Charles on his back, during one day's chase. When such paintings formerly met my view, they excited in me an admiration for the rider, which I have long ago exclusively transferred to the horse."

The observation is excellent; and a proof of the advanced rationality of the writer. One trait more of this fox-hunting family. "Sir Charles had a son, whom he was educating to be in all points his representative—'a fine dashing fellow!' When I first saw him, he ran into a drawing-room, full of company, with a live mouse in his hand. 'Bite off his head, Charles,' said the father. The boy obeyed the word of command; his *dental* guillotine instantly fell, and the mouse was executed." This was a fine touch of country exploits. But he met a more interesting subject in the neighbourhood. "In the village of Kirkleatham, was an individual, who excited great interest in the visitors of the hall. His looks were venerable, from his great age, and his deportment was above that which is usually found among the inhabitants of a hamlet. How he had acquired this air of superiority over his neighbours, it is difficult to say, for his origin must have been humble. His eightieth summer had nearly passed away; and only two or three years previously, he had learned to read, that he might gratify a parent's pride and love, by perusing his son's first voyage round the world. He was the father of CAPTAIN COOK!"

On the whole, the *Random Records* are pleasant specimens of old George Colman, the *younger*. Hemight have given us more anecdote—for who possesses so much? and a little less loyalty in his panegyrics, for who in this country has not heard all that can be said of the virtues of kings? His preface is a little *ventre à terre*, and his principles are those of the "deputy licenser." But his book is a pleasant one after all. He promises to give more, and we hope he will keep his promise; the present volumes flutter only about the first twenty years of his life. What flights of stronger wing, and broader sweep, may he not take in the forty that have followed them! Let him but begin!

## A CHAPTER ON OLD COATS.

I LOVE an old coat. By an old coat, I mean not one of last summer's growth, on which the gloss yet lingers, shadowy, and intermittent, like a faint ray of sunlight on the counting-house desk of a clothier's warehouse in Eastcheap, but a real unquestionable antique, which for some five or six years has withstood the combined assaults of sun, dust, and rain, has lost all pretensions to starch, unsocial formality, and gives the shoulders assurance of ease, and the waist of a holiday. Such a coat is my delight. It presents itself to my mind's eye, mixed up with a thousand varying recollections, and not only shadows forth the figures, but recalls the very faces, even to the particular expression of eye, brow, or lip, of friends over whom the waters of oblivion have long since rolled. This, you will say, is strange. Granted; but mark how I deduce my analogy!

In that repository of wit, learning, and sarcasm, the "Tale of a Tub," Swift pertinently remarks, that, in forming an estimate of an individual's trade or profession, one should look to his dress. The man himself is nothing; his apparel is the distinguishing characteristic; the outward and visible sign of his inward and spiritual grace. What, adds the satirist, is a lawyer, but a black wig and gown, hung up on an animated peg, like a barber's caxon on a block? What, a judge, but an apt conjunction of scarlet and white ermine, thrown over a similar peg, a little stouter, perhaps, and stuck upright on a Bench? What, a dandy, but a pair of tight persuasives to corns and gentility, exuberant pantaloons, and unimpeachable coat and hat, trimly appended to a moving stick, from a yard and a half to two yards high, grown in Bond Street, and cut down in the fulness of time in the King's Bench? What, a lord mayor, but a gold chain stuck round the neck of a plump occupier of space? What, a physician, but a black gilt-headed cane, thrust, with professional gravity, under the snout of an embodied "Memento Mori?" What, an alderman, but a furred gown and white napkin stuck beneath the triple chin of a polypetalous personification of dyspepsia?—Caxon the barber held opinions similar to these. "Pray, Sir," said he to the Antiquary, "do not venture near the sands to-night; for when *you* are dead and gone, there will only be three *wigs* left in the village."\*

If then we look to the dress—of which the coat, of course, forms the chief feature—as the criterion of a man, it is logically manifest that the appearance of certain coats will renew the recollection of certain individuals; or suppose we substitute the word "coat" for "man," and it will be equally manifest that a certain coat is *bonâ fide* a certain man. Now, whenever I see an old coat, brown, rusty, and long-waisted, with the dim metal buttons at the back, sewed on so far apart, that if a short-sighted man were to stand upon the one, he could scarcely—according to the ordinary laws of probability—see over to the other; I imagine, on Swift's principle, that I see my fat city friend, Tims, who died of a lord mayor's feast, ten years since come Martinmas. In like manner, whenever I behold a gaunt, attenuated blue surtout, so perfectly old-fashioned in shape, that I should hardly be justified in making an affidavit before Sir Richard Birnie, that, to the best of my belief, it was younger than the Temple of the Sun, at Palmyra; I think that I behold mine ancient college-

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\* *Vide* Sir W. Scott's novel of the Antiquary, Vol. I.



chum, Dickson—the cream of bachelors—the pink of politeness—the most agreeable of tipplers ; who expired last year of vexation, the necessary consequence of his having been married a full fortnight to a Blue-Stocking. Peace to his ashes !—he always spoke respectfully of whisky punch !

Old coats are the indices by which a man's peculiar turn of mind may be pointed out. So tenaciously do I hold this opinion, that, in passing down a crowded thoroughfare, the Strand, for instance, I would wager odds, that, in seven out of ten cases, I would tell a stranger's character and calling by the mere cut of his every-day coat. Who can mistake the staid, formal gravity of the orthodox divine, in the corresponding weight, fulness, and healthy condition of his familiar, easy-natured flaps ? Who sees not the necessities—the habitual eccentricities of the poet, significantly developed in his two haggard, shapeless old apologies for skirts, original in their genius as Christabel, uncouth in their build as the New Palace at Pimlico ? Who can misapprehend the motions of the spirit, as it slily flutters beneath the Quaker's drab ? Thus, too, the sable hue of the lawyer's working coat corresponds most convincingly with the colour of his conscience : while his thrift, dandyism, and close attention to appearances, tell their own tale in the half-pay officer's smart, but somewhat faded exterior.

No lover of independence ventures voluntarily on a new coat. This is an axiom not to be overturned, unlike the safety stage-coaches. The man who piques himself on the newness of such an habiliment, is—till time hath "mouldered it into beauty"—its slave. Wherever he goes, he is harassed by an apprehension of damaging it. Hence he loses his sense of independence, and becomes—a Serf ! How degrading ! To succumb to one's superiors is bad enough ; but to be the martyr of a few yards of cloth ; to be the Helot of a tight fit ; to be shackled by the ninth fraction of a man ; to be made submissive to the sun, the dust, the rain, and the snow ; to be panic-stricken by the chimney-sweep ; to be scared by the dustman ; to shudder at the advent of the baker ; to give precedence to the scavenger ; to concede the wall to a peripatetic conveyancer of eggs ; to palpitate at the irregular sallies of a mercurial cart-horse ; to look up with awe at the apparition of a giggling servant girl, with a sloop-pail thrust half way out of a garret window ; to coast a gutter with a horrible anticipation of consequences ; to faint at the visitation of a shower of soot down the chimney ;—to be compelled to be at the mercy of each and all of these vile contingencies ; can any thing in human nature be so preposterous, so effeminate, so disgraceful ? A truly great mind spurns the bare idea of such slavery ; hence, according to the "Subaltern," Wellington liberated Spain in a red coat, extravagantly over-estimated at sixpence, and Napoleon entered Moscow in a green one out at the elbows.

An old coat is the aptest possible symbol of sociality. An old shoe is not to be despised ; an old hat, provided it have a crown, is not amiss ; none but a cynic would speak irreverently of an old slipper ; but were I called upon to put forward the most unique impersonation of comfort, I should give a plumper in favour of an old coat. The very mention of this luxury conjures up a thousand images of enjoyment. It speaks of warm fire-sides—long flowing curtains—a downy arm-chair—a nicely-trimmed lamp—a black cat fast asleep on the hearth-rug—a bottle of old Port (vintage 1812)—a snuff-box—a cigar—

a Scotch novel—and, above all, a social, independent, unembarrassed attitude. With a new coat this last blessing is unattainable. Imprisoned in this detestable tunic—oh, how unlike the flowing toga of the ancients!—we are perpetually haunted with a consciousness of the necessities of our condition. A sudden pinch in the waist dispels a philosophic reverie; another in the elbow withdraws us from the contemplation of the poet to the recollection of the tailor; Snip's goose vanquishes Anacreon's dove; while, as regards our position, to lean forward, is inconvenient; to lean backward, extravagant; to lean sideways, impossible. The great secret of happiness is the ability to merge self in the contemplation of nobler objects. This a new coat, as I have just now hinted, forbids. It keeps incessantly intruding itself on our attention. While it flatters our sense of the becoming, it compromises our freedom of thought. While it insinuates that we are the idol of a ball-room, it neutralizes the compliment by a high-pressure power on the short ribs. It bids us be easy, at the expense of respiration; comfortable, with elbows on the rack.

There is yet another light in which old coats may be viewed: I mean as chroniclers of the past, as vouchers to particular events. Agesilaus, king of Sparta, always dated from his last new dress. Following in the wake of so illustrious a precedent, I date from my last (save one) new coat, which was first ushered into being during the memorable period of the Queen's trial. Do I remember that epoch from the agitation it called forth? From the loyalty, the radicalism, the wisdom and the folly it quickened into life?—Assuredly not. I gained nothing by the wisdom. I lost as much by the folly. I was neither the better nor the worse for the agitation. Why then do I still remember that period? Simply and selfishly from the circumstance of its having occasioned the dismemberment—most calamitous to a poor annuitant!—of the very coat in which I have the honour of addressing this essay to the public. In an olfactory crowd, whom her Majesty's "wrongs" had congregated at Hammersmith, my now invalid habiliment was transformed after the fashion of an Ovidian metamorphosis, where the change is usually from the better to the worse, from a coat into a spencer. In a word, some adroit conveyancer eloped with the hinder flaps, and by so doing, secured a snuff-box which played two waltz tunes.

The same coat, on which subsequently, by a sort of Taliacotian process, a pair of artificial skirts were grafted, accompanied me through Wales, among mountains where the eagle dwells alone in his supremacy. It was the sole adjunct who was with me, when I rambled along the banks of the Sawthy, when the lark was abroad and singing in the sky, or the shy nightingale flung her song to the winds from among the hushed dells of Keven-gornuth. It was at my back when I climbed the loftiest peak of Cader-Idris, and when with feelings not to be described, I looked down upon sapphire clouds floating in quaint huge masses at an immense distance below me, and saw through their filmy chinks the glittering of thirty lakes, the faint undulating line of a thousand billowy ridges, or the blue expanse of the drowsy ocean, dotted here and there with a passing sail, and bordered far away on the horizon by the dim boundaries of the Irish coast. Moreover, it was at my back when I plunged chin-deep into the isle of Ely bogs, in which picturesque condition I was shot at, (and of course missed) by a Cockney sportsman, who had mistaken me for a rare and handsome species of the wild duck.

But by far the most singular adventure in which this old-fashioned



appanage ever bore a part, was one which took place at night-fall at a lonely dwelling in the neighbourhood of the Black Mountains. I had been sporting over those delectable wastes for the greater part of a day, and having as usual shot nothing but an old furze bush, was making the best of my way home towards the village inn where I had taken up my quarters, when the shades of night somewhat suddenly and inconveniently dropped around me. I say inconveniently, for I knew little or nothing of the neighbourhood, and as is always the case on such occasions, took the wrong by-path, which led me far down into a romantic hollow, in the centre of which stood a lone, gloomy-looking hut. I think I never saw so forlorn an object. Its every lineament spoke of solitude and murder.

While hesitating whether or not to pass this cut-throat tenement, a light glanced suddenly forth from one of the fissures that time and neglect had made in its walls. This decided me; I felt that I now stood a fair chance of gleaning some information respecting my road; so brandishing my gun like a quarter-staff—for I had consumed all my powder—I strode resolutely forward, though not without certain awkward misgivings, which a satirist might have tortured into apprehensions, in the direction whence the light proceeded, and was fortunate enough to secure a position, which, without being seen or heard, enabled me to see and hear, all that took place within the hut.

And a most picturesque discovery I made! Salvator Rosa would have given his ears to have been beside me. At the further end of the ruin, holding a lamp in his hand, whose wild fitful glare fell with strange effect upon his dark swarthy lineaments, stood a brawny ruffian, with a face eloquent of burglary. Near him was stationed another worthy, younger, though equally ferocious in aspect; with black grizzled hair; side-long look, like a fox on a poaching tour; snub nose, and mouth from ear to ear. Both were speaking in under tones; and as the younger, in reply to some question put by his companion, stole a fearful glance about him, I observed a spot of blood on his forehead, and that his hands were stained with the same crimson hue. Horror-struck by such a sight, I was just preparing to retreat, when the following sentences, spoken at intervals in a whisper that sent a thrill through every vein, rivetted me to the spot.

“Whereabouts did you catch her, Owen?”

“Just in the lane by the pool side; she was walking alone, so, as I owed the old woman a grudge, I”—and here the wretch chuckled like a fiend—“made no more ado, but grasped her by the neck, and cut her throat!”

“We must go and fetch her away then to-night; and above all, cover up the blood with earth, or else”——

What followed, I was unable to make out; enough, however, had been said, to convince me that I was standing within a yard of two deliberate murderers. What a situation! Alone, at night, in the wildest part of the Black Mountains, with two such villains: I felt that one movement, were it ever so slight, one sound, were it ever so fine, might reach their practised ears, and prove my instant destruction. But I had little time for reflection, for the ruffians making a sudden move towards the door, I moved off also, nor ever once halted, till cut short in my career by a projecting blackthorn, which had attached itself, after a very unconnubial fashion, to my person. With the usual difficulty I procured a divorce from this annoyance; and after rambling about some hours, up

one lane, down another, coasting this moor, and crossing that, I at length got into the right track, and arrived at my quarters with the sole inconvenience of having my coat a second time dismembered, like Absyrtus, by his kind aunt Medea.

But this was a trifle compared with the more momentous secret that engrossed my whole thoughts. For two days and nights I did nothing but ponder in my mind the way in which I could best disburthen myself of it. At first I thought of telling every thing to my landlord; but when I reflected on the character of my communication, there appeared a something so strange—so romantic—so altogether *outré* about it, that—will the reader credit my weakness?—I actually had not the courage to incur the hazard either of being laughed at, or scouted as a fabricator.

But the mind, like the body, when overcharged, must find a market for its surplus commodities. In other words, it must have a vent for its uneasiness. I soon felt this to be the case; and after bearing my secret about with me a full fortnight, it became at length so wholly insupportable, that I resolved, come what might, to rid myself of the burden; and accordingly, by my landlord's advice—to whom I imparted every particular—set out for Carmarthen, which was the nearest civilized town, in order to put the whole affair into the hands of the proper legal authorities.

It so happened, that the day of my arrival there was the second of the assizes, and as the magistrate before whom I was advised to lay my case, was in court, I made the best of my way thither, and arrived just in time to hear the trial of two murderous-looking felons, in whose intelligent faces I at the very first glance recognised my old acquaintances of the hut. The wretches then were at length detected! Thank God! I involuntarily exclaimed, and waited with throbbing heart the particulars of the solemn charge. In a few minutes, the trial commenced. The counsel for the prosecution drew forth their briefs; those for the defence looked ominous and full of apprehension; the Judge shook his wig; the Jury frowned in horror; the Court was hushed in awful expectation, and—Owen Rees and Davy Thomas were formally called on to plead Guilty or Not Guilty, to the charge of having, on the night of the 20th of June—the very night on which I had overheard their conversation,—“—*stolen a Goose, the property of Sarah Stubbs, ALIAS Long Sal, spinster*”!!

Shade of Martinus Scriblerus! was ever sample of the bathos equal to this?

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#### NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

POLITICAL Economy is a science against which we, poor untaught, un-Scotchified, and un-Jacobinical creatures, will never venture to lift up our finger. First, because it is the “grand science” of the age. Secondly, because it is a science that every body, born to be a light of the earth, or not born for that, or any other visible purpose, thoroughly understands. Thirdly, because it is a science in which no one of its illustrious lecturers, worshippers, and writers, ever contradicts the other, or contradicts himself; calls his brother a blockhead, or proves himself one; insults common sense in mankind, or burlesques it in his proper person. Fourthly, because it is, *par excellence*, a *lecturable* science, or

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science on which every body may lecture with rival profundity, novelty, and example; it supplying the ignorant with instantaneous knowledge, the stupid with intuitive sagacity, the narcotic with glowing eloquence, and the silent among the souls of men with argument eternal. Fifthly, because it is the peculiar science of those peculiar friends to England and her establishments, the Edinburgh Jacobins, the Paris Jacobins, the Dublin Jacobins, and the London Jacobins. Sixthly, because it is a science comprehending all other sciences, and capable of being naturally diversified and embrodered by digressions upon every subject comprehensible by the "energies" of man, or the boundless literature of a travelling tinker or lecturer; relieving a discussion upon poor-rates by an episode on the seraglio, the new receipt for water-proof leather, the history of Lady Ellenborough's Apotheosis, and the private memoirs of Mademoiselle Jelk, the reigning ornament of the Adelphi. Seventhly, because it is the science that feeds Mr. Macculloch's pen, and empties Mr. Huskisson's pocket; that has fixed the one in a professorship; and turned the other out of every thing but the seat for Liverpool, out of which we predict that he will speedily be turned, never to return.

With this strong consciousness of the blessings of Political Economy, let none suppose that we would whisper a syllable in its dispraise. Quite the contrary. As one of our poets of the Political Economist school of poetry sings:—

Hail for ever, Huskisson!  
 Of the mightiest, mightiest one!  
 First of English, first of Scotch,  
 Fittest our finance to botch;  
 Fittest of all ministers  
 To awake the House's jeers;  
 Fittest of all geese to write  
 Notes at "two o'clock" at night;  
 Fittest to get footman's warning,  
 Dated "ten o'clock" at morning;  
 Fittest thy own fall to spout,  
 When his Highness tossed thee out;  
 Mighty soul of mighty mouse,  
 Fittest to amuse the House,  
 When with roars the laughing tribe  
 Heard thee all thy woes describe;  
 Fittest for Macculloch's List—  
 Hail! thou great Economist!

As to the effects of the Huskissonian principles (!) we sincerely absolve that memorable statesman and philosopher from all blame; for the business of statesmen and philosophers being solely with the origin of things, the *ultimæ causæ*, or primary conceptions of those noble discoveries that are to restore (or upset) mankind, they are fairly disengaged from all human responsibility for the results. We are perfectly convinced that Mr. Huskisson was so far from intending that twenty thousand Spital-fields weavers should be thrown out of bread within the first week of his triumphant theory, that he actually thought his activity would have had quite the contrary effect: that twenty thousand more weavers would be set to work, and that they would all have double meals. If in this he made a "trifling mistake," it was any thing but a mistake of the heart. But to our topic, gin! Science leads one of the new school naturally to think that the cultivation of French silks, gloves, &c., is a suitable object

of encouragement to England ; and the cultivation of British gin is, as naturally, the “ remunerating boon,” as “ Science” says.

Science is vigorous in its proceedings, and the cultivation of that truly British commodity has succeeded to a flourishing extent, which must enrapture the eye of an economist. But to the fact. In the year 1825, Science reduced the duties on British spirits, with the avowed purpose of *increasing their consumption*. Many persons doubted the wisdom of such a step, and foresaw its consequences. But the measure was recommended by Mr. Huskisson ; and, being founded upon the most approved principles of political economy, the apprehensions for the health and morals of our population were treated—economically. The result, it must be admitted, has completely answered the purpose of those who recommended the expedient. The consumption of British spirits has, within these few years, prodigiously increased. The police reports give the most attractive evidence of the zeal with which the populace second the zeal of the philosophers ; and we must give credit to Mr. Peel for his provident invention of the blue devil police, whose chief office being, to pick up those practical “ economists” from the kennel, we understand that they intend to apply for a new civic order of merit, which Lord Alvanley says should be the “ *Spinning-ginny*,” and the name, the *Blue-ruins*. But to the fact again. It appears, from papers laid before Parliament, that the average consumption of 1820, 21, and 22, amounted, in round numbers, to 11,974,000 gallons ; while the average of 1825, 26, and 27, was 23,540,000 gallons. In the last of these years it was 24,346,460 gallons ! Of those, nearly twenty millions of gallons were the manufacture of the United Kingdom, and produced a revenue of 4,107,582*l.* The public evidence of this brilliant change is palpable in the enlarged magnificence and picturesque beauty of the gin-shops, in the rapid conversion of all the minor sinning tribe of coffee-shops, wine cellars, porter houses, &c. into vermilion and gold-flourished and decorated temples of the gin Goddess, and in the crowd of devotees that bring their hourly offerings to the shrine, and continue their prostrations all the way home.

Mr. Hodges has just announced a boiler that would float a seventy-four ; and Mr. Deady has threatened to rival him before a month is over, with a boiler that empties the Islington reservoir to cover its bottom to the depth of one inch “ imperial.” The truth is, that the trade thrives, and gin is “ looking up,” whatever its drinkers may do. The ordinary statesman may go the way of so many other statesman, and sink into a babbler at Brussels and Boulogne ; or repose himself in the majesty of gout on his borough sofa, until he ceases to haunt back-benches, and becomes divested of the power of scribbling a frank. But the tomb of the philosopher deserves to be not unknown ; they should not “ sleep without the meed of some melodious tear,” to whom during life, so many owed “ a drop i’ the eye.” Where is the feeling that would deny to him a *cordial* recollection ? They should not sink into unregarded clay to whom so many owed “ spirit ;” they should not be pressed by the common obscurity, whom the arts of decorating shop windows, and painting noses, hail as revivers and Raphaels.

All the world knows the reply of the Sultan Mustapha to Cromwell’s Ambassador, who wanted to make a protestant of the magnificent unbeliever :—“ If I ever turn Christian it shall be Catholic, for I never heard



of a protestant kingdom having good wine." The Turk was right in his oinography, or as the Gresham professor of Greek has it, *vino-graphy*; and undoubtedly popery and potation (or as the Gresham professor of Latin has it, "*potus drinkabilis*") go hand in hand with marvellous coincidence of virtues; thus we have Claret and confession, Port and purgatory, Tokay and transubstantiation, Madeira and monkery, Burgundy and bulls, and so forth.

But if there are men who have no vinous enthusiasm, we suppose every body wishes to escape all hazards in the other world, and there the papist distances all other men in the most steam engine style. Nothing can be plainer on the face of the Romish budget, than that if a man is roasted for a million of years, more or less, the whole is a matter of taste; for he might have escaped the torrefaction with the greatest ease, the process being merely to pay a certain number of pence into the pocket of a certain number of priests, to say masses for the culprit yet Catholic soul. We give one of the registers of this wholesale anti-roasting machine:—

"The sacred and royal Monte de Piedad, of Madrid, has relieved from purgatory, since its establishment in 1721, till November, 1826,—

|   |            |
|---|------------|
| 1,030,395 souls, at an expense of ..... | £1,720,437 |
| 11,402, from Nov. 1, 1826, to Nov. 1827 | 14,276     |

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1,041,797

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£1,734,713

The number of Masses, celebrated to accomplish this pious work, was 558,921, consequently each soul cost 1 9-10 Masses, or 34s. 4d."

This is one of the triumphs of the church; and we congratulate the Lazaroni of Naples, the bandits of the Roman states, the Rockites of Ireland, and all the cut-throats, poisoners, and pilferers, from one end of the popish world to the other, on this splendid facility of Elysium, this golden or silver ladder to paradise.

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"The honourable Mr. ———, being at variance with his father, sometimes speaks very freely in reprehension of his conduct, but plumes himself on allowing no one else to do so. A sprig of fashion, conversing with him on his sire's undutiful conduct, broke out with "That fool of a father!"—"Hold!" cried filial piety, "I will allow no man to call Lord ——— a fool of a father."—"It was a mere slip of the tongue," replied the other, "I only meant to say *that father of a fool*." Such are the ways of newspaper mystification. The Honourable Mr. is a noble lord, and the noble lord a very pleasant theatre-loving fellow, who is keeping up the glory of Old England in 'far distant lands,' as the romance writers say or sing. Happy England, that, if it produce nothing else, produces fiddling ambassadors and greenroom lords. Will the following paragraph explain?

"Florence is still more gay than it was, occasioned chiefly by the attraction of Lord Normanby's private theatricals, and the splendid hospitality of his table. Young Charles Mathews designs all the dresses, and suggests the subjects of the new and beautiful scenes with which the theatre is decorated."

As to what Young Charles Matthews may do in the "designing way," we suppose nobody cares but himself. But if my lord should ever condescend to honour London with the light of his countenance again, we hope he will bring, at least, the Duchesa de Belgiojoco, or whatever her exquisite name may be, in his suite. *Vive la Drame!*

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The election of the reverend gentleman, now parish sexton of St. Giles's, has not yet passed away from the memory of mankind; and the industrious determination of so worthy a personage, to take care of the bodies as well as the souls of men, will, we hope, recommend him to the love of the bishops.

A Flanders mail announces the departure of a vessel, a few days since, with "a cargo of rather a novel description, consisting of dead human bodies, for the resurrection-men on the banks of the Thames. The wits are merciless on the Election and have illustrated the event with several intolerable puns. One of them observes, that though this reverend person's office has excited a good number of enemies in the parish, as well as a good deal of ridicule out of it, he is in the happiest situation to make the laughers "*grave men*," and is ready to *bury* all animosities.—Another observes, that his having played his game so well is entirely owing to his having "*spades*" in his hand, which gave him the command of king, queen, and knave.—Another, that, notwithstanding the contrivances of his canvass, he may be relied on for plain speaking, as no man is more likely to call a "*spade a spade*."—Another, that if his knowledge of books be but shallow, no man can look more profoundly into *human nature*.—Another, that his humility is worthy of all admiration, for he is the very first of his cloth who voluntarily chose his station six feet below the lowest of living mankind.—Another, that he deserves to be honoured for exploring a new source of clerical substance. Another Wit has embodied his panegyric in immortal rhyme.

STRANGER, *loquitur*.

Digger, in the shovel-hat,  
Tell me what the deuce you're at;  
Digging, delving,  
Sweating, shelving;  
Night and day;  
Six feet in clay,  
Tossing bones,  
Picking stones,  
Startling worm, and rousing rat;—  
Tell me, what the deuce you're at!

SEXTON, *loquitur*.

Digging, in this shovel-hat,  
Here I lay St. Giles's flat.  
What are all men,  
Short or tall men?  
Flowers in May,  
Sons of clay,  
High and low,  
Down they go.  
Wives of farmers,  
London charmers,  
Are all laid  
By my spade.  
Winter, June-light,  
Sunshine, moonlight,  
See me neck-deep in the grave,  
Leaving scarcely time to shave;  
Working on through deal and lead;  
Turning dust and bones to bread.  
Ask you why I bustle here?—  
'Tis for fifty pounds a year!



This is all very captivating. But one of the best hits was the observation of a neighbouring rector of high classical attainments:—"The reverend sexton," said he, "may in one instance be culpable—as, he *hides* his talent in the *earth*; but, in another, he is meritorious—for he clearly is 'able to *dig*, and to beg he is not *ashamed*.'"

Some time since, a fellow with a paper pasted on his back, declaring him a clergyman! took to sweeping the crossing near Hyde Park Corner, in sight of Lord Eldon's parlour windows. He was removed shortly; whether promoted or not, we cannot say. But the grave-digging expedient we think better still, on the principle that when a man is at the lowest, any change must be a rise. We wonder whether the Bishop of London has ever seen this coadjutor of the doctor and the hangman laying the dust.

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The old proverb "*Noscitur à sociis*" is curiously exemplified in the crowd of Byron's familiars, among whom Hobhouse and Moore are almost the only respectable survivors, as they were almost the only men of respectable habits, for Hobhouse has long been sick of radicalism, and Mr. Moore has, to his honour, made every amends in his power for Mr. Little. But where are the set with whom he flourished his fantasies in the face of the staring world—his Cambridge fellow rakes, his Italian fellow libellers, and his Greek fellow banditti? Even his English man of business could not escape the fatality. Hanson was once a thriving man; he is now "across the Atlantic," we believe, in that delightful land of refuge for the Rowland Stephensons. Byron was drawn in to busy himself in Lord Portsmouth's marriage with Hanson's daughter. Her thanks, it seems, was given to his lordship. A miserable exposure occurred some few years ago, which ended in making her Miss Hanson again. The "good girl," as he calls her, was not thought to be "a good wife."

"Received many and the kindest thanks from Lady Portsmouth, *père* and *mère*, for my matchmaking. I don't regret it, as she looks the Countess well, and is a very good girl. It is odd how well she carries her new honours. She looks a different woman, and high-bred. I had no idea I could make so good a peeress."

It came out on the inquest into Lord Portsmouth's brains, that at the time of making this match, he was "madder than the maddest of March hares," and that all sorts of dexterity were used to make the "good girl" a countess. But with this Byron was, we take it for granted, unacquainted, as he was then but a boy. Or if he knew it, he probably, in the saturnine spirit of his poet days, looked upon it as a capital joke on the aristocracy; of which, worshipping the class, he seems to have hated every individual.

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The Universal-knowledge sixpenny system finds no advocates in us. Nor have we yet been enabled, with all our inquiries, to discover a single cobbler turned into a genius by the whole steam-engine-pamphlet process. On the contrary, we will confess, that so strong are our prejudices, that if we should find our tailor proving by the differential calculus, that three yards of cloth ought be charged to his customers as six, we should seriously hesitate to employ him for the equipping of our person; that if our wine merchant demonstrated by the most refined solution of Cubics, that the less wine and the more logwood there was in his casks, the more Burgundy was the result, we should be much

inclined to abandon the pleasure of getting *vinous* at his hand; and that if our baker had satisfied his rational-material portion, (which men of old called soul, but which later and wiser men know to be *medulla*, modified with gin and water,) that three-fifths of pipe clay, and one of marble dust to one of wheaten flour, make the most legitimate loaf, not the subtlest metaphysics, from Hume to Macculloch, could prevent us from calling him a rogue.

But such prejudices, ferocious and unphilosophical as they may be, by no means leads us to the length of doubting that "innocent little men and women," as Cumberland used to call boys and girls, may be much benefited by books suited to their years. We acknowledge that we read all kinds of things—that we are *Helluones librorum*, perfect Magliabechis—true De Bures; and yet among the various volumes that have fallen in our way for assisting the early mind on its path to vigour, taste, and intelligence, we have seen nothing superior to the little volume, published by Harris, and named "Stories for Short Students, or Little Lore for Little People," by the Rev. Edward Mangin, A. M.

"Having had boys of my own," says the author, "to teach and to amuse, my lessons are chiefly such as I thought would best suit them. I have endeavoured to find, or to invent, narratives of a brief and striking description, and to tell my stories in the most simple words that presented themselves, to avoid perplexing my young reader by too many circumstances in each tale, and to abstain from *comment*; so as in general to leave children at liberty to exercise the mind by drawing natural and obvious conclusions for themselves." This we think an excellent conception, and fully agree with the author, "that there is no act which contributes more to the cultivation of the growing faculties."

The stories are nearly forty, and are all striking, from the force of their incidents, and the simplicity of their style. Some of them are new to us, as the anecdotes of Colonel Caillaud, and the French General Lally, the village feeling for General Wolfe's mother, &c. &c., and are admirably told; with that true skill which belongs to a master of narration. But the author's name was a sufficient sanction for the value of any work proceeding from his pen. The "Essay on Light reading" is well known as one of the most graceful and interesting performances of its kind in the language. But we must hope to see Mr. Mangin also remembering that there are wants in the mature, which it is only for manly and accomplished minds like his own to supply, and that the public would be gratified by seeing him turn some part of his literature and knowledge of life to higher objects than the construction of even these admirable little narratives.

The present volume is embellished with a considerable number of pretty and expressive engravings, and it altogether forms one of the most attractive additions to the Young Library. On one or two points we differ with him. We cannot believe Shakspeare to have painted Richard the Third blacker than he deserved, to make his court to Elizabeth; for Richard was, undoubtedly, an usurper, a tyrant, and a murderer, whether his back were straight or crooked. Shakspeare, too, did not live "decently with his wife and daughters for some years after quitting the stage," but seems to have quarrelled with his wife, and died within *two* years.—As to Washington, he was a great man, but a rebel, and a violator of his oath to the king. The resistance of America was *unjustifiable* in conscience. He died, not "a little after sixty," but



at sixty-eight, after an illness of only one day, Dec. 14, 1799.—We again commend this clever little volume.

The GEORGES have always been lucky. The first George left the most pitiful sovereignty in Germany, to sit down in the finest sovereignty in the world; the second broke up a rebellion, half-a-dozen factions, and kept two mistresses in order at a time; the third had half-a-dozen escapes from maniacs, bent on reforming him with poison or the pistol; and the fourth has actually survived the vengeance of Lord Byron. Why his Lordship should have “raged so furiously” against the royal person, is beyond our comprehension; but he certainly “levied war” against our Sovereign Lord the King, if epigrams could sink, burn, and destroy. He sends the blow home in a note given in the memoir:

“I have nothing of the sort you mention but *the lines* (the Weepers), if you like to have them in the Bag. I wish to give them all possible circulation. The *Vault* reflection is downright actionable, and to print it would be peril to the publisher; but I think the Tears have a natural right to be bagged, and the editor (whoever he may be) might supply a facetious note or not, as he pleased.”

But fiercer than all this was meditated, as we shall see. The *Vault*, the epigram on the exhumation of Charles I., beginning with

“Charles to his people, Henry to his wife,”

was, by his own admission, tolerably strong:

“I cannot conceive how the *Vault* has got about—but so it is. It is too *farouche*; but, truth to say, my satires are not very playful. I have the plan of an epistle in my head, *at* him and *to* him; and, if they are not a little quieter, I shall embody it. I should say little or nothing of *myself*. As to mirth and ridicule, that is out of the way; but I have a tolerable fund of sternness and contempt, and, with Juvenal before me, I shall perhaps read *him* a lecture he has not lately heard in the C—. From particular circumstances, which came to my knowledge almost by accident, I could ‘tell *him* what *he* is—I know *him* well.’”

We have no doubt that he would have made a fine Court Review of it. Possibly the following verses were some of his sketches—the *primæ linæ* of the epistle that was to reverse the order of things. They are capital for force, though we fear that they had not quite weight of metal enough to overturn thrones:

“The Devil return’d to hell by two,  
And he stayed at home till five;  
When he dined on some homicides done in *ragoût*,  
And a rebel or so in an *Irish* stew,  
And sausages made of a self-slain Jew,  
And bethought of himself what next to do,  
‘And,’ quoth he, ‘I’ll take a drive.  
I walk’d in the morning, I’ll ride to-night;  
In darkness my children take most delight,  
And I’ll see how my favourites thrive.

“‘And what shall I ride in?’ quoth Lucifer, then—  
‘If I follow’d my taste, indeed,  
I should mount in a waggon of wounded men,  
And smile to see them bleed.  
But these will be furnished again and again,  
And at present my purpose is speed;

To see my manor as much as I may,  
 And watch that no souls shall be poach'd away.  
 I have a state coach at C—— House,  
 A chariot in Seymour Place;  
 But they're lent to two friends, who make me amends,  
 By driving my favourite pace;  
 And they handle their reins with such a grace,  
 I have something for both at the end of their race.' ”

The French are proud of their being the gayest people on earth, and they carry their gaiety with them on all occasions. To a dance or a funeral, to the Opera or the guillotine, alike. A scene in Paris lately exhibited this gaiety in a brilliant point of view. A horrid miscreant was sentenced to the guillotine for the murder of his uncle. His two accomplices shared his sentence, and the whole train of the circumstances, the guilt, and the nature of the punishment, which though brief, is one of the most startling, and even sickening and hideous to the eye, that was ever invented by man; were calculated to produce a deep sense of awe and horror in the public mind. The result was quite the contrary; for the execution was one of the gayest things that has occurred since the last Carnival, in Paris. The multitude were in roars of merriment, from the beginning to the end. It reminded the elder people of the pleasantries of the Revolution, when even the playhouse was deserted for the *Place de Grève*, and the wives and mothers of the multitude took their stâtions in the morning round the guillotine, knitting in hand, and continued working and chatting all day, while the executioner's carts unloaded the *victims* by *dozens* at the foot of the scaffold, and the axe-above did its work with patriotic rapidity. In those days woe to the bungling finisher of the law! the least deficiency of expertness produced a torrent of indignation from the circle on circle of industrious ladies; as the evidence of skill was applauded with smiles, bravos, and clapping of hands!

Two of the criminals were overwhelmed with their situation. The third and principal, Chaudelet, probably half mad, or drunk, gave the tone to the pleantry. On the attendant priests offering him the crucifix, as is customary, “the reply of Chaudelet was a gesture of the most horrible impatience and rage so violent that he loosed his hands. He then recommenced his imprecations against the police, invoking the vengeance of all true thieves on those vile scoundrels (*canaille*), particularly him of the Quarter of St. Jean, ‘that veritable Vidocq;’ and comforted the spectators with the idea that, while they crowded to see three honest fellows *fauchés* (mowed), other honest lads were plundering their (the spectators’) houses.” But the point which strikes us, is not the frenzy of the wretched being, but the conduct of the spectators. “The mob loudly applauded this pleasant sally, and were gratefully rewarded for their approbation by Chaudelet’s repetition of a song, in which the sentiment was embodied, and which, while under sentence of death, he had composed for the occasion.” This had occurred on the way to the *Place de Grève*, the usual scene of death, which was crowded with the applauders. On the death of his comrades, Chaudelet was brought forward. “‘Now, my dear friend,’ said one of the priests to Chaudelet, ‘there is yet time to make your peace with God! One word of repentance!’ A new burst of impiety, indecency, and apparent mirth, was the reply to this exhortation. ‘We lose time,’ said he;



'look at my friends—they have been more fortunate than I!' and, saying this, he ran up the steps of the scaffold with so much haste and grimace as to provoke a loud laugh from the populace, one half of whom were women! and who had within the preceding three minutes seen two fellow creatures perish." The fate of those wretched men was now decided, but the "peuple gai" had another indulgence in contemplation. The remains of the executed are put into a large chest, in which they are conveyed to the place of burial for criminals. "The mob entreated, but without success, for the further savage gratification of looking into the case or chest. Disappointed in this, they merrily departed; and this applies to fifty thousand men and women, in equal numbers, of Paris! The laugh, the jest, and the song, were heard on every hand!" We can have no vindictiveness against the French. But details of this kind startle us by their evidence of the tremendous evil which may be waiting its development only for the next great popular commotion in France. The horrors of the "Reign of Terror" rise before our eyes, in such scenes as those, and the question occurs with irresistible force—to what is due this propensity to delight in blood, and extinguish in the heart all sorrowing and solemn emotions at the sight of things of crime and suffering? We can find but one solution for the problem. The human heart, naturally tenanted by fierce passions, requires a direction higher than that of human laws or customs. But the religion of France is not capable of giving this direction. A succession of pompous ceremonies, or blind worship, with the populace, have made them singularly insensible to the true power of Christianity on the heart. The same succession of empty forms has made the higher orders, almost to a man, utter unbelievers in revelation. They see only a pageant, they justly ridicule the pageantry; and they will not take the trouble to inquire whether there may not be a system more pure, more devoted, and more authentic. They have been taught to hear Protestantism scoffed at as heresy, or have seen its profession punished as a public crime. Thus the only hope of righteous intelligence is closed upon them; and the higher ranks, in general, give up life to intrigue, gaming, and utter waste of time, means, and understanding. The lower, where they are not compelled by the salutary restraints of poverty and the peasant life, to the rustic virtues, are ready for every fury of unlicensed passion, and every frenzy of popular overthrow. But all are "the gayest of the gay," and they are equally gay at a feast and at a murder, in a Sunday play-house, and in the presence of an execution. Christianity in France would give them feeling without saddening their hearts! and supply that rational and generous cheerfulness, without which mirth is the most melancholy thing in the world.

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Perfectly satisfied that, if among the Saints there are some honest men, they are generally foolish enough to give the management of their "Slave Trade" affairs to rogues, we have pleasure in adding, as far as we can, to the public contempt for the trickeries of this troop of politicians in general. Some months ago the public were surprised, and the managers of saintship were in a state of extacy, at the appearance of some statements in the *Morning Chronicle*, temptingly headed "Cruelty as at present practised in the West Indies, from an eye-witness." In due time it found its way back to Jamaica, and was there published in a paper called the *Watchman*, where it met the eye of Mr. Evelyn, the collector of the Customs at the same port.

This gentleman, from the conversations he had with Mr. Smith, collector of the Customs at Savannah La Mar, was induced to suspect him as the author of the letter in question, which Mr. S. subsequently acknowledged. The result was, the appointment of a Committee to inquire into Mr. Smith's statements. The Committee proceeded to procure the evidence and depositions of every person who could in any manner give information on the subject, among whom were the Rector of the parish, the Baptist and Methodist Missionaries, the whole contradicting in the most unqualified manner the entire of Mr. Smith's statements. But this was not all: the Committee examined Mr. Smith himself, to give him an opportunity to prove his charges; and how did he so? By acknowledging that he had not seen a single circumstance described—that he had manufactured his letter partly from what he had heard from others, whose names (very prudently, no doubt) he declined giving, and partly from prejudices he had formerly imbibed in a great measure from the work of *Mr. Stephen!*

The indignation of the West Indians was natural, and the result has been a direct denial of Smith's calumnies.

The following is an extract from the Report of the Committee of investigation:—"Your Committee, on reviewing generally the evidence before them, conclude that Mr. Smith has *not proved himself to have been an 'eye-witness' to a single charge of cruelty, as by him stated.* Mr. Smith has, moreover, admitted before us that 'he had procured his unfounded slanders partly from the calumnious production of Mr. Stephen on Slavery,' and partly from prejudiced persons in this country, but whose names he refused to give up."

As to Master Stephen, we charge him with no cardinal sins. But he is a confoundedly cunning fellow, and has contrived to feather his own nest and that of his family in a most comfortable style of public plucking. One of the papers lately gave a list of places to the amount of no less than 17,000*l.* a year, held by this pious and unworldly personage and his family! Where is the reforming Duke in all this?

As for Zachary Macauley, no one can doubt his being the pattern of a saint, and a gloriously thriving one besides. He first pushed himself into the Sierra Leone trade, by which we hope that he has lost nothing! Then he pushed his boy into a Commissionership of Bankrupts; then he pushed him into Parliament for the Devonshire borough. In all this, he is of course, not thinking of our very wicked world!

How long are the public to be *bored* by the fuss made about the merits of actresses? The stage is at this time in the deepest degradation, in every sense of the word. Its authorship, in any true sense of the name is utterly gone. No man now takes the trouble of writing any thing original for the stage. There are some ingenious writers connected with the principal theatres, but their efforts are limited to translation. But our present and more repulsive topic is—the state of female character on the boards. One of the papers, which, to do it justice, is among the most measured in its language, tells us—

There are reasons for every thing. A gentleman of some taste and judgment lately expressed surprise at seeing Miss C—— brought so much before the public, while other singers of talent were kept in the shade. "Ah!" said a person who is in the *secret*, every young lady has not a lord for a friend. Her patron sends *ten pounds'* worth of tickets into the house every



night she plays. This answers the purpose of the theatre, and makes her worth her *salary*."

So much for the *protégée* system. We should like to know how many pounds or farthings this noble ticket buyer gave to the poor during the late frost!

Another gives us the information that Madame Sontag, who made so many annual protestations of her being married to Count somebody or other, varying from A, to X, Y, Z, in the Court alphabet, is now Sontag again, pure as ever, the marriage having been merely a *civil act*, an act by which we suppose there is a privilege for actresses to have as many unions and separations as they please. Then comes another imported ornament to our country, Mademoiselle Jenny Colon, the admired of all the *élite* of English society. "It will be remembered that last year the French drama at the English Opera House, was enlivened by the beauty and talents of Jenny Colon. When she came to this country she was called Colon; she afterwards took the name of Madame Colon-Lafont; and, last of all, was designated Madame Lafont, from a marriage which she contracted with the actor Lafont, who performed here along with her. On their return to Paris, it would appear that these loving parties did not live in that harmony which was to be expected from their new matrimonial union, and that they resolved to break or unloose those ties which had been bound in London. The mother of the young lady, therefore, to suit probably the object of both, has applied for and obtained for them a decree of nullity of marriage, on the ground of the minority of her daughter, and of her own want of consent to the match at the time it was contracted. The husband, Lafont, made no opposition, so that Madame Jenny Colon-Lafont is, by the authority of the tribunals, Mademoiselle Jenny Colon once more." Then comes Malibran. We should like to know in what part of the universe she has deposited Monsieur her husband? But passing by the foreigners who are entitled, of course, to do what they will with themselves or their husbands, what a showy circle of home exhibitors our stage can furnish at this hour! It is fulsome to mention the names of those wretched women. They are known to every one. But can we wonder at the loss of public respect for the stage when it has such exhibitors? Without a total change of system, the drama must go down into still deeper neglect, if that be possible: nor can it ever become an object of National interest, until the managers come to the wise and decent determination of purifying both their companies and their theatres; and equally expelling vileness from their lobbies, and their green-rooms.

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This season has been a singular contrast of frost and fire. There have been more houses burnt within the last month, than in any six before. Lord Rendlesham's enormous mansion in Suffolk was burned down a fortnight ago. The loss is reckoned at 100,000*l.*, of which not a shilling was insured. We have no great pity for his lordship, who may be consoled by the recollection that he saved the insurance, which might actually have cost his purse the formidable sum of twenty pounds a year. The newspapers tell us that his lordship and family were in Paris at the time. Again we say that we have no pity for his nobility. Why was he not at home among his tenantry, as he ought to be, distributing charity among the people to whom he owed his own daily bread?

If English landholders will carry over their incomes to Paris, and make a flourish there, while their countrymen are struggling with cold and hunger, the sooner and the more severely they suffer for it the better. If all the houses of those nobles, who run away to revel among foreigners, leaving the poor people round them to get through the worst season of the year without help, abandoning their natural station among the gentry of their neighbourhood, and exhibiting nothing but closed doors in return for the enormous rents poured into their coffers, were burned down; we should only think that the calamity was retribution, and that we might easily dispense with the houses, when they were good for nothing to the nation.

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The unfortunate close of Lord Graves's life has excited long and furious controversy in the papers. The result has been, the withdrawal of *all charge* against the Duke of Cumberland. The grounds of the self-murder are to be looked for partly in the weakness of a temperament, enfeebled by nervous disease; but probably much more in the pernicious self-will inculcated and inflamed by all the habits of high life. To a man reared in the perpetual indulgence of all his inclinations, the first shock of adversity is generally fatal; and even the most trivial perplexity is exaggerated by this unthwarted and unexercised self-will, into the most irresistible affliction. The history of suicides is seldom more than the history of a pampered mind, suddenly disturbed by some vexation, which a more familiar experience with the rough work of life, would look upon as too trifling to be thought of. Lord Graves's pistol is the natural resource of those Sybarites, whom we see lounging about the world, borne by the labour of others, living in a languid anticipation of every natural appetite, and urged into a fever of impatience from the mere misfortune of never having been contradicted!

But the merits of those who were involved in public calumny by his death, are of more importance to us; and it is only due to "*The Age*," (a paper which is rapidly compelling the attention deserved by vigorous writing and sound politics), to say, that it was among the very first to set the public mind right upon the subject, and strikingly to sustain the truth of the case by the force and manliness of its vindication.

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The destruction of the English Opera House afforded one of those instances, which have so frequently occurred in the case of theatres, that we can scarcely call them otherwise than providential. The fire broke out at two in the morning. Two hours before, the theatre was crowded, and many persons of high rank were present. The consequences of alarm must have been dreadful. But the confusion would have been still greater behind the scenes, a place which towards the close of the performance is generally filled with the theatrical attendants, &c., and where the first burst of the conflagration would have cut off all escape.

The fire was probably commencing while the audience were in the house. And from the complicated state of the avenues to the boxes, pit, and galleries, the alarm must have occasioned a dreadful loss of lives by the trampling of the people upon each other, and not improbably by the enclosure of some part of the audience in the intricate passages of the burning theatre. We regret Arnold's losses, as he is a very respectable man; obliging and honest in his general transactions, and a



good manager of his theatre. But heavy as his immediate pecuniary suffering is, there are hopes that it may be in some degree compensated. The *Morning Post* says—

“We are glad to find that no doubt is entertained but that the English Opera House will rise, phoenix-like, from its ashes, in time to open, as originally intended, on the 1st of July. The business is in Mr. Beazley’s hands, who, arduous as the task may be, pledges himself, we understand, for its accomplishment. It is confidently anticipated, that the present opportunity will be taken to make the new street direct from Waterloo-bridge northward, which will afford room for a handsome frontage to the new theatre. Government, we hear, is favourable to the plan, and a noble lord on the other side has signified that no opposition will be offered to it by certain noble proprietors, whose interest, it was presumed on a former occasion, would have been compromised in the selection of that line of road.”

The Noble Lord on the opposite side is Lord Exeter. The opening of a new street, which would lead to the new British Museum, would be of important advantage to the whole line of building from the Strand. If it were to pass through the Seven Dials, it would render to that quarter of the town the same service which Regent-street rendered to the squalid district in the rear of St. James’s-square, and convert a sink of abomination and insalubrity into decency and cleanliness. We hope that Lord Lowther will look to this, and entitle himself to the epitaph of Augustus, for his exploits in brick—“*Luteam invenit, lateritium reliquit.*”

We are glad to believe that the destruction of the English Opera-house will not ruin Arnold, as was at first stated. In addition to the theatre, he had nearly thirty houses in the neighbourhood, of which those destroyed were chiefly insured. Mrs. Arnold has also, we understand, a good income in her own right. Arnold’s loss by the fire is 66,000*l.* His friends propose calling a meeting early in the week, at which the Duke of Sussex will preside, to consider what steps, under all the circumstances, ought to be taken with respect to rebuilding the theatre.

The inferiority of the sons of celebrated men to their fathers, has been often remarked, and the comparative obscurity of the sons of Alexander, Cicero, Napoleon, Sheridan, Burke, and other leaders of their times, certainly argues little for the theory of hereditary genius. But it would seem that the degree of talent is much influenced by the mother; for it is a curious fact, that where the mother has been remarkable for intelligence, the son has seldom failed of the possession of ability, even where the father was undistinguished. We give some of the examples:—

*Lord Bacon.*—His mother was daughter to Sir Anthony Cooke, she was skilled in many languages, and translated and wrote several works, which displayed learning, acuteness, and taste.—*Hume* the historian, mentions his mother, daughter of Sir D. Falconer, President of the College of Justice, as a woman of “singular merit,” and who, although in the prime of life, devoted herself entirely to his education.—*Sheridan.*—Mrs. Frances Sheridan was a woman of considerable abilities. It was writing a pamphlet in his defence, that first introduced her to Mr. Sheridan, afterwards her husband. She also wrote a novel highly praised by Johnson.—*Schiller*; His mother was an amiable woman—she had a strong relish for the beauties of nature, and was passionately fond of music and poetry. Schiller was her favourite child.—*Goëthe* thus

speaks of his parents:—"I inherited from my father a certain sort of eloquence, calculated to enforce my doctrines to my auditors; from my mother I derived the faculty of representing all that the imagination can conceive, with energy and vivacity."—*Lord Erskine's* mother was a woman of superior talent and discernment; by her advice, her son betook himself to the bar.—*Thomson*; Mrs. Thomson was a woman of uncommon natural endowments, with a warmth and vivacity of imagination scarcely inferior to her son.—*Boerhaave's* mother acquired a high knowledge of medicine.—*Sir Walter Scott*; His mother, Elizabeth, daughter of D. Rutherford, W. S., was a woman of accomplishment. She had a good taste for, and wrote poetry, which appeared in print in 1789.—*Napoleon's* father was a man of no peculiar mind; but his mother was distinguished for her understanding.—*Lord Mornington*, the father of the Wellesleys, was an excellent musician, and no more, but his lady was remarkable for her intellectual superiority. The father of the Emmetts, in Ireland, was a babbler, but the mother was a singularly intelligent person. The fate of two of her sons was unhappy, from their republicanism, but the three were possessed of the most striking abilities. *Sheridan's* father was a weak creature, as his whole career showed; the genius descended from the mother.—*Young Napoleon* is the son not of his father's mind, but of Maria Louisa's—he is an *Austrian*.

The moral to be drawn from all this is, if men desire to have clever sons, let them marry clever women. But the experiment may be perilous for the present time; and if they wish to lead quiet lives, they may perhaps better let it alone.

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The burning of the Argyll Rooms has deprived Welch of the prospect of a showy season. Some Frenchmen, who are now the chief arbiters in these matters of elegance, had constructed a series of *soirées*, which were to be ultra-elegant, and more than ultra-exclusive. Private rooms were to be provided, and fashionable luxury was to be ministered to the peerage. Nothing under a coronet was to luxuriate in this paradise, and Almack's was to deplore its faded supremacy. But what are the fates of human fancy? A few ashes from a stove (such is *one* of the stories), "set their face," as a great law orator would say, against the brains of Welch and his Frenchman; and in half an hour flew up into smoke and cinders the fruit of the contemplations of so many men of genius.

The rooms were, by universal acknowledgment, the most graceless specimen of building in the kingdom; cold to sit in, difficult to see in, and impossible to hear in. They were built in the year 1819, by a committee of amateurs, under the superintendence of Mr. Wyatt, the architect. The committee, from some cause, did not succeed in their speculation, which subsequently rendered it necessary for them to sell the building. The magnificent improvement which has taken place at the west-end of the town, induced the Commissioners of Woods and Forests to become the purchasers, and they afterwards let the building to Welch, at a rent of 700*l.* per annum. To avoid payment of the Assessed Taxes, no person slept on the premises. We hope that whenever they are rebuilt, the first stipulation will be, that they shall not bear the slightest possible resemblance to any thing that they ever were before. To rebuild them would be easy, for they would be a mere shell. And we think that Beazley, the best architect of those transitory fabrics, for nine or ten thousand pounds, would shoot up pavilions and



boudoirs abundant and cushioned enough for the whole nobility of this pleasant and private-box loving land.

One stipulation must be insisted on, that whatever comforts may be provided for, within, there must be some fair means of escaping without. The Argyll Rooms, the Lyceum, the Haymarket, the King's Theatre, Drury Lane, Covent Garden, with all the Minors, must undergo the fate of fire, in their due time. It is as much the natural destiny for a theatre to be burned, as for a billet-doux to undergo the flame after marriage to the object. Yet there is not a theatre in or near London, at this hour, in which the falling of a candlesnuff would not put us in hazard of our lives, except Drury Lane, which, at least for the boxes, has a spacious entrance; and Covent Garden, which has, in an inferior degree, the same advantage. But let those who have screwed themselves through the box passage of the little theatre in the Haymarket, imagine their condition on a full night, with a tornado of flame bursting over the pit, and gyrating round the dress circle; with every door dashed open at once, the passage stopped, and all the Irishmen in the house battling their way over the prostrate audience, into freedom and fresh air.

Or let those who have painfully squeezed their way to the entrance of the pit of the King's Theatre, then dived down the flight of wooden steps, then climbed up the opposite row, until they seated themselves on the benches, breathlessly congratulating their limbs that they had at last surmounted the struggles of access, imagine that entrance in the condition in which it infallibly would be on the first announcement of the flame by Signora Malibran, running forward with her wig and royal diadem emulously blazing round her head; followed by all the "votaries of Terpsichore" pirouetting as if they were possessed by the foul fiend, to get out of the way of the conflagration; with all the gauze of the petticoats of *Danseuses premières* and *secondes*, the De Varennes, the Brocards and Noblets, floating in light round their heads; and the whole host of the Cupidons, male and female, darting like imps with their wings singed. Woe then to the Marchionesses! Woe to the pursy Lords, and the short Ladies! Woe to the whole asthmatic generation of statesmen and lovers, from Lord Westmorland to Lord Dudley! Woe to the feeble of heart, and the frail of limb! Then would there be a quick end to flirtation; and all the nods and becks of ancient beauty would not bring an adorer to the door of the most titled box in the first circle. The strong of arm would carry the day; and the future age would have to weep over the memory of trampled Dandyism. Once more, we say, let Mr. Beazley have the building of all the rebuildable houses; under a contract, if they will, that he shall be bound to rebuild them once in every five years, at a discount, and on the forfeiture of a certain sum for every person above five thousand a year, walked over into the other world in any of his passages in the combustion.

Wyse, the husband of Mrs. Buonaparte Lucien Cleopatra Wyse, and Daniel O'Connell, the father of the whole promissory patriotism of Ireland, have been lately exhausting the whole eloquence of Billingsgate upon each other. Bushe, the Irish Chief Justice of the King's Bench, is said to have dropped the following epigram from his notes, as he was attending to a superhuman harangue on the subject:—

When Wyse's pounds and pence have gone ill,  
'Tis clear that *Wyse* is not O'Connell.  
When Dan to law and logic flies,  
'Tis clear O'Connell is not *Wyse*.

## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

*Life of Major General Sir Thomas Munro, by the Rev. G. R. Gleig. 2 vols. 8vo. 1830.*—Munro, the late governor of Madras, was, doubtless, a man whose career was sufficiently remarkable to deserve a particular recording, especially when every person who contrives to get himself a little talked about, must be commemorated in two volumes octavo; but to be told all of a sudden, as we were by Mr. Canning, that Europe never produced a more accomplished statesman, nor India, so fertile in heroes, a more skilful soldier, was a piece of extravagant rhetoric, which none but a biographer would have thought of interpreting literally. To Mr. Gleig, the phrases seem not more elegant than the facts are true. He himself disclaims all pretensions to judge of the administration of India, but he thinks the man who should contend it is, in all respects, absolutely perfect, must be a bold one, and he is *sure*, notwithstanding his disclaimer, nobody ever suggested more judicious ameliorations than the subject of his memoir. The author's business is, obviously, to eulogize—or how came the papers to be put into his hands? and certainly he gives proofs that no pains have been wanting on his part to shew there was more than common reason for his unbounded panegyric.

To touch upon all the incomparable points, which the biographer discovers in Sir Thomas, is for us quite impracticable; we can only allude to a very few, but those amply sufficient, to shew the man could never have had a parallel. He was characteristically firm and unchangeable—immaculate in conduct—perfect in tact—qualified for any thing, equal to every thing, and made for command. In every position, and every combination of circumstances demanding these qualities, he was full of fortitude, energy, and decision; he was patient in inquiry, sound and clear in judgment, prompt in action—temperate, candid, placable—and so self-possessed, as never to be taken by surprise. As a public functionary, he lived but for the public; he sacrificed all his inclinations, his love of ease, his desire for retirement, and never thought of himself. With all these noble qualities, his modesty was far beyond the portion that falls to the lot of official men. He never obtruded his merits, and could, with difficulty, even on peremptory occasions, be induced to make them known. Though thus absorbed by public duties, his literature, it must be manifest, could have been equalled by no civilian of his time. There was no subject within the range of philosophy or science—no question connected with poetry or the belles lettres, which he was not prepared to discuss; and his capability and facility of passing from one topic of discussion to another, astounds his biographer, who, however, never conversed with him, nor even

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saw him. He judges from the materials before him, and the reports of friends, who were, of course, partial, and it may well be supposed, incompetent. Metaphysics, it seems, was the only thing for which he did not encourage a taste, because he looked on the different systems to be equally founded in conjecture, and equally ending in doubt—Mr. Gleig, apparently, as well as Sir Thomas, conceiving metaphysics to lie in systems, and not in the observance of facts. *En revanche*, he was a *profound* mathematician (let the reader weigh the words, for it is obvious the biographer does not), an *able* chemist, a judicious speculator in political economy, and a keen and successful student both of *moral* and *natural* philosophy. Any thing more? Oh, yes—his acquaintance with European languages, *ancient* as well as *modern*, was very extensive; while of those in use *throughout* the East, there were few, comparatively, of which he knew not something. Sir Thomas was never out of the Deccan—what probability is there, then, of his having studied the 'language in use' in the upper parts of India? Persian, he wrote and spoke like a native; he was well versed in Arabic; Hindostanee was perfectly familiar to him; and in Mahratta, Canarese, and other of the vernacular tongues, he could maintain with great exactness, either a correspondence or a conversation, &c. Can any thing exceed the absurdity of all this? And yet it is with all gravity written down by a gentleman who has shewn himself capable of forming sound judgments on common matters.

Amid all this unmeasured parading, Sir Thomas Munro was, evidently, a man of ability and acquirement—of activity and rectitude—these are high distinctions among official persons; but we need not conclude, because nothing but sunshine appears, there were not occasional shades, enough to bring him within the pale of our common humanity. His career is not, we imagine, so generally known, as to make a slight sketch of it superfluous.

This hero of India, then, was born at Glasgow, in the year 1761, and educated at the grammar school and college of his native town; and in his sixteenth year was found reading Plutarch, for the purpose of ascertaining Alexander's motives for invading India. India was not, however, his destination, but a counting-house, till his father's failure—he was an American merchant—at the commencement of the revolution, turned his attention to that land of promise for all Scotch lads. About the period of his landing in India, the war with Hyder broke out, and young Munro, joining the army immediately, was actively engaged till the peace in 1784. Another four years were spent more idly in quarters; but in 1788, through the influence of his country,



man, Captain Read, he obtained an appointment in the Intelligence Department, under his friend and patron. Two years after, however, when Tippoo invaded Travancore, he resumed his military duties, and continued thus employed till the peace of 1792, when he again had the good fortune to join Captain, then Colonel Read, in the Baramahl, a newly ceded territory, as his assistant, in bringing it usefully under the Company's dominion—surveying and leasing. The civil department at the time, was miserably defective—the military, generally, were found to be the better qualified, and Munro's indefatigable diligence was conspicuous among them. In this employment he continued till Tippoo's last explosion in 1799, when with Colonel Read and the force collected in the Baramahl, he marched to Seringapatam—arriving too late for the storming, but in time to be appointed joint-secretary with Malcolm, the present *discreet* governor of Bombay, to the commission for arranging the partition-treaty.

Instead of returning, after the commission terminated, to Baramahl, where he expected to succeed Colonel Read, he was directed to proceed to Canara, a new acquisition on the western coast, lying between the Mahrattas and Travancore, an extent of 180 miles, and reaching towards the interior, above the Ghauts. This province, though not quite to Munro's taste, was, however, a very important appointment, and shewed the sense his superiors entertained of his qualifications for bringing order out of chaos. This task successfully accomplished, he solicited a removal, and especially sought a similar appointment in the countries newly ceded by the Nizam, as an indemnity for the pay of the troops furnished by the Company. He obtained his wish eventually, and held the office, almost a regal one, till 1807, when, having then been twenty-seven years in India, he resigned his employment, and returned to England, in the hope of once more seeing his parents, then far advanced in years, and whose old age he had largely contributed to make comfortable. Not content with inactivity, he went as a volunteer on the Walcheren expedition; and was detained in England longer than usual with East-Indians, partly by the business of the Company; for in 1811, he attended, on their part, the committee of the House of Commons, and gave evidence on the state of India. Soon after, the judicial system of India seemed to call for inquiry, and Colonel Munro was placed at the head of the commission despatched for the purpose to India in 1814. In this inquiry, he was actively but ineffectually engaged till the Pindari war in 1817, when he solicited the Governor General for professional employment; and, notwithstanding Mr. G.'s account of his extreme diffidence and modesty, obtained it only by dint of importunity; nor was he very well pleased with his treatment

or appointments at any period of the two campaigns. What he *could* do, he doubtless did; but that was comparatively little, and such as certainly calls not for the magniloquence employed in celebrating it. At the close of 1818, he once more resigned his employments, and returned to England, with no intention of revisiting India again; but scarcely had he landed, when a successor was wanted for Mr. Elliott, and General Munro was named Governor of Madras. As governor of that Presidency, he was detained beyond his wishes by the apparent necessity of staying to see out the Burmese war, for the conduct of which his advice had been frequently taken. The time for his return was already fixed, when he fell a sacrifice to the scourge of the country, cholera morbus, in 1826.

Mr. Gleig's labours occupy but a small portion of the volumes—Sir Thomas's correspondence and papers on India questions filling, perhaps, seven-eighths of the pages. Among the correspondence are a number of letters from the Duke of Wellington, then Major-General Wellesley—sufficiently remarkable for their business-like language, and the absence of all nonsense. A little *morceau* caught our eyes, which may be thought characteristic.

As for the wishes of the people, *particularly* in this country, I put them out of the question. They are the only philosophers about their governors that ever I met with—if indifference constitutes that character.

*The Adventures of an Irish Gentleman*: 3 vols. 12mo. 1830.—These adventures are not at all conceived in the spirit of the day, nor at all calculated to please the readers of fashionable novels; they do not contribute to develop one complicated tale, nor, though too full of entanglements of an amatory kind, do they constitute a love-story, nor will they read like one. They are not, moreover, shaped to convey any peculiar set of opinions, or point to any common object, moral or political; but are simply a succession of incidents befalling the same individual, most of them of the extraordinary cast, many of them low and coarse, but still all of them occurring, or at least accounted for, naturally enough. Though taught to consider himself as the football of fortune, the hero had, early, sense enough to see that by far the larger portion of the calamities of life were the results of indiscretion. The style of narrative is flowing and spirited; the details indicate a variety of information, and the proofs are abundant of a large acquaintance with the springs of actual life. We have seen nothing for a long time that more reminded us of Smollett. The writer is plainly a mature and intelligent person.

The hero is the son of an Irish gentleman, of a class depressed by their political condition, the want of gentlemanly education, and the absence of gentlemanly

company—mixing, consequently, with dependents, and coarse in habits, reckless in conduct, and overwhelmed with debt. At the early age of fourteen, already initiated in the vices of manhood, the boy was thrown upon the world by the imprudence of his parent, who fell in a skirmish with smugglers, with which he had officiously mingled. The commander of the Revenue cutter, who takes him under his wing, is an admirable specimen of the naval officer not very uncommon sixty years ago—a common sailor promoted by the good will of a man for some personal service, and subsequently made commander by the influence of a sister, the mistress of a lord of the Admiralty. The hand of the caricaturist is perhaps a little too conspicuous. While on shore, at Dublin, he is entrapped into a garret, and escapes robbery and murder by dashing a pewter pot at the head of the woman, which unluckily finishes her career. Flight on board saves him from hanging, and he next figures in a shipwreck off the Scilly Isles. Though liable all his life to the most formidable mishaps, he had a trick of falling upon his legs; and in this case fell into the protecting arms of a clergyman, residing on St. Mary's—one who, notwithstanding his professional position, believed himself the slave of fate, though obviously to others the victim of violence and imprudence. By the daughter of this benevolent and singular person, he was in a few weeks nursed into health again, and into a warm attachment for his youthful and beautiful nurse—with whom and her parent all arrangements for marriage were made, when she was bitten by a mad dog; and in spite of instant cauterization, died of hydrophobia. The disappointed father, however, does not desert the youth, but procures for him a commission in an infantry regiment, where he speedily gets into hot water, and finally shoots the colonel, driven to it by tyranny and personal vexation. The administration of the regiment, and the petty but intolerable domineering of the commander, with all the miserable manœuvres and sordid trickeries of the subalterns in office, are admirably shewn up; but it is a scene of other days—none such, by regulations effectually enforced, can occur now; though of course an ill-grained commander can produce annoyance enough, and roguery is not easily baffled.

To escape the consequences of his duel, though the colonel finally recovers, our hero flies to Lisbon, where quickly new adventures spring up. He is a very handsome fellow, and soon finds a marchioness who thinks so too; but unfortunately he has a rival, a monk and saint, of little influence over the marchioness, but very great with the inquisition, into the prisons of which institution he speedily plunges the youth. Here he is subjected to sundry kinds of torture, and finally escapes burn-

ing or hanging, by the desperate expedient of a companion arrested with him, who professes himself to the grand inquisitor as a freemason, whose death would be revenged by the 35,652 brethren in Lisbon, all ready to inflict the blow.

From Lisbon the scene shifts to Paris, and nearly one-half the whole work is there occupied with details of the French revolution. The chief actors, from D'Orleans and Mirabeau to Robespierre, are introduced, and characteristically exhibited. Many of the more remarkable scenes of the times also are presented, not only of blood and reality, but those of trickery, and perhaps of imagination. The author makes liberal use of the Abbé Barruel—especially in painting masonic mysteries. Escaping finally from the guillotine and the prisons, he returns to the shores of England, and being in absolute want, he joins a society, called a Marriage Society, the object of which is to fit out young likely men with dress, equipage and servants, for the purpose of entrapping wealthy widows and heiresses, on condition of receiving a centage on property thus obtained. The society of course exists only in the imagination of the writer, and is perhaps but a clumsy conception. The hero fails, and some of his associates are rather the dupes of their own schemes than the dupers. Arrived at the end of the third volume—the limit prescribed by the existing fashion and the commands of the publisher, the adventures of the Irish gentleman are suddenly and abruptly brought to a close.

A Parisian dress of the days of Robespierre is thus described—it is a curiosity in its kind. A light grey coat, with a black silk collar; a yellow satin waistcoat, striped with red; pea-green breeches; a sugar-loaf hat, with a velvet band and a steel buckle, decorated with a large three-coloured cockade.

*Family Library, Vol. X. Allan Cunningham's Lives of British Painters, Vol. II. 1830.*—Mr. Cunningham has added another acceptable volume of the *Lives of British Painters*, written in the same spirit of knowledge and wisdom, eloquence and poetry, which characterized the former. It contains the lives of West, Barry, Blake, Opie, Moreland, Bird and Fuseli—a pleiad of eminent persons, so completely unlike each other, that if the writer's sole object had been to search for variety, he could not have discovered seven names better suited for his purpose. No two of them approximate in any respect, as men, and as a consequence perhaps, as artists, and the biographer is thus secured against the chances of repetition. If we find any fault, it is that, while he discriminates with great tact and delicacy, he is too intent upon shewing it by phrases of emphasis, and his want of simplicity is thus forced too much upon the reader's notice. His sentences run



too frequently in the same cadence, and read like a chant.

West's story is materially defective with respect to his dismissal from court, and his breach and reunion with the academy. His piety and quakerism conciliated the favour of the late king, who kept him employed, almost exclusively, from 1769 to 1801. The king settled with him personally on subjects and prices—paid him regularly a thousand a year, and the balance, if any were due, at certain intervals. In 1801, his Majesty, though his illness was not acknowledged, was unwell, and West was abruptly informed by Wyatt that the paintings for Windsor Chapel were suspended. Surprised at this intelligence, West dispatched a sort of remonstrance; but the letter, it seems, was never presented, nor had the king known anything of the order of suspension. On his recovery, West solicited an audience, but no explanation followed—the king shook him by the hand, and bade him go on with the pictures, and he would take care of him. This was West's last interview—he could never obtain another, though, before this illness, he had been admitted freely at all times. He continued, however, to work at the paintings, and received his £1,000 a year; but on the appointment of the regency, a new order was forthwith issued for the suspension of both paintings and payments, without the least explanation being given, or the opportunity of obtaining one. Papers were officiously circulated relative to the immense sums West had had of the king—£34,187, without the addition that this was for thirty-three years labour. Wyatt seems to have been at the bottom of this unworthy treatment, and certainly he was conspicuous in West's expulsion from the president's chair; but what is perhaps more worthy of remark—it shews that through the ten years, from 1801 to 1811, the king was under more controul than the nation knew of.

Of Barry's irascibility and violence, his failures and his poverty, the world has heard abundantly. Mr. Cunningham, as indeed was indispensable, repeats much of it, but he carefully reduces facts to the standard of common sense. Though far from being his best performances, Barry's name is now almost exclusively coupled with the Adelphi paintings. On these he chiefly plumed himself, and seemed content to rest his claim to celebrity. In them, however, he shewed how thoroughly he had lost himself in the study of the mythological. He had formed for himself an arbitrary system, and left nature far behind him. To him all the extravagancies thus heaped together appeared noble specimens of the grand style—forgetting, as Mr. Cunningham observes, this grand style is often the simplest of all, and can be comprehended without comment. Barry's performance may bid defiance to all comprehension, and even his own written

descriptions but little help the matter. The Society of Arts, though any thing but generous in their treatment of Barry, admitted the public for the benefit of the artist. Jonas Hanway left a guinea, in token of his admiration, instead of a shilling; Johnson observed in them a grasp of mind which he could find nowhere else; Townley declared they were composed in the *true* principles of the best paintings; and Lord Aldborough's praise Mr. C. is half-afraid to transcribe, and well he may, for the lord discovered in them all the properties combined, not only of Raphael, Titian, and Guido, but of all the most celebrated artists of Greece and Rome; and in consequence, offered Barry his house and property till his fortunes equalled his merits. Most persons will recollect with a smile the river Thames borne by Tritons, and Dr. Burney, in the costume of 1778, playing a tune to Drake and Raleigh. "I do not," said a dowager, putting her fan before her face, "like to see good Dr. Burney with a parcel of naked girls dabbling in a horsepond."

Barry, it has been repeated a thousand times, refused to paint portraits, and a story is even told of his replying to an applicant, "There is a man in Leicester-square who does it" (meaning Reynolds.) But Mr. Cunningham tells us also, on Mr. Southey's authority, that this was not the fact, for that he would at any time have painted them, and gladly. The truth is, probably, Barry was never in favour or in fashion; he had a bad name for caprice and rudeness, and sitters were afraid of him.

In his account of Opie, Mr. C., we observe, does not, like Opie's widow, attribute his death to his exertions in preparing the few lectures he read, nor is his respect for the said lectures very considerable—they seem to him to want vigour, a defect, he adds, little to have been expected. The censure we think not very just. Opie had defects of another quality: he wanted poetry, and some feeling of the grand and heroic; his virtues were good sterling sense and independence, conspicuous alike in the pen and the pencil.

The Bristol people, years ago, were satirized for their sordid propensities by both Savage and Robert Lovell. On poor Bird's death, three hundred gentlemen of the town got up a public funeral at considerable expence, and then sent in the bills to the unfortunate widow. "If this be true," says Mr. C., "the sarcasms of Savage and Lovell are merciful and kind—but I believe it rests on no sufficient authority?" Then why is it repeated?

Mr. Cunningham is a little too fond of dinner-table stories. This is particularly conspicuous in the life of Fuseli, most of whose good things are not merely coarse things, but their very merit consists in their rudeness. His repartees are manifestly prompted by contrast, the easiest kind of

wit in the world; for instance—a student held up a drawing to him, with, “Here, Sir, I finished it, without using a crumb of bread.”—“All the worse for your drawing,” replied Fuseli; “buy a two-penny loaf and rub it all out.” Fuseli was the hero of Johnson the bookseller’s well-visited table for forty years.

The best sketches in the volume are the lives of Moreland and Blake, especially the latter. Moreland’s habits are too revolting for detail; but the gentle visionary’s story is one to draw tears of admiration. Mr. C.’s description of his purity, his contentment, his elevation, his very hallucinations, are the most fixing piece of writing we have read for some time. But there is no merriment in the illusions of madness, and Mr. C. is too ready to smile.

*The Country Curate, by the Rev. G. M. Gleig, alias the author of the Subaltern, &c. 2 vols. 12mo. 1830.*—There are few men more capable of making the most of a short tale or a single incident, than the writer before us, whether ‘author of the Subaltern,’ or Rev. G. M. Gleig, libentius audit. He has no taste for any thing but sketches, either because he has no patience for details, or no tact for discussing perplexities, or no confidence of powers for making them attractive; and, therefore, wisely shuns the attempt. He observes closely, and what he observes he paints distinctly—perhaps too distinctly—with too hard an outline. He has the art of giving more intensity to small matters than fairly belongs to them, and thus occasionally raises a sort of factitious interest, which rather excites for the moment, than satisfies on reflection. There is no possibility of blending poverty and sentiment, dirt and delicacy, misery and fastidiousness to any useful purpose. Mr. G. sighs over fine feelings where they are not likely to exist.

The Country Curate consists of nine or ten sketches, three of which are reprinted from Blackwood’s clever and amusing miscellany—they embrace the Curate’s own story, and some extraordinary facts which fall under his own eye during his official ministrations. The Curate’s tale is a melancholy one—an early death, precipitated by the ruin of the fond hopes of felicity with a lovely girl, herself the victim of hope deferred, operating upon a consumptive constitution. The sketches, also, are all of the graver cast, and tell of misfortunes, the results of oppressions, or indiscretions, or unbridled passions—of course, not equally fitted for commanding the feelings of sympathy, though with one exception, this is obviously the author’s purpose. All of them have an air of life and reality about them—the tale of the Poacher particularly so. His Hut upon the Moor, and the scenery around are described, some will say with the pencil of an artist, and others, not unjustly, with the pen of a surveyor. It is too minute;

Miss Mitford would have produced an equal effect with half the words. The poacher’s case is no common one, and is, with few exceptions, matter of fact, and it had need be, from the gravity of the tone which the author takes in relating it. He is not prompted to poaching by idleness, but driven by necessity—to feed his family; he is no dealer in game; he shoots and snares upon principle—hares and partridges have no definable owners, and he seizes them, as the fox does, because he wants them. The old man had been expelled from a small farm rented by his ancestors for a century or more, and subsequent sickness and distress compelled him to apply for parochial relief. This was harshly refused by the skin-flint and unsympathizing farmers; and returning, in a state of excitement, to his desolate hut, he found hares feeding upon his cabbages—why should he not feed upon them? He followed the natural dictate of necessity—and further necessity forced him to persevere; and yet, while these facts are dropping from the author’s pen, he oddly ascribes the old man’s poaching pursuits to an innate propensity—a thing of principle. The old man was ready to work; but work was not always to be had, while his children were always to be fed. His poaching became frequent, and work became scarcer; and thus the habit was confirmed. The curate expostulates in vain: the old man had reasoned himself—no difficult matter, perhaps—into the rectitude of the act. In all other respects he was proverbially honest, and the worthy curate, in spite of prevailing prejudices, gave him what employ he could. Unluckily the son shared in the odium of his father, and took, of necessity, to the same courses, which quickly terminated fatally. The youth was shot in a struggle with gamekeepers—an event which plunged the old man into stupor, and accelerated his death.

The tale itself is not, it will be seen, very attractive, but the tone of earnestness with which it is told, fixes irresistibly the reader’s attention. The writer expresses his indignation at the system of grasping economy, which threw the small farms into great ones. To this cause, he assigns, justly, much of the misery existing among the agricultural labourers; but with this he couples another—our mischievous poor laws. This, we take it, is a species of cant, picked up from the fashionable economists, but which will surely soon vanish. That the poor laws are, in numerous instances, injudiciously administered, no man can doubt; but that the principle is bad—that they create their own objects, is, we verily believe, a mere phrase, apparently smart, and adapted and remembered chiefly for that reason. Can the author see no causes for misery among the poor but idleness, and a disposition to lean upon the poor rates? Does he not mark how the rates have grown with the taxes? Does he not mark the effect



of excise upon the prices of the necessaries of life? Does he not mark the practice of the farmers of flinging the labourers upon the rates, from the double motive of interest, and power—tyrannizing thus over the individual, and forcing their neighbours to contribute to the payment of wages? The poor—especially the country poor—are essentially and eminently industrious; but all encouragement is wickedly withdrawn from them—they are ground to the earth—they are stripped of their little farms—their commons—their very gardens even, where they exceed a few square yards; and what is still worse, they are unfeelingly by the landlords *given up* to the tender mercies of the farmers—for all which, they are indebted merely to our blessed political economists—men who regard the poor as machines, themselves as the inventors, and the rich as the owners.

We have forgotten the tales—but in a word—the ‘Smugglers’ is well told—the Miser has a touch of the tedious, and no point of sympathy—the Fatalist is emphatically extravagant—the Parish Apprentice horrible—while the Schoolmistress, and the Rose of Kent, both victims, one of the villainy, the other of the indiscretion of man, and their own undisciplined feelings, are very beautiful pieces, but still written in a spirit that inclines the author to make mountains of mole-hills.

*Memoirs of Rear-Admiral Paul Jones*: 2 vols. 12mo. 1830.—To this day the general impression is still that Paul Jones was a pirate, and one of the most desperate and daring, whose hand was against every man and every man’s hand against him. His attempts and his menaces on both firths of Scotland, while in the service of the rebel Americans, threw the whole coast into alarm, and the government itself denounced him as a lawless plunderer and traitor. So thoroughly indeed became he the bugbear and ogre of the north, and so obscured and distorted was his story by the loyalty-prints of the day, that we have had him very lately the hero of two romances; and now, to the surprise of every body, comes forth a legitimate history of the man regularly authenticated from his own papers, journals and correspondence. Some years ago, a Mr. Sherburne, described as registrar of the American navy, when America had not even ‘half-a-dozen fir frigates with bits of striped bunting,’ published what he called a life of Paul Jones from very imperfect materials, but still authentic ones. The story of even these materials is not without interest. At the end of the war, when Paul was appointed by congress agent for prize-money in Europe, he deposited these papers, consisting of copies of his correspondence with congress and Mr. Jefferson, his log-books and account-books, and sundry papers, with a friend at Philadelphia, taking with him whatever he considered of

more real importance. The papers thus deposited were, on his death, removed by the direction of his sisters to a friend of their own at New York. This person dying, they fell into the hands of his brother, a baker of the same town, who appears to have taken little care of them; at all events, on his death they were either torn up or dispersed. One letter was found in the shop, which led to further inquiry, and finally to the recovery of many articles, especially to two log-books, one of them that of the Bon Homme Richard, now in the possession of Mr. George Napier, an advocate at Edinburgh. These papers constituted Mr. Shelburne’s materials. But the papers from which the present life is constructed were all the while in the hands of his relatives at Dumfries, and were known to be so; for Mr. Shelburne himself, as well as others since, endeavoured to obtain them, but were refused, as there was then, it seems, some view on the part of the family to the present publication. They are thus described in the preface, “They consist of several bound folio volumes of letters and documents, which are officially authenticated, so far as they are public papers; numerous scrolls and copies of letters, and many private communications, originating in his widely-diffused correspondence in France, Holland, America, and other quarters. There is, in addition to these, a collection of writings of the miscellaneous kind likely to be accumulated by a man of active habits, who had for many years mingled both in the political and fashionable circles, wherever he chanced to be thrown. The Journal of the Campaign of 1788 against the Turks, forms of itself a thick MS. bound volume. A life of Paul Jones, published by Mr. Murray some time ago, was merely a reprint of an abridgment of Shelburne’s book.

We may now be supposed to be at last in possession of all that can be known of Paul Jones, and the compiler of this his last life has performed his task in a free and fair spirit—desirous of rescuing his hero from calumny, but judging him frankly, without attempting to screen his obvious faults. Paul, to say the least, was an extraordinary man—irresistibly impelled to seek distinction by the native vigour and restlessness of his genius. Of a very humble origin, at the early age of twelve (he was born in 1747), he was sent to Whitehaven as a ship-boy, and before he was twenty served as mate in a vessel of considerable tonnage, and on one occasion, on the death of the captain, brought home the ship in safety. His trips were chiefly to the West-Indies and America, till the affairs of a deceased brother detained him some time in America. This was at the outbreak of the revolution—he quickly shared in the prevailing enthusiasm, and hanging pretty loosely to local attachments, was ready for any employment that pro-

mised renown. His offer of services was accepted, and he was, in fact, the first person who, with his own hands, raised the flag of American independence. Though constantly thwarted by the jealousies of the American sailors, he was never daunted or turned from his purpose; and supported, as he steadily was by Franklin and the congress, he finally obtained a ship from the French navy, the *Bon Homme Richard*. In command of this vessel, with other smaller ones, it is well known he beat the *Serapis* and the Countess of Scarborough. But with the French officers, his conflicts and competitions were not a whit less harassing and vexatious than those with the Americans had been; and the treacheries of many of them involved him in perpetual dispute, and remonstrance, and disappointment. Full of ardour and self-confidence, he was constantly planning and urging expeditions, till his importunities wearied both America and France—the first had no ships, and the last none to spare, and native officers must be preferred.

His successful conflict, however, with the *Serapis*, spread his fame through Europe; and Simolin, the Russian ambassador at Paris, recommended him earnestly to the empress for employment in the Russian navy. Paul, as full of ambition as of activity, caught at the splendid prospect, and seemed able, from the prepossession in his favour, to stipulate for independent commands. But again realities mocked his anticipations. He was appointed indeed admiral of the fleet in the Black Sea, destined to co-operate in the siege of Oczakow, but he found himself cribbed and cabined, and as usual, the object of jealousy. Potemkin especially, as intolerant of a rival as himself, and armed with the command in chief, cramped him at every turn, and finally despatched him to St. Petersburg, under pretence of a separate command in the Baltic. But this was all moonshine—he found the empress difficult of access; enemies were busy—calumnies spread—scandalous charges were got up against him, and when he was finally admitted to the empress, he was met with a smile of apparent cordiality, and presented with leave of absence for two years—in reality, exiled. He withdrew to Paris, where he died in 1792, to the last fondly clinging to the hope of a recall to the service of Russia.

Though pleading the rights of universal freedom as the justification for deserting his native country, and entering the service of America, the real motive was obviously the chance for more profitable, or rather, more conspicuous employment. Brought up in the mercantile service, he had no chance of advancement in the royal navy of England. He was just as ready to quit the Americans, when a brighter prospect opened upon him in Russia. His fate led him, as a foreigner, to be perpetually competing with natives, and he had not the accommodating

art of conciliating rivals, nor authority enough to subdue them—too impetuous and overbearing, and urged on by the same kind of confiding and insolent spirit that, under more favorable circumstances, made a Rodney and a Nelson.

*Veterinary Surgery, or the Art of Farriery, on a new plan, &c., by J. Hinds, V.S. 1830.*—There can be no doubt farriery has materially improved in modern practice. It is but a very few years since that every thing in the shape of science was absolutely unknown in the treatment of horses, medically, or surgically. ‘Stuff and oils’ constituted the materia medica, and the vocabulary of the farrier—the first some drastic purgative for fevers, the last some stinging or scorching embrocation for bruises and lameness. Any acquaintance with the source of the mischief was mere matter of accident, or rough guess work. We remember, in the country, the shoulder of a handsome mare blistered and blanched, and made as bare as your hand, for the cure of a corn. The anatomy of the horse is now more carefully studied, and the symptoms of disease more closely marked, and of consequence less violent and precarious remedies hazarded; but these amendments make their way slowly into the country. The volume before us seems written with intelligence, and certainly if those who consult it find reason to be as well satisfied with it as the writer himself is, it cannot fail of proving a valuable possession. Mr. Hinds takes credit to himself for avoiding technical phrases, while he expresses his apprehensions that his *familiar* style, as he complementally terms it, may frequently appear vulgar to more fastidious ears and eyes than his—simpleton!

*The Lost Heir, and Prediction. 3 vols. 1830.*—The principal tale is very far from being a *transparent* one—a fault in a novel not easily redeemed, though the general grace and occasional vigour of the writing furnish some compensation. The fashion of attempting to excite interest by the perplexities attendant on foundlingism, is by far too prevalent; and, really, the writer scarcely need have recourse to so stale an expedient. He has a considerable range at command; he can talk with propriety of Ireland, America, and France, and these might surely supply materials capable of sustaining some weight without propping them up with vulgar mysteries. Of the low Irish and the low American, he has given some admirable scenes, and he represents the pollutions and brutalities of revolutionary France very satisfactorily, though not with the vivacity, and perhaps the fidelity of Dr. Milligan in his *Adventures of an Irish Gentleman*.

The *Lost Heir* comes upon the scene, at a very early age, after the American battle of the Brandywine, with his nurse in a waggon, filled with the wounded, Germans, French, and Swiss. Though escorted by a



party of dragoons, they are attacked by a body of Indians, headed by an infamous crew of English in Indian disguises, and massacred—the nurse is left for dead, the child is snatched up by an Irish soldier and handed to his colonel, who discovers in him a memorable likeness, and finally adopts the orphan. The child is brought up as his son—is educated in the military schools of France, and is for the first time, as an independent agent, conspicuous in the destruction of the Bastille. The colonel and his old servant, accidentally in the neighbourhood, are drawn towards the scene, and being in the dress of the king's troops, are instantly seized, and rescued from butchery by the sudden appearance of the youth, whose activity had given him influence over the atrocious mob. The same influence enables him to rescue another officer, a friend of the colonel's, severely wounded, whose last words, scrawled on a sheet of paper, referred to a Madame St. Leu at Sevres.

To Sevres, after the death of the officer, to execute the supposed wishes of the dead man, the youth goes in company with a friend of the colonel—he himself is too ill to go—where, luckily, they discover the lady, and with her a lovely girl, her daughter. With this daughter the colonel's friend is wonderfully struck, parentally, that is, while the youth is shot through and through with the sharper arrow of love. Of course a mutual attachment springs up between the young folks, but the course of true love, as usual, is speedily roughened by the appearance of another young, but very mature gentleman, whose object is, it presently appears, at all hazards to marry the lady; for she is, he believes, the true heir to the greater part of the property his own father possesses. The hero of the tale is himself compelled to join his regiment, but being quartered at St. Cloud, he readily effects frequent meetings with the charmer, and in a few days marries her, very sylvanly, under the green wood tree, just to put the seal irremovably upon the connection. These clandestine meetings the rival speedily discovers, and being of an unscrupulous turn, he readily contrives to get the youth denounced to one of the sections; and he is only saved from the guillotine by the manœuvres of Barbu—omnipotent with the mob—a ruffian in appearance, but one who had been a fellow-student, and deeply indebted by personal services, was eager to make a return. In prison, the old Irish nurse, who had been left for dead, reappears as the wife of the gaoler, and she, in collusion with Barbu, finally effects the young man's escape—the very day in which his rival had arranged with a band of hired wretches to carry off the lady by force.

For the accomplishment of this scheme, he, misled by appearances, had employed this very Barbu, who, though no ruffian himself, could command ruffians, to get

together the accomplices, and thus unwittingly he let his rival into the secret of his devices. Of course the plan was baffled—Barbu, indeed, fell a sacrifice to the rage of his disappointed employer, while he himself perished within a few hours by the vengeance of a husband whose wife he had seduced. In the meanwhile, discoveries more than we can enumerate, or even follow, are preparing. Mad. St. Len proves to be the young foundling's own mother, and in the midst of his distraction at the thought of having married his sister, she is discovered to be the daughter not of Madame St. Len, but of the lady of an Irish officer, killed (the lady we mean) in America, and substituted, unknown to Madame, in the place of a dead child of her own. The Irish officer is the very friend who accompanied our hero to Sevres, and who was so parentally struck by the young lady's appearance; and the colonel himself, he is Irish too, and had once been betrothed to Madame St. Len. The complexities and confusions are most confounding, but all ends happily, and we dare say, very clearly, and every body finally understands which is which, and who is who. The foundling proves to be the Lost Heir, and, of course, the true heir to the very property which his villainous rival had been ready to commit any crime to secure. *Esto simplex munditiis.*

The other tale, entitled Prediction, is the fulfilment of an Irish foreboding—the result of a threat of a Senachy, some 600 years ago, who, being driven from the service of his lord, declared that the last of his race should be a priest, and bury the last of the said lord's line. The story finds the two families—the Senachy's, with one male only, and he is brought up as a priest; the lord's, with two sons, and though the old prediction is revived by an old crone, no fears are entertained. With the two boys is brought up a little girl, the only daughter of an Indian nabob; and between her and the second boy, gradually ripens an attachment which nothing but death can blight. The youth of the parties makes a little protraction expedient, and the two brothers travel. In the meanwhile, the girl's father, an ambitious man and a protestant, gets into parliament, chiefly through the influence of his catholic friend; but no sooner is he secure in his seat, then, finding it more to his advantage, he rails and votes against the catholic interests. Of course estrangement between the two families follows, and ultimately, by misrepresentations and treacheries, the poor young lady is induced to marry another, in accordance with her father's views. The consequences are dreadful—it becomes a perfect raw-head and bloody bones story; and before it finally closes, all but the priest are dead by duelling, burning, madness, or anguish—thus making good with a vengeance the miserable prediction.

*Creation, a Poem, by Wm. Ball. 1830.*

—There is no standing a whole volume of 300 pages of forced and extravagant sentiment, couched in language and measure neither correct nor musical. If Mr. Ball be in the isolated state he represents himself, he is to be pitied, but what advantage does he expect to reap from importunity and whining; and if the sorrows he describes be, as perhaps they are, all imaginary—if he is merely courting poetic sympathy, why smack his lines more of vituperation than complaint—more of rage than of pain? The world, bad as some think it, forsakes nobody that is of use to it, or if it does, no man is quite without family connections or cotemporary friends, that will stick by him, unless some misconduct of his own cuts him off from such ties, and then he must abide the penalty.

I am alone; although the world's cold hand  
Presses to mine; alas! it hath no touch  
To warm the falling pulse, or check the sand  
Fast flowing—no! The world is but a crutch,  
Wherewith I seek my way unto the grave:  
It knows not, heeds not me; it is a lord  
That gives, capriciously, his labouring slave  
Raiment or blows—a fetter or a sword.

We prefer Pistol's tone tenfold to this  
miserable puling—"Why, then, the world's  
mine oyster, which I with sword will open."

I am alone; to mine no human heart  
Heaves with full sympathy; and should the  
earth  
Gape and devour me, not one man would  
start—

Save for himself, perchance!

And in such a perilous exigency, would  
not Mr. Ball look to his own safety?

I linger in this foolish scene of things—  
And I am left alone to strain and grope  
Thro' the world's vile and frivolous turmoil.

For a poet, who professes devotional feelings, these are very offensive sentiments, and for a man capable of distinguishing one thing from another, very ridiculous. Obviously, Mr. Ball thinks he is doing no foolish thing in writing this poem, and can he be absurd enough to suppose the majority of the world he abuses is not at least as wisely and as usefully employed?

The first Canto, which he calls by a term of his own, Induction, exhausting some of the sources of his personal grumbings, he addresses himself to the subject of Creation, and lashes his powers into action with this potent invocation to his 'own mind.'

Oh! insubstantial thing, invisible,  
Abiding darkly in this mortal shell—  
Oh thou, "my Mind!" thee and thy arming  
powers

I summon and evoke! I am thy lord—  
A lord of nought besides, on earth or sea;  
But thee I call—thee I command: awake!  
Arise, obedient—and with thee bring  
Thy treasures and thy strength, commensurate  
To what thou shalt perform, and I dispose.  
Hear me, thou idle slave!—Arise—obey!

M.M. *New Series.*—VOL. IX. No. 51.

This separation of I and myself is particularly brilliant, and bodes much original discussion, if the reader have patience to search for it.

*Forrester: 3 vols. 12mo.*—The novelist, apparently, must work by synthesis or analysis—begin at the beginning and complicate as he goes, or dash into the thick of a story, and unfold his mystery as he can. The mystery mode, if we trust to the profession of novel readers, is the general favourite—it is so delightful to be kept in suspense. For our own part, and we suspect it is the case with many who profess the contrary opinion, we prefer the right onward march of publicity—we like to see at first the rise of events, and trace the current of consequences, and care less about the sensations which suspense produces, than watching the development of character, and enjoying the spirited description of scenes and sentiments. The writer of Forrester, betrayed perhaps by the *talk* of young ladies, has adopted the suspensive process, and maintains it to his latest page, for though flashes of discovery break in occasionally upon the obscurity, the eclatissement is fairly reserved for the final close. Apparently he has no other object in pursuing his tale than to unravel the web his fancy has woven, and trusts for effect solely to the ingenuity with which he can handle a mystery. He thus on plan and system lowers his aim to the level of a mere story-teller, though really possessed of powers which might prompt him to aspire to higher views, and execute more glorious deeds. The tale, as it is, is without a moral or a purpose—it is built on no principle—has no general views, illustrates nothing, and teaches nothing; it is a tale to idle over, and nothing beyond. It exhibits little or no practical acquaintance with life; it unfolds no class—no character—no peculiarity; and might, with the exception of the Harrowgate scenes, have been written by one who never stirred beyond the pale of his own neighbourhood, and spent his time in dreaming of possibilities, or at the best, throwing the incidents he meets with in novels into new combinations.

The story itself is of two young gentlemen, who meet by accident in the travellers' room in the town of Leeds—are struck at first sight with each other, and form vows forthwith, like a couple of girls, of eternal friendship. They have neither of them, apparently, any thing to do, nor is either at liberty to tell the other his story. The passing of a Harrowgate stage determines both to go to that fashionable spot. At Harrowgate they join the table d'hôte, where they find, at the lower end of the table, new arrivals, like themselves, two Yorkshire families, an ancient baronet's and an upstart squire's. The first has a wife and daughter; the last, a wife and two daughters. The next day comes a dowager ba-



roness and a niece. All the young ladies are marriageable ones—all are possessed of considerable attractions, and the friends of all come speculating on suitable matches. This indeed, it seems, is the general object of Harrowgate visitors. The two heroes, both gentlemanly-looking men, and one especially of a very superior cut, with the indubitable air of good company upon him, excite considerable sensation among old and young—the elders not of course liking the mystery, while the younger are charmed with it. The young gentlemen very soon shew symptoms of particular admiration, but neither, for some as yet unknown reason, can indulge his inclination, or give a frank expression to his feelings. But just as the least attractive of the two has been all but sent to Coventry by the papas and mamas, he is discovered to be *really* a gentleman, in actual possession of large property, and in expectation of another still greater. With him, of course, every obscurity soon clears away, and difficulties vanish, and he wins without further toil the lady of his love. But the other, Forrester, not only can nobody, not even the dowager baroness, though she knows the peerage by heart, and every family of a thousand acres in the country, find out who he is, but he does not know himself. He is under a sort of guardianship of a lord who disclaims any relationship, and professes to be only the agent of one who will never declare himself. The youth of course is anxious to discover his birth, and frets under the curb. Every clue is withheld, and every attempt to engage in any profession is checked and crossed by the watchful lord, and his chief behind the scene. At length, however, he encounters an old man—an old soldier, who goes about doing good, and is very successful in divers detailed cases, who seems at the first glance to recognize our hero, and being shewn a pair of miniatures, which are believed to be the portraits of the parents, gives a slight hint that he knows something about them. From this period commences the unrolling of the tale, and it is but justice to add, the interest is very well kept up, and the mystery developed only piecemeal. Forester proves to be the grandson of a peer of the realm, with £70,000 a year, kept out of his rights by the artifices of the nominal guardian, who of course is next heir to the title, and expectant of the estate. The old peer is led to believe the grandson was illegitimate,—but all is satisfactorily disclosed by the in-

defatigable old soldier, and Forrester weds the lady of his heart, after she has bravely refused the offered hand of the gouty old peer and his £70,000 a year.

*The Young Wanderer's Cave, and other Tales*: 1830.—This series of tales is by the author of the "Children's Fireside." They are cleverly and intelligibly told, but why the principal tale is told at all is not very obvious. A boy of fourteen, travelling towards the north on a visit to his friends, sleeps on the road at an inn, in a room where a murder is committed. He is arrested on suspicion, and thinking that, though perfectly innocent, he shall certainly be hanged, he contrives to make his escape; and after abundance of frights and embarrassments, reaches the Suffolk coast, where he hides himself in a cave, in the hope of finding some means of crossing the water to Holland. All his difficulties in procuring food, and his expedients for fishing, filching and cooking, are minutely detailed—the main object of the tale being, apparently, to teach children what they are to do under similar troubles. At last a high-tide sweeps him out of the cave to sea, and he is picked up by the very boat on board of which is the actual murderer in custody. The poor boy is of course rescued from his fears, restored to his parents, finds new and powerful friends, and becomes a man of substance—in recompense for the self-possession and resolution he had shewn in what was surely a very novel position.

Another story is aimed directly and forcibly at the fagging system of great schools, and very strange it is that more effective resistance is not made to the practice. The obvious evils are poorly balanced by the alleged advantages. Superior strength, activity, and intelligence need not surely be armed with authority and privilege. The younger and feebler require protection, and this at least the masters should furnish. It is idle to say the eye of the master cannot be everywhere, and the elder keep the younger in order for him; let him do his own business, and if the concern be too mighty for his personal controul, let him abandon what he is thus confessedly unable to manage. The honor and *amour propre* of the bigger lads might be readily enlisted in the suppression of the system, and they become proud of protecting instead of oppressing.

## BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE exhibition of the works of living artists, at the rooms of the British Institution, is this year, as usual, the first in that procession of pictorial wealth which every London season has of late years sent forth, in number and value tenfold beyond that which any other country of Europe can boast. The exhibition which we are now about to notice leads the way; then comes the Exhibition of Associated British Artists in Suffolk Place; next, the beautiful and unique shew of the Water Colour Artists in Pall Mall East; then the selections from the old masters at the same institution, to which we are about to refer; and lastly, (not to mention innumerable individual efforts which are brought forward in various ways) to crown the whole, we have the Royal Academy Exhibition—THE exhibition *par excellence*. The immeasurable superiority of these collective displays over those of a similar kind in other countries, indicating as it does the very indifferent condition of art generally, may be not very gratifying to us as cosmopolites, and lovers of art in the abstract; but as Englishmen, and lovers of our country, it is impossible not to feel, and to be gratified in feeling, that in this, no less than in every other department of intellectual exertion, we transcend, beyond question or comparison, all the rest of the world. In every department of literature—in eloquence—in all the ornamental and useful arts of life—in the domestic policy which leads to comparative freedom and happiness, and in the foreign policy which gives us weight and influence in other countries—in national and individual wealth—and finally in that moral worth and wisdom which gives value and virtue to all these,—it is impossible not to perceive and to rejoice in those germs of permanent national prosperity and supremacy which the temporary cloud that is now passing over us cannot hide—can scarcely even obscure.

As we cannot but attach a high value to the due appreciation of those arts the results of which, while they stir and nourish, at the same time refine and exalt the human mind, we shall, henceforth, pay particular attention to all exhibitions that are worthy of public notice in connection with our present subject; and we are happy to find that the one now to be considered offers (together with much to pass by unnoticed, and a little to reprove) many points for just commendation.

We shall, without further general remarks, proceed to notice the leading works, in the order which we find them placed before us.

No. 1. *Italian Boys*. A. Morton.—This picture, by an artist of rising merit, is perhaps, upon the whole, the best picture in these rooms—we mean of course, among those which put forth any variety of preten-

sions; for assuredly it is not equally good, as a whole, with some smaller pieces of minor pretensions, in point of subject matter and the care bestowed upon it. It represents a group of Savoyard boys (why they are called "Italian" we don't know—its effect, where it produces any, will be to excite associations mischievous to the pretensions of the work) collected together somewhat anomalously, as if for the amusement, not of other people, but themselves. Their "appliances and means" of trade, consist of an organ, a learned poodle, a monkey, and a cage of white mice; and, setting aside a dusky and muddy tone in the colouring, the whole are painted with considerable knowledge of the resources of the art—with truth and spirit in the various expressions—with skill and taste in the composition, and with great force of effect in the management of the light and shade in some of the details. The fault of the picture is the monotony in the faces, which are all alike; and its misfortune is, the comparisons it not merely suggests, but, as it were, insists on, between certain wondrous productions of a similar kind by Murillo, which comparisons it is, in truth, little able to bear. Nevertheless, looking at the work with a view to itself alone, it has great merit.

No. 11. *The Birth of Venus*. Howard.—This piece of elegant feebleness, and another near it by the same artist, ("Morning," No. 16.) will serve to keep alive for a little longer the memory of, and perhaps the admiration for, that class of purely poetical creations (so called), which, having no foundation whatever in the passions and affections of the human mind, have no more chance than they have claim to maintain a permanent hold upon public sympathy. Mr. Howard's poetical works will (we hope) keep their ground in public favour so long as their original inventor continues to supply them; but (we hope) not a day longer.

No. 13. *The Sisters of Scio*. Phalipon.—Though by a foreign artist, and, therefore, not exactly in place here, we cannot deny a passing word of commendation to this pretty little bit of pathos, an engraving from which formed the most pleasing embellishment to one of this year's annuals. Its merit is, to shew by concealing: on the principle of Mr. Newton's "Letter" of last year—one of the most touching and effective strokes of art that we ever remember to have seen.

No. 18. *The Guardian*; No. 24. *Girl of Normandy*; No. 25. *The Duenna*. G. S. Newton, A.R.A.—These three pictures, though they are inferior to most of Mr. Newton's late productions, are nevertheless the gems of the collection; and this, no less for conception and sentiment, than for style and execution. The first (*The Guardian*) represents an aged man, turning the key (in



imagination) on some fair human bird, who would, as he suspects, fain take wing from her present cage in search of another. It is as a piece of rich and harmonious colouring that this picture excels; for the expression, though any thing but false or feeble, is yet somewhat vague. It is not so with either of the other two, which, whatever they may want in warmth and depth of colouring, are made up of expression. The "Girl of Normandy" has that peculiar and almost Minerva-like beauty of countenance which is scarcely to be seen out of Normandy; and the great charm of which consists in the alliance between depth of expression and perfect regularity and conformity of feature. "The Duenna" is valuable only for the pretty affectation of the youthful figure, which, however, has more of this artist's fault, that is to say of his peculiar manner, than of his beauties. The Duenna is not so good. Mr. Newton has not seen, or at least not observed, so much of old women as he has of young.

No. 32. *A Study. M. A. Shee, P.R.A.*—This picture has at this moment an adventitious interest, which its merits alone would not give it. It may be offered as a good average example of the state of portrait-painting in England at the present day; but as the first and only specimen here presented, of the new president's talents as an artist, it will not be looked at with any overweening satisfaction.

No. 43. *The Corsair. H. P. Briggs, A.R.A.* With the exception of a very coarse and uncharacteristic portrait of Mr. Kemble, (No. 176.) this is the only specimen which Mr. Briggs offers in this exhibition; and we have no hesitation, though some reluctance, in stating, that both pieces detract from, rather than increase this artist's high and deserved reputation. As good must and will, in all cases, whether we seek it or not, grow out of evil, there can be little doubt that the altogether unexpected loss we have just sustained, will give an impetus to the progress of art which it would not have received, if the admirable painter, of whom we have been so suddenly deprived, had continued to exercise his unquestioned supremacy till what might have been reasonably looked for as the natural close of his brilliant career. Hopes will now be excited among our artists, which nothing but the loss of Lawrence could have aroused; and one looks to Mr. Briggs as one of those who possess the best foundation for such hopes.

No. 53. *The Stone-breaker*; No. 60. *Highland Music. E. Landseer, A.R.A.*—These are doubtless very clever and meritorious productions; but they do not (any more than many other of his late pictures) raise our ideas of this artist's talent, either as regards extent or degree. The philosophic gravity of the Stone-breaker is indeed good: his look is as settled and inflexible as that of the stones by his side. And the

varied expressions of the dogs, who are howling in concert with the sound of their Highland master's bagpipe, are conceived with great truth and executed with infinite skill. But (to say nothing of the growing faults of manner which this artist's late works have included) he must really not hope ever to maintain, much less to extend, his reputation by such "unconsidered trifles" as these. As for his "Wounded Deer," "Dead Deer," and that class of his works, we look upon them as worse than of no value at all, since the best they can do is to shew a superfluous degree of skill. That skill, the results of which do not conduce to pleasure, is worse than cast away: and we cannot imagine that even the keenest and most remorseless of sportsmen takes any pleasure in contemplating the quarry that lies dead or wounded at his feet. In fact, the sight of pain and death, *as such*, is universally abhorrent to our nature; and the representation of them, therefore, for the mere purpose of representing them, is in all cases a mistake, to say the least of it.

No. 67. *Antwerp Cathedral. D. Roberts.*—This is one of those productions of the pencil which excite pleasure in every class of spectator, and which are as susceptible of being appreciated by the mere tyro as by the most practised connoisseur. It shews great knowledge of, and skill in, effect, by the manner in which the figures and other adjuncts are made to conduce to the impression of the chief object. The student may do well to observe the manner in which the *glazing* of this very clever picture adds to its general effect.

No. 81. *Interior of a Painter's Study. J. Hayter.*—A very clever and spirited little work, with a skillful disposition of light and shade, and much ease and breadth in the handling.

No. 118. *Belvidera. J. Boaden.*—There is as little of likeness in this portrait of Miss Kemble as there is force or freedom in the somewhat affected style of handling, or beauty in the colouring; and we notice it here only to observe that when an artist of rising and real merit, like Mr. Boaden, fails in an attempt to delineate a public person, it may do him more serious injury than any moderate degree of success could possibly have done him good. We may here add, that the late President's drawing of Miss Kemble is the only one which has the slightest pretensions to represent a single trait of her fine and highly intellectual and characteristic countenance.

No. 139. *Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. W. F. Witherington.*—This is a very clever little picture on a most ill-chosen subject—that of Sancho conveying his dilapidated master, on his ass, after the grievous beating which had banished chivalry from the land for the time being. Sancho is full of humour, and the ass is capital; but, as a whole, the scene is in-

efficient, because the subject is ill-adapted to the art.

No. 146. *Greek Girl*. H. W. Pickersgill, R. A.—We do not remember to have seen this clever picture before; but the mere fact of our feeling uncertain as to whether or not we now look on it for the first time, argues that the work is one which will not add to the high reputation of its author. Nevertheless, the picture is one among the half-dozen very best in these rooms. There is at once power and ease in the design and handling; a delicate individuality in the expression, and richness, without gaudiness, in the colouring; but there is *not* in the latter that depth and harmony which we look for in a large work of this class from a first-rate hand, as that of Mr. Pickersgill now undoubtedly is. Not that there is anything *opposed* to harmony in the colouring of this work: its defects are negative merely.

No. 152. *Lara*. T. F. Green.—This is a striking, or perhaps we should say, a staring picture. There is a degree of power in it; but it has the grievous fault of embodying only the repulsive points of its original. If the effect of reading "*Lara*" had been at all like that of looking upon this imaginary representation of him, the poet would have lost his pains. One great secret of genius is, the power of extracting pleasure from pain, or of subliming the one into the other. The artist has in this instance given us all the pain, but has let the subtle pleasure that the poet has inextricably bound up with it, escape him.

No. 168. *The Sick Child*. T. Webster.—This is one of those somewhat childish attempts at drawing mere *amusement* from pictures, which is a prevalent fault of the present day, so far as the mere choice of subject is considered. There is much cleverness in some of the details of this little work, particularly in the whole figure, air, and expression of the village Esculapius; but that which is intended as the chief point of interest and attraction, "*The Sick Child*," is an offensive mixture of the painful and the disagreeable.

No. 177. *Battle of the Standard*. J. Wood.—This little attempt at the display of energy and grandeur on a small scale, has considerable merit, quite enough to make us regret that this artist should still continue so decided an imitator—almost a copyist—of Etty.

No. 209. *Interior of a Cottage, Argyllshire*. A. Fraser.—The first view of this picture is as dark and forbidding as the actual scene which it so ably represents; but, like that scene, as you look at it more closely, it comes out with much force and truth. The picture is, in fact, painted with knowledge, feeling, and manual skill; and it makes us regret that we have not more, and more elaborate works from the same source, and on similar subjects; for, in this instance, though the theme is, in the ab-

stract, common and trifling, there is no charge of puerility against—on the contrary it offers a desirable and interesting illustration of actual life and manners.

No. 240. *Venus and Cupid*. W. Etty, R. A.—This elegant little production is one of the most valuable and meritorious in the present collection. The composition is striking and effective, without being in the least degree forced or theatrical; the design and its resulting expression (for, the face of the Venus being hidden, the expression results from the general design) includes that chaste voluptuousness which gives a classical air to the work; and the colouring of the flesh is, at least, equal to any of the previous efforts of this accomplished and elegant-minded artist. The fault of the picture is, its affectation of an antique air, which is shewn in the "geological specimens" which are substituted in the place of clouds, in the back ground.

No. 248. *Study of an Author*. C. R. Leslie, R. A.—We notice this little portrait of Sir Walter Scott merely on account of the name of the artist, for we cannot think that it is at all worthy either him or the illustrious person it represents. It is feeble, meagre, and altogether unsatisfactory, as relates to both parties.

*Le Débris*. G. Lance.—This will probably be among the most popular works in the exhibition, as it is certainly among the most clever in point of mere execution. It represents an after-dinner-table, covered with the *débris* of a feast, which is left to the enjoyment of a monkey, a mackaw, and a black footman—the two former of whom are quarrelling for a portion of the spoils, to the great amusement of the latter. The glasses, salvers, fruit, table covers, and all the adjuncts of the scene, are painted with great skill: *au reste*, we cannot but think it skill, in many respects, cast away.

No. 326. *Comus and the Lady*. J. Wood.—This is a more elaborate and ambitious attempt than we remember to have seen from this artist's pencil, and it has also less the air of an imitation than most of his other productions; but we are not able to congratulate Mr. Wood on having caught the spirit of the scene. He has failed, however, in company with every one who has yet attempted the subject, which is one of extreme delicacy and difficulty.

No. 331. *The Intruder*. J. Ward, R. A.—The "*Intruder*" is a dog who has found his way into a shed peopled with a cow and calf, a hen and chickens, &c. We are sorry to be obliged to pronounce this elaborate work of Mr. Ward's a piece of falsehood throughout—it is false in design, false in expression, false in colouring, and false in general effect. There is no doubt great cleverness, and great knowledge of his art, mixed up with all these; but they are all overpowered by the obtrusive *mannerism* which is displayed in the handling of this artist. The dog, however, and



the hen and chickens, are, on account of their size, exempt from the effects of this peculiar fault in Mr. Ward's style; and the consequence is that they are capital.

*No. 338. Scene in the Play of Charles XII. G. Clint. A. R. A.*—Two portraits at once so like, yet so unlike, as those of Liston and Farren, as Adam Brock and Charles XII., we have rarely seen, except from the pencil of the same artist who presents us with these. In fact, we know of no other painter who so invariably catches the exact lineaments of the person he would represent, and misses the spirit and character of which those lineaments are the types and interpreters. It is true he rarely paints any but actors and actresses—a class of persons whose faces, for the most part, “have no characters at all,” but consist of lineaments merely like a mask. This kind of practise may do much to dull the delicacy of perception which is so essential to the portrait-painter in particular. In other

respects, this piece is among the most successful of Mr. Clint's productions.

We do not find any other new pictures in this collection a detailed notice of which could justify us in transgressing our limits further. We will add, however, that Mr. S. Davies has a very clever and attractive picture of “The Interior of the British Gallery” (as it appeared last year we believe); that Mr. Rippingill has an elaborate scene in which much humour and skill are wasted upon an impracticable subject—“Pilgrims approaching the Shrine;” (420) and finally, that Mr. Parris, the artist to whom we are chiefly indebted for the noble Picture of London at the Colosseum, has a very pleasing and highly finished little picture called “The Bride-maid” (494), which shews that he is capable of excelling in no ordinary degree in the most pleasing and popular department of his art—that of scenes of sentiment and character from domestic life.

#### VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

*Substitute for Wheaten Flour.*—A medical gentleman, named Gouldson, residing near Manchester, has discovered a mode of separating and preparing the farinaceous parts of such bulbous roots as turnips, carrots, parsnips, beet, &c., and of converting it into fine flour. After a great variety of experiments, carried on with perfect success for nearly two years, this gentleman has obtained a patent for his process which, if his report is in every respect correct, and that he really does produce good and nutritious bread, equal both in quality and colour to the purest white wheaten bread, which is positively asserted, the discovery may be considered to be of incalculable value, for the quantity of farina to be obtained from the roots grown upon any given quantity of ground, compared to that produced from the ears of wheat upon a similar space, must be greatly increased—the patentee says, twenty times at least.

*Kneading Dough by Machinery.*—In large baking establishments the kneading of dough for bread or biscuits is attended with very great labour, and being performed by the hands and sometimes by the feet of men not particularly attentive to cleanliness, a convenient mechanical substitute for the manual labour of kneading must, in every point of view, be desirable. It is not a little remarkable that at this time there are recently imported from Paris no less than four differently constructed kneading machines, some of which have, and the others are expected to become the subjects of patents in this country.

*Captain Kater's Collimator.*—A particular degree of ill fortune seems to attend certain individuals. Doctor Pearson, the respectable treasurer of the Astronomical

Society, invented and perfected a rock crystal micrometer which had previously been invented, used, and rejected in Paris. Captain Kater, by a mechanical process, arrived at his convertible pendulum; Professor Bohnenberger, of Tubingen, had projected the same instrument from theoretical considerations fifteen years before. Another invention of Captain Kater, which some individuals have injudiciously considered as entitled to a medal from the Astronomical Society, the floating collimator, both vertical and horizontal, is an invention of this same Professor Bohnenberger, of Tubingen, and in a form upon which our countryman has not yet stumbled, has been used by Professor Gauss for several years, and produced the most beneficial results. In this case the telescope itself is its own collimator—and a coincidence effected between the wires in its focus and the image of those wires as seen through the telescope in a vessel of mercury placed immediately under it. To effect this a piece of parallel plate glass is placed at an angle of 45° between the lenses of the eye piece, and reflects the light of a lamp admitted through an aperture in the side of the eye piece down upon the wires and also upon the mercury, while at the same time, from the sides of the glass being parallel, there is no obstacle to direct vision through it of the wires and the reflected image of them.

*Rapidity of the Circulation of the Blood.*—A solution of ferruretted hydrocyanate of potash, introduced into the jugular vein of a horse, entered the circulation and arrived at the opposite jugular in an interval of from twenty to twenty-five seconds. It arrived in twenty-three to thirty seconds in the opposite external tho-

racic vein; in twenty seconds, at the large saphena vein; in fifteen to thirty seconds, in the masseterine artery; in ten to fifteen, and in twenty to twenty-six seconds, in the external maxillary artery; and from twenty to twenty-five, and from twenty-five to thirty seconds, in the artery of the metatarsus; in each case on the side opposite to that of the injection. This series of experiments was made by M. E. Herring, of Stutgard.

*Chinese Canal.*—A canal was opened in 1825 to the west of Sargan, in Cochin-China, which connected that town with a branch of the river Cambodja. Its length was twenty-three miles, its width eighty feet, and its depth twelve feet. This canal was begun and finished in six weeks, although it had to be carried through large forests and over extensive marshes: twenty thousand men were at work upon it day and night, and it is said seven thousand died of fatigue. The sides of the canal were soon covered with palm trees, for the cultivation of which the Chinese pursue a particular method.

*Metallic Ligatures applied to Arteries.*—M. Lerut has lately been led to ascertain the value of a suggestion thrown out some years ago by Dr. Physik, of employing leaden ligatures. The idea arose from considering that in numerous cases bullets, buck shot, and lead, would remain in contact with almost any tissue of the body without producing irritation or unpleasant consequences, and that for an indefinite period. M. Lerut laid bare the right carotid artery of a dog, and, after separating it carefully from its accompanying nerve and vein, passed under it a leaden wire which was then firmly tied. Both ends of the wire were cut off and the sharp point bent down. The wound was then drawn together by a few stitches and adhesive strips. The animal was left at liberty, and being examined after some days the stitches were found ulcerated out and the wound open; it had filled up from the bottom with granulations, but the edges were wide apart. With tight dressing it healed entirely in about ten weeks. A few weeks after the animal was killed and examined: a small cicatrix existed in the skin; the lead was found in the situation in which it had been placed by the side of the vein and nerve, perfectly encysted. The artery had been removed entirely for the space of half an inch. Not the slightest trace of inflammation existed in the neighbouring parts; on the contrary, they appeared perfectly natural. The lead was inclosed in a dense cellular substance which formed for it a complete cyst. In four other similar experiments not the slightest departure from the former appearances occurred. In every case the lead became inclosed in a cyst and the neighbouring parts remained perfectly healthy and natural. The lead having answered so well, the experiments

were continued, to ascertain whether that metal was peculiar in this respect, or whether other metals were as innocuous in similar circumstances. Trials with gold, silver, and platinum had exactly the same results, from which Dr. Lerut concludes that the plan of tying the arteries with lead and other metals is free from danger, and may be productive of some peculiar advantages.

*Iron Furnaces in England and Scotland.*—The number of high furnaces in 1740 was but fifty-nine—this number has been increased as follows:—

|                               | Tons.   |
|-------------------------------|---------|
| 1740.— 59 furnaces, producing | 17,000  |
| 1788.— 85 .....               | 68,000  |
| 1796.—121 .....               | 125,000 |
| 1806.—.....                   | 250,000 |
| 1820.—.....                   | 400,000 |
| 1827.—284 .....               | 690,000 |

Of the two hundred and eighty-four furnaces, last mentioned, ninety-five are in Staffordshire, and ninety in South Wales.

*Longevity in Russia.*—There died last year, in Russia, 604 individuals, from 100 to 105 years of age; 141, from 105 to 110; 104, from 110 to 115; 46, from 115 to 120; 31, from 120 to 125; 16, from 125 to 130; 4, from 130 to 135; 1, of 137; and 1, of 160.

*Perkins's Steam Cannon.*—The first experiments made with Perkins's steam cannon, at Vincennes, near Paris, were not attended with very brilliant results, and it appears that the last have not been more fortunate. The enormous apparatus of which this machine is composed was placed at about forty paces distant from a wooden figure, formed to represent the hull of a man-of-war; the projectiles thrown were about four pound calibre, and remained fixed in the thickness of the wood, a four-pounder was afterwards fired off at the same distance, and the ball penetrated the figure. Other experiments may possibly give different results; but even allowing that the superiority of Perkins's cannon becomes established, the complication of the machinery, and its enormous proportions, will render its application to the arming of ships almost impossible.

*Quantity of Gold Coined in Mexico.*—The report upon the finances of Mexico, communicated by the minister of that department to Congress, has shown the quantity of silver and gold coined in the different mints of that country since their establishment; these data may be interesting to mineralogists. The mint of Mexico itself, which for a long time was the only one in the kingdom, coined, between 1733 and 1828, 64,064,779 pesos piastres, in gold, and in silver, 1,323,851,510 pesos. The other mints, which have been established since the revolution, have together coined in gold and silver the sum of 67,662,737. making a total of 1,455,582,026. pesos, equal to £318,408,568. 3s. 4d. sterling.



*Naval Force in France.*—The naval force in France consisted, on the first of January, 1829, of 276 ships of the line, of various ranks:—viz.—33 men-of-war, 41 frigates, 6 corvettes, 25 brigs of sixteen to twenty guns each, 8 tenders carrying eighteen guns, 15 brigs of sixteen guns, and 151 vessels of other calibre. The number of vessels building is 80. The various stations will require for the present year, 1830, should no extraordinary event happen, 128 ships of war:—viz.—1 line of battle ship, 14 frigates, 79 other vessels of less calibre, 27 transports, and 7 steam vessels. The following is the comparative pay of the naval officers of the various powers, not including mess allowances:—

|                             | Francs. |
|-----------------------------|---------|
| An English Vice Admiral ... | 36,000  |
| A Dutch ditto .....         | 38,700  |
| A French ditto .....        | 28,000  |
| An English Rear Admiral ..  | 27,000  |
| A Dutch ditto .....         | 24,250  |
| A French ditto .....        | 12,000  |
| An English Commander ....   | 12,911  |
| A Dutch ditto .....         | 17,200  |
| A Russian ditto .....       | 10,920  |
| A United States Commander   | 7,120   |
| A French ditto .....        | 6,000   |
| An English Commander of a   |         |
| Frigate .....               | 7,475   |
| A Dutch ditto .....         | 6,450   |
| A Russian ditto .....       | 4,740   |
| A United States ditto ..... | 4,212   |
| A French ditto .....        | 4,200   |

*On the Impressions produced by Light on the Eye.*—The following are the conclusions to an essay on this subject by M. Plateau. § I. I. Any sensation of light whatever requires an appreciable time for its complete formation, and also the same time for its complete disappearance. II. The sensations do not disappear suddenly but gradually diminish in intensity. III. As a sensation fades the progress of its decrease is slower as the effect is nearer to a close. IV. Different colours, illuminated by daylight, produce sensations differing little from each other in their total duration. The order of them in this respect beginning with that which produces the longest sensation is white, yellow, red, blue. V. The total duration, from the time when the sensation has acquired its greatest power, to that when it is hardly sensible, is very nearly 0.34 of a second. VI. Finally, it results accidentally from the experiments that the principal colours arranged according to the intensity of sensations which they are competent to produce, stand in the following order—white, yellow, red, blue.

§ 2. I. New proofs confirm the order of colours contained in the sixth result of the first section. II. The visual angles, under which M. Plateau can see the different colours are as follows.—

|             | In the Shade. | In Sun Light. |
|-------------|---------------|---------------|
| White ....  | 18".          | 12".          |
| Yellow .... | 19".          | 13".          |
| Red .....   | 31".          | 23".          |
| Blue .....  | 42".          | 26".          |

The angles observed in sun light are nearly a third of those in the shade. III. When the sensations of two different colours succeed each other on the retina with a velocity less than that necessary to make the two impressions appear as one, there generally appear certain shades which are extraneous to the two colours employed or to their mixture; by these means a fine white can be obtained when the yellow and blue colours only are used. IV. When two alternating sensations succeed each other with such rapidity that they produce but one impression, the latter does not always present a colour which would result from the mixture of the former, thus combining the effect of yellow with that of deep blue in the way just mentioned, a grey colour can be produced without the least appearance of green. V. With the exception perhaps of yellow, the sensations of certain colours do not act in their combination with other sensations in the order of the intensity of their colours: their maximum of influence exists in a certain pale tint, on each side of which their influence diminishes; thus the blue colour of maximum power with respect to red and yellow is that of the sky in its most coloured state.

*Fossil Bones.*—At Argant, near Vin-gran, in the department of the Eastern Pyrenees, a cavern has been discovered, containing the fossil bones of various animals, rhinoceri, horses, oxen, sheep, deer, and some extinct; others of species still existing; but what is most remarkable, there are not among them the bones of any carnivorous animals.

*Improved Pianoforte Hammer.*—An American has improved the hammer heads of pianofortes by letting into the top of them a piece of lead, pewter, solder, zinc, tin, iron composition of metals, or compound of metals; and the hammer heads having one of these kinds or compositions of metals inserted in the tops of them, and then covered with leather, or any other covering, produces, when struck against the strings, a much stronger, fuller, and firmer tone than that produced by the common sort of hammers.

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*Patents sealed in February, 1830.*

To George Vaughan, Cleveland Street, Mile  
End Road, Mile End Old Town, Middlesex, en-  
gineer, for having invented a machine or pump  
for raising water or other fluids.—23d January;  
2 months.

To George Stocker, and Alexander Stocker,  
Yeovil, Somerset, gunsmiths, for having invented  
a cock for drawing liquor from casks, which pro-  
duces a stop superior to that which is effected by  
common cocks, and will continue in use for a  
longer period of time.—26th January; 2 months.

To John Arnold, Sheffield, Yorkshire, powder-  
flask maker, for having invented an improved  
spring latch, or makefast for doors.—26th Janu-  
ary; 2 months.

To George Frederick Johnson, Canterbury,  
Kent, Tunbridge-ware manufacturer, for having  
invented a machine or apparatus, which is in-  
tended as a substitute for drags for carriage  
wheels and other purposes.—26th January; 6  
months.

To Thomas Bulkeley, Richmond, Surrey, doc-  
tor of physic, for having invented a method of  
making or manufacturing candles.—26th Janu-  
ary; 6 months.

To James Cobbing, Bury St. Edmonds, cord-  
wainer, for having invented certain improvements  
on skais.—26th January; 6 months.

To Samuel Wright, Shelton, Staffordshire Pot-  
teries, for having invented a manufacture of  
ornamental tiles, bricks, and quarries for floors,  
pavements, and other purposes.—26th January;  
6 months.

To Robert Busk, Leeds, York, gentleman, for  
having invented certain improvements in appa-  
ratus used for distilling and rectifying.—26th  
January; 6 months.

To John Revere, New York, America, now re-  
siding in Saint James's, Westminster, M.D., for  
having invented a new alloy, or compound metal,  
applicable to the sheathing of ships and various  
other useful purposes.—28th January; 6 months.

To Josias Lambert, Liverpool Street, city of  
London, esq., for having invented an improve-  
ment in the process of making iron applicable to  
the smelting of the ore, and at various subsequent  
stages of the process, up to the completion of the  
rods or bars, and a new process for the improving  
of the quality of inferior iron.—4th February;  
2 months.

To George Pocock, Bristol, gentleman, for cer-  
tain improvements in making or constructing  
globes for astronomical, geographical, and other  
purposes.—4th February; 2 months.

To John Gray, Beaumorris, Anglesea, gentle-  
man, for having invented a new and improved  
method of preparing and putting on copper  
sheathing for shipping.—4th February; 2 months.

To Charles Taverner Miller, Piccadilly, Middle-

sex, wax chandler, for certain improvements in  
making or manufacturing of candles.—February;  
6 months.

To Joseph Clisild Daniell, Limphey Stoke,  
Bradford, Wilts, clothier, for certain improve-  
ments in the machinery applicable to the manu-  
facturing of woollen cloths.—6th February; 6  
months.

To Melvil Wilson, Warnford Court, Throgmor-  
ton Street, city of London, merchant, for an im-  
proved method of preparing and cleansing paddy  
or rough rice.—6th February; 6 months.

To Thomas Robinson Williams, Nelson Square,  
Blackfriars Road, Surrey, esq., for certain im-  
provements in power looms applicable to the  
weaving of wire and other materials.—6th Feb-  
ruary; 6 months.

To Edward Cowper, Streatham Place, Surrey,  
gentleman, for certain improvements in the manu-  
facture of gas.—12th February; 6 months.

To John Frederick Smith, Dunstan Hall, Ches-  
terfield, Derby, esq., for certain improvements in  
preparing or finishing piece goods made from  
wool, silk, or other fibrous materials.—12th  
February; 6 months.

To Joseph Marie Ursule La Rigandelle Du  
Buisson, Fenchurch Street, city of London, mer-  
chant, for a new method of extracting, for the pur-  
pose of dyeing, the colour from dye woods, and  
other substances used by dyers.—12th February;  
2 months.

*List of Patents which having been granted in  
the month of March, 1816, expire in the pre-  
sent month of March, 1830.*

2. Francis Teyril, London, for his new wheel  
guard.

— John Wood, jnnior, Bradford, and Joshua  
Wordsworth, Leeds, for improved spinning  
machines.

— Bryan Donkin, London, for processes for  
obtaining and applying an increase of tem-  
perature.

— George Frederic Muntz, Birmingham, for  
his method of destroying smoke, and obtaining  
a valuable product therefrom.

9. John Leigh, Bradbury, Gloucester, for his  
improved spinning machinery.

14. Pierre Francois Montgolfier, London, for  
his improved hydraulic ram.

— John Stead, Sheffield, for his improved  
stage-coach.

— Marc Isambard Brunel, London, for a knit-  
ting machine.

— William and Daniel West, Bombay, for a  
method of producing and applying power and  
motion to presses and other mechanical appa-  
ratus.



14. Pierre François Montgolfier, and Henry Daniel Dayme, London, for a motion acting by the expansion and contraction of heated air, applicable to raising water and moving mills.

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— Uriah Haddock, Holloway, for his paint, colour, and cement, for preserving the exterior of houses, ships, &c.

## BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

### M. LAFFON DE LADEBAT.

FOR the chief points of the succeeding brief sketch, we are indebted to a more extended notice in the *Revue de L'Encyclopédique*, but we may here be permitted to remark that we were personally acquainted with M. Laffon de Ladébat; and that, several years since, when he and his estimable friend, the Abbé Sicard (the successor of the Abbé de l'Epée, at the Parisian Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb) were in London, we had the honour of shewing them the lions of the metropolis. With the view from the top of St. Paul's—it happened to be a bright clear day—they were greatly delighted. Our observation was, "You may now behold, at a single *coup d'œil*, the habitations of more than a million of human beings. Paris, with all its splendour, cannot present such a spectacle as this!"—"True," replied the venerable Abbé Sicard, "and, thus, for the first time in my life, I find myself elevated above the cares and sorrows that harass and perplex more than a million of my fellow-creatures!" The Abbé was led to expect an interview with our Queen: in the hope of this, he remained in England till the last moment that his private affairs would allow, but without success. However, on the very day after he left London, Her Majesty (Queen Charlotte) sent a carriage for him to his residence in King Street, Holborn.

André Daniel Laffon de Ladébat, a man distinguished by his virtues and his sufferings, in the stormiest periods of the Revolution, was born at Bordeaux, on the 30th of November, 1746. His family was one of the most ancient and respectable in that city. He completed his education at the

University of Franeker in Holland; and, on his return to Bordeaux, he was received into partnership with his father, who was then at the head of a great commercial establishment. In 1775, he married Mlle. De Bacalan, and retired to an estate near Bordeaux, where he found leisure to cultivate the study of political economy, agriculture, and the fine arts. He published a work on the Freedom of the Commerce of India; undertook to reclaim a vast portion of waste land in the Upper Medoc; was one of the founders of the Bordeaux Academy of Painting; and became a member of the Academy of Arts and Sciences in that city, as well as of the Agricultural Society of Paris.

Devoted from his earliest years to the principles of salutary improvement, and, from his rank, called forth into the Assembly of the Nobility of the province of Guienne, he most energetically distinguished himself in asserting the ancient privileges of that body. By one division of its members, he was, in consequence, sent in character of Commissary, to the National Assembly to protest against the projected limitations and restraints.

In 1791, M. Ladébat was President of both the Academies of Bordeaux. From the implicit confidence reposed in him by his fellow-citizens, he was, in the month of October, in the same year, returned as a member of the Legislative Assembly, in which he presided over the Committee of Finance during the whole session. Standing forward in its support, at a period when the very existence of the monarchy was threatened, he, on the 20th of June, 1792, repaired to the Tuileries, where he was honoured by Louis the XVI. and his Queen,

with the most unequivocal expressions of their gratitude for his devoted attachment. From the 23d of July to the 10th of August, when the unfortunate Louis and his family took refuge in the hall of the Assembly, he was President of that body. It was in consequence of his most powerful friendship that, during the horrid massacre of September, the Abbé Sicard was snatched from the jaws of death and the hands of the common executioner. In the December following, M. Ladebat was arrested and confined on the charges of favouring the escape of some of the Swiss Guards, and receiving funds from the Civil List; but, having recovered his liberty, he was appointed to the direction of the Finance department. In 1794, he was again arrested, and immured in the prison of the Carmelites; but, so eminent were his talents, that his enemies felt the absolute necessity of his services, preserved the man who had been doomed to the scaffold, and once more restored him to his family.

In September, 1795, M. de Ladebat was elected by the departments of the Seine and the Gironde, a Member of the Council of Ancients, in which, evincing his usual wisdom and moderation, he was a frequent speaker on financial subjects. On the 20th of May, 1797, he was elected Secretary to that Assembly; and, on the 18th of May, he was called to the President's Chair. On the reading of some addresses from the Army of Italy, he ventured to propose the cashiering and arrest of General Buonaparte. On the memorable 18th Fructidor (September 4, 1797), all his endeavours to frustrate the insidious plans of the Directory having failed, he and several of his colleagues were seized and imprisoned in the Temple; and, two days afterwards, they were sent, in iron cars, to Rochefort, whence they were conveyed, in a frigate, to the burning deserts of Sinamari. There, amongst the numerous friends whom M. de Ladebat speedily saw perish around him, was the virtuous and eloquent Francon Ducoudrey. Many of the exiles effected their escape; but M. Ladebat refused to participate in their plans; and, at the very moment of their departure, it appeared so certain that he was on the point of falling a victim to the epidemic disease of the climate, that, when his companions reached France, they reported his death, which was generally believed. Of seventeen individuals who had been thus expatriated, he and M. de Marbois alone remained to combat with the harassing and iniquitous vexations to which they were subjected by the Commissioners, who, under the Directory, governed the colony. However, amidst his misfortunes during twenty-one months of exile, he unceasingly devoted himself to his studies, and, from much valuable and important information which he collected, he prepared a pamphlet relating to the state of the colony. Unfortunately, other cares, and other labours, afterwards prevented its publication.

One of the first acts of the Consular Government was to recal the exiles of the 18th Fructidor. The liveliest interest and the warmest feeling greeted the return of Messrs. Ladebat and Marbois, the victims of Directorial tyranny; but they were not equally rewarded for their unmerited sufferings. Several of the departments of France gave their suffrages in favour of Ladebat, as a candidate for the senate; but Buonaparte refused to confirm his election. Marbois was appointed to the most distinguished situations; but, Ladebat was left to pine in obscurity. After his long services in the financial department, his administration of the public revenue was attacked by his enemies; but, by a severe and laborious investigation, he was, in 1813, most honourably acquitted. However, the eventful restoration of the Bonapartes did not repair the mischief or assuage the sufferings which the Imperial Government had so cruelly neglected.

In 1815, M. Ladebat came to England to recover some property which he had deposited in the Bank twenty-two years before. During his stay in London, he collected a mass of information respecting the finances, and the commerce of the country, its public schools, charitable institutions, &c. After his return, he presented to Louis XVIII. an interesting work on the French finances.

M. Laffon de Ladebat's political career was now at an end; but, with unremitting ardour, he applied himself to meliorate the condition and promote the welfare of society, by taking an active part in the conduct of many moral, religious, and other institutions. He was one of the Directors of the Institution for the Relief of the Infant Blind; he was a member of the Consistory of the Reformed Church; also of both district Committees for the Propagation of Primary Instruction, both Catholic and Protestant; and, for three years, he presided over the Benevolent Protestant Society, established for mutual assistance.

Notwithstanding the native vigour of his mind, and his exercise of the truest Christian resignation, M. Ladebat was bowed to the earth by a succession of private and domestic calamities; and at length, after a short illness, he recently expired in the eighty-third year of his age. His remains were interred in the cemetery of Est, near those of his excellent wife, the companion of his pleasures and his cares for forty years. His four sons followed him to the grave; and his funeral was attended by an immense assemblage of persons of all ranks, various deputations from societies, both religious and philanthropical, to which he had belonged, joining in the mournful procession. In the funeral address, delivered by his pastor, M. Frederick Maurod, at the interment, it was stated that, for the last eleven years, the deceased had, on the anniversary of the day on which he had been bereft of his beloved wife, repaired to the spot,



where her earthly remains had been deposited, and there paid a fervent, heartfelt tribute of undying affection to her cherished memory ! He had often expressed a sincere wish to die on that day ; and, by a striking and marked dispensation of Providence, it had pleased God to call him from this world of care on that very day, and almost at the same hour !!!

#### THE EARL OF HARRINGTON.

Charles Stanhope, third Earl of Harrington, Viscount Petersham, and Baron Harrington, was a descendant from Sir John Stanhope, of Elvaston, in Derbyshire, half brother of Philip, first Earl of Chesterfield. His Lordship was Governor and Constable of Windsor Castle ; offices in which, upon his demise, he was succeeded by the Marquess of Conyngham. He was also a General in the army, Colonel of the First Regiment of Life Guards, G.C.H., &c. Few are the individuals who have been so fortunate as this nobleman in their family connexions, public employments, or high and illustrious patronage.

His Lordship, born on the 20th of March, 1753, was the son of William, second Earl of Harrington, by his Countess, the Lady Caroline Fitzroy, eldest daughter of Charles Duke of Grafton. In 1769, before he had completed his seventeenth year, he entered the army as an Ensign, with the rank of Lieutenant in the Coldstream Regiment of Guards ; within four years he was promoted to a company in the 29th Regiment of Foot ; and, early in 1776, having exchanged his light company for the Grenadier Company of the same regiment, he sailed for North America, where he served in all the principal engagements during the campaigns of that and the following year. In 1777, his Lordship was aid-de-camp to General Burgoyne ; and, after the unfortunate close of the campaign, by the surrender of the British army at Saratoga, he was sent to England with the General's dispatches.

Soon after his arrival in London, his Lordship (then Lord Petersham) was appointed Lieut.-Colonel in the 3d regiment of Foot Guards. On the death of his father, in 1779, he succeeded to the Earldom. The same year he married Jane, one of the daughters of Sir John Fleming, Bart. ; by whom he had a family of ten children, and in whose society he was blest with a more than usual portion of domestic happiness, until the period of her Ladyship's death, in the year 1824. In 1780, the Earl of Harrington sailed for Jamaica, with the 85th Regiment of Infantry, a regiment which he had himself raised, and to which he had been appointed Lieut.-Colonel Commandant. Soon after his arrival at Jamaica, he received the provisional rank of Brigadier General, with the command of the flank companies of all the regiments on the island. In the course of twelve months, however, his regiment, one of the finest *corps* ever raised, was reduced to a skeleton, by the

dreadful mortality of the climate ; and, to preserve its remains, they were sent home in some of the French ships taken by Lord Rodney, in his engagement with the Count de Grasse, in April, 1782. His Lordship's own health was seriously affected ; and he, too, with his lady, who had borne him company in the expedition, returned to England. On his arrival, he was most graciously received by his late Majesty, who appointed him one of his Aides-de-camp, with the rank of colonel in the army.

On the death of Lieutenant-General Calcraft, of the 65th Foot, in 1783, the Earl of Harrington succeeded to the command of that regiment, with which he immediately sailed for Ireland. This was under the Viceroyship of the Duke of Rutland, whose friendship and confidence his Lordship enjoyed.

It was during Lord Harrington's command of the garrison at Dublin, that General Dundas's new system of tactics, afterwards generally adopted throughout the service, was first tried in his Lordship's regiment.

The 65th Regiment having been ordered to America, in 1785, the Earl returned to England, where, with the advantage of one of the finest military libraries in the kingdom, he enjoyed a brief but delightful period of retirement. On the death of Lieut.-General Tryon, in 1788, his Lordship was nominated to succeed that officer, in the Colonelcy of his old regiment, the 29th ; an appointment which he had formerly expressed a desire to obtain, and it was now conferred upon him as a special mark of royal favour, and in kind remembrance of his former wish. In fact, he would have received the command on the death of Lieut.-General Evelyn, had not General Tryon been appointed before his wish was known.

The 29th Regiment, then just returned from America, was subsequently stationed at Cheltenham and at Windsor, during the King's residence at those places. It was, indeed, a peculiar favourite with his Majesty, as the circumstance of its remaining three years in garrison at Windsor, afforded sufficient proof.

In the winter of 1792, the King conferred an additional mark of his regard upon the Earl of Harrington, by appointing him Colonel of the First Regiment of Life Guards, with the gold stick. At the promotion of General Officers, in 1793, he was made a Major-General. His appointment of gold stick, rendered nugatory his Lordship's wish to serve with the Duke of York in his campaigns on the Continent ; but the King was pleased to employ him on a private mission to His Royal Highness.

In 1798, his Lordship was promoted to the rank of Lieut.-General ; for a short time he was on the staff of Great Britain ; subsequently he had a command in the London District ; and, in 1803, he attained the rank of General.

In 1806, Lord Harrington was dispatched to Berlin, with the view of arranging a treaty with the King of Prussia—an object in which the Earl of Harrowby had previously been unsuccessful, and which was again defeated by Buonaparte's memorable victory on the plain of Austerlitz.

In 1807, Lord Harrington was, for a time, Commander-in-chief in Ireland. His next appointment was, 1812, to be Governor and Constable of Windsor Castle.

The Earl of Harrington was many years a member of His Majesty's Privy Council. He was a great favourite with the late and the present King, the Duke of York, and, indeed, with all the members of the Royal Family. His Countess was equally a favourite with the late Queen Charlotte, to whom she was lady of the bedchamber; and

the Queen rarely, if ever, had a private party at Buckingham House, at which Lord and Lady Harrington were not present.

With reference to dress, appointments, and the general economy of a regiment, the Earl of Harrington was considered to stand unrivalled; the regulation sword, first adopted in the Coldstream Guards, and afterwards in the army generally, was introduced by his Lordship; and, in military affairs generally, his late Royal Highness, the Commander-in-chief, is said to have paid extraordinary deference to his opinion.

Lord Harrington died at Brighton, on the 15th of September, and was succeeded in his titles and estates by his eldest son, Charles, Viscount Petersham, a Colonel in the Army, &c.

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### MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

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THE frost being succeeded by a general thaw in the first week of the current month, agricultural operations, so long suspended, were universally resumed; and the lands have been since worked into a proper state for the reception of the earliest seed process, namely, for beans, peas, and oats. Upon the forwardest lands, these seeds are already in the ground, on others, much ploughing remaining undone, those crops will necessarily be backward. During the month of January, scarcely a plough was stirring, until the two or three last days, and then in very few places. With regard to working the lands, however, for the seed furrow, there does not appear a deficiency to that degree which might have been expected in times like the present; the great misfortune, and it must tell heavily in future produce, is the universal and smothering mass of weed vegetation which the ordinary mode of culture can never eradicate from the soil. The wheats, winter tares, clovers, and turnips, have been variously affected by the frost. Upon warm and sheltered soils, there seems little cause of complaint, particularly of the early sown wheats, great part of which exhibit a healthy appearance; but on lands of a less fortunate description, and where the cover and protection of snow came too late, the corn, its seeds just bursting out to vegetation, and grasses, are lamentably cut up, and the remaining turnips, of a very poor crop, clung and withered, and rendered of very little use as cattle food. The naked frost has yet been of the greatest service in clearing the land of slug and grub, of which two mild winters had occasioned a multitudinous increase.

From Scotland, our accounts report a more favourable state of the lands and of the progress of their husbandry, most satisfactorily joined with an almost absence of complaint on the painful topic of agricultural distress and want of employment for the labourers. Rents are generally higher in the North than in the South, and far more frequently contracted for as corn rents, that is to say, regulated by the price of wheat. A considerable breadth of ploughing, to our surprise, seems to have been performed in the North, during the last month, and their seed business is, in general, more forward than with us in the South, whilst their corn and seeds are stated to have received little injury from the frost, excepting in a few exposed situations, where they appear to be destroyed to a considerable extent. Their turnips are nearly exhausted, and potatoes, from the constant demand for the London market, being too dear for the use of stall-feeding, their resource seems to subsist in the great quantity of stained and inferior barley, which also contributes to keep down the price of fodder, although now so greatly reduced in quantity. The last year's wheat in Scotland is now estimated at half an average crop, and, probably, it has been more held for a market there, than in the South, on the speculation of a considerable improvement in price, before the next harvest. Great quantities of barley, it is stated, reached the markets, as a provision for the Candlemas rents. The fairs and markets for store-stock are overloaded, as with us, with the exception of milch cows, which find a ready sale, as do fat cattle and sheep. Welfare, bonny Scotland! the Tweed makes a magical distinction, as well as a local division, much in favour of his northern border, in various respects.

From a few quarters, we have somewhat more favourable accounts of the state of the markets for store stock, but, generally, no improvement can yet be boasted: the same with respect to wool, of which far less expectation can be reasonably entertained. The fall of lambs has been successful, and the weather more favourable than for the earliest dropped. The short crop of turnips, and the damage received from the frost, will, by and by, be severely felt by this stock, fodder being so nearly exhausted. Sheep, for market, are said to have done very poorly on the present crop of turnips, to which, no doubt, their exposure



to all the rigours and changes of winter, must have contributed its share. But, established and inbred habit never sees but one side of a question. During the frost, wood-fuel was becoming alarmingly scarce in the Western counties.

The prices of corn and fat cattle have advanced somewhat considerably in the London markets, and a further and gradual advance is by no means improbable, more especially with regard to prime articles, which always obtain their due attention in an English market. This will, no doubt, be eventually followed by a concomitant favourable change in the price of lean stores. In the mean time, the markets have been extremely favourable to the purchasers of stores. Much nonsense has, of late, circulated through the public prints, on the remote national disadvantage probable to accrue from the number of horses annually taken from the country by foreign purchasers: a subject, of which the writers seem to possess but a superficial view. The horses are generally sold at good prices, and it has become a considerable and beneficial branch of commerce, the increase of which will much enhance the profits of the steed. Complaints are made of some landlords who have refused to make any return of rent at their audits; and far more strange reports are abroad, of farms given up from distress, being retaken and leased at the former rents.

*Smithfield.* Beef, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 8d.—Mutton, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 8d.—Veal, 3s. 8d. to 5s. 10d. Pork, 3s. 0d. to 5s. 0d. best dairy—Rough Fat, 2s. 1½d.

*Corn Exchange.*—Wheat, 48s. to (fine foreign) 80s.—Barley, 23s. to 36s.—Oats, 18s. to 30s.—Fine Bread, the London 4 lb. loaf, 10½d.—Hay, 44s. to 100s. per load. Clover, ditto 65s. to 115s.—Straw, 40s. to 48s.

Coals in the Pool, 29s. 6d. to 37s. 3d. per chaldron.

*Middlesex, February 22.*

## MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

**SUGAR.**—The demand for Muscovadoes has been more limited than usual; the estimated sales are 2,200 hogsheads and tierces. There is little alteration in the refined market. Of the fine grocery goods, there is rather a better supply this week, but there has been less business done. *Foreign Sugars.*—No parcels of foreign sugar sold this week by private contract; a few hogsheads of Porto Rico are exported at about 20s.—*East India Sugar.*—Few sales are reported; the Mauritius Sugar, low to mid. yellow, of which the great proportion of the arrivals consist, sell at a reduction of 1s. to 1s. 6d.; the other qualities were unvaried.

**COFFEE.**—Parcels, suitable for home consumption, have sold at rather higher prices this week, the request is more general; the quantity of Mocha Coffee thrown on the market lately has been extensive, the prices are 5s. lower; the Mysore, at nearly the same reduction; low to good Mocha, 76s. to 106s.; good Mysore, 46s. to 46s. 6d. Ceylon, at former prices, good old. 32s.; the only purchase by private contract is 100 bags fine old St. Domingo, at 34s. 6d. The British Plantation at previous prices; fine old Havannah sold at 35s.

**RUM, BRANDY, HOLLANDS.**—The only purchase of Rum this week is a parcel of Leewards 4 to 5 over at 1s. 10½d.—In Brandy or Geneva there is no alteration.

**HEMP, FLAX, AND TALLOW.**—The demand and prices of Tallow continue to improve. In Hemp and Flax there is little alteration. The letters from St. Petersburg are dated the 3d instant. Exchange 10d. 9 a 16 a 10½d. Tallow 89 90. Bought 500 to 600.

**Irish Provisions.**—There is little alteration in the Provision Market this week; the request for fine Butter still increases. Bacon steady, 36s. on board, and heavy landed at 38s.

**Bullion per Oz.**—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—Foreign Gold in Bars, £3. 17s. 9d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s. 0d.—New Dollars, £4. 8s. ¾d.—Silver in Bars (standard), £0. 0s. 0d.

**Course of Foreign Exchange.**—Amsterdam, 12. 3.—Rotterdam, 12. 8.—Hamburg, 14. 3½.—Paris, 28. 30.—Bordeaux, 26. 9½d.—Frankfort-on-the-Main, 155. 0½.—Petersburg, 10.—Vienna, 10. 16.—Madrid, 35. 0¾.—Cadiz, 36. 0.—Bilboa, 35. 0¼.—Barcelona, 35. 0½.—Seville, 35. 0½.—Gibraltar, 37. 0½.—Leghorn, 47. 0¼.—Genoa, 26. 0.—Venice, 47. 0½.—Malta, 44. 0½.—Naples, 39. 0½.—Palermo, 118. 0½.—Lisbon, 44. 0.—Oporto, 44. 0.—Rio Janeiro, 24. 0.—Bahia, 25. 0.—Dublin, 1. 0½.—Cork, 1. 0½.

**Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.**—Birmingham CANAL, (¼ sh.) 290½.—Coventry, 900½.—Ellesmere and Chester, 102½.—Grand Junction, 286½.—Kennet and Avon, 27½.—Leeds and Liverpool, 450½.—Oxford 650½.—Regent's, 22½.—Trent and Mersey, (¼ sh.), 780½.—Warwick and Birmingham, 270½.—London DOCKS (Stock), 80½.—West India (Stock), 188½.—East London WATER WORKS, 115½.—Grand Junction, 52½½.—West Middlesex, 75½.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 9¾½.—Globe, 164½.—Guardian, 27½½.—Hope Life, 6½½.—Imperial Fire, 113½.—GAS-LIGHT Westminster chartered Company, 55½.—City, 190½.—British, 0½.—Leeds, 195½.

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

*Announced from January 23d, to February 22d, 1830, in the London Gazette.*

## BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Thompson, N. Dartmouth, master-mariner  
 Hucker, J. Glastonbury, stocking-manufacturer  
 Birks, T. P., H. White, J. H. Allen, Newcastle-under-Lyne, silkmens  
 Chandler, Dewsbury, grocer  
 Bayley, W. Macclesfield, silk-manufacturer  
 Gastrell, J. Bristol, haberdasher

## BANKRUPTCIES.

[This Month, 164.]

*Solicitors' Names are in Parenthesis.*

Arnold, C. Walsot, bookseller. (Makinson and Co., Temple; Hellings, Bath)  
 Abbot, J. Norwich, bookseller. (Dicas, Austin-frars)  
 Archer, W. Southwark, cheesemonger. (Hutchinson and Co., Crown-court)  
 Ayles, T. Weymouth, ship-builder. (Alexander and Son, Carey-street)  
 Bryson, T. Jewin-street, commission-agent. (Lloyd, Thavies'-inn)  
 Bartlett, W. and T. Reading, canvas-manufacturers. (Glynnes, Vine-street)  
 Blount, E. Liverpool, iron-merchant. (Vincent, Temple; Birkett, Liverpool)  
 Burton, T. Hillingdon, brick-maker. (Poole and Co., Gray's-inn)  
 Bannister, J. P. Henrietta-street, stable-keeper. (Burgoyne and Co., Oxford-street)  
 Beard, J. G. Liverpool, brass-founder. (Chester, Staple-inn; Hodgson, Liverpool)  
 Bird, J. Leominster, victualler. (Lloy, Furnival's-inn; Herbert, Leominster)  
 Brown, W. Beeston, cloth-manufacturer. (Jacques and Co., Coleman-street; Bailey, Bristol)  
 Bentley, E. Leicester, grocer. (Emley and Co., Temple; Robinson and Co., Leicester)  
 Belt, R. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant. (Clayton and Co., Lincoln's-inn; Clayton, Newcastle-upon-Tyne)  
 Breeds, B. Hastings, merchant. (Heathcote, Coleman street)  
 Blundell, J. B., J. Piper, and J. T. Gritton, Bankside, iron-merchants. (Kearsey and Co., Lothbury)  
 Boulderson, J. Penryn, miller. (Follett, Temple; Roberts, Helston)  
 Bond, W. Horstead, bricklayer. (Hammond and Co., haddon-garden; Daveney, Norwich)  
 Bonell, W. Bedminster, lath-render. (Pool and Co., Gray's-inn; Williams, Bristol)  
 Buckley, J. Ashton-under-Lyne, gingham-manufacturer. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Higginbottom, Ashton-under-Lyne)  
 Cocks, G. and J. Hart, Great Yarmouth, general-merchants. (Lythgoe, Essex-street; Wright, Norwich)  
 Croft, E. Louth, tanner. (Shaw, Ely-place; Wilson, Louth; Hawah, Blackburn)  
 Clark, A. Blackburn, draper. (Norris, and Co., John-street)  
 Cooper, H. Upper Clapton, paper-manufacturer. (Allen and Co., Great James-street)  
 Curtis, J. Oxford, plumber. (Turner, Percy-street)  
 Carr, J. Barnsley, linen-manufacturer. (Strangways and Co., Barnard's-inn; Gill, Knaresborough; Mercer, Barnsley)  
 Croft, W. P. M. Millico, lodging-house-keeper. (George, Wardrobe-place)  
 Crake, M. Norton-street, builder. (Beaumont, Golden-square)  
 Cooper, W. and T. W. Reader, Dartford, brewers. (Richardson and Co., Bedford-row)

Cove, J. Hornchurch, fellmonger. (Towne, St. Helen's-place)  
 Cotton, T. Nelthorpe, boat-builder. (Hollies, St. Swithin's-lane; Tims, Banbury)  
 Creed, T. and T. Keen, Fore-street, haberdashers. (Davies, Devonshire-square)  
 Dickson, J. Liverpool, merchant. (Blackstock and Co., Temple; Birkett, Liverpool)  
 Dixon, G. Cockfield, brewer. (Newburn, Walbrook; Newburn, Darlington)  
 Duhins, E. Brighton, plumber. (Wadson and Co., Austin-frars)  
 Darby, C. H. Cheapside, tailor. (Hutchinson and Co., Crown-court, Threadneedle-street)  
 Dixon, J. Lincoln, draper. (Willis and Co., Tokenhouse-yard; Hett, Lincoln)  
 Dale, W. Pickering, draper. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Wood, Manchester)  
 Dewar, J. and T. Carmichael, Berwick-upon-Tweed, corn-merchants. (Bromley, Gray's inn; Gilchrist, Berwick-upon-Tweed)  
 Dickson, I. Cooper's-row, wine-merchant. (Hodgson and Co., Salisbury-street)  
 Dixon, T. and T. F. Ratcliffe-cross, sail-makers. (Cox, Poultry)  
 Dawes, S. Cheapside, warehouseman. (Robinson, Pancras-lane)  
 Dunn, J. St. George in the East, George-tavern, (Vandercom and Co., Bush-lane)  
 Everet, J. Doncaster, painter. (Galesworthy, Cook's-court; Heaton, Doncaster)  
 Elgie, M. Worcester and Ledbury, scrivener. (Gates and Co., Lombard-street)  
 Evans, R. Leamington Priors, wine-merchant. (Stratton and Co., Shoreditch)  
 Emery, J. Vauxhall-bridge-road, carpenter. (Willis, Sloane-street)  
 Edwards, W. Woodchester, baker. (Ward, Charles-street)  
 Foster, J. Derby, grocer. (Austin and Co., Gray's-inn; Green, Derby)  
 Fisher, J. Ipswich, miller. (Ayton, Bedford-row; Brome, Ipswich)  
 Fisher, J. Portsea, mercer. (Platt and Co., New Boswell-court; Martell, Portsmouth)  
 Foster, M. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, lead-merchant. (Thomson, Poultry; Fenwick, Newcastle-upon-Tyne)  
 Falkner, E. R. S. Southwell, schoolmaster. (Hall and Co., New Boswell-court; Andrew, Nottingham)  
 Garret, S. Langley-street, and Lambeth, currier. (Thomas, Dean-street)  
 Griffith, T. Liverpool, linen-draper. (Blackstock and Co., Temple; Payne, Liverpool)  
 Gurst, J. R. and R. Baxendale, Liverpool, coach and harness-manufacturers. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Frosham, Liverpool)  
 Gould, M. Swindon, dealer. (Meggison and Co., King's-road; Crowley, Swindon)  
 Goater, T. Cliddesden, timber-merchant. (Bousfield, Chatham-place; Mann, Andover)  
 Hobson, J. Leadenhall-street; wine-merchant. (Bartlett and Co., Nicholas-lane)  
 Holbein, J. Hertleydown, corn-dealer. (Sadgrove, Nicholas-lane)  
 Hooper, H. Maiden-lane, hosier. (Kirkman and Co., Cannon-street)  
 Harris, P. Newton, Rannel-merchant. (Rowles, King's Arm's-yard)  
 Harvey, O. V. Penzance, mercer. (Coode, Guilford-street; Millet, Penzance)  
 Hall, H. Liverpool, linen-draper. (Norris and Co., Bedford-row; Toulmin, Liverpool)  
 Harling, J. Chorley, grocer. (Cervelle, Great James-street; Topping and Co., Chorley)

Hayward, W. Braintree, tailor. (Springall and Co., Gray's-inn)  
 Hone, W. Reading, lively-stable-keeper. (Ridge and Co., Cook's-court; Weedon, Reading)  
 Hallworth, J. Manchester, grocer. (Deane, Palsgrave-place; Boothroyd, Stockport)  
 Hagley, L. and J. Frome-Selwood, silk-throwsters. (Williams, Gray's-inn; Messiter, Frome)  
 Hacker, F. Horsey-road, builder. (Smith, Walbrook)  
 Hammond, P. Sheffield-nor, grocer. (Walter, Symond's-inn; Wake, Sheffield)  
 Hall, R. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, hatter. (Flexney, New Boswell-court; Lambert, Newcastle)  
 Haw. A. and G. H. Stiff, Jermyn-street, chesscomongers. (Conway, Castle-street)  
 Horner, R. Thornton-in-the-Clay, nurseryman. (Williamson, Gray's-inn; Simpson, New Malton)  
 Hindhaugh, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, innkeeper. (Meggison and Co., King's-road; Brockett and Co., Newcastle)  
 Jones, R. Sheerness, grocer. (Fisher and Co., Queen-street)  
 Jones, A. Lower Brook-street, chemist. (Bostock, George-street)  
 Jackson, J. Tavistock-street, man's-mercier. (Gore, Walbrook-buildings)  
 Jackson, H. Jun. Liverpool, grocer. (Chester, Staple-inn; Gandy, Liverpool)  
 Johnston, T. and R. Upper Thames-street, coal-merchants. (Smith and Co., Cooper's-hall)  
 Keighley, W. Bristol, woollen-draper. (Parker and Co., Bristol)  
 Knibb, E. Liverpool, draper. (Vincent, Temple; Brabner, Liverpool)  
 King, E. Liverpool, clothier. (Bebb and Co., Bloom bury-square; Armstrong, Liverpool)  
 Lewis, T. Wandsworth, boarding-schoolmaster. (Horncastle, Great Suffolk-street)  
 Makin, B. Liverpool, merchant. (Baxendale and Co., King's-arm-yard; Blackleton and Co., Liverpool)  
 Maxfield, W. M. Leeds, silk-mercier. (King, Bedford-place)  
 Miller, W. Tredegar-square, builder. (Robins, Bedford-row)  
 Moody, J. Trowbridge, auctioneer. (Berkeley, Lincoln's-inn; Bush, Trowbridge)  
 March, S. Kennington, lace-manufacturer. (Clarke, Basinghall-street)  
 McLeen, J. Liverpool, victualler. (Bebb and Co., Bloomsbury-square; Armstrong, Liverpool)  
 Mayor, T. and J. Freckleton, merchants. (Wiglesworth and Co., Gray's-inn; Suttleworth and Co., Preston)  
 Moody, S. and R. Romsey, plumbers. (Kelly, Temple; Sharp and Co., Southampton)  
 Mackintosh, J. Jewin-street, sail-maker. (Bunt and Co., Liverpool)  
 Macraith, W. and D. Maccaig, Windmill-street, tailors. (Bailey, Berners-street)  
 Morrison, M. A. Bath, milliner. (Williams and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Mackey, Bath)  
 Maut, T. Ipswich, boarding-house-keeper. (Whiteley, Tokenhouse-yard)  
 Macleod, D. Water-lane, cork-merchant. (Baker, Nicholas-lane)  
 Neale, T. Exeter, haberdasher. (Brutton and Co., New Broad-street; Brutton, Exeter)  
 Neil, T. W. Battle-bridge, varnish-manufacturer. (Fyson and Co., Lothbury)  
 Ormsby, J. and W. S. Morgan, Brighton, wine-merchants. (Hensman, Bond-court)  
 Oden, E. Rochdale, innkeeper. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Elliot, Rochdale)



Fittway, E. Tewkesbury, butcher. (Bousfield, Chatham-place, Wintertbatham and Co., Tewkesbury)

Pedrorena, M. de, South-street, merchant. (Oliverson and Co., Frederick's-place)

Phelps, S. and T. Barclay, Fore-street, anchorms. (Dods, Northumberland-street)

Pemberton, J. H. and E. L. Williams, West Smithfield, drapers.

Ashurst, Newgate-street

Pollard, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant. (Megginson and Co., King's-road; Donkin and Co., Newcastle-upon-Tyne)

Pierce, E. Trammere, victualler. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Mather, Liverpool)

Purnell, H. Cardiff, linen-draper. (Jenkins and Co., New-inn; Clarke and Son, Bristol)

Peck, S. Liverpool, merchant. (Perkins and Co., Gray's-inn; Forest and Co., Liverpool)

Fashley, W. Gainsburgh, coal-merchant. (Spurr, Warnford-court; Spurr, Gainsburgh)

Potts, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant. (Megginson and Co., King's-road; Donkin and Co., Newcastle-upon-Tyne)

Robinson, W. Jun. Liverpool, merchant. (Chester, Staple-inn; Davenport, Liverpool)

Rothwell, W. and S. Elton, bleachers. (Appley and Co., Gray's-inn; Goundy, Bury)

Riggs, T. Liverpool, butcher. (Chester, Staple-inn; Gandy, Liverpool)

Ridout, J. C. Bristol, dealer. (Poole and Co., Gray's-inn; Williams, Bristol)

Ricards, R. Billingsgate, fish-salesman. (Smith and Co., Cooper's-hall)

Riley, W. Regent-street, and Pancras, painter and glazier. (Philippe, Gray's-inn)

Robinson, W. St. Helens Auckland, horse and cattle-dealer. (Perkins and Co., Gray's-inn; Wilson and Co., Stockton)

Rodday, H. Regent's Quadrant. (Pritchard, Howland-street)

Robins, J. Ivy-lane, bookseller. (Evans, Gray's-inn)

Richardson, G. New Sarum, man-milliner. (Gibbins, Furnival's-inn; Coombs, Sarum)

Roderick, E. Aberystwith, linen-

draper. (Jenkins and Co., New-inn; Clarke and Son, Bristol)

Simmons, J. M. Lewes, linen-draper. (Farrar, Godliman-street)

Stone, T. Wednesbury, innkeeper. (Hunt, Craven-street; Caddick, West Bromwich)

Spencer, W. Coventry, riband-manufacturer. (Austen and Co., Gray's-inn; Troughton and Lea, Coventry)

Stratton, J. Tottenham-court-road, timber-merchant. (Williams, Alfred-place)

Shields, R. M. Liverpool, grocer. (Bebb and Co., Bloomsbury-square; Armstrong, Liverpool)

Swanell, J. Radwell, farmer. (Megginson and Co., King's-road)

Stedman, G. Walton, merchant. (White and Co., Great St. Helens; Bacon, Walton)

Smithson, S. Leeds, grocer. (Smithson and Co., New-inn; Dunning, Leeds)

Smith, J. R. Tamworth, calico-printer. (Lowes, Southampton-buildings; Newton and Co., Stockport)

Snow, J. Worcester, scrivener. (Townsend, Gray's-inn)

Stunt, W. H. Wellington-street, dyer. Castle, Brewers-street

Tippet, J. Bristol, ship-builder. (Brittan, Basinghall-street; Bevan and Co., Bristol)

Turton, W. Bushbury, coal-merchant. (Norton and Co., Gray's-inn; Corser, Wolverhampton)

Tongue, W. Birmingham, toyman. (Holme and Co., New-inn; Parker, Birmingham)

Thurston, J. Southampton-mews, horse-dealer. (Lewis, Bernard-street)

Tutt, E. Mary-le-bone-lane, oilman. Starling, Leicester-square

Taylor, G. A. Clithero, cotton-spinner. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Charnley, Preston)

Tarver, J. Wolverton, carpenter. (Meyrick and Co., Red Lion-square; Burbury, Warwick)

Travis, J. Soyland, innkeeper. (Emmet, New-inn; Alexander, Halifax)

Tessier, P. Teignmouth, merchant. (Paterston and Co., Old Broad-street)

Winson, R. and W. Leeds, linen-draper. (Thornbury, Chancery-lane)

Watson, A. Cannon-street, boarding-house-keeper. (Hodgson, Broad-street-buildings)

Whitelock, J. Stanton New Mill, Durham, miller. (Shaw, Ely-place; Walter, Newcastle-upon-Tyne)

Watson, H. Ongar, cattle-salesman. (Wigley, Essex-street)

Walker, W. sen. and W. Jun. Knarborough, linen-draper. (Dawson and Co., New Boswell-court)

Wilbraham, G. Leadenhall-street, gun-manufacturer. (Chambers, Finsbury-chambers)

Wilkinson, H. J. Leicester, printer. (Eyre and Co., Gray's-inn)

Wright, J. Huddersfield, dyer. (Strangways and Co., Bernard's-inn; Stead and Co., Halifax; Stott, Leeds)

Wilkinson, G. Wem, schoolmaster. (Blackstock and Co., Temple; Brabner, Liverpool)

Woods, J. Bartle Quarter, maltster. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Troughton and Sons, Preston)

Williams, D. Brecon, shopkeeper. (Bridges and Co., Red Lion-square; Hare and Co., Bristol)

Ware, W. Exeter, timber-merchant. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Furlong, Exeter)

Wise, T. Colleshill-street, victualler. (Whites, Sloane-street)

Whitehead, J. W. Battle-bridge, linen-draper. (Burra and Co., King-street, Cheapside)

West, M. York-gate-yard livery-stables, horse-dealer. (Tod, Gray's-inn)

Whetland, W. Askham, chair-turner. (Dawson and Co., New Boswell-court; Mee and Co., East Retford)

Weaver, D. Winsley, timber-merchant. (Philpot and Co., Southampton-street; Burley and Co., Shrewsbury)

Williamson, S. Jun. Salford, grocer. (Chester, Staple-inn; Hinde, Liverpool)

Wallace, J. Manchester, wine-merchant. (Cervelle, Great James-street; Harrison, Liverpool)

Woodroffe, G. sen. Upper Stamford-street, and G. Woodroffe, jun. Waterloo-road, cabinet-manufacturers. (Evans, Gray's-inn)

Young, C. Whitechapel, brewer. (Fisher, Walbrook-buildings)

Young, J. Manchester, hosier. (Taylor, Clement's-inn; Chew, Manchester)

## ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. A. B. Hoden, to the Vicarage of Brewood.

—Rev. T. Boydell, to a Minor Canonry in Chester cathedral.—Rev. H. J. Rose, to the Rectory of Hadleigh, Suffolk.—Rev. T. Clarkson, to the Living of Beyton, Suffolk.—Rev. C. Murray, to the Rectory of Ashe, Southampton.—Rev. J. Storer, to be Principal Official in Royal Peculiar of Bridgnorth Deanery.—Rev. W. Vaughan, to the third portion of Pontesbury Rectory.—Rev. H. S. Debrett, to the Rectory of Broughton, Lincoln.—Rev. W. Black, to the Chaplaincy of Somerset Hospital, Froxfield, Wilts, in conjunction with the Rectory of Huish, same county.—Rev. J. Barlow, to the Rectory of Little Bowden, Northampton.—Rev. R. Walpole, to the consolidated Rectories of Beechamwell St. John, and St. Mary, Norfolk.—Rev. J. James, to the Perpetual Curacy of Eyton, Herefordshire.—Rev. H. Moule, to the Vicarage of Box, Wilts.—Rev. W.

Farwell, to the Rectory of St. Martin's, Looe, Cornwall.—Rev. R. W. Jelf, to be Canon of Christchurch.—Rev. J. Williams, to the Perpetual Curacies of Lanfaes and Penmain.—Rev. S. P. J. Trist, to the Vicarage of Vergan, Cornwall.—Rev. W. Y. C. Hunt, to the Rectory of Tamerton Folliott, Devon.—Rev. Lord C. Paulet, to the Rectory of Walton Deloil, and the Vicarages of Wellesbourne and Watton, Warwick.—Rev. C. James, to the Rectory of Evenlode, Worcester.—Rev. J. Evans, to be Rural Dean for the Deanery of Lower Carmarthen.—Rev. J. Walker, elected to be a Scotch Bishop.—Rev. Dr. Dealtry, to be a Prebendary of Winchester.—Rev. J. Edwards, to the Rectory of Newington, Oxford.—Rev. R. Black, to be morning preacher at the National Society's chapel Ely-place.

## POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS.

The Right Hon. Charles James Herries has been appointed President of the Board of Trade.—The Right Hon. T. F. Lewis, to be Treasurer of his Majesty's navy.—Lord Ellenborough, the Right Hon. R. Peel, the Earl of Aberdeen, the Right Hon. Sir G. Murray, the Duke of Well-

ton, the Right Hon. H. Goulburn, the Right Hon. J. Sullivan, Lord Ashley, the Marquis of Graham, the Right Hon. T. P. Courtenay, and G. Bankes, esq., to be his Majesty's Commissioners for the Affairs of India.

## CHRONOLOGY, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, ETC.

## CHRONOLOGY.

February 4. Parliament opened by his Majesty's Commissioners, the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Wellington, Earls Rosslyn, Aberdeen, and Mayo, when the Lord Chancellor read the following speech:—" *My Lords and Gentlemen*, We are commanded by his Majesty to inform you, that his Majesty receives from all foreign powers the strongest assurances of their desire to maintain and cultivate the most friendly relations of this country.—His Majesty has seen with satisfaction that the war between Russia and the Ottoman Porte has been brought to a conclusion.—The efforts of his Majesty to accomplish the main objects of the Treaty of the 6th July, 1827, have been unremitting.—His Majesty having recently concerted with his Allies measures for the pacification and final settlement of Greece, trusts that he shall be enabled, at an early period, to communicate to you the particulars of this arrangement, with such information as may explain the course which his Majesty has pursued throughout the progress of these important transactions.—His Majesty laments that he is unable to announce to you the prospect of a reconciliation between the Princes of the House of Braganza.—His Majesty has not yet deemed it expedient to re-establish, upon their ancient footing, his Majesty's diplomatic relations with the kingdom of Portugal. But the numerous embarrassments arising from the continued interruption of these relations, increase his Majesty's desire to effect the termination of so serious an evil.—*Gentlemen of the House of Commons*, His Majesty has directed the estimates for the current year to be laid before you. They have been framed with every attention to economy, and it will be satisfactory to you to learn that his Majesty will be enabled to make a considerable reduction in the amount of the public expenditure, without impairing the efficiency of our naval or military establishments.—We are commanded by his Majesty to inform you, that although the national income, during the last year, has not attained the full amount at which it had been estimated, the diminution is not such as to cause any doubt as to the future prosperity of the revenue.—*My Lords and Gentlemen*, His Majesty commands us to acquaint you, that his attention has been of late earnestly directed to various important considerations connected with improvements in the administration of the law.—His Majesty has directed that measures shall be submitted for your deliberation, of which some are calculated in the opinion of his Majesty to facilitate and expedite the course of justice in different parts of the United Kingdom, and others appear to be necessary preliminaries to a revision of the practice and proceedings of the superior courts.—We are commanded to assure you, that his Majesty feels confident that you will give your best attention and assistance to subjects of such deep and lasting concern to the well-being of his people.—His Majesty commands us to inform you, that the export in the last year of British produce and manufactures has exceeded that of any former year.—His Majesty laments, that notwithstanding this indication of active commerce, distress should prevail among the agricultural and manufacturing classes in some parts of the United Kingdom.—It would be most gratifying to

the paternal feelings of his Majesty to be enabled to propose for your consideration, measures calculated to remove the difficulties of any portion of his subjects, and at the same time compatible with the general and permanent interests of his people.—It is from a deep solicitude for those interests, that his Majesty is impressed with the necessity of acting with extreme caution in reference to this important subject.—His Majesty feels assured, that you will concur with him in assigning due weight to the effect of unfavourable seasons, and to the operation of other causes, which are beyond the reach of legislative control or remedy.—Above all, his Majesty is convinced that no pressure of temporary difficulty will induce you to relax the determination which you have uniformly manifested to maintain inviolate the public credit, and thus to uphold the high character, and the permanent welfare of the country."

5. The Argyll Rooms completely destroyed by fire.

7. The hard frost broke up, after having continued, with more or less severity, for upwards of 40 days.

9. One convict executed at the Old Bailey.

— Select committees formed in both Houses of Parliament, to inquire into the state of the East India Company's affairs, and the nature of the trade between Great Britain and China.

10. In the Court of King's Bench Mr. Alexander was sentenced to one year's imprisonment, and to a fine of £300 for the three libels published in *The Morning Journal*, of which he had been found guilty; and Mr. Isaacson to pay a fine of £100; and Mr. Marsden to enter into recognizances for good behaviour for three years.

— Committee appointed in the House of Commons to inquire into the laws and usages of Select Vestries.

11. Report presented to the Common Council of the city, by the Coal and Corn Committee, stating that they had a conference with his Majesty's ministers on the high price of coals, who promised every consideration to it.

— The Solicitor General, in the House of Commons, obtained leave to bring in five bills, to make some reform in the Court of Chancery.

16. The English Opera House, and houses contiguous, totally burnt to the ground by an accidental fire which took place a little while after the French company's performances had ceased, about 1 o'clock in the morning.

18. Sessions commenced at the Old Bailey.

— A motion made in the House of Commons, by the Marquess of Blandford, "that a Reform in that House was expedient," and negatived by 160 votes against 57, although one of its members (Sir Francis Burdett), said, "I first purchased a seat in this House for money—I purchased it against the law."

23. Sessions at the Old Bailey terminated; 11  
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persons received sentence of death, 58 of transportation, and 41 of imprisonment.

Feb. 23.—Meeting held at the Mansion-house of the citizens of London, presided by the Lord Mayor, to consider on the alarmingly distressed state of the country, when several resolutions were unanimously passed, and a petition voted to both Houses of Parliament, praying "their immediate attention to the very great distress that universally prevails, brought on by enormous overwhelming pressure of taxation, and the long, bloody, and extravagant wars waged and carried on against the liberties of the people of America and France, during the reign of George III."

#### MARRIAGES.

At Newbattle Abbey, Col. Sir W. M. Gomi, to Elizabeth Anne, eldest daughter of Lord R. Kerr.—Capt. H. Gaseoyne, son of General Gaseoyne, M.P. for Liverpool, to Elizabeth, third daughter of the Archbishop of Tuam.—Hon. F. J. Shore, second son of Lord Teignmouth, to Charlotte Maria, second daughter of the late G. Cornish, esq.—B. Knox, esq., Third Guards, to Louisa, only surviving daughter of the late Admiral Sir J. Sutton, K.C.B.—T. Hankey, jun., esq., to Miss A. A. Alexander, late of Philadelphia, United States, half sister to the Lord Chief Baron.—S. R. Bosanquet, esq., of Forreest-house, Essex, to Emily, eldest daughter of G. Courthorpe, esq.—At Plymouth, James Cottle, esq., to Sarah Wilmot, eldest daughter of the late John Harrington, esq.—Capt. Patten, son of the late Admiral Patten, to Miss Rosina Niele.—Sir John Phillimore, to Baroness Katherine Harriet de Regersfeld.—At St. James's, Signor Campanile (of Rome), to Ersilia, eldest daughter of Francis Ciancettini, esq.—At Coggeshall, Robert, second son of Charles Barclay, esq., M.P., to Miss Rachel Hanbury.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Rev. R. W. Shaw, son of Sir J. G. Shaw, bart., to Miss Sophia Cornwall, grand-daughter to the first Lord Gardner.

#### DEATHS.

At Whiteford-house, Cornwall, Lady Louisa Call, wife of Sir W. P. Call, bart., and daughter to the late Earl of Granard.—Catharine, wife of T. Reade, esq., and only daughter to Sir John Hill, so well known in the republic of literature.—In his tent, Launton, Oxfordshire, upwards of 100 years of age, James Smith, king of the wandering people called gipsies. By his tribe he was

looked up to with the greatest veneration and respect. His remains were followed to the grave by his widow (whose age is more than 100), and by several of his tribe, consisting of most of his relatives, and many of his children, grand-children, and great-grand-children, whose grief was excessive. The widow tore her hair, and uttered the most frantic exclamations, and begged to be allowed to throw herself on the coffin, and be buried with her husband.—At Methley-park, the Earl of Mexborough.—At Spring Hill, Lieut.-General Sir John Henn Maxwell, bart.—At Bishopton, Frank Wilkinson, 105, known by the name of "the wild miller," as, in former days, he travelled the country with his horse and bell, asking for corn to grind.—At St. James's Palace, Sir Frederick Augustus Barnard, 87, librarian to George III.—At Butt House, Lord Tamworth.—In the Isle of Wight, Lord Henry Seymour, 84.—In Hanover-street, Lord Graves.—At Fulford Park, the Countess of St. Germain.—The Hon. Charlotte Arbuthnot, aunt to Viscount Arbuthnot.—Near Exeter, Lady Collier, widow of the late Sir G. Collier, bart.—At Cromer, G. T. Wyndham, esq.—In Warren-street, W. Lake, esq., last surviving son of Sir Atwell Lake, bart.—In Hill-street, Col. Burrows, 81.—At Brighton, the Hon. Mrs. Charlotte Chapman, 83; daughter of the 6th Lord Falkland, and great aunt to the present (9th) Viscount Falkland.—At Calverton, General Sir J. C. Sherbrooke, 70, formerly Governor of Canada.—At Mirfield Hall, Miss C. Cartwright, 93, sister of the late celebrated Major Cartwright.—At Bath, the Hon. V. Knox, brother to Viscount Northland.

#### MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At Paris, Viscount Charles de Montque, to Caroline Susanna Spencer, daughter of Hon. M. Spencer, and niece of the Duke of Marlborough.—At Demerara, L. Fitzgerald, esq., to Sarah Antonia, eldest daughter of Lieut.-Col. Goodman.

#### DEATHS ABROAD.

At Vienna, General Von Petersdorff, 84.—At Versailles, General G. Moncrieff.—At St. Vincent, Sir Charles Brisbane, bart., Governor of that island.—At Boulogne, Lord Sernpill.—At Paris, Mr. M. St. Culham.—At St. Lucia, Major General Stewart, Governor of that island.—At Paris, the celebrated M. de Lavallette, aid-de-camp to the late Napoleon Buonaparte.

### MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

**NORTHUMBERLAND.**—Feb. 15. A county meeting was held at Morpeth, for the purpose of taking into consideration the depressed condition of the country, when a petition was unanimously passed to the House of Commons, representing the great distress, privations and difficulties, which affect the Agricultural, Commercial, Manufacturing, and Shipping interest of Northumberland, by the weight of the taxes, free trade, &c., and begging a due inquiry may be made, so that means may be taken for obtaining relief.

A destructive fire took place at Neweastle, in the night of the 28th of January, which destroyed

several houses, and did damage to the amount of £25,000.

**DURHAM.**—A roast-beef and plum-pudding dinner was given lately at Darlington to 64 old men in indigent circumstances, whose united ages amounted to 4,224 years, averaging 66 each; it was paid for out of a fund formed by the accumulation of a small annual income of between three and four pounds, left many years ago towards a dinner for the parishioners on St. Paul's day. This dinner having been discontinued, the money was more rationally disposed of in the manner above described.

The congregation of Monkwearmouth church have presented a massy silver salver, to their late lecturer, the Rev. E. Neale, B.A., in testimony of his able and orthodox ministry, and as a memorial of the grateful feeling which they entertain for his services.

No less than 1,129,824 chaldrons of coals, imperial measure, were shipped from the port of Sunderland last year.

**CUMBERLAND.**—A meeting of the freeholders took place at Wigton, called by the High Sheriff, to take into consideration the distressed condition of the country, when petitions to the legislature were unanimously resolved on. About 4,000 persons were present.\*

The ship-owners of Maryport and vicinity have forwarded a petition to parliament, praying to be rescued from their nearly insolvent state, by the protection of the shipping of Great Britain, against that of other nations, which alone can enable them to compete with foreigners.

**YORKSHIRE.**—The 11th Report of the Directors of the Pauper Lunatic Asylum for the West Riding, contains details which are particularly satisfactory. Notwithstanding the appropriation of £1,000 to improvements, there still remains a balance of nearly £3,000 in favour of the institution. There are 255 patients in the house. Since the opening of the asylum, 566 sufferers, under this most lamentable of human maladies, have been restored to society in a sane state, and 103 much relieved.—*Yorkshire Gazette*.

The last report from the committee in favour of the unemployed poor of Leeds, dated at the Court House, states that 2,085 families, comprehending 8,432 individuals, had been relieved.

Business at Huddersfield is growing worse and worse, and unless speedy relief is afforded, hundreds of virtuous and respectable families in this district will become the victims of our destructive policy. Never did Huddersfield present such a gloomy and wretched appearance; never had it so much cause.—*Leeds Intelligencer*.

Feb. 3. A public dinner was given on the occasion of opening the splendid Bradford Exchange Buildings. After the Royal Family, "The Ladies" were toasted, and then followed "the immortal memory of Bishop Blaize," (it being the anniversary of this great author of the combing trade), which introduced some remarks from Mr. Rand, who wished he could congratulate the company on the flourishing state of the country; "but the melancholy fact exists," he said, "and is acknowledged by men of all parties, that

both commerce and agriculture are labouring under very severe depression."

A meeting has been held at Leeds of the stuff manufacturers, operatives, and others, to consider the propriety of petitioning the legislature on the effects produced by the rapid increase of the Power Loom, when several resolutions were entered into for curtailing its extensive use, and a petition unanimously resolved on to be delivered to the House of Commons, by their townsman, Mr. Sadler, who was respectfully requested to support its prayer.\*

There are in the small town of Beverley, nine societies for the promotion of knowledge.

A new national school for boys was opened at Pontefract, on the 19th of January; when an appropriate speech was delivered by the Rev. J. Atkinson, incumbent of the endowed lectureship in that town.

The Hon. E. Petre, Lord Mayor of York, though a Roman Catholic, has chosen the Rev. G. Hodson, a clergyman of the church of England, for his chaplain, during the year of his mayoralty.

On the 2d of February, the Yorkshire Philosophical Society held their anniversary meeting, at their New Museum, which was then publicly opened. It is one of the most elegant buildings in the kingdom; and the collection of fossils is probably the best in this country. The museum is also rich in zoological specimens.

Petitions to both houses of parliament, against the renewal of the East India Company's charter, were agreed to at a public meeting at Leeds, held on the 6th of February. Similar petitions have been agreed to at public meetings held at Bradford and Huddersfield.

A young man named John Smith, of Bielby, near Porkington, has constructed a very ingenious and curious piece of mechanism. It is a species of clock for measuring distances. The works are contained in a box, which can be fastened to the axle-tree of a waggon; and the contrivance reflects great credit upon him, as he has had no mechanical education, but has worked at the farming business all his life, and has executed this machine, after his daily labour was done.—*Yorkshire Gazette*.

Mr. Belliwell, of Greenhurst Key, near Todmorden, has manufactured a beautiful cotton russet cloth, and also yarn for stockings, from the wool produced by the moss crop plant found upon his estate there.

**NORFOLK.**—At a vestry meeting held at Kenninghall, Jan. 15, for the purpose of taking into consideration the better employment of the sur-

\* Mr. Blamire addressed the meeting. "All parties," he said, "were suffering; merchant, manufacturer, tradesman, agriculturist, miner, mechanic, and labourer, all in distress and misery, in consequence of an enormous and overwhelming debt: and nothing could relieve them but a great reduction of taxation." Mr. James (late M.P. for Carlisle), observed, that they heard much of the poor rates; but the little paupers did not drain the nation to the extent of the great paupers: and there was scarcely an article for which the poor man had not to pay a tax—for malt, beer, leather, soap, candles—indeed for almost everything that he saw, touched, and smelled—for the very air he breathed. Nothing could save the country but a large remission of taxation—the knife and sponge must be both applied, the latter partially, the former with an unsparing hand."

\* The chairman in addressing the meeting, said: "Unprecedented distress and want of employment has called us together. Many of you have arrived at the middle of life; others of you are in declining years; and some few of you bear the marks of old age; and I appeal to you, whether you ever experienced distress to that degree which you are now experiencing from the want of employment?"—(*Universal cries of No! no! never!!!*)—The following is resolution 8:—"That we are now arrived at a period wherein justice, policy, and humanity, loudly call for prompt legislative measures, which would have the salutary effect of obviating any burst of popular frenzy that may arise from the accumulated masses of human misery so unhappily present, disgraceful to the national character, and far surpassing any former precedent."



plus poor, it was resolved—"That all unemployed labourers shall inform the overseer of their want of work, that their names may be presented by him at the next vestry meeting, to be held on the Monday morning in every week, at 10 o'clock, *that they may there be let at the best price that can be obtained for them for the current week.* [Here follow the names of the churchwardens, overseers, surveyors, and eight other individuals].\*

**SOMERSETSHIRE.**—The expenses for this county from Dec. 1828, to Dec. 1829, amounted to £24,227. 7s. 0½d.—full £20,000 of which was consumed in the law and *punishment* of crimes!

In Castle Carey, the population is under 1,900, and there are 1,000 names on the poor-book, receiving more or less of parish pay!!!

**GLOUCESTERSHIRE.**—Jan. 28. A meeting of the inhabitants of the city of Bristol took place at the Guildhall, when it was resolved to petition Parliament, "praying the reduction of the taxes upon malt, beer, sugar, tea, coffee, candles, soap, and other necessities of life, so as to bring their prices within the means of purchase by the labouring part of our population." At the same time the petitioners submit the necessity of "tax upon absentees."

**HEREFORDSHIRE.**—The Herefordshire Agricultural Meeting was most numerous and respectfully attended on Monday last, when the whole of Broad-street was filled with the cattle exhibited. Sir J. G. Cotterell, Bart. was in the chair, supported by Sir Robert Price, Bart.; several other landed proprietors, a long list of tenants, and many principal graziers and dealers in cattle from different counties. A discussion took place on the depressed state of agriculture. There seemed a general concurrence that government had represented this depression to Parliament in terms far below its actual and universal pressure. The misfortunes of the country were attributed to the principles of free trade, and the state of the currency. The agriculturists of this and every other county were advised to unite as one man, and by firm and legal proceedings compel the ministers to adopt measures for the relief of the suffering country.

**DEVONSHIRE.**—A meeting was held at the town-hall, Callington, on Tuesday, for the purpose of considering the propriety of renting, enclosing, and cultivating about 190 acres of common in the neighbourhood, for the purpose of giving employment to the poor. W. D. Horndon, Esq. was in the chair, and Mr. John Morshead laid before the meeting a plan for dividing the common into allotments, to separate the property of each of the proprietors. The plan was approved, and is, we understand, to be acted on forthwith.—*Plymouth and Devonport Weekly Journal.*

**WORCESTERSHIRE.**—The extraordinary event of the perpetrators of two murders having

been discovered, after a lapse of upwards 23 years, has created a great sensation in this county; and three persons of the names of Clews, Banks and Barnett, have been committed to jail to take their trial for the murder of the murderer of the Rev. Mr. Parker, who having occasioned much ill-will and angry feeling in the parish, had been shot by a man of the name of Hemmings, paid for the purpose; and afterwards he himself had likewise been murdered by those persons who had hired him to murder Mr. Parker.

**BUCKS.**—The Duke of Buckingham, as Lord Lieutenant of this county, has published an important letter, addressed to the magistrates of the county, upon the glaring evils which result from the system of paying for the labour of the poor *out of the Poor's Book.*

"You will (he says to the Clerk of the Peace) be pleased to read this letter to the magistrates, on the first day of their meeting. I need not say, that feeling myself thus called upon to press my opinions upon their notice, I shall feel it equally my duty to be at their orders, and to assist them in any manner in which they think that I can be of use to check this growing and great evil."

**LEICESTER.**—A memorial has been presented to Mr. Keck, as member for the county, on the causes of the general distress; "things," say the memorialists, "have arrived at such a pass that something must be done."

**SUSSEX.**—The expenditure for the better regulating, paying, improving, and managing the town of Brighton, and the poor thereof, from June 30 to Dec. 31, 1829, amounted to £1,536. 4s. 5d.

**SUFFOLK.**—At the late sessions, the Grand Jurors expressed their deep regret at the alarming and distressing situation of the country, and intreated the magistrates to use their exertions to convene a meeting of the county, in order that the state of the sufferers may be considered and laid before parliament. In consequence, a requisition was signed to the High Sheriff for that purpose; and on Feb. 6, a meeting, convened by the High Sheriff, was held at Ipswich, to take into consideration "the unparalleled distress of all classes dependant on agriculture;" and notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, nearly 4,000 persons assembled, including the county members and a great many respectable owners and occupiers of land. A petition was voted to Parliament, calling its attention "to the causes which are bringing our agricultural population and its dependants in all trades to pauperism and ruin, and to the wants of the country encumbered with such enormous taxation!!!"

Remdesham Hall has been destroyed by fire; the damages are calculated at £100,000, unin-

\* This is extracted from the *Norfolk Chronicle*, Feb. 13, and signed T. B. Beevor, who thus apostrophizes the editor on the occasion, "Is this England, Sir? Is it in that land of boasted Happiness and Freedom that I see it advertised, that 'The unemployed poor are to be let for the highest price that can be obtained for them?'"

\* Sir Thomas Gooch regretted, "that the distress of the country was not expressed in the King's Speech in terms adequate to what it really is. Taxation must be reduced to what it was in 1792—the debt is £800,000,000! We must therefore strike at the root of all extravagance! we must all sink or swim together; as landlords, tenants, and labourers were all in the same boat." (Here a person in the crowd said, "You ought to have known that before!")—"I will never assist," continued Sir Thomas, "in laying one farthing more of taxes on the country."—"You have done enough already," said another plain dealer.)

sured. The noble owners, Lord and Lady Rendlesham, are at Paris.

**ESSEX.**—A meeting of the freeholders of this county has been held at Chelmsford, on the general distress that prevails all through the kingdom, when it was resolved to petition Parliament on the subject.\* Some thousands attended the meeting, convinced, as Mr. Conyers observed; "that it was their duty to state to ministers that distress existed in its most afflicting shapes in every village and hamlet, and not existing *only* in some places."

**CHESHIRE.**—In consequence of a requisition to the High Sheriff, signed by gentlemen of all parties, a county meeting was held at Norwich on the present distress which prevails throughout the kingdom, and a petition unanimously agreed to; to the House of Lords, to be presented by the Lord Lieutenant, and to the House of Commons by the county members.† The petition particularly recommends "a rigid system of economy in every department, the distresses which exist in every part of the country commanding the most serious attention!"

By the abstract of the expences for this county for the last year, it appears that the total amount

\* The petition states, "that inordinate and unequal taxation is the great and paramount grievance of the country," and it suggests a reform in the House of Commons—an entire repeal of the duties on malt, beer, hops, and all those taxes which more immediately bear upon the labour and industry of the country—abolition of all sinecure places and offices, and pensions without services—reduction of salaries—simplification and equitable application of the poor laws—revision of our jurisprudence, with a view to intelligibility, economy, and promptitude in administration—commutation of tithes—remuneration of the clergy, apportioned to their labours to make them easy and respectable, but not intolerant and luxurious—and the overthrow of the many destructive monopolies which characterize the present artificial state of the nation."

† Mr. Davenport (M.P.), mover of the petition, said: "Gentlemen, I hope we shall all be unanimous in adopting a petition which shall carry conviction to that callous body to which it is addressed, and shew them that, in Cheshire, at least, a county meeting is not a farce! Cheese, the staple commodity of this country, has fallen 30 per cent. within six months; the quantity made in the county has been estimated at 12,000 tons annually, and taking the loss to be only £20 per ton, there is a loss on this one article of agricultural produce alone of £240,000!!! The working classes are in many places bordering upon starvation; poverty and crime abound everywhere, and at the county sessions last week, two children were prosecuted for stealing a bit of bread from a shop window, being unable to resist the cravings of hunger!!! Gentlemen, if, as some say, government can do nothing for us, I should like to know what we pay them for? They can do something for us by retracing their steps, and not persevering in their present course. Suppose any one of us were to ride into a bog, does he stick there? or make the best of his way back again? Similar representations will come before Parliament from other quarters; but I must confess, while the House of Commons is constituted as it is at present, I have but very slender hopes of any efficient relief. All inquiry is resisted, all allusion to the cause of distress put down by clamour. I have heard the speeches of Mr. Atwood in the House of Commons received with an uproar that would disgrace a pot-house; and yet this is the system which we are told 'works well,' and needs no amendment!!!"—*Chester Chronicle*.

was £42,264. 14s. 3d., £24,000 of which was expended in jurisprudence and the *et ceteras* of crime; upwards of £6,000 for the work at the Lunatic Asylum, and near £4,000 for repairs of county bridges and causeways.—*Chester Chronicle*.

**WARWICKSHIRE.**—Many parishes in this county have commenced local petitions to the legislature on the unparalleled distress which prevails amongst all the industrious classes of the country, and praying a repeal of the malt and beer taxes.\* Amongst the number, are Leamington, Weston, Wappenbury, Hunningdam, Eathorpe Marton, Frankton, Leek Wotton, Lillington, Cubington, Ryton-upon-Dunsmore, Baginton, Bubenhall, Stretton, Princethorpe, Woolston, Brandon, Bretford, &c.

Mr. Fyler said, in the House of Commons, Feb. 8, that he could bear testimony to the existence of extreme distress in those parts of the country with which he was acquainted. In the city and county of the city of Coventry, and in many parts of Warwickshire, and in other places, there were thousands in such a state of distress as not to be able to support themselves. In one district of the county of Warwick, a parish, containing a mixture of manufacturers and agriculturists, the population amounted to 7,100 persons, on a space of 6,500 acres. Of these, there were 2,000 'receiving parochial relief; 2,100 not receiving relief, but not able to contribute anything to the rates, the whole weight of which was borne by 500 heads of families, the representatives of the other inhabitants.

**SHROPSHIRE.**—The petition to the Legislature from Oswestry, which has been circulated through the several parishes of the county, states, "That the unexampled difficulties of the agricultural interest are become so great, that it will be impossible for the occupiers of land to continue to cultivate the same under the existing distress; and, unless some speedy relief be afforded, not only the yeomanry of the kingdom, but also the whole of the labouring† and industrious classes dependent on them for employment and support, must be reduced to utter ruin!!!"

**WALES.**—At a very numerous and respectable meeting of the nobility, gentry, clergy, and freeholders of the county of Flint, held at Mold the 8th February, in pursuance of a requisition to the High Sheriff of the said county, to take into consideration the general distress which so unhappily pervades all classes in this country, it was unanimously resolved to petition Parliament thereupon, representing the great and unprecedented distress now prevailing through the country, in

\* "By the Parliamentary returns of last session," say they, "the population of 1787 was 7,400,000 persons, who then consumed 3,400,000 quarters of malt; whereas, the population had increased in the year 1828 to 13,500,000, who consumed but little more than 3,000,000 quarters of malt, being an actual decrease of nearly 300,000 quarters, with a population nearly doubled!!!"

† The sum of eight millions, forming nearly one-half the whole revenue of Excise, is collected from the malt and beer duties. Well, therefore, may the people complain of oppression, and inequality of taxation, when the amount imposed upon the *necessaries* is seven times greater than on the *luxuries* of life. By repealing the above duties, upwards of 200 penal clauses would be got rid of, together with one-half the enormous expensive Excise establishment!



its agriculture, commerce, manufactures, and mines—the overwhelming mass of taxation now becoming intolerable, and the regret of the petitioners at finding his Majesty's ministers treating with indifference the distress of the country, &c. &c.\*

The petition for the repeal of the malt tax, adopted at the meeting held at Cardiff, on the 16th ult., has received upwards of 700 signatures, comprising nearly all the respectable farmers in the vale of this county.

A meeting for the purpose of petitioning parliament for a repeal of the Malt and Beer Duties, was held in the town hall at Narberth, Pembrokeshire. After expatiating on the distresses of the country in general, but more especially on those felt by the inhabitants of the county of Pembroke, which the Chairman shewed clearly arose from over-taxation, a resolution was carried to petition both Houses of Parliament for a total repeal of the Malt and Beer Duties.

SCOTLAND.—Public meetings are still taking place in various parts of the country, with the view of devising some means for alleviating, if possible, the distresses under which the industrious classes, particularly those engaged in manufactures, are at present labouring. An universal, but we sincerely hope only transitory paralysis, appears to have smitten the whole body of our industry; and from Truro to Kirkwall one cry of distress and suffering has been raised.—A meeting was lately called at Renfrew, for the purpose of considering the present distressed state of the landed, manufacturing, and trading interests; and, after several gentlemen had delivered their sentiments, a set of resolutions, embodying the views of the meeting, both in reference to the extent of the depression under which

these interests were labouring, and the means necessary to be adopted for affording relief, were unanimously agreed to. In the course of his speech, Sir William M. Napier, of Napier, in order to show the necessity for the adoption of measures of relief, caused the clerk to read a letter, which he had received from Kilbarchan, (dated Feb. 3), from Messrs. Semple, Young, and Crawford, master manufacturers of that place. It stated, "that for the last four months their men (operative weavers), earned no more than 5s. per week, subject to such deductions as mountings, dressing, beaming, oil, candle, fire, &c., which amount to no less than about 1s. 9d. per week. Alas, then! what must become of the poor operative weaver, with his wife and children, having only 3s. 3d. nett money to subsist upon for a whole week!!!"—*North Briton*.

His Majesty has been pleased to grant a charter to the Royal Bank of Scotland, on the authorizing an addition of £500,000. to the capital, to be paid up within five years. When the last addition of £500,000 was made to the capital of the Bank, it was divided amongst the proprietors, and the whole sum paid from the undivided profits, without the proprietors being called on for any part of it.—*North Briton*.

IRELAND.—Extracts from a Pastoral Address just put forth by the Catholic Bishops to the Clergy and Laity of Ireland:—" . . . Only last year, and this country was agitated from end to end, and from its extremities to its very centre. The dominion of the passions prevailed over the dominion of the law; and men born to love each other, contended to almost the shedding of each other's blood; the public interests were neglected or forgotten; the ties of kindred were broken; the power of government was weakened, the laws themselves were paralysed, and religion, which used to silence passion, and consolidate the public peace, was unable freely to discharge her functions. It was at this time that He, by whom Kings reign and legislators decree just things, arose, and, as it were, said to the sea, 'Be still,' and to the north wind, do not blow.' Our gracious and beloved Sovereign, walking in the footsteps of his Royal Father (whose memory be ever cherished!) commiserated the state of Ireland, and resolved to confer upon her the inestimable blessing of religious peace. This great boon became the more acceptable to this country, because, among the counsellors of his Majesty, there appeared conspicuous the most distinguished of Ireland's own sons—a hero and a legislator—a man selected by the Almighty to break the rod which had scourged Europe—a man raised up by Providence to confirm thrones; to re-establish altars, to direct the councils of England at a crisis the most difficult, and to staunch the blood and heal the wounds of the country which gave him birth!!! . . . An enlightened and wise Parliament perfected what the Sovereign and his counsellors commenced, and already the effects of their wisdom and justice are visible and duly appreciated by all the wise and good! The storm which almost wrecked the country has subsided, whilst social order, with peace and justice in her train, prepares to establish her sway in this long-distracted country!!!"

\* The Hon. L. Kenyon said: "If people in high places found it convenient to slur over the distresses and sufferings of the people, the people themselves should lay their griefs before their representatives as became freemen and British subjects; the distress was universal: it did not affect the working classes alone, but was extending to all the other classes; throughout the empire one general cry of distress prevailed, and that too after fourteen years of peace!" Mr. Mather said: "It was impossible the country could go on with the present taxation and the present prices. As a proof that the revenue was rapidly declining, he need only mention the fact that in his last ride in this district, the collector of excise did not receive as many hundreds as he ought to have received thousands. He was very glad to see that the higher classes were at length alive to the distress among the lower, and now that it was fast approaching their own doors, he hoped they would exercise that weight and influence which they possessed with the legislature in calling aloud for a remedy!" Sir J. Williams, Bart. stated, that in consequence of the low price of ore, 400 men employed in the works in which he was concerned were discharged, and the mine shut up!!! This evil he attributed to "free trade," without reciprocity, or rather with the reciprocity all on one side! Sir E. P. Lloyd, M.P. congratulated the county upon the assemblage of the most wealthy and intelligent of its gentry then before him, and upon the alacrity with which they had answered the call of their High Sheriff on this important occasion. The petition would have his most cordial support in parliament, and that of their excellent county member also (Sir Thomas Mostyn), which the hon. Bart. had intimated to him in a letter that day.

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PROCEEDINGS OF THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

THE proceedings of the British Senate—the name at least is lofty—have only confirmed all our opinions. Some of our contemporaries had conjectured that the Horse-Guards' Ministry could not stand; that the palpable mediocrity of all its component parts must sink it; that a British King would grow weary of throwing the public respect for the kingly character, as a shield, between an insulted people and an apostate cabinet, and that the good name of Parliament itself would be redeemed by some act of that indignation, which in such times belongs to justice and virtue.

We, on the contrary, pronounced that all this theory was Utopian; that every measure of the cabinet would be carried; and, utterly scorning the official ability of Ministers, utterly hating their principles, political and personal; and burning upon them the deepest brand of ignominy for that one odious measure of tergiversation, duplicity, and apostacy, by which they have made themselves memorable for ever in the history of a protestant people; we said, unhesitatingly, that the Ministry would stand.

The vices of a cabinet may produce its own dissolution. Or, the most eager ambition will sometimes grow ashamed of reaching its height by steps of ignoble materials. The pride of the chief incendiary may revolt from the use of vulgar evil, fling away the reeds and twigs that every marsh could have cheaply furnished, and feed his flame with more costly sustenance. The great leader may at length disdain the miserable mob that he drives into the breach as food for the sword, and feel that the honours of the conquest will be tarnished by such contemptible associates of the toil. But we expect no such things; for there may be ambition without dignity, pride without delicacy in its choice of means, and the haughtiest determination to carry things in the last resort by force, coupled with the most crouching readiness to avail itself of the most paltry contrivances. It is not in the page of poetry alone that the master spirit of ruin extinguishes his kingly shape and stature, squats down into the toad, and insinuates his evil in dreams into the sleeping ear of vanity and folly, to spring up a giant armed. The page of politics has exhibited the whole process in every age. We have there the whole picture of the haughty aspiration and the mean compliance, the thirster



for honours, content to slake his thirst in the lowest depths of the muddiest pool; the man for whose capacity of overthrow, the ruin of all that earth has noblest and most venerable, was not large enough, turning himself with pliant subtlety to work the fall of the weakest and most tottering fragment that encumbers the champaign of human nature.

We, of course, do not apply this language to the premier and the clerks composing his cabinet. But we repeat our conviction that no circumstance has occurred to give the nation the satisfactory hope that the present ministry will be cast out by the present parliament. There has been no true sign of parliamentary loss of strength. The paucity of votes for the Treasury, on the first night of the session, was to be accounted for on the well understood principle of "looking before you leap"—"seeing which way the wind blows," and all the other homely but practical maxims which the necessity of keeping up an appearance of ten thousand a-year, when a man has but a fourth of the rental, turn into the daily wisdom of so many worthy gentlemen.

The extinction of the twin sinecures of Messrs. Bathurst and Dundas, a few nights ago, was one of those little explosions of public feeling, which no habits of submission can thoroughly counteract. It was the scandal of seeing two noblemen determined to fasten their families on the public purse, which they had already so enormously laid under contribution to themselves; it was the scorn of this avidity for public money, that suddenly excited the House to beat down the sinecurists by a large majority against Ministers. But we must not argue this into a symptom of failure in the present administration. We see an advance regular and progressive to all its objects. By those we mean exclusively the objects of the premier; for we discharge all the other sitters in the cabinet alike of the good and evil of their leader's views; we believe with the most perfect confidence that there is not a man among them, who has any power of influencing those views, who more than guesses at them, who dares venture a hint in his presence at them, or who looks upon himself as any thing more than an upper clerk with an inordinate salary, or feels that he holds either office or pay by any tenure beyond the will and pleasure of the premier.

The progress of the premier is easily described. His first object was to secure a cabinet totally dependent on himself. This was to be contrived but in one way. If, like his predecessors, his purpose had been to establish a strong cabinet, a government to which, individually, as well as generally, the nation could look up; he would have, like his predecessors, sought out for the best men. But it was of more importance to him, to have a cabinet on which the nation must look down; that being the cabinet which he could rule without fear of a murmur, without the chance of a rebellious doubt starting up in its bosom, or the character of a British minister being burthened by the independence of a British senator. He made a cabinet to his heart's content. And he deserves credit for the completeness of its fabrication. We strongly doubt whether among all the ranks of Englishmen he could have compiled such another; and are ready to believe, like the Roman, in the divinity of Fortune. There is not a man among them who has ever been known to the country, without disappointing every hope; and as for the unknown, their ready prostration since, justifies the choice of their imperious master. But this principle of selection shows the use

to which a man may turn his experience. The premier knows that no man fights with such reckless fidelity as the deserter. He has secured them by bonds, stronger to such men, than chains of iron. If they do not serve him through all extremities, whom can they now be suffered to serve? Can they take refuge from the bitterest scorn of their master, or from the most repugnant work of his passions or his caprice, in the lines of any portion of the commonwealth? Which of them can go back to Protestantism and the Constitution, with a chance of being suffered even to hide their heads among the most obscure of the friends of the British empire? Can we imagine any man of them, however self-condemned, and heart sick of the military insolence of headquarters, venturing to cross the House, and daring to supplicate forgiveness, much less confidence, from the supporters of the Constitution? As well might Verres have returned to Sicily.

But the first measure was complete in its kind. The Premier had got a cabinet, such as he could have got no where else, and had tied and bound them to his fortunes by a remorseless self-interest. His next purpose is to get a parliament as remorselessly bound. How this is to be effected is not for us to tell; but we will forfeit every claim to public reliance, if the Premier shall be defeated on the most trivial point of any measure on which it pleases him to express his sovereign will, until the last breath has gone forth from the lips of the present parliament.

Had this servility any share of the deferential homage paid to great ability in council? Have the minds of those men been prostrated before some of those illustrious emanations of consulting wisdom, or dazzled by the sudden flashes of that intellectual brilliancy which penetrates through the clouds and obscurity of the Commonwealth, and makes the national hemisphere thenceforth clear and open? We confess, in the most perfect sincerity, that we can discover nothing of these palliatives—that the idol has exhibited no power which should entitle him to the worship even of such men. We call upon the most strenuous advocates of the Minister, to point out to us any one act of polity, foreign or domestic, which proves a leading mind.

What is the state of our foreign relations? At the death of Mr. Canning, little more than three years ago, England was, unquestionably, at the head of Europe; all the great questions were submitted to her as by right; she was the supreme arbiter, whose suggestions passed for law; the paramount state, whose friendship was regarded as the first step to security, and from whose displeasure the proudest state on the continent would have shrunk, as from something scarcely less than certain ruin. But what is her situation now? Russia is incontestibly at the head of European affairs; and the whole of that influence which the policy of Pitt and his successors had conquered from mankind, by sagacious counsel, by indefatigable effort, by generous hazards for all, and by the still nobler instrumentality of labours for the diffusion of moral wisdom and political benevolence through the civilized world, is transferred to the brute supremacy of arms; to a power, reigning over deserts and half savages, remote from the intelligent part of Europe, almost relegated by a decree of nature into barbarism, the last land to which a philosopher would have turned his glance for the sparkling of that crown which was to lord it over the jewelled diadems of Europe; Russia has been suddenly brought forward into the centre of continental interests; and the throne of England, magnificent with the spoils of a thousand years



of empire, and wrought with the trophies of a thousand battles, and the still more splendid trophies of immortal conquests of the mind, has been cast down to make room for this new and wild erection of a despotic and savage supremacy.

The fact is beyond all denial, no matter in what language it may be told, or by what national pride we may attempt to disguise it from ourselves. Under the present cabinet, England has become a secondary power; and, as if to rebuke us for having put our trust in a military name, this humiliation has been inflicted on us by arms, whose purpose our cabinet could not blunt, whose progress it dared not oppose, and whose final objects it can now learn only by conjecture, as it can resist only by deprecation.—Three years ago Holland was our firm ally. It has now turned to the general hope or terror of the continent. The family connexion, which, in ordinary cases, is of the slightest possible political strength, has now been framed into a principle of public policy; and Holland, trembling for Belgium, and forced to choose between the alliance of England and Russia, has made her choice, and forms one of the steps to the universal throne. Prussia, a few years since, connected by the closest bonds with England, has made her choice, and is now less an ally than a vassal of Russia. Austria, as much a natural ally of England as Cornwall is a province of it, has shaped her policy to the time; and we shall see her, on the first demand for her services, submissively marching under the general banner, and receiving her hire in the seizure of the frontier provinces of Servia. Such are the fruits of the policy, the vigour, and the boasted *coup-d'œil* of a military cabinet.

One transaction has been lauded by the creatures of the cabinet, as a compensation for this mass of failure. The Premier has placed Prince Leopold on the seat of sovereignty in Greece. The value of this service to England is still in the womb of time. Its direct result may be to increase the bitterness of the continent against a country which exhibits the exact degree of those qualities most provocative of contemptuous jealousy—a passion for meddling, divested of the power of effective interference. To any hope arising from the individual character of the new made sovereign, we are utterly insensible; unless that hope is to be founded on the thorough knowledge of his being the last man upon earth capable of looking to any thing but his own objects. The experience of twelve years has turned the name of this man into general neglect among ourselves. How shall we conceive that he will be fitter to earn respect among a people on whom he is forced, who must feel his presence a proof that they have only shifted masters, and who can know nothing of him beforehand, but as a most unpopular pensioner of England, and nothing afterwards, but as a royal tool, a permitted agent of the governments of Europe?

Of the personal character of Prince Leopold it cannot be necessary to speak in England. He has contrived to live down every thing in the shape of that public regard which connected itself with the husband of the Princess Charlotte; his use of his enormous pension has become a proverb; and, with a magnificent income, eminent rank, and first-rate opportunities of establishing himself in the very highest place of the most honourable popular opinion, all he has effected is that we shall be rejoiced to get rid of him. But he is to be a pensioner still, a burthen on the country to the amount of 50,000*l.* a year; and after having paid

to this foreigner no less a sum than 600,000*l.*, we are to go on paying this intolerable sum, year after year, while he lives.

So much for the wisdom of the choice; so much for the economy of the government; and so much for the reviving influence of England through the establishment of its notorious pensioner as a sovereign.

That Prince Leopold should have been selected for the throne of Greece has astonished every one. Of all the connexions of royalty in Europe, no man had ever exhibited humbler pretensions to be intrusted with the great concerns of states. His life here was utterly obscure; he lurked in perpetual privacy; he took no part in public affairs; he took no interest in the country which was to him a hundred-fold worth the land where he was born. Among the nobles he was, comparatively, unknown; among the people unseen; to the nation a general stranger, except in the matter of his receiving twice the pension of any member of the blood royal. The caprice of Nature, that so often places the crown of a brave or a good king on the head of an imbecile descendant, was not here to account for the chance that has astonished Europe. Yet the choice may not have been without a reason. There may have been a settled system in the mind of individuals whom no man must venture to name but with a prostration, unless he have the inextinguishable familiarity of an Irishman, or the privilege of a cabinet councillor. That system may have been making a regular progress for the last few years. Every anomaly of that conduct of public affairs which has perplexed the wise, and irritated the great body of the nation; every extraordinary instance of hazardous concession, and every equally extraordinary instance of the rigid exercise of power; the whole process of insidious retreat and haughty advance, of violence and cunning, may have had a determined reference to one principle, and on that principle the dismissal of Prince Leopold to take care of his own concerns fifteen hundred miles off, may be accounted for. On this point we say no more. Time will give the solution, and to time we leave it for the discovery of the principle in its full action.

The parliamentary proceedings have been signally unimportant on the part of Ministers. The whole activity was on the side of opposition; and the striking and most gratifying circumstance in those debates was, that this trial of ministers was not the exploit of Whiggism, but of those acknowledged friends of the Constitution who are equally above the Treasury and the Whigs; who equally scorn both, and are looked on by both with equal alarm. Thus we have Sir Francis Burdett battling for the moral principles of Mr. Peel, and the pliant dulness of Mr. Peel's associates. The first debate of any interest was a Whig attack on the Duke of Newcastle for ejecting some of his tenantry who had broken their covenants with him, and had commenced dabbling in election affairs. The ludicrous part of the business was, that the Whigs, the most notorious boroughmongers in the land, and whose parliamentary influence is wholly dependent on boroughs, should have suddenly felt their sensibilities thrown into agony by the return of Mr. Sadler for a borough in the interest of the Duke of Newcastle. The Coryphæus on this occasion was Mr. Thompson.

"Mr. Thompson was anxious that the petition should be referred to a select committee, for several reasons,—first, because the Duke of Newcastle did not pay to the Crown the just value of these lands; secondly, because he had used his influence in a manner injurious to the public;



thirdly, because that influence enabled a peer to return a member to the House of Commons."

The singular statements contained in this member's speech were instantly contradicted by the competent authorities, Lord Lowther, the chief commissioner of woods and forests, distinctly stating that the whole story of the Duke's overwhelming number of voters in Newark was a dream, and that his crown lease was *no* bargain. Sir Francis Burdett then explained one of those rather hasty declarations, in which the baronet's eloquence is apt to indulge. He had dashed out a philippic on boroughmongering in general, and on the Duke of Newcastle as a particular instance. The Duke had answered this public charge by no little secret negotiation through inferior channels, but gave it the most direct denial imaginable, and in the most public manner, by a printed letter. Sir Francis now stated that he had talked of the purchase, (a purchase by the by for his own seat) "without intending any offence to the noble Duke;" and there the matter ended. The motion was flung out by a majority of 194 to 61.

It would be amusing to inquire by what peculiar process Mr. Brougham, Lord John Russell, Lord Howick, Sir James Mackintosh, young Zachary Macauley, and a whole tribe of the most inimitable patriots and champions of popular election, have made their way into the Honourable House. We suspect that the influence of the peerage is recognized without much real anguish by those "free and independent" ornaments of the Legislature; at least we are prodigiously at a loss to discover in what shape the national voice has summoned them to the honours of representation.

A more important motion was brought forward by Sir Charles Wetherell on the late trials for libel. The subject has been already largely discussed by the public; but the manly and vivid statements of this eminent person, combining the fullest legal knowledge of the topic with a singularly powerful and animated appeal to the Common Sense of the country, gave the whole debate a new interest. Some of the charges on the press he turned alternately into stern scorn and contemptuous raillery.—"The Duke of Wellington had been accused of ambition," said Sir Charles. "Was he not *too* ambitious? Were not all ministers ambitious? It had been said that the Duke was coldly received at Windsor. And this was a libel! 'Coldly received by the King at Windsor!' Had ever any thing like this been heard of in England since the iniquitous times of the Star Chamber? Was there any man in that House, lawyer or not lawyer, learned or unlearned, soldier or civilian, layman or not layman, member or not a member, who would stand up and say that that most iniquitous and infamous tribunal, the Star Chamber, in the very zenith of its power, had pronounced any sentence, or any charge of libel, so puerile and so ridiculous as, that a Minister had been coldly received by his Sovereign at Windsor? (*Much cheering.*) \* \* \* But what said the jury to this libel? No set of men without shoes and stockings—(*Laughter*)—without hats or coats—(*Laughter*)—without shirts—even *sansculottes*—(*Continued laughter*)—no jury, however ignorant, naked, or destitute, could have been packed together to find it a libel. The Duke was called imperious; and who could say he was not most justly called so?" After thus settling the main question, he touched in a brief episode upon the guilty measure which has made the session of 1829 so fatally memorable. His sketch

is a masterpiece of manly indignation. Under the appearance of merely stating the doubts of party men, he brands the perverted and worldly principles of the time with indelible scorn.

"The jury had added to one of their verdicts a recommendation to mercy, on account of the agitation of the times; and who living recollected times of such vehement agitation?—There was the Prime Minister of the country on the one side, declaring that the Bill for the relief of the Roman Catholics was necessary to its salvation. On the other side uprose the Primate and Metropolitan Bishop, and declared it would be its destruction. Then the Chancellor on the Woolsack was to be heard declaring, that the country must stand stock-still if the Bill was not carried; and on the other side, an Ex-Chancellor followed him, and predicted the ruin of the country, if it was granted. One part of the Right Reverend Bench of Bishops prophesied the overthrow of the Protestant Constitution; another assured us of the additional securities to its stability which it was about to receive. A Chief Justice of Ireland said the connexion of England with Ireland would be infallibly shaken if the Catholics were refused a participation in the rights of the Legislature; an English Chief Justice assured us that it would tend to the overthrow of all Protestant Institutions. Then the Secretary of the Home Department, and the leader, as he called himself, of the Protestant interest,—who, *not more than nine months before*, had declared, with great solemnity of *tone and manner*, that there was no possibility of forming a cabinet unless under the principle of a division of opinion on the Catholic Question—was *the first* to come down to the House, and declare that that measure could, in his opinion, no longer be resisted; while a noble viceroy and a great commander, whose leg was chopped off at Waterloo, had the further ill luck to see the Vice-regal stool chopped from under him in Dublin. (*Laughter.*) All these things were symptoms of the agitation of the times; all the bonds of society were loosened; all ancient institutions were overturned; all friendships were affected."

But as if for the most complete commentary on this powerful animadversion, who should start up, but Sir Francis Burdett, and to defend whom? The Attorney-General! Those who have only heard of the baronet's name, will exclaim, can such things be? Sir Francis Burdett, the furious assailant of all Attorney-Generals since his first possession of a seat; Sir Francis, the man of the mob, the Member for Westminster, the writer of the Manchester letter; Sir Francis, of the Tower, of his Majesty's jail of Newgate; of the "Siege of Piccadilly!" But we, who have seen, in late years, a little more of human nature, and of Sir Francis, felt no surprise whatever to hear these his recorded words.—"I did not expect a most grievous charge would be brought against my learned friend, and sorry I should have been, had my *conscience compelled me to vote against him!* But I am in no such *unpleasant situation!* If the thunder of the prologue had been equalled by the subsequent parts of the acts of this drama, it would, indeed, have appeared by the vote we must have come to that this House did cast blame upon my learned friend; but I feel the greatest satisfaction in knowing that we shall be compelled to do no such thing. The motion, indeed, Sir, appears to me not meant for any other purpose than to purge the bosom of the learned gentleman of the perilous stuff that weighs upon his breast."



The threatened motion upon the Irish church, so long expected, and so vehemently denied, was brought forward by Sir John Newport. It had, at least, the merit of being on a par with the wisdom, the wit, and the sound principles of that very trifling and long-disappointed patriot. However, of him we shall say no more. He is whig only to the extent of his powers; and therefore, even as a whig, harmless. The business was rapidly taken out of his hands by the Irish Secretary; the little baronet having, in fact, been only suffered to lead the way, on the terms of those camp followers who fill up the trench with their bodies, and are, if good for nothing else, good to be walked over by the effective combatants.

Lord Francis Gower's motion was to the following effect:—"That an address be presented to his Majesty, praying for the appointment of a committee to inquire into the *state of the parish benefices* of Ireland—into the *annual value* of the several parishes—into the *contingencies* of their respective churches and chapels—into the possibility of dissolving the existing unions, and into *several other details*."

On the passing of the Popish Bill, the Minister had been loudly called on to say, whether the atrocious measure was to be followed by any attack on the property of the Church? But the minister was only "unable to express his astonishment that any member of the British Legislature should conceive the possibility of his being guilty of any thing of the kind." Mr. Peel protested, with what Sir Charles Wetherell so keenly calls his "*usual solemnity of tone and manner*"—that, however he might have received new illumination within the last month; yet, upon the subject of the establishment, he was fixed as fate. Mr. Goulburn was horrified; and Mr. Herries would have fainted, but for the indignant glow that rushed to his heart, and "gave him assurance that he was still a man." Now, mark the sequel. Within six little months the measure comes before the House, not by one of those little fractional attempts, which have so long characterized at once the will and the impotence of whiggery, but in complete form; no little writhing spawn of the slime of whiggery—but the serpent winged, the crested adder—rising in its full dimensions, and flourishing its exuberant coils.

We must, of course, give credit to the simplicity of the premier and Mr. Peel; as meaning, by "inquiring into the state of the parish benefices, the *annual values*, the contingencies of the churches, the possibility of *dissolving* unions, and the *several other details*," nothing more than the construction of a common-place office report on the existing establishment; or a gentle recommendation to the Clergy to be better men and more zealous members of their church, and to patronize all ancient curates, residing under all negligent diocesans.

But if we are to seek any elucidation in the daring sincerity of the public champions of reform, let us hear what those champions say.

"Mr. Hume thought it was high time that the whole establishment of the Irish church should be revised and *reduced*, so as to accord with the state of the country. He should vote for Sir John Newport's motion; but he did not do so from supposing that this motion was adequate to the circumstances of the country. Inquiry must, in his opinion, go *much further*; and he hoped to see the establishment reduced to *two or four bishops*! He should like that *sixteen or eighteen bishops were swept off at once*, and he heartily believed that, in this respect, the population of England and Ireland would go along with him. Instead of repairing

the cathedrals, if they could not be converted into parish churches, he would *pull them down*. Why should the people be compelled to keep structures of *brick and mortar*, of which they made no use? Instead of appropriating the revenues of benefices, as they became vacant, to clerical purposes, he would cause them to be paid into the *Consolidated Fund*."

We find, on the other hand, all the most unvarying friends of the Constitution in Church and State, reprobating the measure.

Sir Robert Inglis declared, that "it is totally uncalled for," the Irish church being remarkable for its advance in every high qualification of a Christian church, since the Union; the period when the English ministry had ceased alternately to perplex it by idle legislation, and corrupt it by official influence.

"Mr. Trant declared that the object of the commission was to reform what needed no reformation. If the church of England was to be *pulled down*, let it be pulled down by *honest hands*!"

Then uprose Mr. Peel, smooth as ever, and delivered his sentiments with "his usual *solemnity of tone and manner*!"

"Mr. Peel observed that the proposed commission was merely for the purposes of *inquiry*. Did the honourable member for Dover (Mr. Trant) professing his anxiety to maintain the interests of religion, conceive that he could impose upon any man by the *cry of the church in danger*? Did the honourable member not know—was he so totally ignorant of all that was passing around him, as not to know that the crown had already appointed a commission to inquire into the whole State of the Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction of this country? That commission had not yet extended to Ireland. With reference to the *appropriation of the revenue of the church*, the question ought to be approached with the *utmost delicacy*, and an *enlarged view* ought to be taken of the effect of an unequal distribution of that revenue upon the promotion of learning and religion. When any attempts were made upon the revenue of the church, *he would resist them*; but he would not permit the sarcasms of the honourable member for Dover to prevent his acceding to a motion, which, he believed, was not couched in the *spirit of hostility* to the church, and which would tend to promote its *best interests*!"

We know nothing that can be added to this speech; it is incomparable in its kind, or beyond comparison with any thing, but the speeches of the Right Honourable Robert Peel. What friend of the "March of Intellect" but must congratulate this statesman on his discovery, that the cry of the "church in danger" was an absurdity; or, but must rejoice in the gallant sincerity with which he pleads guilty to that obsolete folly which made his creed during every year of his political existence until the last; when, indeed, his great friend and master had the cruelty to tell him, "that his political existence was terminated?" But let us not do this politician the injustice to pass over the evidences of his skill on this occasion. In the first place, "the commission is only *for inquiry*!" not for action, of course; not for any already projected series of measures. It is, we suppose, for the gentle and laudable purpose of supplying the unfurnished pigeon-holes of the council chamber with summer reading for the Lord Ellenboroughs of this world. But then comes a little opening of the subject—"With reference to the *appropriation of the revenues of the Church*, the question ought to be approached with the *utmost delicacy*." So then, *is it to*



be approached, after all, the qualification being, that the approach be made with *delicacy*?" We hope that we are not misunderstanding the Right Honourable Gentleman; but more is to be said still. "An *enlarged view* is to be taken of the effect of an unequal distribution of that revenue upon the promotion of learning and religion." Then comes a clause, which we must not pretend to explain. The Commission is to extend to "several other details." We have heard of an oath with an "*et cætera*," and have heard also of the postscript of ladies' letters containing the marrow of the correspondence; and these "several other details" appear to us of much the same comprehensive nature. Yet the Minister's justification of his Irish measure, by the commission lately issued on the English Ecclesiastical Law, seems to us the worst part of the business. No man could know better that the English commission strictly referred to the cure of those delays and expensive formalities in the Ecclesiastical courts, which were, in every sense of the word, a nuisance; and which every man, who wished well to the course of justice, must desire to see abolished. The attempt to found the extraordinary measure of bringing the Irish church on its trial before a ministerial jury, on the merits of a limited measure required by public justice and personal convenience, is——— but we shall be content with saying, that it is of a piece with the diplomacy of the Minister.

To turn to Foreign Politics. The French Chambers have exhibited so refractory a spirit, that their session has been suddenly prorogued. Their outcry was for the dismissal of Prince Polignac, and that, chiefly on the ground that he had been appointed at the suggestion of the British premier. Whether the charge be true or false, its popularity shews the light in which our cabinet has contrived to place itself with the influential part of the French people. And this disgust is the more remarkable, from the recent advances to a more friendly intercourse between the French and English generally, and from the obvious importance of the close connexion of the two Governments, as the barriers against the hourly growing and formidable ambition of Russia.

But it is among Englishmen themselves that the liberties of their country, and eventually of Europe, must find their security, or be undone. With freedom in the people, and honesty in the Government, the British Empire is impregnable; with corruption and the spirit of place in the people, and with artifice and dissimulation in the government, the strength of Britain must be but a rope of sand. No matter for its show of strength, the more gigantic its defences against the enemy abroad, the more surely will they fall by their own weight, and crush its defenders at home. The future projects of the cabinet we can have no power to restrain; we have scarcely the means to conjecture. But let them be what they will, we must adhere to the one grand and saving maxim, that upon the national virtue must, in the last resort of every people, depend the national salvation.

## THE FIEND OF THE FERRY.

It was on a morning in the month of June that we found ourselves wandering about a little village on the banks of the Thames, two or three miles below Kingston. The day might be said to be an exotic. There was a rich, deep, clear Italian sky—a broad, bright river reflecting it. The roads had been sprinkled by a shower during the night. The sunshine animated every thing, and yet the heat was not excessive. There was little shadow to be seen—the light penetrated through the hedges, and gave a transparent effect to their green leaves. The scene, the climate—time, space—all seemed to have been touched by a wand. And, I verily believe, there was indeed a spirit of enchantment at work at that hour, which will account conveniently enough for the marvel and the mystery I am about to record.

We were in the most exuberant spirits—like school-boys let loose without a task. Dr. Johnson, when he put the final full-stop to his dictionary ;—a play-wright, when—after three years of nervous agony, and wishing theatres, managers, actors and all, in Erebus, a hundred times over—he sees the curtain drop in the midst of applause, and the bowing actor, who comes forward to announce his second night, swept off in a tempest of acclamation ;—a pedestrian, walking the thousandth mile of his wager, and having half a day to do it in—could form but a faint idea of our enjoyment. Whether this arose from the pleasant, rambling, unpremeditated kind of way in which we had spent the previous day, or from the effect of the delightful weather and the scenes that surrounded us, need not be determined. But there we were, full of such true mad-cap merriment, that had we lighted upon old Jack Falstaff, we had infallibly committed robbery for very sport, and made an Eastcheap of the first inn we could take by storm. Nothing escaped us that morning ; we

“ Found puns in trees, pranks in the running brooks,  
Laughter in stones, and jokes in every thing.”

In this mood we strolled about, careless of the way we were going, and ripe for romantic incident. At last, we resolved upon crossing the river, and were informed that we were near a ferry, to which we immediately directed our course. A joke, however, sprung up in the interim, and took us half a mile out of the way in running it down. We then perceived that we had missed the path, and were about to return, when we were overtaken by a being—but I will not, at this period of our history, attempt to describe him ; as, in fact, we took but very little notice of him at this encounter. We merely inquired the way to the ferry, received the desired information, and, as the stranger walked on before us at a pretty quick pace, we soon lost sight of him.

We proceeded in the path pointed out to us, when some odd, joke-engendering name, over a shop door, called off our attention, and we were once more at a loss. A debate ensued amongst us ; one contending that we were to go down the lane—and another, by the clump of trees. Our embarrassment was, of course, only productive of more mirth, and we at length agreed to follow the movements of a peripatetic pig, which was lounging about in a state of self-enjoyment, and looked as though he longed to make one of our party. The pig—



turned the corner of the lane, and we followed ; but we had no sooner done so, then we beheld, coming towards us, the identical traveller who, but a few minutes before, had passed us on the road, as he directed us to the ferry. His return excited no surprise ; but the tone of his voice when he addressed us, by saying—" You are going wrong—I told you to keep the road round the ruined wall—" awakened a new and rather startling sensation. The note was hollow and heavy. It was that of a bull-frog with a cold—a muffled drum, determined to be melancholy—a speaking trumpet, troubled with an asthma—a funeral bell in a fit—a bass-viol imitating Sir Anthony Absolute. Its modulations reminded one of the creaking of a dungeon-door. He spoke as if he had a thunderbolt sticking in his throat, that occasioned a sort of supernatural hoarseness. We have heard comic songs and cabbages cried in the most eccentric of tones—we have communed with hackney-coachmen, and heard the notes of watchmen at all hours of the night : but these—they were merely the roarings of a nightingale, or the hoarseness of a cricket, compared to the full, deep, internal and sepulchral sound that issued from the mouth of our travelling finger-post, as, with an eye darting reproach, and a lip mingling something like scorn with its civility, he said—" You are going wrong—I told you to keep the road round the ruined wall !"

As he paused a minute to explain the way to one of our party, I had an opportunity of observing him. He looked like a romance in one volume. He was above the middle size, rather thin, and with nothing remarkable in his dress but a wide slouched hat, and a pair of boots that seemed to have been made for a satyr. His face, however, as well as I could judge of its character through the dark shadow flung across it by the overhanging-brim of the hat, betrayed one of those expressions which, to use a phrase no less convenient than original, are " more easily conceived than described." It was compounded from a whole library of horrors. He had taken his nose from the " Monk," and his eyes from " Melmoth." The Minerva press was in his mouth, and Mrs. Radcliffe frowned fiercely from his vaulted brows. " The Italians" slept in the hollow of one cheek, and " The Robbers" in that of the other. He was a composition of Middleton and Michael Angelo—the spear of Satan, and the broomstick of Hecate.

Having re-directed us, he hurried off in a contrary direction to that prescribed for us, and was quickly relieved, by a turn of the road, from our gaze. Our boisterous mirth had received a check ; we stood looking at each other and began to collect opinions. Every one agreed that the stranger had slipped from a bracket at Abbotsford, and that he was certainly the property of Sir Walter Scott. However, we tried to forget him, and again set forth in search of the mysterious ferry. This was even now not very easy to find ; for we were so startled by the face and manner of the stranger that we had once more forgotten his directions.

To put an end to our doubts and difficulties, we applied to a pretty little country-faced girl, whom we saw at a shop-window, to re-direct our erring steps. This she did with so much grace and good-nature, that, instead of proceeding, we staid to make a whole catalogue of inquiries. A pretty maid in a village is equal to a beauty in town ; the charms that would escape observation in a crowd, coming singly upon us, amidst the sweetness and simplicity of nature, seem to partake of the character

of surrounding objects. You look upon a ruddy cheek as a part of the scene—as a sample of rural loveliness, open to admiration. There is no difference between a blue eye and a blue sky, out of town—we gaze upon both alike, with the same freedom and the same fondness. You are admiring nature, and must enjoy what she presents to you, whether it be a milk-girl or a mountain. In short, we got into such a chat with our ruddy little directress, that we had nearly forgotten the ferry altogether, when we were suddenly reminded of it by the re-appearance of the wandering wonder—the *hic et ubique*, and the *hinc illæ lachrymæ* of our tale. This time we fairly started; I believe one or two of us turned pale; but I know we all experienced a feeling of curiosity not unmingled with a kind of awe. At this encounter the Wanderer did not speak; he turned a keen and searching glance on us, intimating that we had disobeyed his directions, and were trifling with him impertinently; and then, pointing to the path we were to take, glided hastily past the window, and disappeared.

This silence, and the emphatic motion of his finger, alarmed us even more than the sepulchral tone of his voice. We prepared now to seek out the ferry in good earnest—though it were for no other reason than to have the Thames between us and our perambulating acquaintance. We bid, therefore, a hasty adieu to the village damsel, and hurried towards the river, of which, in a few minutes, we came in sight. Another cause of delay arose, however; for, just at this moment, a heavy shower came on. We were driven for shelter into the village church-yard, and took refuge under a dilapidated porch. Determined to preserve the gaiety with which our march commenced, even amidst the gloom of the weather, which had been but a moment before so mild and animating, we drowned, as well as we could, all recollection of the portentous predestrian;—although it was impossible not to associate the sudden and singular change in the heavens—the transition from a clear calm sky to a tempestuous range of clouds—with the coming and conduct of a being whom we were secretly disposed to consider something more than mortal. As we stood under the porch, our attention was drawn to the epitaphs that surrounded us. We admired the piety of some of these, but the poetry of others was of an order so perfectly novel and original, that I fear we read them with any thing but a feeling of seriousness. We could not but be struck with the number of “affectionate husbands” and “indulgent fathers,” that were mouldering around us; “faithful wives” were as plenty as blackberries. What a saddening reflection to think how good the world was formerly, and that people should so seldom become amiable until they are dead! In addition to these mournful truths, we found so many subjects for pathetic puns and moral pleasantry, that I thought it time to quit the scene and pursue our way, particularly as the shower had abated. We proceeded, therefore, along the paved path towards a little gate that led into the public road; and, in passing close to the white-washed wall of the church, we stopped to look in at a low, small, grated window. The object that first caught our notice was a door standing open at the opposite end of the church; and the next moment we discerned the figure of a person issuing thence, the sight of whom almost chilled our senses. We could not be deceived in that figure, although his back was towards us; but as he passed from the portal he turned his head, and fixed such a look of recognition upon us, that we stood in mute astonishment, staring



at each other. It was the supernatural stroller—the sub-human Captain Barclay—the possessor of ubiquity—the very “truepenny” of our terrors!

After a minute or two we began to try our surmises upon the cause of his visit to the church. Had he sought shelter from the storm?—it might be, as the door was left open. Or had he come to reprove, perhaps to punish, our ill-timed merriment!—we wished that we had been less critical upon the epitaphs! Anxious to escape from the spot, we hastened towards the gate; and came within sight of it just in time to see the self-same figure, with the face turning round to recognize us, hurrying through it, and pointing towards the river. We were once more riveted to the earth—completely satisfied now that we were haunted by a vision—an ignis-fatuus—a vampire! We listened, but we could hear no sound of footsteps, although his boots were so heavy, that Hoby must have employed a crane to lift them from his window, and have sent home with them a steam-engine, of a forty-bootjack power, to pull them off. And here a thought struck us that threw a light on the mystery. Why did he wear those prodigious boots, unless he possessed feet to fill them? if so, those feet must be cloven ones. Again, we reflected, that with a hat like his, slouched over the brows, horns might be very easily concealed;—and as for a tail, it was doubtless tied in a double knot, and put into his coat pocket. Our minds were made up—there was no room for doubt. All idea of merriment was suspended. If a bon-mot sprang up, it was instantly nipped in the bud; if a pun burst forth, it died for want of a publisher.

We hurried to the bank, eager to cross the river, and to elude our pursuer. On reaching it, we were informed by the boatman that he should start in a minute or two, having other passengers. There were several already in the punt; but of these, occupied as we were with our own feelings, we took no particular notice. We entered, and were requested by the boatman to go towards the head to make more room. But in doing so—spirit of mystery! what a sight met our eyes! We were standing in the same boat, commencing the same voyage, with a creature compounded, not of clay, but of sulphur and smoke! We were within six paces of the wanderer! We were about to cross the water with the spirit of fire! We had the evil one for a *compagnon du voyage*! What sensations were ours! Nor were our terrors in the smallest degree allayed by the ghastly grin which we observed playing on his lips as our eyes met his. He distended his mouth, as he surveyed us, into a horrible exaggeration of a smile. What might this mean? If we could believe him human, it might be interpreted as an expression of self-satisfaction at having reached the ferry first, and transacted business, at various parts of the village, while we were idling about. We endeavoured to comfort ourselves with this supposition, and turned to look at a poor idiot boy who was angling at a little distance, and complaining that he had not had a nibble for several minutes. Alas! he little imagined the cause—the fish were as frightened as we were.

At length the boatman put off. At the same instant a tremendous peal of thunder burst immediately over our heads, and another shower descended. We felt our worst fears confirmed. It was evidently the intention of the fiend-passenger to sink the boat as soon as it had reached the centre of the current. He had decoyed us to the ferry on purpose, and we had no means of escape. We were afraid to mention

our suspicions, or to ask to be put back on shore. The ferry-man looked grim; we felt that we were gazing, for the first time, on old Charon—that we were crossing the Stygian stream! We contemplated our fellow-voyagers with feelings of commiseration. Instead of human beings, we beheld only a congregation of ghosts. We saw one spirit pulling up the shadow of a shirt-collar, that had the appearance of being wet; and another was holding the apparition of an umbrella over its head. I pitied one lady who seemed to take great pride in an immense vapour that hung over her, in the shape of a bonnet; and who was enraptured with a rainbow that encircled her waist, which she mistook for a riband. I observed a beau casting an admiring eye down his aerial leg, and criticising the cut of a pair of transparent trowsers; while an attorney's clerk, standing near him, was buttoning up a black cloud, which he was fondly imagining to be a coat. We felt for them all—it was afflicting to see them fancying themselves within a mile of Hampton-Court, when, in fact, they were only crossing an imitation of the Thames. The ferryman continued to toil, and the boat approached the centre. How we envied the ghost of a duck that glided past! How we longed for cork-jackets! We ventured a glance at the mighty Mystery—the great Agitator. He was pretending to take something that seemed to be snuff out of the spectre of a box. He even affected to sneeze—the sound was answered by another peal of thunder. This we took for the signal—we awaited our fate, firm and collected. The boat, however, to our intense surprise and relief, passed the middle current in safety—the waves rolled harmlessly by—the vessel made a zig-zag movement through them, and, in a few minutes more, actually touched the shore on the opposite side. At the same moment the rain ceased—the clouds cleared off—a stream of sunshine burst on the river—and the glories of nature were once more visible through the darkness and dismay that had enveloped her.

I need not say how agreeable our astonishment was. We determined, however, to fix an eye on our superhuman fellow-passenger. We saw him, as the boat landed, take out the phantom of a penny-piece, which he placed in the boatman's hand, who seemed quite contented with the illusion. He turned, and saw that we were watching him; he smiled, as if in mockery of the terror that was still visible in our aspects; he then nodded to us with much fiendish familiarity and demoniac politeness, and in the next moment sprang upon the shore. After lingering a minute or two, we followed his example. We beheld him glide along a winding path, extending from the bank, till his garments melted almost into mist. We followed. He turned off into a lane, and was hidden from view. We still rushed resolutely forward. When we reached the lane, hardly expecting to obtain a glimpse of the object of our search, we paused to peep down it; and there, seated on a stile at two yards' distance, we descried the dreaded demon, with the image of a clasp-knife uplifted in one hand, and in the other (never shall we forget the feelings with which we surveyed that scene) the semblance of a huge piece of bacon upon an acre of bread! This was a termination to our adventure so perfectly unanticipated, that we stood, for a second or two, petrified; but I must admit, at the same time, that we felt disappointed. We could not have suspected him of such ploughman predilections. We should have rather expected to find him banqueting upon a seraph, cut into sandwiches—or picking the bones of a cherub.



As the fiend looked up from his feast, which he seemed to enjoy with the relish of an epicure, we felt that we were in danger of forming his dessert; and darted off accordingly like a herd of deer that had surprised a lion at dinner. Never, since that eventful hour, have we encountered the mysterious object of our terrors; nor can we find, upon subsequent inquiry, that he was known in the neighbourhood. All trace of him vanished with the tempest; he went out like a Congreve rocket. We feel as if we had seen the Wandering Jew! Surely—will the surmise be pardoned?—surely it could not have been our old dramatic and demonized friend, Mr. Obi Smith—that prince of terrors and trap-doors! We leave the suggestion for the consideration of the reader. It is the only one we can possibly offer respecting our extraordinary acquaintance, the Fiend of the Ferry! B.

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LADY BYRON AND MOORE.

THIS document, which has made its appearance within these few days, (first published, we believe, in the *Literary Gazette*), belongs to the history of his late lordship's career in a very peculiar manner. It is very well written, and whatever singularity there may appear in its coming forth at so distant a period from the transaction, is amply accounted for by the revival of the subject in Moore's volume. We discharge the biographer of any intention of offending any one, yet his details having been learned from the aggrieving party, it was scarcely possible that they should not have, in some degree, pressed upon the aggrieved. And even now, Lady Byron takes up the pen neither to impeach her late eccentric lord, nor to exonerate herself, but to defend those parents whom it is a duty to defend, and whom her simple and clear statement fully relieves from imputations, sedulously and subtly enough thrown upon them by his lordship, and certainly not at all softened by his lordship's friends.

The charges made in this letter are extraordinary. What they were, it is repulsive to conjecture; and impossible even for strangers to express with public propriety. That the harshest rumours of Lord Byron's habits were common during his life-time, every one knows. That his foreign life had produced upon his reckless nature the injurious effects which, in a more or less degree, they produce on the morals of every voluntary absentee, is unluckily clear from the whole tenor of his later writings; and that his final withdrawing from his country, was less to shun personal perplexities, or to enjoy Italian sunshine, than to give a free way to his career, at a distance from the restraints of English public opinion, and the salutary fear of the English press, is matter of perfect notoriety.

But on those points we touch with infinite reluctance. It is more pleasing to us to vindicate a man of genius. Though unhappily, the only way in which Lord Byron can be vindicated is, by throwing the scandal of his conduct from his heart upon his understanding. We think, in contradiction to Lady Byron, that he was, at times, nearly insane. Perhaps not so to the degree which would justify the interference of either family or physician; but certainly with those flying touches of frenzy, of which his uncle, and some other of his relatives by the paternal side, his father's profligate conduct, and his mother's virago temper, seem to have afforded sufficient examples. There are allusions in his play of "*Man-*

fred," that would blacken for ever the moral reputation of any man alive, if the offence were not to be diluted by the lunacy of the writer.

On the whole, Lady Byron seems to have perfectly justified her parents, which was her principal purpose; and deeply as she has suffered for her headlong determination to choose a husband, whose known vices she overlooked in his poetic fame; she is now entitled to rest from those perpetual references to her conduct, which have so long amounted to a virtual persecution.

REMARKS, OCCASIONED BY MR. MOORE'S NOTICES OF LORD BYRON'S LIFE.

"I have disregarded various publications, in which facts within my own knowledge have been grossly misrepresented; but I am called upon to notice some of the erroneous statements proceeding from one who claims to be considered as Lord Byron's confidential and authorised friend. Domestic details ought not to be intruded on the public attention; if, however, they *are* so intruded, the persons affected by them have a right to refute injurious charges. Mr. Moore has promulgated his own impressions of private events in which I was most nearly concerned, as if he possessed a competent knowledge of the subject. Having survived Lord Byron, I feel increased reluctance to advert to any circumstances connected with the period of my marriage; nor is it now my intention to disclose them, further than may be indispensably requisite for the end I have in view. Self-vindication is not the motive which actuates me to make this appeal, and the spirit of accusation is unmingled with it; but when the conduct of my parents is brought forward in a disgraceful light, by the passages selected from Lord Byron's letters, and by the remarks of his biographer, I feel bound to justify their characters from imputations which I *know* to be false. The passages from Lord Byron's letters, to which I refer, are the aspersions on my mother's character, p. 648. l. 4:

"My child is very well, and flourishing, I hear, but I must see also. I feel no disposition to resign it to the *contagion of its grandmother's society*."

"The assertion of her dishonourable conduct in employing a spy, p. 645. l. 7, &c.

"A Mrs. C. (now a kind of housekeeper, and *spy of Lady N.'s*), who, in her better days, was a washerwoman, is supposed to be—by the learned—very much the occult cause of our domestic discrepancies."

"The seeming exculpation of myself, in the extract, p. 646, with the words immediately following it:

"Her nearest relatives are a ———;" where the blank clearly implies something too offensive for publication. These passages tend to throw suspicion on my parents, and give reason to ascribe the separation either to their direct agency, or to that of 'officious spies,' employed by them. From the following part of the narrative, p. 642, it must also be inferred that an undue influence was exercised by them for the accomplishment of this purpose:—

"It was in a few weeks after the latter communication between us (Lord Byron and Mr. Moore) that Lady Byron adopted the determination of parting from him. She had left London at the latter end of January, on a visit to her father's house, in Leicestershire, and Lord Byron was in a short time to follow her. They had parted in the utmost kindness—she wrote him a letter, full of playfulness and affection, on the road; and immediately on her arrival at Kirkby Mallory, her father wrote to acquaint Lord Byron that she would return to him no more."

"In my observations upon this statement, I shall, as far as possible, avoid touching on any matters relating personally to Lord Byron and myself. The facts are:—I left London for Kirkby Mallory, the residence of my father and mother, on the 15th of January 1816. Lord Byron had signified to me in writing (Jan. 6th) his absolute desire that I should leave London on the earliest day that I could conveniently fix. It was not safe for me to undertake the fatigue of a journey sooner than the 15th. Previously to my departure, it had been strongly impressed on my mind, that Lord Byron was under the



influence of insanity. This opinion was derived, in a great measure, from the communications made to me by his nearest relatives and personal attendant, who had more opportunities than myself of observing him during the latter part of my stay in town. It was even represented to me, that he was in danger of destroying himself. *With the concurrence of his family*, I had consulted Dr. Baillie, as a friend (Jan. 8th) respecting this supposed malady. On acquainting him with the state of the case, and with Lord Byron's desire that I should leave London, Dr. Baillie thought that my absence might be advisable, as an experiment, assuming the fact of mental derangement; for Dr. Baillie, not having had access to Lord Byron, could not pronounce a positive opinion on that point. He enjoined, that in correspondence with Lord Byron, I should avoid all but light and soothing topics. Under these impressions, I left London, determined to follow the advice given by Dr. Baillie. Whatever might have been the nature of Lord Byron's conduct towards me from the time of my marriage, yet, supposing him to be in a state of mental alienation, it was not for me, nor for any person of common humanity, to manifest, at that moment, a sense of injury. On the day of my departure, and again on my arrival at Kirkby, Jan. 16th, I wrote to Lord Byron in a kind and cheerful tone, according to those medical directions. The last letter was circulated, and employed as a pretext for the charge of my having been subsequently *influenced* to 'desert' my husband. It has been argued, that I parted from Lord Byron in perfect harmony: that feelings incompatible with any deep sense of injury had dictated the letter which I addressed to him; and that my sentiments must have been changed by persuasion and interference, when I was under the roof of my parents. These assertions and inferences are wholly destitute of foundation. When I arrived at Kirkby Mallory, my parents were unacquainted with the existence of any causes likely to destroy my prospects of happiness; and when I communicated to them the opinion which had been formed concerning Lord Byron's state of mind, they were most anxious to promote his restoration by every means in their power. They assured those relations who were with him in London, that 'they would devote their whole care and attention to the alleviation of his malady,' and hoped to make the best arrangements for his comfort, if he could be induced to visit them. With these intentions my mother wrote, on the 17th, to Lord Byron, inviting him to Kirkby Mallory. She had always treated him with an affectionate consideration and indulgence, which extended to every little peculiarity of his feelings. Never did an irritating word escape her lips, in her whole intercourse with him. The accounts given me after I left Lord Byron, by the persons in constant intercourse with him, added to those doubts which had before transiently occurred to my mind, as to the reality of the alleged disease, and the reports of his medical attendant, were far from establishing the existence of any thing like lunacy. Under this uncertainty, I deemed it right to communicate to my parents, that if I were to consider Lord Byron's past conduct as that of a person of sound mind, nothing could induce me to return to him. It therefore appeared expedient, both to them and myself, to consult the ablest advisers. For that object, and also to obtain still further information respecting the appearances which seemed to indicate mental derangement, my mother determined to go to London. She was empowered by me to take legal opinions on a written statement of mine, though I had then reasons for reserving a part of the case from the knowledge, even of my father and mother. Being convinced, by the result of these inquiries, and by the tenor of Lord Byron's proceedings, that the notion of insanity was an illusion, I no longer hesitated to authorise such measures as were necessary, in order to secure me from being ever again placed in his power. Conformably with this resolution, my father wrote to him on the 2d of February, to propose an amicable separation. Lord Byron at first rejected this proposal; but when it was distinctly notified to him, that if he persisted in his refusal, recourse must be had to legal measures, he agreed to sign a deed of separation. Upon applying to Dr. Lushington, who was intimately acquainted with all the circumstances, to state, in writing, what he recollected upon this subject, I received from him the following letter, by which it will be

manifest that my mother cannot have been actuated by any hostile or ungenerous motives towards Lord Byron:—

“My dear Lady Byron,—I can rely upon the accuracy of my memory for the following statement. I was originally consulted by Lady Noel on your behalf, whilst you were in the country; the circumstances detailed by her were such as justified a separation, but they were not of that aggravated description as to render such a measure indispensable. On Lady Noel's representation, I deemed a reconciliation with Lord Byron practicable, and felt most sincerely a wish to aid in effecting it. There was not, on Lady Noel's part, any exaggeration of the facts, nor, so far as I could perceive, any determination to prevent a return to Lord Byron: certainly none was expressed when I spoke of a reconciliation. When you came to town, in about a fortnight, or perhaps more, after my first interview with Lady Noel, I was, for the first time, informed by you of facts, utterly unknown, as I have no doubt, to Sir Ralph and Lady Noel. On receiving this additional information, my opinion was entirely changed: I considered a reconciliation impossible. I declared my opinion, and added that if such an idea should be entertained, I could not, either professionally or otherwise, take any part towards effecting it. Believe me, very faithfully your's.

‘STEPH. LUSHINGTON.’

‘*Great George Street, Jan. 31, 1830.*’

“I have only to observe, that, if the statements on which my legal advisers (the late Sir Samuel Romilly and Dr. Lushington) formed their opinions, were false, the responsibility and the odium should rest with *me only*. I trust that the facts which I have here briefly recapitulated, will absolve my father and mother from all accusations with regard to the part they took in the separation between Lord Byron and myself. They neither originated, instigated, nor advised that separation; and they cannot be condemned for having afforded to their daughter the assistance and protection which she claimed. There is no other near relative to vindicate their memory from insult. I am therefore compelled to break the silence, which I had hoped always to observe, and to solicit from the readers of Lord Byron's Life an impartial consideration of the testimony extorted from me.

“A. I. NOEL BYRON.”

“*Hanger Hill, Feb. 19, 1830.*”

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#### ANCIENT AND MODERN SYSTEMS OF SLAVERY.

THE existence of slavery in all countries of the world, from the earliest periods to the present time, is one of those extraordinary and indefinable results of the progress of human society, which at once confounds theoretical reasonings, and puts investigation and regular definition at defiance.

It is easy to conceive that even in the earliest ages, when mankind first began to perceive the advantages of living in a state of community, subject to conventional regulations or fixed laws, individuals may have been induced to resign, for a time, their natural liberty, through the pressure of some particular evil, or with the view of obtaining some present or future good; and there can be no doubt, but that as civilization acquired influence, and humane ideas began to prevail, many persons guilty, or supposed to be guilty, of crimes against the social compact, or who had been taken prisoners during war, instead of being made to suffer death, have, as a less cruel, and more expiatory punishment, been reduced to a temporary or permanent state of bondage.

We find, for instance, that even the most civilized nations of the



*present day* have their galley slaves and coerced labourers ; and to come, still nearer home, those numerous convicts condemned to labour in the hulks in chains, or who are sentenced to a state of servitude in New South Wales, or elsewhere, are neither more nor less than persons *reduced to a state of slavery for their crimes*. Again, can we shut our eyes to the fact, that even in England, there are always throughout the country numbers of persons, who by indolence or misfortune, are obliged to surrender their liberty, in exchange for food and clothing, and whose labour is either sold to the highest bidder, or who are employed by their respective parishes in the most degrading offices of slaves, such as sweeping and cleaning the streets, dragging the filth in carts, &c., as may be seen weekly even in certain metropolitan parishes—St. Luke's for instance? We fear, we cannot with justice, class such persons in any other manner than with those who have been obliged to surrender their liberty under the pressure of evil, or with the view of obtaining some particular good!

But, to attempt to trace the progress of slavery until it became in various countries of the world, a hereditary state or condition of mankind, is not the object of the present article. We merely propose to give a slight sketch of the treatment of slaves in ancient Rome, and in modern Africa ; and we shall hereafter state shortly a few facts relative to their condition in that *land of freedom*, the United States of America, taking the most recent travellers in the latter countries as our guides, so that our readers may judge for themselves, how far our own colonists have succeeded above all other people in mitigating the evils of slavery, so as by gradual degrees, to raise their labourers in the scale of intellectual beings, and to fit them for ultimately becoming useful and industrious freemen, instead of remaining, like their African ancestors, in a state of the most dark and cruel barbarism.

Let it not for one moment be supposed, that we are advocates for the continuance of slavery : for on the contrary we declare with Mr. Coleridge, that we are not aware of any other bias in our minds, "except that which may be caused by a native hatred of injustice, and a contempt and disdain of cant and hypocrisy."\*

We may premise, that however much slavery may be considered at variance with the spirit of christianity, every one acquainted with sacred history must know, that after the miraculous emancipation of the Jews from their slavery in Egypt, their lawgiver expressly permitted the holding of heathen slaves, and even the subjection to perpetual bondage of individuals amongst the chosen people themselves.

It is also very remarkable that from the beginning to the end of the New Testament, there is not a single command directly condemning the state of slavery, although during the time of the apostles, it existed throughout the Roman Empire, and slaves were treated with the greatest severity ; but on the contrary it seems, as in the case of Onisimus, the runaway slave of Philemon, that the right of the master over his slave, is specially sanctioned, and many directions as to the duty which even *christian* slaves owe to their masters, are there expressly set forth.

The treatment of slaves in ancient Rome has been so misrepresented by the anti-colonial party in this country, in pursuance of their odious schemes against our West-India colonists, that we consider it necessary to show from undoubted authorities, the nature of Roman slavery ; and

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\* Six Months in the West Indies.

although none of the classic writers give a distinct description of the treatment of Roman slaves, we find by incidental remarks, that masters had an absolute power over their slaves, whom they might scourge or put to death at pleasure; and that this right was exercised with so much severity, especially during the most corrupt ages of the republic, that in the end, laws to restrain it became necessary.\* Tacitus tells us that (A.D. 57.) a decree of the senate, relative to revenge and security, declared that if any one was slain by his slave, execution should be done on the whole! And it appears that (A.D. 61.) *four hundred slaves in one family, without distinction of age, sex, or undoubted innocence, suffered death*, in consequence of the assassination of their master, Pedonius Secundus, by one of their number, from motives of private revenge.† Such were the *mild* laws of the Romans! It further appears that some slaves served as door-keepers, attended by a dog—*both* chained.‡ That slaves were allowed a beggarly quantity of food, and if by presents or otherwise, they became possessed of property, they were obliged to make presents out of their *peculium* to their masters,§ when beaten, they were suspended with a weight tied to their feet, and the common capital punishment up to the time of Constantine was crucifixion. Vedius Pollio, a friend of Augustus, used to throw them into a fish-pond, to be devoured by lampreys.|| At one period, their masters could compel them to fight with wild beasts¶ and incredible numbers were destroyed as gladiators.

“The common lot of slaves in general,” says Dr. Taylor,\*\* (quoted by Parkhurst,) “was with the ancients, in many circumstances very deplorable. They were held *pro nullis, pro mortuis, pro quadrupedibus*: for no men, for dead men, for beasts; nay, were in a much worse state than any cattle whatever. They had no head in the state, no name, tribe, or register. They were not capable of being injured; nor could they take by purchase or descent; had no heirs, and therefore could make no will of course. Exclusive of what was called their *peculium*, whatever they acquired was their master’s. They could not plead, nor be pleaded, but were excluded from all civil concerns whatsoever; were not entitled to the rights and considerations of matrimony, and therefore had no relief in case of adultery; nor were the proper objects of cognation, or affinity. They might be tortured for evidence; punished at the discretion of their lord, and even put to death by his authority; together with many other civil incapacities which I have not room to enumerate.”

“So truly deplorable,” adds Parkhurst, “was the *legal* state of these unhappy persons under the Roman government.”††

If such was the condition of the domestic slaves, the *prædial* were systematically treated with severity the most shocking. They appear to have been habitually worked in chains. Seneca speaks of *Vasta spatia terrarum pervinctos colenda*, and Lipsius, one of his commentators, observes‡‡ “the ancients cultivated, for the most part, all their lands by bound (or linked) slaves.” Juvencius confirms this distinctly;

\* Adams’ Rom: Antiq. p. 37.

† Annal XIII. 32. XIV. 42, et Segg.

‡ Columel, præf. Senec. de Fras. iii. 37.

§ Terent. Phorm. 1. 1. 9.

|| Juv. ut Sup. Cic. in Verr. v. 3, 64, &c.

¶ Plin. ix. 23. S. 39. Dio. liv. 23.

\*\* Modestin. ad leg. Cornel. de Sicar.

†† Elements of Civil Law, pp. 428, 9.

‡‡ “Allegatus Mancissii rura fere omnia colebant Antiqui.”



stating that "they" (the slaves) "usually ploughed the land, carried earth, and performed the other labours of the field, *in chains*."

At night they were shut up in prisons—many of them built underground.\* In old age, they were, even by the Roman Cato, says Archbishop Potter,† "turned out to starve, or allowed to die of hunger. 'A master of a family should sell his old oxen, all his sheep that are not hardy: he should sell his old waggons, and his old instruments of husbandry; he should sell such of his slaves as are old and infirm, and every thing else that is old or useless.'" Up to the time of the Emperor Claudius, "the custom," says Rees, "of exposing old, useless, or sick slaves, in an island of the Tiber, *there to starve*, seems to have been pretty common in Rome." Masters were restrained from liberating more than a very small number of their slaves; and even after manumission the most unjust severity was exercised towards them—such was the system which has, most impudently, been held forth by the "philanthropists" as having been superior to that now prevalent in the British West Indies!

Every additional account of the present state of society in the interior of Africa confirms the melancholy fact, that throughout the whole of that vast continent a state of unmitigated slavery has from the earliest ages been universal:—that it existed prior to the visits of European slave traders; that it now exists, and will undoubtedly continue, although not a single native should in future be carried off from the coast.

We are very far, however, from asserting that the abolition of the slave trade would be an evil; on the contrary, we maintain that until it is entirely put down, the door will remain shut against the introduction of improvement, especially among the brutal and ferocious tribes on the coast.

We have already made an attempt to expose the system of humbug which has for the last forty or fifty years been practised upon the people of this country under pretence of civilizing Africa.‡ We do not believe that that measure can be in the slightest degree accomplished by the *Sierra Leone* system, under all the disadvantages to which it is incident, or by any similar measure; although by maintaining commercial settlements and keeping up a friendly and protective intercourse with those tribes who seem most inclined to cultivate the arts of peace, and by making it their direct interest to maintain good government and to cultivate humanity, we may by degrees pave the way for the introduction of more efficient means of improvement.

Without going fully into the subject at present, however, we shall endeavour to show from the statements of the two latest travellers in Africa, whose works are now before the public, the actual state of society in the interior of that wretched country. We are well aware that a veil has been thrown over the observations of some former travellers in regard to the actual state of the Africans, to meet the taste of the public in regard to the Slave Trade, but as we happen to know something of the manner in which books of travels are in general compiled, we have little difficulty in separating the actual observations of the traveller from those sentiments which emanate from the compiler.

We can scarcely, however, say, that this observation applies to this

\* Rees' Cycl. † Antiquities, b. i. c. 10.

‡ Monthly Magazine for March last.

narrative of Mr. Caillié,\* now before us. That hardy and enduring Frenchman left his country for the African coast in the year 1816, when a mere youth, and joined the unsuccessful expedition under Major Gray and M. Portarrieu. Being obliged to return to France for the recovery of his health, he again sailed for Senegal in 1824, and being strongly imbued with that restless spirit which has cost so many of our countrymen their lives, he obtained some trifling assistance from Baron Roger, and set out for the interior, that he might take up his residence among the Braknas Moors, to learn the Arabic language and something of their religious ceremonies. In the vicinity of N'pâl, he found fields of considerable extent, cultivated with the greatest care by slaves, and that slavery was universal, the slaves performing the whole drudgery of the field and of the camp. "They (the Braknas) treat their slaves with great barbarity, calling them by insulting names, beating them, and requiring a great deal of service in return for very little food, and having no other garment than a sheep-skin. I sometimes protested against the cruelty with which these wretches were treated. 'They are slaves, they are infidels,' was the reply; 'you see that they never pray; they know neither God nor the prophet.'† On a journey, the slaves carry on their heads whatever cannot be laid on oxen; they are ill-treated, ill-fed, and beaten at the caprice of their masters; they are seldom addressed by any name but that of slave. In short, there is no species of vexation which they are not obliged to endure."

After submitting to the greatest privations and being nearly starved to death amongst these beastly people, M. Caillié returned to St. Louis, in the hope that he should be able to obtain assistance from the governor to enable him to follow out his schemes, but having met with a refusal, he proceeded to Sierra Leone. General Turner, and afterwards Sir Neil Campbell, also declined to assist him; but having remained in that colony until he acquired a sum equal to about two thousand francs, he purchased suitable goods, and resuming his Arabian dress, departed for Kakondy, on the Rio Nunez. Here he resided for some time.

He experienced kindness from several European residents, and gives an amusing account of various idolatrous tribes on this part of the coast. Having made such arrangements as he considered necessary, he set out for the interior in April, accompanied by some Mandingoes, slaves, and Foulahs—most of the party carrying enormous burdens. In his progress he passed whole villages of *slaves*, and further on "as we crossed the chain of mountains, I saw the poor negroes *with loads on their heads*, leaping from precipice to precipice,"‡ &c. "The slaves were dreadfully fatigued, they work entirely naked, exposed to the heat of a burning sun. The presence of their masters intimidates them, and the fear of punishment expedites the work, but they make themselves amends in his absence."§

Continuing to pass through the Mandingoe and Foulah country, as an Arab, and approaching the Niger, he every where found the natives ignorant, selfish, irritable, and vindictive.|| "The Mandingoes," says

\* Travels through Central Africa to Timbuctoo, &c. in the years 1824 and 1825, by René Caillié. Colburn and Bentley. 1830.

† Ib. pp. 102, 106.

‡ Ib. pp. 181, 182, 190.

§ Ib. pp. 210, 332.

|| Ib. p. 242.



M. Caillié, "are certainly not fond of the whites, and they hold the name of a Christian in abhorrence."\* These people, be it observed, have long been in communication with Sierra Leone!—"The slaves being regarded by the Mandingoes as their principal wealth, are not ill-treated, their food is the same as that of their masters, though sometimes it is not quite so abundant; they are dressed in a coarse pagne, which they wear to the last rag. They are, however, made "to work hard," and "when it is suspected that a slave intends to run away, irons are put on their legs."† Their masters are described as being "vindictive, inquisitive, envious, liars, importunate, selfish, avaricious, ignorant, and superstitious;"‡ a tolerable catalogue of bad qualities considering the success which has been so much boasted regarding the progress of civilization among these tribes, who are in communication with the British settlements.

Leaving Kankan, and travelling towards the Kong mountains, M. Caillié says, "Among the female slaves who accompanied our caravan, I observed, with pain, girls of twelve or fifteen years old carrying heavy loads of colats on their heads. The poor creatures were unable to endure the fatigue, and sometimes let their burdens fall."§ At Tangrera, he saw slaves at work, quite naked, and the perspiration running down their bodies. At Chesso, having clubbed with his companions to buy a goat, "the negroes, an hour or two after supping upon it, fell to eating the head, half-roasted on the ashes; and after they had gnawed the bones, they gave them to the slaves."||

Arriving at Jenné, he was well received by the resident Moors. He found it an extensive place, well supplied with goods, and carrying on a great traffic. "I observed some shops pretty well supplied with European commodities, which sell at a very high price. They also deal in slaves, whom they send to Taflet, and to other quarters, as Môgador, Tunis, and Tripoli. I have seen men leading those unfortunate beings about the streets, and crying them for sale, at the rate of twenty-five, thirty, or forty thousand cowries, according to their age." Of the treatment of the domestic slaves, in the families of Moors at Jenné, he gives a favourable report; and he found these Moors, (who firmly believed him to be a countryman of their own,) much superior to his first friends, the Braknas. Embarking for Timbuctoo, in a large canoe, "the cargo consisted of various kinds of provisions, twenty slaves, women and children, *the stoutest of whom were in chains.*"¶ He saw slaves cultivating the ground; and about fourteen days after leaving Jenné, those in the boat had their chains removed. "They appeared perfectly happy. They tried to walk, but it was with difficulty that they could move a few steps: for the chains which they had worn since they left Jenné, had wounded their feet. All the negro sailors who navigate the river are slaves." The slaves gave offence to the natives, who are Mahomedans, by dancing at sunset, during the Ramadan, and were each ordered five lashes on the back!

M. Caillié's voyage from Jenné to Timbuctoo, occupied the time from the 13th March to the 20th April. He was well received by the Moor to whom he had been recommended. But the appearance of the city did not come up to his expectations. He found slavery every where prevalent on the banks of the river; and its navigation, and the country

\* Caillié's Travels through Central Africa, &c. p. 265.

† Ib. p. 346. ‡ Ib. p. 353. § Ib. p. 364. || Ib. pp. 413, 458.

¶ Ib. p. 475; Vol. II. pp. 6, 7.

in the vicinity of Timbuctoo, apparently in possession of predatory tribes of Soorgoos or Tooaricks. "The slaves at Timbuctoo are well clothed, and fed, and seldom beaten. They are, nevertheless, regarded as merchandize, and are exported to Tripoli, Morocco, and other parts of the coast."\* He saw two female slaves, who had arrived in the same boat with him, led about the streets for sale. They were dressed to the best advantage, to make them look young. "When I passed them, they looked at me and smiled. They did not appear in the least mortified at being exhibited in the streets for sale. They thought that things should be so, and that they had come into this world to be bought and sold!"† "The slaves are never allowed to go out of the town after sunset, lest they should be carried off by the Tooaricks, who forcibly seize all who fall in their way. The condition of these unhappy beings is then more deplorable than ever. I saw some, in the little canoes, almost naked; and their masters were constantly threatening to beat them."‡

After remaining a fortnight at Timbuctoo, M. Caillié, on the 4th of May, 1828, joined a caravan, about to cross the desert for Tafilet, in the neighbourhood of Morocco. Our limits will not permit us to recount all the barbarities practised upon the slaves during this journey. Suffice it to say, they were constantly treated with the most inconsiderate cruelty. Between Timbuctoo and El-Arawan, a central city in the desert, much frequented by the caravans, M. Caillie passed the spot where Major Laing was murdered by the Moors of the tribe of Zawât, of which circumstance a detailed account is given.§ Leaving El Arawan, on the 19th of May, the caravan, consisting of about fourteen hundred camels, with slaves and merchandize, again pursued its way through the desert. "Nobody suffered more intensely from thirst than the poor little slaves, who were crying for water. Exhausted by their sufferings and their lamentations, these unhappy creatures fell on the ground, and seemed to have no power to rise; but the Moors did not suffer them to continue there long when travelling. Insensible to the sufferings which childhood is so little fitted to support, these barbarians dragged them along with violence, beating them incessantly, till they had overtaken the camels, which were already at a distance."||

Of the ultimate destination of these unfortunates, M. Caillié leaves us in ignorance.

Owing to the selfish and unfeeling conduct of his guide, Sidi-Aly, the traveller endured his full share of misery and privation during the journey through the desert; but he finally succeeded in reaching Morocco, and in placing himself under the protection of the French consulate at Tangier, from whence he was forwarded to his native country, where he has obtained the reward offered for the discovery of the mysterious city of Timbuctoo.

Let us now return to the African coast, and, again landing there, follow the footsteps of honest Richard Lander, the attendant of our lamented friend, the late Captain Clapperton, and the only European survivor of the unfortunate expedition in which that intrepid traveller and his companions, Captain Pearce, and Drs. Dickson and Morrison, perished, keeping in view that our principal object is to shew the state of society,

\* Caillié's Travels through Central Africa, &c. p. 55.

† Ib. p. 63.

‡ Ib. p. 65.

§ Ib. p. 82.

|| Ib. p. 114.



as regards the treatment of slaves, in what we may designate their native country.

The expedition left England on the 27th of August, 1825: on the 21st of October they reached Sierra Leone. "The day after our arrival, I went on shore, and sauntered alone through Freetown, visiting the church and other public buildings. I was grieved to see that sacred edifice converted into a market-place, and buyers and sellers indecently disputing and wrangling in the temple of God. The colony was rather sickly, and the great number of deaths which had recently taken place, sufficiently attested the extreme unhealthiness of that immense 'charnel-house.' " \*

The *Brazen* sailed for Cape Coast on the 27th: on the 7th of the following month they had a visit from the King of the Kroomen. "He wore a necklace of *gris-gris*, (charms or amulets), made of leather, in the merits of which he seemed to repose implicit confidence, believing himself the most fortunate of men in having it in his possession; and as long as this was the case, he asserted neither demon nor human being could in anywise injure him." †

One of his attendants, equally superstitious, was displeased that Lander would not prove the virtues of the amulet he wore, by discharging a loaded musket at his breast! We would not specially notice these superstitious opinions, so universally prevalent throughout Africa, were it not that the implicit reliance of the natives upon their efficacy, is another proof of the failure of all our attempts to enlighten even those natives who are in immediate communication with settlements formed, and kept up principally with a view of dispelling these delusions.

The expedition arrived at Cape Coast Castle on the 14th September, and on the following day proceeded to Accra, Papoe, and Whydah, where Dr. Dickson was put on shore.

Subsequently the *Brazen* proceeded to Badagry, at which place the other travellers were disembarked on the 29th November.

The number of slave vessels captured, seen, and heard of by the *Brazen* during this short voyage, amply confirm the statements we have repeatedly made of the great extent to which the contraband slave trade is still carried on.

After an abundance of feasting and foolery with King Adolee of Badagry, the expedition was escorted up a branch of the Lagos river by that beastly savage and a guard. The travellers seem at first to have imprudently exposed themselves to the dews by sleeping in the open air; and next day, the extortion of the native chiefs, and the want of bearers to carry the luggage, commenced. Sickness in a few days began to assail our countrymen; and, in less than a month from the time of their landing, Captain Clapperton and Lander left the town of Engwa the only survivors!

Passing through a beautiful country and a variety of villages, they rested two days at Chiddoo, to allow the Captain and Mr. Houtson (who had joined them since leaving Engwa) to recover from the severe indisposition which had assailed them.

On the 12th of January they proceeded, attended great part of the way by crowds of natives, and going over a rocky ridge, on which is situated the town of Cheki, they passed several Fellatah villages to Soc-

\* *Records of Clapperton's last Expedition to Africa.* By Richard Lander. Colburn and Bentley, 1830.

† *Ib.* p. 24.

cassoo; and the natives supposing they were on a mission to restore peace between the King of Yariba and some slaves who had rebelled and set his authority at defiance, they were every where well received. Continuing to traverse a populous country, "on the road we met several hundreds of men, women, and children, with heavy loads on their heads, who had been travelling the whole of the night, and who appeared so greatly fatigued as to be scarcely able to drag their lazy limbs after them." They were carefully watched by overseers (one to each fifty) who were all armed, and made the weary travellers quicken their pace by threats of punishment, whenever they observed them loitering behind.\* Our travellers were well received at Katunga by Mansola, the King of Yariba, who appointed a thievish gorman-dizing old eunuch to provide for their wants. Here they were detained in a friendly manner about seven weeks. Mr. Houtson returned to the coast, where he died shortly afterwards.

Leaving Katunga on the 6th, they passed through several villages which had been pillaged and burnt by the Fellatahs, and entered the city of Khiama on the 14th, which they quitted on the 18th, and joined a Houssa caravan, with which they travelled to Wow-wow, the capital of a province of the same name, enjoying a considerable trade. Manchester and some other English goods being plentiful.

One of their customs would, we fear, scarcely please the Anti-slavery Society: "when a husband dies, the wives who have not born him children *are sold*."† In crossing the Menai, a branch of the Quorra, to Boussa, the spot where Mungo Park and his companions perished, was pointed out, and the manner of their death circumstantially detailed.‡ "The day after their arrival at Tabria, the Fellatahs left Coulfra for Soc-cassu, with a thousand slaves, some of them prisoners taken in a civil war which was raging in Nyffé. The health of our travellers had been so much impaired, that they found it necessary to remain some time at Coulfra to recruit."

At Kano, one of the most considerable cities in Soudan, they first heard of the war between the Bornouese and Fellatahs, which induced Captain Clapperton to proceed to Soccatoo, the capital, leaving Lander with the presents for the Sheikh of Bornou, at Kano. That city, one of the most considerable in Soudan, is intersected from east to west by a large morass, the common receptacle of all the filth of the place. "The dead bodies of slaves are frequently cast into this morass, exposed to the action of the air, or visits of birds of prey; and it is truly shocking to observe their mangled members in a state of decomposition, and their fleshless bones bleaching in the sun in the very heart of the city. This painful and disgusting spectacle I was oftentimes obliged to be a witness to; a week rarely passing without one or more of these unregretted corpses being flung into the common receptacle."—"I saw a slave at Kano, whose fore teeth were cut and pointed; the man's appearance was most ferocious; and so sullen and reserved was he, that he refused to answer any interrogations that were put to him; I was inclined to think that he had perpetrated some flagrant crime, as he was so far on his way to Bagadry, *whither he would not have been sent if his character were not of the very worst description*."§

The Sultan, Bello, having determined to possess himself of the

\* Records, &c. p. 191.    † Ib. p. 138.    ‡ Ib. p. 147.    § Ib. p. 218.



presents intended for the Sheikh of Bornou, caused it to be intimated to Lander that it was his master's desire that he also should come to Soccattoo, for which place he set out on the 25th November, and fell into the power of the Fellatah Sultan in the end of December.

Speaking of the laws and customs of the country, Lander points out several crimes which are sufficient to reduce free men to slavery.

"Slaves guilty of theft, or, indeed, of almost any other crime, are uniformly decapitated in Yariba, without the benefit of trial."\* "Slavery, from time immemorial, has flourished in every nation, and amongst every people in the interior countries, and seems to be implanted so deeply in the soil, that the slightest hope cannot be entertained of its being speedily outrooted. Those sent to the sea-side from the interior are *invariably the scum and refuse of the country—freebooters, lawless refractory fellows, adulterers, and even murderers.*" "I have often seen disobedient slaves, and slaves offered for sale, singing in chains and dancing in fetters, suffering at the same time under a loathsome disease, and an accumulation of misery, the very *thoughts* of which would melt, even to tears, a sympathizing English philanthropist" (not, we fear, unless the slave had in the first place been sent to our West India Colonies, then, we grant, the *regular philanthropists* would make a noise indeed; but so long as slaves remain in their own country, King Adolee, or king any body else, may flay them alive, or cut off their heads by the dozen, without any of the present African "philanthropists" interfering!) "In their toilsome journeyings from one part of the country to another, the *captured* slaves undergo incredible hardships, yet when they arrive at the end of their march, all their woes are buried for ever in a calabash of *pitto* or *otee*, and they are as merry and thoughtless a day or two afterwards as they ever were." On the coast, however, things wear a different and far less agreeable aspect; the slaves there are mostly captured from the neighbouring states, and suddenly losing their darling amusements, become melancholy and pensive on shipboard," &c. Honest Richard, or his compiler, makes some further observations, which appear quite at variance with the whole tenour of the events that came under his notice. "Upon the whole," says he, "I should consider the situation of the domestic slave of Africa (their relative feelings compared) to be more enviable than that of the household servant of Europe, inasmuch as a feeling of dependence never enters the mind of the former," &c. (they want the anti-slavery reporter to enlighten them!)—and he talks of the condition of the slaves of the European planter, and of their writhing in agony under "the excoriating lash of the unfeeling planter," as wisely as if he really had been for years in the pay of the Anti-colonial society. It is true, he says, he visited *St. Domingo* in his youth, and was servant to Major Colebrooke, one of the commissioners of inquiry sent to the *Cape of Good Hope*, but this we believe to be the utmost extent of his knowledge of colonial subjects, and that he is as little acquainted with the treatment of slaves in the British colonies, as with *Plutarch* and the *Athenian's* character, learnedly put as the commencement of his next chapter.

The treacherous sultan, Bello, having succeeded in obtaining possession of the presents and letter intended for the Sheikh of Bornou, seems afterwards to have paid little attention to our travellers. On the 13th of April, Captain Clapperton sunk under the united influence of disap-

\* Records, &c. p. 284.

pointment and disease; his grave was dug by four slaves, who kept quarrelling and fighting during the time that poor Lander was reading the funeral service. On the 4th of May, Lander, after being plundered of the remaining property, by order of the sultan, was allowed to depart, and shortly afterwards joined a caravan proceeding to Kashna. He had nearly perished in the "gooher bush," and thus relates the cruel death of fifty slaves who had been brought as a present to the sultan, but were rejected by him. "The young Fetallah, to whom I owe my life, came to me on the 7th, and informed me that the whole of the slaves of the King of Jacoba being missing, a party of horsemen had been sent in quest of them, and were just returned with the shocking intelligence of having seen thirty-five of their dead bodies lying along the road, and that hundreds of vultures were already hovering over them; the other fifteen could not be found, but were strongly suspected of having shared in the same fate. These unfortunate creatures had the task of carrying loads on their heads the day before, but being unable to keep up with the pace of the camels were necessarily obliged to be left behind, and thus perished miserably of thirst and fatigue."\*

Arriving at Kano on the 25th of May, he left it on the 29th, proceeding to Coulfa, in Nyffë. On our journey we met, on the 8th of June, on their way to Soccattoo, as a tax paid to Sultan Bello from a neighbouring country, thirty slaves—men, women and children, who were all ill with the small-pox. The males were tied to each other by the neck, with thongs made of twisted bullock's hide, but the women and children were unconfined; notwithstanding the loathsome disease that hung upon those poor wretches, they all appeared merry, thoughtless and happy, as though they had been enjoying their freedom in perfect health!" The inhabitants of Bowchee go perfectly naked, "they sell their children as slaves to the greatest strangers in the world, with no greater remorse of conscience than if they had been common articles of merchandize."† And he relates a very pathetic occurrence which took place under his own eye,—of a mother selling her daughter for a necklace of beads! At Cattup, "slaves as well as bullocks and sheep, are exposed in the market, which is held daily."‡

Forced to turn aside to satisfy the curiosity of the King of Zeg-Zeg, who received him kindly, he again resumed his journey for the coast, attended by one male and two female slaves, whom he had purchased or received in presents to supply the place of hired people, *upon whom he found by experience that no dependance could be placed!* He reached Coulfa on the 14th of August, where he was kindly received amidst lamentations for the death of his late master. Leaving Coulfa on the 20th, and crossing the Niger two or three days afterwards, he entered Wowwow on the 24th, and was detained there till the 3d of September, when proceeding through Khiama to Katunga, Mansolah, the king, again received him kindly, visited him with five hundred of his two thousand wives, each armed with a small spear, and lamented the death of Clapperton, singing a dirge for that event. Lander affirms that it is the law of the country to send all the most beautiful young girls as wives to the king." "Cats are becoming so scarce in Yariba, by reason of the bitter persecution that is carried on against them unceasingly by the *half starved slaves*, that they are seldom seen, and in the course of a few years, in all probability, these useful animals will be wholly exter-

\* Records, &amp;c. Vol. ii. p. 95.

† Ib. p. 114.

‡ Ib. p. 119.



minated.”\* These wretched people (the slaves), both from necessity and inclination, eat lizards, rats, and the most abominable offal. Aged and infirm people are exposed with indifference in the country, to die or be devoured by wild beasts, as it may happen. Slaves are called by all manner of names of beasts, birds or reptiles, such as “woman vulture,” “snake,” &c.

Leaving the filthy feeders of Katunga, Lander arrived at Engwâ on the 8th of November. On the 21st he reached Badagry, having everywhere been well treated on his way back to the coast.

The shocking brutality and pitiless conduct of the savage and blood-thirsty Badagrians, is painted in the most horrid colours by Lander. It is one of the principal marts for selling slaves to the Portuguese. “It not unfrequently happens that the market is either overstocked with human beings, or no buyers are to be found; in which case the maintenance of the unhappy slaves devolves solely on the government. The expense incurred by this means is oftentimes murmured against by the king, who shortly afterwards causes an examination to be made, when the sickly, as well as the old and infirm, are carefully selected, and chained by themselves in one of the factories, (five of which, containing upwards of one thousand slaves of both sexes, were at Badagry, during my residence there); and next day the majority of these poor wretches are pinioned, and conveyed to the banks of the river, where having arrived, a weight of some sort is appended to their necks, and, being rowed in canoes to the middle of the stream, they are flung into the water, and left to perish by the pitiless Badagrians. Slaves who, for other reasons, are rejected by the merchants, undergo the same punishment, or are left to endure more lively torture at ‘the sacrifices:’ by which means, hundreds of human beings are annually destroyed.”† The account Lander gives of the Fetish-hut and Fetish-tree, are truly horrid. Thieves, and other offenders, together with the remnant of the unpurchased slaves, who are not drowned along with their companions in misfortune and misery, are reserved by the Badagrians, to sacrifice to their gods; which horrid ceremony takes place once a month. Prisoners taken in war are also immolated to appease the manes of the soldiers of Adolee slain in battle.” The atrocious manner of their murder is too horrid for description, and yet all this takes place within reach of British influence. But the Anti-slavery Society, who are, in some measure, to blame for a part of these atrocities,‡ prefer urging upon our government measures, which, if adopted, would destroy that degree of comfort and civilization which the expatriated Africans and their descendants now enjoy in our colonies, and cause great loss to their countrymen, instead of turning their attention to this legitimate object of humanity—the mitigation of horrid barbarities in Africa itself. The Portuguese, or Brazilian slave-trade, is no longer legal either north or south of the line; and if the African Society were to turn their attention to the means of utterly abolishing it, they would deserve the thanks and support of the true friends of humanity, instead of sinking into that contempt and insignificance which is the certain result of their present pursuits!

To return to Lander, after being placed in great danger by the jealousy of the Portuguese slave agents, and obliged, by the fanatical natives, to undergo the trial by poison, he at last succeeded in getting away from

\* Records, &c. p. 207.

† *Ib.* p. 250.

‡ Our reasons for this assertion are stated in the Magazine for last month, pp. 289, 209.

this part of the African coast, and, landing at Cape Coast Castle, saw his faithful slaves comfortably settled there. He afterwards embarked with Pasko, a rascally African, who had attended the expedition from its commencement, in the *Esk* sloop-of-war, and, after a circuitous voyage, reached England in April, 1828. We were much pleased with the gentle simplicity of his manner and address, both previous to his sailing, and after his return from Africa. He has since proceeded on a second expedition (accompanied by a younger brother), to endeavour to trace the course of the Niger from Fundah to Benin. We wish him every success, and will hail the second arrival of 'Nassarah Curramee' (the *little christian*) in his native country with the greatest satisfaction.

The correctness of our views in regard to the total inadequacy of the measures hitherto adopted for the suppression of the slave-trade, and the civilization of Africa, through our establishments at Sierra Leone, is amply confirmed by the present state of society in the interior, as described by the travellers from whose books we have made extracts.

M. Caillié, in particular, having assumed the character of an Arab, had a good opportunity of ascertaining the actual opinions of the superstitious and deceitful natives, in regard to the English character and religion. He found them everywhere wedded to Islamism, or their native superstitions; and that their only motive for occasionally visiting the settlements on the coast was, to extract as much as possible from the 'Kafirs.'

We have already so fully stated our opinions on this subject,\* that it seems unnecessary to enlarge further upon it. The truth of the predictions contained in the full and candid, but *long suppressed*, explanatory letter of Governor Ludlam to Mr. Zachary Macauley, dated Fort Thornton, April 14, 1807, are now in most points fully confirmed. Speaking of the probable consequences of the Abolition of the Slave Trade, he truly states that "*under a luke-warm government, smuggling may be practised to any extent:*" and we have seen the extent to which *it is* practised by foreigners! We, moreover, do not hesitate to state our opinion, that if his Majesty's Ministers remain luke-warm as to its being so continued, and do not speedily adopt measures to avert the destruction of the agriculture of our own colonies, even British subjects will not be deterred by any consequences from assisting foreigners in the continuance of this now cruelly conducted trade. "To abolish the Slave Trade," says Governor Ludlam, "will not prevent the Africans from remaining a savage and uncivilized people. To abolish the Slave Trade is not to abolish the violent passions which now find vent in that particular direction. Were it to cease, the misery of Africa would arise from other causes; but it does not follow that Africa would be less miserable: she might even be less miserable, and yet be savage and uncivilized. "This will, doubtless, be acknowledged: and it may be asked, why I repeat so obvious a truth. I answer, because the writings of the abolitionists have a contrary impression. They speak of the darkness in which *we* have kept Africa, and of the happiness which we may now look forward to, as if it were an unquestionable fact that Africa would have been civilized, had it not been for the Slave Trade: nay, further, that civilization, Christianity, and happiness, are now to be looked forward to as the natural effects of abolition!" We recollect

\* Vide "Sierra Leone and the Slave Trade," Monthly Mag. for March last, p. 234.



a forcible expression of Captain Clapperton, when conversing on the subject of the introduction of the Christian religion, after his return from his first expedition, which shows the opinion he entertained of the progress it was likely to make in Africa, opposed to Islamism: "Give me thirty thousand bayonets," said he, "and in a few years I will produce you *some millions of Christians*, but as to any other methods of conversion"—!! Such was the judgment he had formed of the mental qualities of the Africans.

"In the next place I would observe," says Governor Ludlam, "that the administration of every African government must become extremely severe, if not extremely bloody. When so effectual a punishment as slavery is done away, which yet, as it sheds no blood, is readily executed on petty criminals and in doubtful cases, severe punishments and more terrible examples must be introduced. Every ancient institution, the power of every hereditary chief must now be sustained by blood, instead of slavery:—the injured party must make war, and kill his neighbour's people for revenge, since he cannot sell them for satisfaction!"

We must defer till another opportunity the observations we intended to offer on a further report of proceedings at Sierra Leone, recently published; and also on the present condition of slaves in the United States of America. We think enough has been said to prove the cruel character of slavery in Ancient Rome and in Modern Africa. We would earnestly recommend to the African Institution and others, to turn their attention to the evils which afflict humanity in the latter quarter of the globe, and to the means of finally abolishing the contraband trade in slaves.

We trust his Majesty's ministers now see the errors into which their predecessors were led by the abolitionists; and that so far as it is possible to relieve the country from useless expenditure, and to induce France and other powers to adopt effectual measures for putting an end to the Slave Trade, it will be done. But these measures will be incomplete, unless at the same time means are adopted to sustain the industry of our colonies, so as to diminish the temptation to raise foreign sugars by means of new slaves.

So far as we can at present judge, it is through the great rivers falling into the Bights of Benin and Biafra that any effectual communication with the interior of Africa can be opened, and we are glad to perceive that by recent accounts from Fernando Po, operations were diligently continued to improve the salubrity of that island, and render it fit for the reception of the population which we shortly expect to see removed to it.

We hope, in a few years, especially should Lander return and be able to point out the entrance to one or more of the principal rivers, to see steam-boats and other vessels starting from Fernando Po, provided with proper accommodation to screen the passengers from the malignant effects of the heat and moisture, penetrating a considerable way into the interior and more healthy parts of Africa, where, in time, such factories might be established as would not only open fresh sources of commerce, but might contribute more effectually to just ideas of the power of the British, and the civilization of the natives, than all those expensive establishments on the coast, which have caused us such an immense loss of men and money.

COLONEL VERNON ; OR, THE WARNING VOICE : A TALE OF THE  
CIVIL WARS.BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LOLLARDS;" "CALTHORPE;" "THE WITCH-  
FINDER," &c.

"BRIEF is the date of human happiness, and they who boast that felicity is theirs, should evermore be prepared for an awful change."

It was the venerable Herbert who spoke, and it was while the bride, deeply impressed with the solemnity of the marriage vow, which she had but that moment pronounced, faintly replied to the kind speeches of congratulating friends, that these words were poured into the ears of Isabel. In the cloudless brow of the bridegroom, and in the beauteous eyes of the bride, he saw, that, happy then, they looked for long years of uninterrupted bliss. The esteemed pastor wished to bring down their transports to the sober level of reason. He reminded them that when solemnizing marriage rites, the Jews, in memory of the destruction of their temple, break a goblet, to show how soon the brightest objects on earth are annihilated. He cautioned them against being too sanguine, that, fortified by a just and salutary apprehension, should sorrow approach, they might endure without dismay. The kind spirit of him who spoke, beamed in his countenance, and the gentle tone of admonition falling

"Soft as the dew from heaven descends,"

from the revered lips which had just pronounced the nuptial benediction was as respectfully received as it was piously intended. Yet those on whom it was bestowed, felt that if ever it were permitted for mortal to calculate on happiness, *they* might indulge the hope without presumption.

Theirs was the union of affection, of affection founded on reason ; as its basis was a long and intimate knowledge of each other's minds and virtues. High and powerful connections each could claim, and all approved of the union of the families of Vernon and Bolingbroke.

The civil war which eventually cost Charles the First his crown and life, was then raging : but even this circumstance, however sad for the nation, seemed fortunate for Colonel Vernon. His valour in the field, had already gained him the fame of a loyal subject and a gallant soldier, nor did he doubt but the perfect triumph of the royal cause, would eventually yield him additional laurels and higher honours.

Days and months of domestic happiness and professional success, were his, and he would sometimes recal to Isabel the warning voice of the venerable churchman, by the exulting remark, "We have known happiness, but not the awful change." The growing fame of Vernon pointed him out as a fit person to be entrusted with the command of Bletchington House, then deemed a fortress of some importance. Isabel had often seen her husband depart for the field, and lamented that she could not accompany him ; but it was possible for her to share the danger and the glory of his present duty, and she determined not to separate from him. The garrison was so well provided, that Vernon anticipated no catastrophe. He consented to her being his companion, and Isabel with her infant, just then beginning to walk, took up their abode in Bletchington House.

Nothing could exceed the ardour felt by Vernon and the men under his command. The knights in the olden time, panted not with more



romantic eagerness, to gain the victor's prize from the presiding beauty of the tournament, than did he and his soldiers to prove their valour in the presence of Isabel. An attempt was made to carry the place by storm, but it was repulsed with such loss, as taught the soldiers of Cromwell, that they had to deal with no common foe. Every summons to surrender, was answered with stern defiance, and despairing of success by other means, the rebels at length turned the siege into a blockade.

Great was the exultation within the walls when this was known. Long before the ample stores providently collected, could be exhausted, Vernon was satisfied that the king would arrive. All were animated by the same resolution: all were determined to resist to the last extremity. We will not give in detail the incidents which occurred, and the conversations which passed, while exultation resolved itself into sober confidence, and while confidence became mingled with doubt, nor those which followed, when doubt gave way, not to fear for his personal safety, for that Colonel Vernon could not know, but to excruciating apprehension for the fate of his men and the cause of his monarch. Suffice it to say, that the relief expected, arrived not—that with all the care he could use, food became scarce and the garrison began to murmur that they were content to lay down their lives in the field, but not to submit to be starved to death.

One appeal he determined to make to the enemy. The royalists had on some occasions humanely allowed the females and children who were in besieged places to withdraw. This favour he now solicited. Before giving an answer, the puritans said it would be necessary to “seek the Lord in prayer” and a messenger of their own would announce the result.

With some satisfaction he learned on the following morning, that a Round-head messenger claimed to be admitted. He immediately gave orders that the puritan should be conducted, blindfolded, to the apartment in which he sat. This was done, and the soldier of Cromwell stood before him.

The bandage removed from his eyes, the man who was of godly repute, and who, according to the whim of the time, had a most godly name, being called “Fight-for-the-faith-Fletcher,” with little ceremony thus delivered himself.

“Forasmuch as thou, William Vernon, being a man of blood and a great backslider, hast often in battle proved a slayer of God’s people, *the Lord of Hosts shalt stir up a scourge for thee, according to the slaughters of Midian, at the rock of Oreb, and none of the ungodly shall pass hence but as captives to the servants of the Lord.*”

“Enough,” said Vernon haughtily; “return, and say to your commander that should our situations ever be reversed, I despise the example which he has thought fit to set, too much to follow it.”

The puritan calmly replied,

“*Let the high praises of God be in the mouths of his saints, and a two edged sword in their hands, to execute vengeance upon the heathen and punishment upon the people: to bind their kings with chains and their nobles with fetters of iron, to execute upon them the judgments written: this honour have all his saints.*”

“Away, madman and blasphemer!” Vernon indignantly exclaimed, and Fight-for-the-faith-Fletcher was removed.

The distress within the walls became horrible, and the heart of

Vernon seemed bursting in his bosom, when he saw Isabel, once so gay, so lovely and so bright, reduced to a pallid and emaciated spectre. Long silent, her eyes alone seemed to reproach his stern decision, but eventually duty as a mother, made her plead with nature's eloquence, not for herself, but for her child. She pointed to the famished soldiers, and called on her husband not vainly to sacrifice them. Thus to act, she argued, was not loyalty but fatuity, as it destroyed those who might otherwise become at a future day the defenders of their king. He lent a deaf ear to her touching representations; but at last her imploring voice, the clamours of his starving men, and perhaps the feelings of a parent, unconsciously moving him to save his offspring, vanquished resolution. He consented to capitulate, and obtained what, under the circumstances, seemed very favourable terms. On giving up the place, his soldiers were allowed to march out with the honours of war, and having grounded their arms, to go where they pleased. Bitter was the anguish and regret of Vernon, when the true cause of this moderation became apparent, and when it was made known to him that a strong body of royalists, were on their way to relieve Bletchington House, who within the next four and twenty hours, would have compelled the Parliamentary force to retire.

Though Isabel shared the sorrow of her husband, at learning that the king's forces were so near, she still exulted in having saved his life. From the extremity of suffering, previously endured, she doubted if he could have survived another day. The expediency of surrendering the place under such circumstances, was, to her mind, so indisputably established, that, even when a court martial had been called at Oxford, she looked forward to the result without dismay, and confidently anticipated an honourable acquittal for Vernon.

The court did not close its proceedings till midnight. No messenger announced the result to Isabel. The absence of special intelligence was satisfactory. That Vernon should be exonerated, was a matter of course.

And when it was signified to her on the following morning, that the prisoner desired to see her, she still felt assured his detention was but a matter of form, and approached him with a smile.

"It is past," he sadly remarked; "your fond anxiety to save my life, has destroyed me."

"Destroyed you, Vernon! Can the court doubt?"

"No, Isabel; they do not doubt. Their decision has been pronounced: it is recorded, and I am lost."

"How! Are you not restored? Is it possible that their decision can be unfavourable?"

"It is even so; and I am proclaimed a coward to the world!"

"And if the world be mean and miserable enough to credit the calumny, then, my Vernon, leave such a world."

"I must leave it."

"And do so without regret; for it merits not your care. Renounce it for ever—despise the phantom fame, and live but to love and Isabel."

"He who is bereft of fame and honour, can have no occasion for life. You, Isabel, must feel this. Start not, then, while I announce what I judged you must have previously learned:—I am sentenced to die!"

Isabel was little prepared for the awful intelligence, that the court had condemned Vernon to death.



"Can it—can it be possible!" she exclaimed, "that my Vernon is to die, and to die for having saved the brave men under his command?"

"Such is my fate—summon your fortitude in the last sad hour; and in the days which are coming, when this poor form shall rest beneath the peaceful sod, remember Vernon."

"Oh! speak not thus! Tell me not that there is no hope of mercy."

"Nay, Isabel, court no vain delusion: before yon sun declines, I shall be no more. Had it been my lot to fall in the field, my last moments would have been cheered by the thought that my death, even if not illustrated by triumph, was that of a soldier; but it is sad to suffer as a culprit: to know that my Isabel will be pointed at as the widow of a recreant, and that my boy will succeed to an inheritance of shame."

"The thought is madness, and I, *I* am the wretched cause of all!—But for my voice—my fatal eloquence—it had been yours to live to hope, to happiness, and to glory! But will the monsters give no pause for further inquiry?"

"By my especial desire the preparations for the final scene have been expedited. Be firm—be yourself, my Isabel; and let it be some consolation to that bleeding heart, to reflect, that if Vernon have failed in his duty, he yet can prove that he fears not to die."

"But tell me not that we meet for the last time."

"Subdue agitation, nor let your emotion shake me in this important hour.—When the fatal ball shall have done its part, if the enfranchised soul may seek what it loved on earth, mine shall still hover near you; when the evening star beams with lustre on that bright eye, let it represent my spirit ever waking to guard Isabel from harm; and when the gentle breeze of spring softly agitates those ebon ringlets, believe that it is Vernon thus signifies his presence."

"Oh! misery!"

"And when life's duties performed, my Isabel reclines on the bed of death, I, so faithful love dare hope, will still be near to sustain the fainting sufferer, to usher her into a new state of being, and to join her unsullied spirit as it journeys to heaven."

"Yet tell me not that we part so soon,—that yet a few moments and we must separate for ever."

"No: it shall not be for ever. In a happier state of being, above the sky, among the spirits of the perfect just, we yet shall meet. Our love was never earthly in its character, and it shall prove immortal."

It was at this moment that Herbert, who, as one of the king's chaplains, was then in attendance at Oxford, entered.

"Reverend Sir, you are welcome," said Vernon. "It was you who, in the most blissful moment of my existence, wisely admonished me, that I should hold myself prepared for an awful change, and much I thank you for coming now, to fit me for my passage."

Herbert turned aside to conceal the tears which he could not repress.

"My object," he at length said, "in coming hither, was to assist this fair one through the trying scene of the day. A holy man waits in another apartment to administer to you all the sacred consolation, which religion can yield to a weak mortal in his last hour."

"And must he go now?" Isabel wildly demanded. "If the murderous sentence is to be executed, let me perish by his side."

"This may not be," cried Vernon. "Were it even permitted by authority, the solemn duties which devolve on the only remaining parent

of a fatherless child, would bind my Isabel to life, if she love the name of Vernon. Now, dearest, take my last embrace. Restrain your tears, and still that throbbing bosom. Be assured on you my thoughts will rest while life remains, and for you, my prayers will ascend, even in that moment, when my emancipated soul leaves its mortal home."

Scarcely conscious of what she did, Isabel clung to her husband in frantic agony.

"This is not well," he exclaimed, with sternness. The altered tone of his voice thrilled her.

"Take the dear one," he added, with relenting tenderness, gently putting her from him. Herbert received the interesting charge.

"Stay, Vernon," cried Isabel.

"It must not be," he replied, "or want of courage will be said to disgrace my last hour. Our adieus have been exchanged, the parting blessing has been breathed, and I have nothing now to do on earth—but—to die, as becomes a soldier and a man."

While speaking he withdrew; and when Isabel, who had for a moment raised her hand to her forehead, to conceal her tears, would have looked on him again, she saw him not.

"Is he gone!" she exclaimed. "Is that generous heart to be stilled for ever, and by command of that sovereign, for whom, on the battle field, its best blood had cheerfully been shed?"

"Daughter, it is deemed necessary that the severe rules of military discipline should be upheld, even at the expence of human life."

"But shall *he* be the victim of relentless principle who only acted on the suggestions of prudence, where valour could nothing avail. Oh, Sir! there has been base slander at work; the king is deceived. Yet why, feeling this, do I tarry here! I will to his majesty! No force shall bar me from him. I will prove that Vernon has been calumniated."

She advanced towards the door. Herbert opposed her progress.

"Nay, Madam, this may not be—you must not seek the king. Believe me, all that you would say in Vernon's favour, has already been said."

"Sir! you are cruel, thus to bar my passage. Who could plead for the devoted soldier like his wife?"

"*He* might be heard with more attention, whose representations would seem to flow from a love of truth, rather than from affection."

"Yet let me go. Oh, this is monstrous! not to permit a wretched wife to sue for mercy!"

"Were I not sure the effort must be vain, I would support your present resolution. But the king's mind, I say it not on light grounds, is made up, and he is not to be moved."

"My anguish will touch his heart, and Vernon may live."

"Believe me sincere when I say it—were I not certain, certain as that I stand here a breathing sinner, that your seeking the royal presence cannot, by possibility, benefit your husband, I would not restrain you."

"Sir, you forget that the wisest and holiest of men have erred, and your reason, in other matters most excellent, may here be defective. Then never tell me that the king may not be induced by tears, by reason, and by startling facts, to change his purpose."

"Again, I say, the effort cannot serve Vernon. Therefore be calm."—

"Calm! nay, speak not thus. Man of God! can musing on heaven have dissolved in thy heart all sympathy with earth. Shall a wife be



serenely resigned, while it is possible that her tears and prayers may save him to whom her faith is pledged, from being murdered?"

"This language you must not hold. Vernon has been sentenced by a competent court, and even his death should not be named a murder."

"Nay, but it is murder—the foulest murder, and may avenging furies pursue those who have willed it! may a God of justice, hurl his red lightning on the blood-hounds; and may each wretched monster's dying prayer for mercy, be visibly rejected, that the sinner, even here, may see the world of torments in which the great actors in a world of crime, will find their eternal home. For the king ——"

"Hold!" exclaimed Herbert, who had previously attempted, but in vain, to interrupt the course of her despair. "Sin not against Heaven, by impiously arraiguing its vicegerent on earth. Late repentance, were this persisted in, would overtake thee, and gnaw thy bosom's inmate with remorse. His majesty is all goodness."

"If it be so, then why am I, with coldly cruel admonition, and even by force, restrained from seeking to know and to acknowledge it?"

"For reasons good, which I now attend to unfold, if your impetuous sorrow will give them audience."

"I want not to know the reasons by which heartless men, can bring themselves to approve of shedding guiltless blood."

"Nor are such likely to gain utterance from my tongue. Yet will I vindicate the goodness of my king: he would not suffer the innocent to perish, and his ear is ever open to the voice of supplication."

"Yet but now you said, that with respect to my beloved Vernon, his mind was made up, and that nought could save his life."

"Daughter, I told you that to petition the king would be of no avail. This do I now repeat, and with fullest confidence—with irrevocable firmness; because——and now, poor mourner! let thy heart be prepared—for the words which linger on my tongue will thrill it to its core."

"Ha! is it so?—Because—so thou art about to say—Vernon, my brave husband, has already met his cruel fate. Break, wretched heart!—my husband is no more!"

"It is not so—he still lives."

"But is now, even in this moment, to die!"

"He lives, and is—so I hope—destined long to survive."

"Indeed! Blest sound! Welcome chains and dungeons, so his life be spared!"

"He will be restored free as he has ever been, enthralled only by those chains which love and Isabel, have twined around his heart."

"Thy voice is gentle, but still I tremble at thy words. Yet thou—thou who art a holy man, would not mock a weak sufferer. But I fear my feelings delude me, and that I have imagined sounds to come from thy lips, which were not uttered."

"Be tranquil and be happy; Vernon is *not* to suffer."

"Oh, blissful tidings! Then let my heart swell with rapture! But say what meant your speech lately? Even now it tingles in my ears, as it burst on my startled sense, when, like the life-devouring *kamsin* of the desert, it seemed to burn and blast me as it came, while you announced, that the king would not be moved."

"This did I tell, because he had already pardoned Vernon."

"Bless him, Heaven!"

"It became my duty, being in attendance on his majesty, to make him

acquainted with all the sad incidents which had caused the loss of Bletchington House ; and eventually I satisfied his royal mind that, faithful to his duty, Vernon had only capitulated, when that duty forbade him to sacrifice the lives of gallant men by useless resistance."

"I cannot thank you, Sir, with my tongue, for my bounding heart is striving to burst forth to do that office. Yet tell me, if Vernon be pardoned, why is he not here? and why—I shudder while I recal it—why was he taken hence?"

"As yet he knows not that he is to be spared. The king suspects that your beauty and distress, had some undue influence on his mind, and therefore willed that, to make a salutary impression on the young soldier, all the preparations should go on for the execution. It is only at the last moment, that his pardon will be announced."

"Indeed! My poor Vernon! Then even now he thinks that we shall meet no more? O! what a storm of joy, will he prove—!"

Here the sound of a drum was heard: it ceased abruptly.

"What means that sound?" inquired Isabel.

"That is the muffled drum. The sound is now repeated, and will be so at intervals; such being the custom at a military execution."

"I hear soft, but solemn music."

"That is the psalm tune, which makes part of the ceremonial when the prisoner approaches the awful spot, destined to be his grave."

"The sounds are mournful, but yet soothing. Ah! what had they been, had I not learned that Vernon is not to die? Though ever intrepid, I know his fond heart is sad at leaving me. Yet I repine not that he is deceived, reflecting how vast, how pure, his joy will be anon, when he shall learn that he is not to be consigned to the gloom of the sepulchre; but that, restored to those he loves, he may still look on the green fields, the blue sky, and all the glories of nature."

"Objects still more dazzling and sublime," said Herbert, "I hope will occupy his mind—the goodness of that Deity, who——"

"Who spares his being! O! yes, kind Sir! reprove me not for dwelling on objects, glorious to the mortal sense; for to contemplate these will be devotion; as what can my Vernon see of the Creator's magnificence, which will not remind him of his mercy?"

"So would I hope."

"Sir, methinks it is past hoping. My breast glows with ineffable delight, and is overflowing with rapture. But hark! I hear a step. He comes! Now, my soul, give thyself up to bliss!"

"Yet still, my child, remember, that they who boast felicity——"

"Not now, Sir—not now. Say not that I can be too happy, when Vernon, snatched from death, returns to greet his Isabel. Surely, in this blissful moment, exultation is reason—is religion."

One entered.

"Colonel Sidney!" Isabel exclaimed, "I thought—I expected——"

"To see Vernon, Madam. That pleasure will be yours immediately. I came to announce it, in order to prepare you. Such at least is the excuse I make to myself for leaving him as I did. But, to confess the truth, the scene was too much for me, and I should have cried like an urchin under the whip at school, had I not beaten a retreat."

"And what is now doing?"

"You shall hear. The scene was made as terrible as possible. First, his coffin was carried before him, and placed on the edge of a grave, which



had been prepared to receive it: so at least we wished Vernon to believe. Then the muskets were loaded with ball, and, by command of the general, it was my duty to see that this part of the arrangement, came under the prisoner's observation. Two pistols were prepared as for the provost—to dispatch him if the muskets should fail."

"Poor Vernon! and he—how did he bear it?"

"Nobly. I did think, such a dismal array would have produced some effect—but no, he was true heart of oak. To him all these things seemed matter of course. The muffled drum beat, and the fifes struck up the hundred and fourth Psalm. On a former occasion, when the burial service was thus performed for the living, I saw him tremble, and a tear fell for the poor deserter, then about to die. But, in his own case, no emotion could be traced. His step was firm—his air serene."

The sound of muskets was heard.

"Heard ye that roar! Even now, fortified as I am, well knowing that my Vernon is safe, a shuddering thrill runs through my frame. Great God! what had my feelings been, if the sentence had really been carried into effect! had that awful sound announced the shedding of my husband's blood. But what has caused that firing?"

"Doubtless, Madam, it was the last experiment on the firmness of Vernon. I did not know the thing was to be carried quite so far. But all must be over now. I hear a confused murmur—footsteps come this way. I fly to meet my friend."

He left the room.

"This suspense, or rather this state of anxious expectation, has been much protracted, Sir," Isabel remarked. "Would that it were terminated! But now they *are* coming. How full of rapture is this moment!

"Lady, remember."

"You would say, that human happiness cannot be of long duration."

"And mortals should ever look for an awful change."

"Nay, this is a gloomy thought—bear with me, Sir; but I will not cherish it in this hour of transport."

Sidney reappeared, but he no longer seemed himself. Joy and satisfaction but a few moments before had heightened the healthful glow of his manly cheek. Now, pale and aghast, his countenance exhibited but the unequivocal expression of horror and ineffable dismay.

With a faltering voice, he at length broke silence:

"To the mysterious decree of Heaven we all must bow."

"Spare this excruciating preparation, Sir. Where—where is he? where is Vernon? Does he live, or—or——" and she paused without power to give utterance to the awful alternative which then, like the vivid lightning's sudden and partial illumination of the night-troubled ocean, burst on her mind. "But no; this is a new device to try my love and fortitude."

"I know not how to answer—but the tidings cannot be withheld."

"Speak. Does he live?"

"He lived when I quitted his side, but I am forced to add, a fatal accident has unhappily occurred."

"Annihilate me! Tell me all. He lived, but was about to expire?"

"The men have fired, and my gallant friend——"

"Has fallen," exclaimed Isabel. "I know it. The dark presentiment came over me with funereal gloom. Oh! Sir," she added, while her

streaming eyes turned to the sympathising Herbert, who, scarcely less a mourner than herself, was overwhelmed with amazement and anguish at the catastrophe—"was it well thus to sport with the affliction of a heart-broken wife?"

"Trust me, fair one," replied the minister, in a voice tremulous from age, but more so from emotion—"of such conduct I am incapable, and at this moment, even, I know not what has fortune'd."

"Unfold it all," cried Isabel, addressing herself to Sidney; "but if he still live, let me go to him."

"With aching heart," said the colonel, "I obey. Arrived at the place of execution, the gallant old general shed tears of joy at remarking the intrepid bearing of Vernon. 'Firmness like this,' he whispered, 'entitles him to immortal glory;' and his heart glowed with exultation at the thought, that instead of giving the signal of death, it would be his duty to produce the royal pardon."

"And then—and then—why was it not produced?"

"It had been ordered that the men should reserve their fire till a white handkerchief waived, a signal which they were not to behold at all. The preparations were complete, the last word of command had been given, when the general drew from his bosom the pardon. The delight he experienced at displaying the paper, which was to save his young friend, caused him to produce it with a flourish of triumph. Unhappily this was mistaken for the signal, and—and——"

"My Vernon perished!" sighed Isabel.

Sidney described the anguish of the general, at learning the fatal mistake, but Isabel heard him not. Her tears had ceased to flow—her eyes were fixed—for now they rested on Vernon himself, who, sustained by two of his friends, was borne into the apartment. His eyes were still bright, but the ghastly hue of his countenance, told more than even the blood, which flowed from his breast and throat, that but a moment intervened between him and eternity.

Pale and breathless, Isabel approached him. He faintly extended his hand, to receive her touch, but his eyes closed, as if the feeble effort had exhausted the last remains of life.

"Speak to me," she exclaimed, "let me hear thy voice once more."

"Beloved Isabel!" Vernon murmured, "I—I—" Here his voice failed. The wretched wife listened for the close of the sentence; he was silent. A dreadful doubt came over her—a more appalling certainty succeeded—a certainty that she was a widow.

"He is no more!" sobbed Isabel; "and I am the author of his death."

She clasped the mangled and bleeding remains of Vernon, and remained motionless. When the bystanders separated her from the corse, she uttered no cry—she shed no tear—she made no sign of woe, but a composure was stamped upon her countenance more fearful than anguish, more terrible than despair. The cry of her infant, which was brought to her, produced a momentary convulsion. It indicated recognition, and told that the ear of the mother was still alive to the cry of her offspring, though reason had fled for ever. The good Herbert essayed, but in vain, to administer the consolations of religion.

Looking on the hopeless desolation before him, he reverted to his former warning, and mournfully repeated—

"Brief is the date of human happiness; and they who boast that felicity is theirs, should evermore be prepared for an awful change!"



RECOLLECTIONS, FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A LOVER OF  
LITERATURE.

CHURCHILL the poet's epitaph, by Wilkes, is a model for succinct expression. Its vigour shames many of the sesquipedalia affairs which spread the wisdom of fools and the virtue of knaves over so many square yards of marble:—

CAROLO CHURCHILL  
Amico jucundo  
Poetæ acri  
Civi optime de patria merito  
P  
Johannes Wilkes  
1765.

The spirit of an inscription, whether for the living or the dead, should be simplicity. The following is too long, yet it is beautiful:—

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT, WHOSE SUPPOSED PARENTS WERE VAGRANTS.

When no one gave the cordial draught,  
No healing art was found,  
My God the sovereign balsam brought,  
And Death relieved the wound.

What though no mourning kindred stand  
Around the solemn bier,—  
No parents wring the trembling hand,  
Or drop the tender tear,—

No velvet pall, no work of art,  
My infant limbs inclose,—  
No friends the winding-sheet impart,  
To deck my last repose,—

Yet hear, ye great ones! hear ye this!  
Be wise, ye guilty proud!—  
A spotless life my coffin is,  
And innocence my shroud.

My name unknown, obscure my birth,  
No funeral rights are given;  
But though denied man's house on earth,  
I tread God's courts in heaven.

The celebrated Pulteney (Earl of Bath) was not known as a poet; yet, even in the tumults of public life, he had not altogether forgotten the original tastes which, perhaps, for his happiness, he might have more wisely pursued, than the distracting, and finally the disappointing, career of ambition. His epitaph on the stone that covered the grave where his father, mother, and brother were laid, is a striking evidence that the man was fit for something better than the leader of an intemperate faction:—

Ye sacred spirits! while your friends, distressed,  
Weep o'er your ashes, and lament the blessed,  
Oh! let the pensive muse inscribe that stone,  
And with the general sorrows mix her own—  
The pensive muse! who, from this mournful hour,  
Shall raise her voice, and wake the string no more!  
Of love, of duty, this last pledge receive—  
'Tis all a brother, all a son, can give.

It may seem a matter of no extraordinary difficulty to give a plain answer to a plain question; and yet it is an art which it evidently requires some trouble to learn. In all half-civilized nations, the inquirer for the most simple thing is met by an enigma for an answer; and, among the peasantry of Scotland and Ireland, civilized as the general communities may be, the system often seems to be studied evasion. This dialogue is the model of thousands in the sister isle:—

“Is this the nearest road to Cork?”

“Is it to Cork you are going?”

“Yes, but my question is, as to the nearest road?”

“Why, this road is as near as that on the other side of the hill; for neither of them is any road at all.”

“Then which way ought I to go?”

“Oh, that depends on your honour’s own liking. Perhaps you wouldn’t like to go back again?”

“Certainly not. But, one word for all, my good fellow—do you know anything about any kind of road here?”

“There now, if your honour had asked that before, I could have told you at once.”

“Out with it then.”

“Why the truth is, your honour, that I am a stranger in these parts; and the best thing you can do is to stop till somebody comes that knows all about the way.”

“Stupid scoundrel! why did you not say so at first?”

“Stupid! that’s all my thanks. But why did not your honour ask me if I belonged to the place? that would have settled the business. Take a fool’s advice, and stop where you are.”

Mr. C. Croker, in his clever description of the south of Ireland, gives characteristic sketches of the peasantry, which every traveller will realize. The Irishman has the curious habit of conversing confidentially with every thing. “Did you give the horses a feed of oats at the village?” said one of the tourists to the driver, who had for the last hour found no slight difficulty in urging on his wearied hacks. “I did not, your honour,” was the reply; “but sure and they know, I promised them a good one at Limerick.”

A curious example of this understanding between man and horse, was given in a ride from Cork to Mallow. The tourist had advised a farmer with whom he rode, to quicken his pace, as there were signs of a storm. The man’s answer was, “Sure and so I would, for the pleasure of your honour’s company; but I promised the *baste* to let him walk; and more blame to me, if I belie myself to any one, let alone the dumb *baste*! For says he to me, ‘I’m tired, and I’ll not go a step faster; and you can’t make me, moreover!’ And says I, ‘I scorn it; and so take your own way!’”

I know few things finer in the northern incantations, or in the Fury scenes of antiquity, than some fragments of an Irish legend of the war between Eagan and “Conn of the hundred battles,” probably some Scandinavian Nelson. The night before the final struggle, Eagan received the announcement of his destiny from these Irish Volkyriur:

“When Eagan came back from the council, three witches stood before him, with fiery-looking eyes, and long grizzly hair hanging down over cadaverous countenances. The eyebrows of those fiends were large, rough, and grim, growing into each other, and forming two arches of matted bristles. Their



cheeks were hollow, shrivelled, and meagre; their blasting tongues held ceaseless gabble; and their crooked, yellow, hairy hands, and hooked fingers, resembled the talons of an eagle. Thus, on small, inbent, and bony legs, they stood before Eagan.

“ ‘Whence came ye, foul ones?’ asked the chief.

“ ‘We come from afar by our powers,’ they replied.

“ ‘I demand to know your powers,’ said Eagan, leader of the mighty bands.

“ ‘We make the sea run higher than the mountain-tops by our breath; we bring snow on the earth by the nodding of our hoary heads; we spread flame through cities by our words; we change the shape of all things—of man and of ourselves—by the rolling of our eyes!’

“ ‘Enough!’ exclaimed the mighty Eagan; ‘I demand your names!’

“ ‘Our names are—Ah, Lann, and Leana, daughters of Traden the magician. We have come from far countries, to warn you of death. Eagan shall fall by the keen-edged and bone-cleaving sword of the ever victorious ‘Conn, of the hundred battles.’”

“ ‘On your own heads may the warning alight, ye hags of hell! May your forebodings sink into the air, and find no answer in the mountains! May the trees bear the curse of your evil words, the poison of your tongues fall on the rocks of the valley, and your hatred be buried in the billows of the rolling sea!’

“ ‘It is the will of Fate that we speak: we have spoken without haste or hire!’ Muttering their spells, they vanished from before Eagan.

“ That night came the three to the tent of the King of Spain’s son; and to him they too boded ill; and thence they came where the hosts of ‘Conn of the hundred battles’ lay on the field, and they roused the hero with their words:—

“ ‘In thy arm be thy strength; in thy sword be thy safety; in thy face be thy foes; in thy step, thy prosperity! The pride of Ireland is against thee, in life and in motion. Be thou restless as the treacherous light, that shines in the eye of the benighted traveller!’ ”

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Dean Tucker is one of the curious instances of a man’s slipping out of recollection. Who now mentions his name? Yet he was one of the most active, and even of the most public, minds of England not fifty years ago; a scholar, a most acute and stirring politician, and a most subtle and scientific metaphysician; yet the author of “Search’s Light of Nature,” and the pamphlet on the American question, has strangely passed away. I remember an epigram which commemorated his domestic troubles, with a lash at Warburton, who had married a daughter of Allen, of Prior Park (a genuine “*Wife of Bath*”)—a match which, to the shame of the times, got him his bishopric.

THE DEAN, *loquitur*.

“ My wife, Father William, is ugly and old,  
Asthmatic, chest-foundered, and lame.”—

THE BISHOP.

“ My wife, Son Josiah, no man needs be told  
Is as *bad* in the other extreme.”

THE DEAN.

‘ I have put mine away.’—

THE BISHOP.

“ The deed I applaud,  
Yet, applauding, can only admire;  
For, you are bound only by man and by God,  
But my obligations are *prior*.”

An epigram on the Treasury repairs, contains the true spirit of epigram, brief and easy sarcasm :—

From sunset till daybreak, while Walpole's asleep,  
New watch are appointed the Exchequer to keep ;  
New bolts and new bars fasten up every door,  
And the chests are made three times as strong as before.  
From the night till the morning, I grant you, all's right ;  
But who will secure it from *morning till night* ?

The building of Somerset House renewed the popular clamour against Scotch ascendancy, in the early part of the last reign. The Adams actually employed none but Scotchmen in the whole construction. This produced a vast quantity of sneering at the partiality of Sandy for his countrymen. These lines were popular :—

Four Scotchmen, scoundrels all, and Adams,  
Who keep their coaches and their madams,  
Have gathered frae the North to hum us,  
And now would steal our river from us.  
Auld Scotland ! many a day, 'twas said,  
Thy teeth were sharp for English bread ;  
But, steal our bread and water too !  
'Tis true 'tis hard—'tis hard 'tis true !  
Ye friends alike of George and James,  
Throw down your hods, and leave the Thames !  
The princess\* fond of raw-boned faces,  
May give you all our posts and places.  
Take all, to fill your purse and pride,  
But dip your oatmeal in the Clyde !

The Constantinopolitan Greeks, though in the very jaws of the Turkish tiger, and hourly becoming more obnoxious to hazard in the present state of a tyranny, rendered doubly jealous by defeat, yet retain that singular buoyancy of spirits, which made them remarkable among ancient nations. Songs, poems and predictions administer to this indelible spirit, and the Turco-Greek is the firmest believer in every absurdity sanctioned by an allusion to his future triumph. But on one prediction he fixes with peculiar reverence ; and there are some circumstances connected with it, which might justify much interest even among a less imaginative and sanguine people. The prediction is said to have been found engraved on the tomb of Constantine the Great. It consisted merely of consonants, to which the vowels had been supplied, as the legend says, by Gennadios the patriarch of Constantinople, immediately after the conquest by Mahomet the Second. It is certain, that it has been circulating among the Greeks of Constantinople for upwards of a century. Walsh, in his clever and amusing narrative, attempts to account for it, on the supposition that it may have been composed about the time of Peter the Great's first entrance into the Hospodariates, and his offers of protection to the Greeks. But for this he assigns no grounds, and the story of this strange prediction is still in clouds.

*Inscription on the tomb of Constantine the Great.*

“ On the first of the Indict, the kingdom of Ishmael, he who is called Mahomet shall overthrow the race of the Paleologi, and shall

\* The late king's mother, supposed to admire Lord Bute.



gain possession of the seven-hilled (city). He shall reign within it ; shall subdue very many nations, and shall make the Isles desert as far as the Euxine. He shall make desert those that border on the Danube. On the eighth of the Indict, he shall subdue the Peloponnesus. On the ninth of the Indict, he shall lead his forces against the countries of the north. On the tenth of the Indict, he shall overthrow the Dalmatæ: again he shall turn back for a time ; he next stirs up a mighty war against the Dalmatæ, and is a little broken, and the peoples and tribes, with the assistance of the western nations, shall engage in war by sea and land, and shall overthrow Ishmael ; his descendants shall reign with less, little, very little (power) ; but the yellow-haired race, with all those who help them, shall overthrow Ishmael, and shall take the seven hilled (city) with all its privileges. Then shall they kindle a fierce intestine war until the fifth hour, and thrice shall a voice shout, 'stand, stand, and fear !' Make anxious haste, and on your right hand you will find a man noble, admirable, and courageous. Him ye shall have for your lord, for he is my friend, and in accepting him, my will is fulfilled !"

To a reader conversant with poetry, few things are more wearying than the paucity of the images that describe female beauty. When he has found in one poet that woman's cheek emulates the rose, or her eye the diamond, that her bosom is living snow, and that ivory and pearls are dusky to her teeth, he has exhausted nearly all the stores of poetic resemblance, and must be content to feel such delight as he may, in the repetition. Even if he wander through the love poetry of all the European nations, he will be but little relieved by variety. The rose, the lily, and the pearl, are the resource of all ; yet to this there seems one exception in the ancient poetry of Ireland. In the enumeration of his mistress's charms, by an Irish bard, who lived almost two hundred years ago, I find her bosom finely pictured by the "gently rising and falling waves of a sunny lake ;"—an image which transfers the thought from mere colour and form, to the more striking beauty of life, and the loveliness of motion. The radiance of her eyes, is "as the soft dew shining in the light of dawn," an image of singular softness and serenity ; and the flowing of her hair upon the wind, is "as the springing and glittering of the streams down the sides of the mountain." This image strikes me as bringing admirably before the eye, the wild and shining luxuriance of the mountain girl's locks, as she is seen bounding forth in the vividness of young life and sportive beauty. A shape like "the pine for straightness," and a lip like "the wild strawberry," and words "smooth as the pebbles polished by the flowings of the brook," are as new, and perhaps not less poetically expressive, than those already given ; but one of the most striking comparisons that fancy ever supplied, is found in a little poem from the "Translations of ancient Irish Poetry, by Miss Brooke," that of the sparkling eye of a lovely woman, to "a star in a frosty sky."

On her soft cheek, with tender bloom  
The rose its tint bestowed ;  
And in her richer lips' perfume  
The ripened berry glowed.

Her neck was as the blossom fair,  
Or like the cygnet's breast,  
With that majestic, graceful air,  
In snow and softness drest.

Gold gave its rich and radiant dye,  
 And in her tresses flowed ;  
 And, like a *freezing star*, her eye  
 With Heaven's own splendours glowed.

The translation of ancient poetry into modern verse is often an insecure mode of transmitting the original ; and it is possible that for the common-places of the rose and the snow, we may be indebted to the translator. But the last couplet vindicates itself. It has the native force of originality. Even where a common comparison is used, it is frequently heightened by some unexpected and vivid conception. "The bright eyes of my love," says Carolan, "are to her face, what the diamond is to a ring of other jewels, throwing its beams around, and adorning the setting."

I shrink instinctively from the laboured "characters" of eminent men ; but there are phrases and single sentiments that give the whole stamp and colour of the man's mind at once. On the return of Cortez to Spain after the conquest of Mexico, he happened to be coolly received by Charles the V., whose mind was probably too much engaged with the religious wars at his doors to think of conquests or converts three thousand miles off. "Who are you ?" haughtily said the emperor.—"I am the man," said Cortez, with still superior haughtiness, "who gave you more provinces than your forefathers gave you cities."

The last words said to be spoken by Cromwell are invaluable as a key to his whole career. He had, during the progress of his illness, boldly predicted that he should recover. Some of his immediate councillors, who saw the inevitable result of the disorder, ventured at last to recommend that he should speak less confidently on the subject, to save his character for prediction. But the Lord Protector judged on principles fitted to act upon the multitude. He refused to qualify his words: "If I recover," said he, "the fools will think me a prophet, and if I die, what matter then if they call me an impostor !"

The secret of Dante's struggles through life, was in the reckless sarcasm of his answer to the Prince of Verona, who asked him how he could account for the fact, that in the households of princes, the court fool was in greater favour than the philosopher. "Similarity of minds," said the fierce genius, "is, all over the world, the source of friendship."

I know nothing more characteristic of the strange mixture of levity and daring that we sometimes find in the French character, than Crebillon's answer to the observation, that his tragedies turned too much upon fierce and fiendish passions. "What was I to do ?" said he, "Corneille had taken the heavens, and Racine the earth ; I had nothing left me but the infernal regions."

Horace's "*Hoc erat in votis*;" Swift's

"I often wish that I had, clear  
 For life, three hundred pounds a year ;"

and the pleasant and acute definition of competence—"a little *more* than we *have*," have been often praised. Yet why should Ariosto's inscription on his house in Ferrara be without its praise ?



"Parva, sed apta mihi; sed nulli obnoxia, sed non Sordida, parta meo, sed tamen ære domus."

"Commodious, neat, exciting no public invidiousness, suited to him, and purchased by the fruits of his own labour;" the description admirably comprehends all that reason and taste could desire.

In our sceptical age, we begin to get rid of all those old maxims, which were less the work of prejudice, than of experience, with our forefathers. Our "liberality," now disavows the old estimate of "one Englishman to three foreigners." But the very highest authority on such subjects, and at no distant period from the present time, has re-asserted it in the broadest manner. "I always," said Nelson, "was of opinion, have always acted up to it, and have never had any occasion to repent it, that one Englishman is equal to three Frenchmen." He gave the proof of this opinion, at the siege of Bastia. The general had abandoned the siege: Nelson was indignant. "What Dundas could have seen to make a retreat necessary," said his letters, "I cannot comprehend. A thousand men would certainly take Bastia. With five hundred and the Agamemnon, I should attempt it. My seamen are now what British seamen ought to be, almost invincible. They really mind shot no more than pease." Nelson made the attempt: he had but twelve hundred men in all, soldiers, marines and seamen. He stormed Bastia, and took prisoners, 1,000 regulars, 1,500 national guards, and 4,000 of the Corsican levy!

The expression of Bossuet, to one who found him preparing one of his famous orations, with the Iliad open on his table, is finely characteristic of the lofty and magnificent genius of the man. "I always have Homer beside me, when I make my sermons. I love to light my lamp at the sun!"

Parr was a poor creature after all. This might have been known, even from his perpetual eagerness to be talked about, an unfailing sign of a paltry mind. Let a public man be however vicious or mischievous, Parr seemed to think only how far his publicity could draw up the Doctor from his obscurity, and he instantly fastened himself on the demagogue, by a pamphlet, a harangue, or the commencement of a correspondence of wearying, but unwearied, panegyric. Fox was of course his idol, and to Fox he prostrated himself in all shapes of adulation; yet to the confidence of that clever profligate, and perfectly vicious mob-leader, Parr was never admitted, and scarcely suffered to be of his acquaintance. Still the Doctor was indefatigable; he coursed round the reluctant Whig, bore the contumely, and gained his ends by the mere notoriety of the fact, that he was determined to cling to Foxism, as long as he could cling to any thing. Publicity is easily gained on those terms, and Parr gained the publicity of a patient scribbler of pamphlets, that no man living had the patience to read through. His whole career was imitation; in private, he aped Johnson's "bow-wow manner," and laboured to be sententiously formidable. He failed by substituting ponderousness for strength, the pomp of Johnson's words for the vigour of his thoughts. Porson described him to perfection in a sentence: "Parr was a Brummagem Doctor, Sir;"—as like Johnson as Brummagem plating is like plate. Among his other vanities, was that

of dressing like a Bishop ; a result of his old principle, of enjoying the shadow, if he was hopeless of the substance. Towards the close of his days, the probable accession of the Whigs to power, made him conceive some hope of reaching the Episcopal Bench. The hollowness of his old contempt for professional distinction, was now ludicrously proved by his actually drawing up a "code of conduct" for himself, a set of principles, to be put in execution, as soon as he felt the mitre on his brow, and which he had the absurdity to let loose to the world. But he was doomed to feel the mortifications of vanity in this instance, as in so many others, and died uncanonized by the lawn sleeves.

He was an able scholar, so far as an extensive knowledge of Greek and Latin deserves the title ; but he altogether wanted the force of understanding, which makes knowledge a part of the intellect. He was neither a wiser nor a better man for his knowledge ; and his mind more resembled the miscellaneous and dead accumulation of a large library, than the active and well furnished energy of living literature.

But one of the most humiliating and characteristic habits of the man, was his ravening for flattery. A curious instance transpired of his supplying this appetite himself. On the death of the late eccentric Lord Chedworth, his lordship's nearest of kin contested the singular will by which he had alienated his whole fortune, amounting nearly to 600,000*l.*, to Wilson his solicitor, and Penrice his surgeon. The plea on the part of his family was, that his lordship was not of "sound mind," for a long period before his death ; and Dr. Parr, who had contrived to fasten himself during his residence in Norfolk, on this very *outré* nobleman, to speak in the tenderest terms, was brought forward to attest his insanity, which the Doctor did without hesitation. On this, the counsel for the Legatees produced an unlucky series of correspondence, which the Doctor had kept up with his lordship, at the very period when, according to his deposition, he was "non compos." This, of course, settled the opinion of every body as to the value of the testimony. But the laugh of the court was universal, on the reading of one letter, in which, to Lord Chedworth's offer of sending him a silver goblet, the Doctor replied by sending back an inscription, which he proposed to have engraved on it. It was in the following modest terms :

Samueli Parr, LL.D.

Viro ob ingenium peracre et perelegans,  
Eruditionem multiplicem et reconditam,  
Singularem Libertatis Amorem,  
Et mentem simulationum omnino nesciam,  
Hocce summæ suæ observantiæ,  
Et constantissimæ erga eum benevolentiæ,  
Monimentum,

Johannes Baro de Chedworth,

Anno Sacro, 1803.

D.D.D.

It is unfortunate that the pains which have been taken to such a remorseless extent, with the biography of this self-praised old coxcomb, had not been exerted on recovering those fragments of Porson's career, which still exist scattered in the memories of his fellow scholars. Porson, between nerves and drink, was shaken into something not far from lunacy towards the close of his brief life. But the details of his modes of acquiring his extraordinary knowledge, his style of thinking, while his mind continued in its vigour, his actual acquirements, and his



conversational acuteness, would form a most valuable memoir. His remark on Bentley's prodigality of knowledge, is like Cæsar's remark on the glory of Hannibal. "When I was seventeen years of age, I thought I knew every thing: when I was twenty-four, and read Bentley, I found I knew nothing."

His remark on Gibbon's style, contains the essence of all the criticism that can be written on the subject. "Gibbon is too uniform; he writes in the same flowery and pompous style upon all topics. He is like a fashionable auctioneer, who has as much to say on a ribbon as on a Raphael."

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The maxims of solitary students are seldom good for any thing, except perhaps to shew into what absurdities men will plunge headlong, when they have no better guide than their own wisdom. The only valuable maxims, are those which experience of the world, forces on men of the world. Sir Joshua Reynolds continually deprecated Imitation, as the ruin of rising ability, as an impediment which if talent raises for itself, at once and for ever limits its progress. "Then we have a host of players of the Garrick school," said he, "and not one of them can ever rise to eminence, *because* they are of the Garrick school. If one man always walks behind another, how can he ever equal him, *still more* get before him."

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The waste of time in learning the classics at the public schools of England has been justly reprobated; and the question, what use do ninety in a hundred ever make of their classical knowledge in public or general life, can be answered only by the words—No use whatever. Yet some of our abler public speakers have given an elegance to debate by happy quotation. Chatham's famous quotation on the proposals for peace between England and America will long be commemorated.

"At tu prior tu parce, genus qui ducis Olympo."

Pitt's quotations were generally from Virgil, and chosen with peculiar taste. In the debates on the French war, Fox inquiring haughtily whether the Cabinet made the restoration of the Royal Family an object of the war, Pitt rising, with great dignity declared, that speaking as a private person, their restoration was deeply in his wishes, and that its accomplishment would be considered by him, as among the most distinguished triumphs of his life; finely concluding, amid the plaudits of the House, with the words of the Trojan hero—

"Me, si fata meis paterentur ducere vitam  
Auspiciis, et sponte meâ componere curas;  
Urbem Trojanam primum, dulcesque meorum  
Reliquias colerem; Priami tecta alta manerent,  
Et recidiva manu posuisssem Pergama victis."

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It may sometimes teach a man wisdom, to see how egregiously able men have sometimes erred through mere prejudice. The knowledge of this teaches us to distrust the dogmas of any man, and listen only to his reasons. In particular, politicians even of the highest general sagacity, are continually liable to be misled, and misled upon the plainest topics which touch upon their passions. An oppositionist naturally talks himself into a persuasion of national ruin. Horne Tooke was a

man of remarkable sagacity, singularly well acquainted with the state of England, and familiar with the course of public transactions in all times and nations. But in his delight at the progress of the French Revolution, he boldly predicted that the same formidable process must be inevitably undergone by this country. On a man of more unprejudiced mind, the whole aspect of the empire must have irresistibly impressed the directly opposite conviction: but Horne Tooke wished, and therefore believed." He was perfectly certain that the overthrow of ranks, at least, must come within a short period. "I trust," said he, in the utmost sincerity of familiar intercourse, "we shall live to see the day, when the distinctions of title will be abolished, and we may eat our mutton without being teased with such childish objects as ribbons, stars and garters."

He perpetually predicted the immediate downfall of the whole system of the country, and sneered habitually at the attempts to revive credit. On hearing of the bankruptcies, frequent at that period, he could not dissemble his rebel gratification. "You are not going," he would say, "you are gone; it is not a slight hurt, but a mortal gangrene."

The society of princes is hazardous to their inferiors, from the difficulty of paying them either too little deference or too much. To flatter, without the appearance of intending to flatter, is the delicate point. "Zimmerman," said Frederic the Great, sourly, to the celebrated physician, "I suppose you have in your time helped many a man into the other world!" Zimmerman turned with the quick retort, "Not so many as your Majesty." The king stared at this freedom—"nor with so much honour to myself," happily continued the bowing physician.

Great elegance may be shewn in inscriptions for grottos, fountains, &c.. What can be more graceful than the motto on the sun-dial in the gardens of Schœnbrun, near Vienna, "*Horas non numero nisi serenas.*"

A fountain in Paris has this inscription, which it would be difficult to surpass, for moral feeling or poetic beauty.

"Quæ tibi donat aquam, latet hospita nympha sub imo;  
Sic tu, quum dederis dona, latere velis."

Striking pleasantries seldom occur in conversation, even among acknowledged wits: and still seldomer in public life, as may easily be conceived from the eager mirth which is excited at the bar, or in the senate, by the dullest of dull jests. Yet the late Mr. Windham now and then said some happy things. In the debate on the Walcheren expedition, when the ministers stated that its object was to take Antwerp by a *coup-de-main*,—"Take Antwerp by a *coup-de-main*," said Windham contemptuously; "Antwerp, with every inch of the road covered with dykes, batteries and inundations? Why, they might as well talk of a *coup-de-main* in the Court of Chancery!" The oddity and force of the illustration excited great applause.

He made a capital simile on the state of the ministry, soon after the Whigs had seen Percival fixed in power by the Prince Regent. "We waste powder and shot upon them," said he, "they are like wildfowl in a lake: we may knock them down fast enough, but the difficulty is to get them out."



Classical quotations are sometimes among the most dextrous modes of pleasantry, by their covering the natural coarseness of humour under the drapery of learning.

At a dinner of the late Lord Redesdale's, there happened to be some fault found with the batch of claret on the table. When the wine came to Jekyll, he stopped the bottle, and some one called him Fabius Cunctator. At last the point was explained to the noble host, who ordered a new experiment on his cellar, which produced some first-rate wine. "Aye," said Jekyll,

"Cunctando restituit rem  
Ergo magisque magisque viri nunc gloria claret."

Dundas, the father of the present Lord Melville, sometimes enlivened even the privy council by his quotations. Hardy and Tooke's affair had involved many stirring people, who, however, when the government laid its grasp upon the ringleaders, were glad to make terms as well as they could. Among the rest, Felix Vaughan, a barrister of considerable ability, but urged by ill-success in his profession into attempting shorter ways to fortune, suddenly retracted; "Ah," said Dundas, on the matters being stated at the council,

"Felix, quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum."

John Warton gave for epitaph on John the painter, who was hanged on board the *Arethusa* frigate,

"Extremum hunc, *Arethusa*, mihi concede laborem."

Malone was a trifier, as any man may believe from his notes on Shakspeare, but what could be better than his motto on the pamphlet against Ireland's forgeries? It was from Virgil's description of *Salmon* imitating the might of Jove:

"Demens, qui nimbos et non imitabile fulmen,  
Ære, et corni-pedum sonitu simulârat equorum."

Cardinal Pole's quotation in answer to Sandolet, who praised the ancient philosophy, is beautiful. "Pagan philosophy was good for its day," said the Cardinal; "but the scriptures are now our light. Your philosophy past and present reminds me of Virgil's *Tenedos* :

"Notissima fama,  
Insula, dives opum, Priami dum regna manebant,  
Nunc, tantum sinus, et statio malefida carinis."

Moore's words to the Irish melodies are sometimes tender and poetical; though they are generally too full of *concetti*, and too fond of rambling into obscure allusions, to touch the heart. But the original poetry of Ireland is sometimes tender and natural in the highest degree. Nothing can be finer in the poetry of passion, than some of the love-verses of Edmond Ryan, better known in the old remembrances of Ireland, as Edmond of the Hills, from his unhappy and wandering life. Ryan had fought for James II.; and his estate was confiscated after the defeat of that most worthless of kings. His remaining life was spent at the head of bands of outlaws, struggling for subsistence, and sometimes desperately avenging his wrongs on the heads of the possessors of the

forfeited estates. One of his wild poems is addressed to some proud beauty who had forgotten him. After a long recapitulation of her charms, the outlaw bursts into the following powerful and pathetic complainings. They are the very anguish of poetry:

“ Why art thou false to me and love,  
 While health and joy with thee are vanished ?  
 Is it because forlorn I rove,  
 Without a crime, undone, and banished ?  
 Why do I thus my anguish tell ?  
 Why pride in woe, and boast of ruin ?  
 Oh, lost treasure, fare thee well !  
 Oh ! loved to madness—to undoing !  
 Yet, oh hear me fondly swear,  
 Though thy heart to me is frozen—  
 Thou alone of thousands fair,  
 Thou alone shouldst be my chosen.  
 Every scene with thee would please,  
 Every care and fear would fly me ;  
 Wintry storms and raging seas  
 Would lose their gloom, if thou wert nigh me.  
 Such, oh Love ! thy cruel power—  
 Fond excess and fatal ruin !  
 Such, oh Beauty’s fairest flower !  
 Such thy charms, and my undoing !”

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#### THE CLUB ROOM.

*Brooks’s at Midnight.*—Lord Friezland and Sir Francis Fickle at Coffee.—  
*The card tables removed.*—*The other members gone, and a waiter waiting in the corner of the room, yawning at himself in the mirror.*—  
*Subsequently come in to supper, Harry Megrim, The Honourable Frederick Sheep, Marquis Shilelah, Tom Rakely, Earl Icicle, Sir Joseph Blunderbuss, Sir Robert Ribbon, Joseph Saveall, and Sir Ronald Radical.*

*Lord Friezland.* I told you how it would be ; we had the miserable cabinet on its knees, the whole patronage and power of the crown within our grasp ; the minister within six hours of resignation, and yet we threw all our chances away, blockheads as we are.

*Sir Francis.* Never was truer word spoken : but when was Whiggism more lucky from the beginning of time ? It has been our fate to be tantalized once in every twenty years with some chance of power, and just as we have thought ourselves ready to step into office, we have seen the whole prize gone to the dogs ; after having allured us to the exact point, where we showed that we had neither personal consistency, nor political honour. But how could your lordship have suffered this intolerable and most ridiculous overthrow to take place ?

*Lord Friezland.* I suffer it ! I protested against it in the strongest manner ; I declared my determination to make no more speeches ; and upon my soul, there were puppies enough among us, who more than hinted, that I could not do the cause a more acceptable service. But the world is now not what it used to be. I remember the time when the lights of this contemptible generation would not have been counted for more than farthing candles. Envy and ignorance are the twin inspirers of this degenerate day.



*Sir Francis.* I have no doubt that there is a vast deal of both to be found on the floor of any assemblage in the land. But I think ignorance of your lordship's powers is by no means common. You have too strong a sense of your senatorial duty, to let any topic pass without a speech, and the first half dozen words you utter, are quite enough to satisfy all your hearers of the speaker's faculties. (Confounded old fool.) (*aside.*)

*Lord Friezland.* My dear Sir Francis, there is not a man on either side of either house, whose opinion is more valuable. Your judgment of men and things is with me decisive. I acknowledge I have a peculiarly clear mode of coming to the point, a singular quickness in detecting the weak points of my adversary's argument; and if I must say so, a remarkably forcible, impressive, and eloquent mode of delivering my own. As we are here in confidence, I allow I sometimes realize to myself more than all my recollections of Charles Fox. But envy, Sir Francis—a prophet is not honoured in his own country—there is a cursed quantity of conceit in this world, and it always makes a point of fleeing at eminent men.

*Sir Francis.* My lord, you certainly do the world a little injustice in this point. I don't believe that there is a single member of either Peers or Commons who envies *you*. (Inveterate blunderer! *aside.*) But to what has our failure been due in the beginning of the session? I thought the minister fairly thrown over; he had evidently been at his wit's end from the close of the year. His anxiety was even ludicrously palpable. Galloping from one county to another, showing his face, where no face could be more unwelcome, at every noble lord's and honourable friend's who had a roof over his head, and a copse large enough to cover half a dozen pheasants; dining here, dancing there, shooting in this place, speech-making in the other; flying about with more than the activity, and more if possible than the bows of Sir Henry Halford, and for nearly the same purpose—to feel the pulse of every man foolish enough to come within reach of his fingers. And what was the fruit? After all, a beggarly account of empty benches; a pitiful parade, with three fourths of it made up of the Treasury people, the whole awkward squad of the Downing-Street police. We had him at our feet; how in the name of every thing burlesque, did we ever suffer him to get on his legs again?

*Lord Friezland.* Ask Megrim. I wash my hands of the business: we had conferences and confabulations enough to have settled ten empires. The unfortunate Piccadilly Duke was so harassed, by our perpetual divans in his house, that at last, after trying to yawn us out night after night without effect, his only resource was to order an abatement of the supper. He reduced his table with such rapidity, that before the week was out, we talked politics over a single bottle of port, and a beef-steak; and it was not until we were run down to a salad, and toast and water, that we beat a retreat, and left the fates of nations to themselves. The business then fell into Megrim's hands, who of course botched it.

*Sir Francis.* The fittest man in the world for the purpose: I should as soon expect truth from an American captain, as success from anything touched by the hand of Harry Megrim. That fellow's public life might be headed page by page with its several failures. He takes up the African question; and from that moment clouds gather upon it. He takes up the Law Reform; from that moment, the chance of Reform is extinguished.

He busies himself in popular education ; the whole thriving scheme, in which a whiggish eye would have seen the happiest prospect of those "shocks that kingdoms are heirs to," broke down at once. He found the rabble willing to be as wise, and a great deal more impudent than their masters. The thing was growing up in the most turbulent prosperity ; but he thrust forward his ill-omened visage, and the very cheer of his voice was the night-raven's croak to rabble supremacy. Where are the mechanics' institutions now ? where is sunk the glory of the Birkbecks, the Loches, the ingenious regenerators of mankind at two-pence a thousand ? Megrim can best tell, for he gave the death-blow. Where too his university, that new Temple of Reason, the Gower Street Pantheon, where every name was worshipped but one ; the Babel that was to awe the skies, the grand-junction Acropolis, where the Minerva of the mob was to pour out from the skirts of her garments an annual flood of muddy metaphysics into every channel of the national mind ; where mathematics were to clothe the unbreeched in the robes of legislation : where political economy was to teach the pauper to manage the property of the state ; where the Edinburgh Review was to be the Pandect, and broad Scotch the only language permitted in the House. Megrim unwittingly performed the public service on that occasion ; he took the management, promised to raise the tree to the clouds, and while he was flourishing his axe round the sprays and branches, it slipped from his hand, and cut the root in twain.

So much for the luck of the most disastrous slave of ambition that ever perplexed debate, or spun cobwebs to catch popular applause. Whiggism wanted but this man to sink it in utter ruin. The nature of its leaders for the last few years was an irresistible evidence of its decay. It is only when party is at the last gasp, that it consents to rank itself under rashness and impotence. The broken regiment scatters from the field under the command of a corporal ; the dying man flies to the desperate resources of the charlatan ; the drowning man catches at a straw. A faction never knows how to perish with dignity ; and the fooleries of its expiring hours, are the natural atonement for the mischiefs of its day of vigour.

*Lord Friesland.* Yet Megrim is clever. I admit his infinite ill-luck, intractable self-opinion, and matchless contempt for every man's sense but his own ; but he can talk, which is more than nine-tenths of the clamorous boobies that come to our benches for their education, can do, for their souls. But here he comes ; let him answer for himself.

*Enter Megrim ; he flings his hat on one chair, his cloak on another, and himself into a third, in a state of exhaustion.*

*Lord Friesland.* (*aside to Fickle.*) He brings some new specimen of his luck. A six hours' speech, perhaps, with a division of one and the teller for his motion.

*Fickle* (*aside*). He would make an excellent sitter for any artist who wanted to sketch the man who "drew Priam's curtain at the dead of night"—what's the news, Megrim ?

*Megrim* (*starting from a reverie*). What good news can you expect ? Can you raise men out of nothing, mind out of mile-stones ? Confound their clodpole brains ! The whole affair is—we have had another rub to-night, and were beaten horse and foot. Whiggism is no more. I shall order home a new blue jacket to-morrow, with my number on the cape, and apply to the police-colonel for orders, when and where to do duty.



The Westminster constables have it all to nothing, and I see no reason why I, or any man, should cling to the empty cause of whiggism, the often roasted rump of the Greys and Grenvilles. But here come the set. I have ordered supper in the next room for the Privy Council of his "Majesty's Opposition," as Hobhouse, in the plenitude of his grim pleasantry, will call us. *Allons, Messieurs!*

*The supper-room ; the company all talking together.*

*Sir Robert.* Capital speech of Wetherall's ; he cut up our quondam friend in the highest Newmarket style ; distanced him a mile from the post, and came in without a hair turned.

*Earl Icicle.* Aye, "though his sins be red as scarlet, they shall be"—what is the rest of the quotation ? Is there any body here who goes to church ?

*Rakely.* I know no one, but Saveall ; he makes a regular peregrination through them all, and has actually got the look of a churchwarden by the operation. Piety will be the death of him !

*Saveall.* No, I disclaim all merit of the kind. Recollect, I was bred at Aberdeen ; but if I have been seen in those places, to which Rakely alludes, it was with no old woman's prejudice. I flatter myself that I know every shilling that every rafter of them would sell for, and that I have compiled a body of information on the general subject of church property, that will make a figure, of more than speech, before another session is over.

*Shillelah.* Hang politics ; let us be honest for once. (*Waiter, calls*). Have you any whiskey ? smuggled I mean. Let it be from the north or the south, mountain dew, Inishoween, Peat-reek, or Essence of Moonlight, anything but Parliament ; the name itself is a nausea.

*Waiter.* My lord, I beg pardon : but we have nothing of the kind, but "Queen's own." The house-steward laid in a large stock of it, in her Majesty's time, by desire of the committee.

*Fickle, and all with a general sigh.* Alas ! poor Caroline !

*Sir Robert Ribbon.* Aye, she was a capital card ; but the game was too short. However, we made the most of it while it lasted. I wonder how much Colburn or Murray would give me for writing her life. "Life and Times of her late Majesty, Caroline, Queen of England, Baroness of Como, friend of Bergami, protectress of Whiggery, and patroness of Billy Austin ; with Anecdotes amusing and scandalous, of public Parties, and private Individuals of the Cabinet and the *Coulisses*, by Sir Robert Ribbon, Knight of the Great Bear, the Blue Badger, and the Queen's Garter, &c." The thing would do. What do you think of the title ? showy, expressive, and catching.

*Megrim.* Why, Bob, I knew you to be clever enough at making titles before, but I had no idea of your magniloquence. It must do. It is a capital specimen of the art of *taking in*.

*Shillelah.* Hang politics again, I say. Is Fife married yet, or going to be married ?

*Sheep.* Poh ! poor Fife may be cleared of any such *mal-à-propos*. He is as innocent as the new born babe ; yet he is looking out for a spouse.

*Blunderbuss.* Is he ? then, as we used to say on board the *Bellona*, "he will much easier get his spouse, than find his *match*."

*Sheep.* Poh ! Sir Joseph, I meant, that he was looking out for a husband for his *protégée*, that being his lordship's favourite pursuit, and

one which exactly suits his head and habits. Another Hughes Ball is of course to be easily found.

*Friezland.* That I deny, unless in some of those fashionable novels, which know as much of high life, as of human nature, and resemble both in their pages, as much as the figure head of your good ship, the Bellona, resembles the profile of the Venus de Medicis. Rakely, where is this Hughes Ball now?

*Rakely.* Enjoying, I should think, the *Æs triplex* of travel, or the comforts of solitude and *soupe-maigre*.

*Megrim.* Where Brummel is, and where the whole generation of dandies go, as naturally as convicts to New South Wales; at Calais or Boulogne, speculating on the English coast through a telescope, and rejoicing in the delights of a nostril, filled with the scents of a sea-shore of mud; a stomach groaning over French cookery; and a mind going out like a single candle, over a solitary newspaper in a dingy coffee-house. But *à-propos de bottes*, who wrote old Joan's pamphlet?

*Sir Ronald.* Our friend Sheep is suspected; but I make it a point not to listen to aspersions on any member of the club, without full proof: and where is the man of sense among us, who ever thinks of taking the trouble to vindicate a minister out of power, a friend under a cloud, or above all, a dead man, who naturally can be no use hereafter to any of us? But, we are growing grave; here's a health to the Viscountess: no woman on earth could make a fitter wife for a public man; for none could give him better reasons for hating the indolence of domestic retirement. Like the Spartan mother, who bade her son come back either with his shield, or upon it; her order was, come back with a place, and a quarter's salary in advance, or stay away as long as you please. But Friezland is concocting some surprise: no man looks an extempore better. His eye rolls on these occasions, as if it were in search of his understanding, and his tongue stammers out the joke by instalments. Suppose my lord, you give us a song?

*Lord Friezland.* Poh! nonsense: I was thinking of other things; Allen's last article in the Review, on the impossibility of a devil; by the by, a little bit of jealousy on Allen's part, who will not consent to a division of the name. "He bears no brother near the throne," as the poet says. But, as to a song, I have lost all voice, let me see how long; aye, ever since the year I was married.

*Blunderbuss.* And just in time, Friezland: for you never dared to make use of it from that day to this. But sing you must, or we shall have an harangue from Bob Ribbon, for I see him mustering his memorandums; your notes, or any notes in place of his. (*Aside to Friezland.*)

*Friezland (aside).* Oh, in that case, I must try, for the sake of the table. Sir Bob has a faculty of "rending the general ear with horrid speech" that always bring me conviction in the shape of sudden sleep, and a headach next morning. Well then, as I must give you what I can, you shall have a song, which I heard in the Oxford common room, from one of the fellows, who, if rotundity of belly, and rubicundity of nose, are signs of merit, must rise to a high rank in his profession. The song is of the classico-comico-conundrum school, and does infinite honour to the University. It is on Mathews's last exhibition before the heads of the House. He had given the Yankee, the At Home, the Early Adventures, and so forth, to the great delight of those most potent, grave and reverend Signors.

*Fickle.* Silence, gentlemen! Sir Ronald, hang it, will you be eternally



prating about the battle of Vimiera. Megrim, for mercy's sake, spare the ear of my Lord Icicle, you will never thaw it. Shilelah, drink your native whiskey and fall asleep. Silence! I say; Lord Friezland's song.

(Friezland sings.)

### SAPPHICS.

TO THE GLORY OF CHARLES MATHEWS.

*Prime mimorum!* thou rare mimic Mathews!  
*Quem jocus circumvolat,* blithe as May-day,  
*Te canunt* gownsmen giddy, and the grave too,  
 All over Oxford!

*Tu potes* proctors, *comitesque* bull-dogs,  
*Ducere, et red-coats celeres morari;*  
*E'en* the stern masters *tibi blandienti*  
 Smilingly *cedunt!*

*Quin et* each high Don, *sociique vultu*  
*Titter invito* 'mid the gay assemblage;  
 Shouts of applause rise rapid, *dum catervas*  
*Carmine mulces!*

*Tu,* merry fellow, *velut es levamen*  
 To the pale forms, whose final doom approaches—  
*Who cito coram solio Minervæ*  
 Shuddering shall stand!

Fell are her priests! *quum vitulosprehendunt,*  
*Singulos eheu, lacerant* in pieces;  
*Hi tamen mites* sweetly gaze at Mathews,  
 Full of his frolics!

*Serus in Lunnun redeas, diuque*  
*Gratus intersis populo togato,*  
 Leave the dull Cockneys; with us be At Home.—  
 Go it in Oxford!

*All, in acclamation.* Bravo—capital—you see what a man can do, when he's beyond ear-shot of his wife. *Encore.*

*Icicle.* We must change your name. It may be Vassal among husbands; but among freemen, and the gods of the club-room, it shall be Apollo, or Stentor, or both together.

*Megrim, to Fickle, in close conversation.* The fact is, we are driven to the wall. The year sees an end of us; from its beginning to this hour, every step has been deeper in the mire. The fellows about me are totally restive, with that last characteristic of supereminent absurdity, an idea that they are the cleverest haranguers and every thing else alive. I freely acknowledge that I see no remedy, short of a coalition with the rabble, or a surrender at discretion to the adversary.

*Fickle.* But why, in the name of all that's rash, did you suffer your set to bring forward a parcel of measures in which success was impossible?

*Megrim.* Why, Sir, am I to be eternally plagued with this cross-examination? It is not yet lawful to knock out people's brains in the first paragraph of their speeches; and nothing short of the Act would have stopped them. Could any persuasion on earth silence *you*? It would be as easy to stop the Thames from running under London Bridge, as to stop any of my exemplary recruits from blowing

off their cartridges in each other's faces, or driving their bayonets into each other's rear. I protested against both motions, and every motion that they have made from the beginning. I took one of them by the button, and asked him whether, in the name of common sense, he believed that any man in the nation, cared three straws about the sitter on the throne of Portugal? or believed that Don Miguel was a hair blacker or whiter than Don Pedro? or cared whether Don Miguel married his niece, or his grandmother? or whether the whole dynasty were food for the crabs of the Tagus, and the Emperor of Morocco was seated drinking port wine in the palace of Lisbon?—on he would go, and was met by a rebuff in the teeth, and in the shape of his own share of the orders for some prominent blunder. What I could do, I did. I remonstrated with him, before the debate, and I abandoned him when up to the neck in it. His fate is decided, and he has to thank himself for the consequences.

*Fickle.* Then the Greeks?

*Megrim.* May every pang of absurdity, may every bitter consciousness that the ridicule of all mankind can inflict on the human heart, be his lot who first broached that question. It has been our ruin. It has perplexed us in private; it has scandalized us in public; it has driven from us all the honest part of the nation; and it has made us the common centre, the point of rendezvous, to every knave, from the wall of China to the Pacific. Is it to be supposed that we were asses enough to escape this knowledge, or that we had ears for nothing better than for flaps to our eyes? We saw the whole evil that dabbling in the cause must bring. Yet, in one corner, we had a romancer of seventy, who got mad with the memory of the Trojan war; another, who took to the blue skies and green mountains, and dreamed himself into every hole in Parnassus; a third, who had wit, wisdom, or knowledge enough for a seller of beer, settled with himself that he was born for a maker of codes; a fourth, into whom all the birch in Windsor forest could never have whipped the declension of a noun substantive, determined to figure as a restorer of learning, and bustled about setting up a college; a fifth, a tenth, a five hundredth, determined that he must be fit for something there, because he was fit for nothing here: and the whole rushed forward with a clamour for Greece, as rational as if it had been the acclaim of so many travelling donkeys. What was to be done? If I led, I made myself a fool; if I followed, I made myself a slave; if I stood still, I was left alone.

*Fickle.* Of the break down in the Greek affair there can be no doubt; and as little, that every tumble of this kind is so much strength given to the enemy. But if we are to join, what are the terms? (*They whisper.*)

*Rakely.* (*Observing them, to Blunderbuss, aside.*) What can those two fellows be about? They can't be picking each other's pockets, for neither of them ever keeps a loose shilling about him; at least, as long as he can make five per cent. of it; nor conspiring to pick the nation's pockets; for they know that they are far enough from that, and, besides, that the affair is in other hands.

*Blunderbuss.* Nonsense! They are trying to pick each other's brains; and they will find the task as hopeless, for the same reason. They might as well expect a regular account of Navarino from Codrington, or



a civil answer from Melville. But is the story true, that Ellenborough goes to the Admiralty?

*Shilelah.* No. He goes at present only to Doctors' Commons. Though, since Danceing Schwartzbergen has relieved him of all domestic concerns, he has the more leisure on his hands; and, I suppose, he would make quite as good a First Lord of the Admiralty, as he makes a President of the Board of Controul, and that he would make as good a Commander-in-chief, as either.

*Sheep.* But, how the deuce did they let him off for the Elephant letter? I am certain that it was his writing.

*Megrim.* Unquestionably. For no man in existence but himself could have written it. But the *sentiment* came from a higher quarter. The controul of a judge is not an unpalatable topic, even though the secret may be blustered out by a booby. And you may rely upon the maxim, that, if colonies and conquests are good for any thing, they are good for experiments of this kind. I *knew* that Ellenborough would not be sent to Coventry to correct his law or his language; I *knew* that he would be defended; and I *knew*, also, that what the whole tribe of geese, on one side, thought a glorious opportunity for ruffling their feathers and cackling about, would be only a new ground for favour to the man of curls and carmine.

*Rakeley* (*tossing away a newspaper*). The thing is among the most superlative instances of human blindness. However, one should remember that Harley-street, No. 73, is at the Antipodes; that the talk of the servants' hall never reaches the drawing-room; that the eternal chatter of every club-room, conversazione, concert, and dinner-table, by some luck, hereafter to be explained, necessarily steers clear of the only man who has a right to hear, see, and understand, the matter. Have you read Adams' speech on the Divorce Bill before the lords?

*Megrim.* Yes; and a very good speech it is. But what is the wonder? Her ladyship's love was going on *only* a twelvemonth,—In the face of day, and in the heart of London; within half a dozen doors of her honoured papa's house; between the hours of twelve and three; her phaeton and grooms in waiting; all the footmen in the street expecting her ladyship's arrival as regularly as the postman's; Schwartzbergen himself, in full costume, leaning out of his window to give the fair one the due diplomatic reception. Yet the affair never transpired, from May, 1828, until March, 1829. Nothing could be more perverse. But you know the principal, on those occasions, is always presumed to be the last acquainted with his misfortune.

*Saveall.* What damages does he get? Something handsome, I take it for granted, to reconcile him to the loss of so valuable a wife.

*Sir Robert.* Oh, sorrow is too fatal to the complexion, for him to suffer it to sit upon his brow. Schwartzenberg is a foreign prince, and, on the double title, exempt from every thing but a horsewhip: he having, as a foreigner, no possession beyond his moustaches and his laced coat; and, as prince, entitled to the privilege belonging to the rank in all countries, of paying nothing.

*Friezland, to Sir Ronald.* Napier's book — I have just finished the second volume, notes and all. It appears to me one of the most promising performances of the month. His admiration of every thing French is quite in my style of thinking. The discovery that every thing we did was wrong, though we succeeded, and every thing the French did was right, though it failed; that the French troops were

better officered, disciplined, and conducted, than ours, though they were always beaten; and that ours were but a herd of unruly clowns, wild asses, or uncollared bull-dogs, is what I have been endeavouring to impress on this infatuated country for the last five-and-twenty years.

*Sir Ronald.* The work is coxcombry from the first page to the last. The man's dedication itself is enough to settle his pretensions to "taste or common sense." To the Duke of Wellington—by one who feels,—what? in the name of all that is rational—is it respect for his Grace, or honour for the British soldier; or, what is better than either, a British sentiment for the triumph of England in the best cause? No; but he feels—"why the soldiers of the tenth legion were attached to Cæsar."

*Megrim.* My dear general, recollect the fearful strength of the temptation to a "Staff-man," to show to wondering mankind that he has actually been at a grammar school, nay, has soared so far above the ordinary reach of mortals, as to have read Cæsar's Commentaries, even in a translation.

*Icicle.* Besides, as a mere matter of taste, the whole work is a labour for effect. He cannot give the statement of a quarrel between two donkey drivers; without throwing it into the picturesque; he fabricates his camp rabble into heroes of romance; and makes his campaign under the walls of Ciudad Rodrigo, or Badajos, more like a campaign under the walls of Troy. Of his tactics I can, of course, pretend to no professional judgment; but they appeared to me too perplexed for professional use, or for any use but to puzzle himself—to have all the merit of an ancient oracle, an obscurity expressly calculated to save the credit of the shrine, let the event turn out what it may. Did you know Moore?

*Sir Ronald.* Thoroughly; and lamented him as a brave officer and a friend. But his true vindication is not to be found in the rash and headlong panegyric of Napier's book. Extravagant praise necessarily excites jealous inquiry; and if any stain can rest on Moore's manly memory, it will be from the breath of the giddy protection that flings itself with such fierce folly on his tomb.

*Friezland.* He was a capital topic for the debaters on our side, for all that. While he seemed likely to beat the French, we abused him; and when the French hunted him to Corunna, we abused the ministry.

*Sir Ronald.* Moore had but one fault. Brave as he was in the field, he was the coward of a newspaper. He could never face the rumours of the coffee-house. If the art of printing had been extinguished for the year of his Spanish campaign, he would have marched upon Madrid, have, ten to one, beaten the French, and Napoleon along with them, roused the Spanish nation by the million, and shortened the war by half a dozen years; but every arrival of the post from England was worse than the march of a new French *corps d'armée* to him. His error was first—the six weeks wasted at Salamanca. Napier pleads that he was kept in ignorance of the state of Madrid, by Frere's letters. But had he not a whole crowd of idle aides-de-camp to send to Madrid and gain intelligence for himself?

Then came the news of Napoleon's advance upon him. This threw him on his route to the mountains; and the first impression on his mind was, evidently and fatally, how he should carry his army untouched to the parade in Hyde-park. Napier pleads, that the retreat was hurried through Galicia by ignorance of the roads; but in the six weeks wasted



in waiting for Frere's letters, he might have measured every bridle path in Gallicia, fathomed every ditch, and undermined every bridge, if he so pleased. His hesitation ruined all. Napier pleads Wellington's approval of this melancholy march, as one—"In which there were but two things objectionable, his not going straight forward when he had once begun to move; and his not making a previous examination of the country." But of what else does any man complain? If he had known the country, he might have marched as much at his ease as he ever marched to the Horse Guards. If he had gone on with his retreat, without being tempted to delay, in the vain expectancy of a battle with Soult, he might have reached Corunna without the loss of a man.

*Friezland.* But he must have taken to the ships after all.

*Sir Ronald.* No more than we need at this moment. Napier absurdly takes it for granted, that he must have been driven out of Spain; and confuses the story in his own sublime manner. But there was Corunna, a strong fortress, which might have baffled the French with Napoleon at their head, and which, garrisoned by British troops, would have baffled them, if they carried the whole battering train of the *grande armée* at their backs. In Corunna we ought to have made our stand, if we had been beaten in the field. Soult had not a single battering gun in his whole army. And if we had chosen to stand in Corunna, he must have run out of the country.

The proof of all this is, that Romana, with his five thousand naked and almost unarmed fugitives, *did* make a stand in Corunna; that Soult dared not attack even its famishing and fugitive garrison; that he was forced to abandon Gallicia almost as rapidly as he entered it; and that Romana's miserable force fought him, step by step, until they hunted him over the borders of Gallicia.

*Blunderbuss to Megrim. Aside.* That merciless old proser. I'll lay fifty pounds to his rent-roll, that he brings you round to the battle of Vimiera, and lays you flat in the ditch where he, at "the head of the gallant forty," — but you know the whole story by this time, if eternal repetitions could drive it into you.

*Megrim* Then stop his next charge, or we are all dead men, if men can die of yawning. What object Nature has in permitting such pre-eminent old bores as old generals to infest the earth, after the war is over, altogether surpasses my comprehension. Give us a song, if it were for nothing but to rout the general in the moment of a victory, that is sure to cost some of us our lives.

*Blunderbuss.* You shall have it as free as my broad pennant on board the Bellona. The tune is by my boatswain, the best whistler in the fleet; the words are by myself.

*Megrim.* Then, as Rogers says of Horace Twiss, "you will be double d-mn-d, for you sing your own song." But, no modesty, Sir Joseph; you know you're among friends.

*Blunderbuss.* Waiter, another dozen of claret. Now, Megrim, none of your good humour; I hate the horrid grimace of your civilities. Look the hyæna that Nature made you.

SONG.—"THE GIANT'S WEDDING."

I sing a song, a wedding-song—not like a maiden speech, Sirs—  
Beginning with a whisper, and ending in a screech, Sirs;  
The modest preface to some fudge, which fools call an Address, Sirs—  
As much to do with Mister Bull, as breeches with Queen Bess, Sirs!

## CHORUS.

So here's long life to Downing-street, the Treasury, and Mint, O!  
And if you think the truth I blink—why, call me Peel or Pinto !\*

My song's about a giant stout, with such a monstrous throat, Sirs,  
He'll swallow statesmen by the score, the conscience and the coat, Sirs :  
His back's so strong, he bears along two Houses on his head, Sirs ;  
And twenty million pair of hands supply his daily bread, Sirs !

*Chorus.*—So here's long life, &c.

His pen's so large, its least discharge can blind St. Stephen's sight, Sirs ;  
And all men cry, " The time's gone by when black was known from  
white, Sirs :"

His ink's so thick, they say Old Nick invented the japan, Sirs ;  
But then 'tis odd how soon a clod, touched with it, struts a man, Sirs !

*Chorus.*—So here's long life, &c.

He had a love—an Irish dove—and to her wrote a line, Sirs ;  
Some said 'twas false—but that affair is neither your's nor mine, Sirs :  
Some said his priest, to say the least, suggested the amour, Sirs ;  
I say no more—his pistol's-bore my silence shall secure, Sirs !

*Chorus.*—So here's long life, &c.

The lady's scorn some years had torn the Giant's tender heart, Sirs ;  
To gain the prize, his two huge eyes outwept a water-cart, Sirs :  
He plucked the falchion from his side, and flung it on the floor, Sirs—  
There lay it like the mizen-mast of a royal seventy-four, Sirs !

*Chorus.*—So here's long life, &c.

This lady gay was fresh as May, and merry as the spring, Sirs,  
And on her little finger wore a precious emerald ring, Sirs :  
"Twould raise your smiles to talk of miles—but, keeping within bound,  
Sirs,

The poets sing this emerald ring was just a thousand round, Sirs !

*Chorus.*—So here's long life, &c.

He told some lies, he breathed some sighs, he made a loving speech, Sirs,  
Among her rogues, broadcloth and brogues he scattered on the beach, Sirs ;  
The lady feared his sword and beard, yet listened to his tongue, Sirs,  
Although 'twas just six thousand years since people called her young, Sirs !

*Chorus.*—So here's long life, &c.

Then all was gay, just half a day—they quarrelled before night, Sirs ;  
The Giant swore his love was o'er, and might should do for right, Sirs :  
They made their couch—but I'll not vouch how many lay beside them ;  
Ten thousand men were rumoured, when the sexton came to hide them.

*Chorus.*—So here's long life, &c.

But ever since, he's called a prince, and strides from sea to sea, Sirs ;  
Some say he'll dine on Germany, with China for his tea, Sirs :  
One foot upon the Yankee's neck, and one upon the Turk's, Sirs—  
A dozen thrones, a hundred years, are cut out for his work, Sirs.

*Chorus.*—So here's long life, &c.

They say that as he's not quite tall enough to reach the moon, Sirs,  
Ten million silk-weavers are hired to build him a balloon, Sirs—  
From which, before a week is o'er, he'll march upon the sun, Sirs :  
So ends my song, which, though not long, I hope will have a run, Sirs !"

## CHORUS.

So here's long life to Downing-street, the Treasury, and Mint, O !  
And if you think the truth I blink—why, call me Peel or Pinto !

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\* "Ferdinand-Mendez-Pinto, thou liar of the first magnitude !"



*Shilelah.* Capital! Bravo, it does honour to the declining brains and remorseless throat of one of our best poetasters, singing his own strains. You see, Gentlemen, a man may be good for something though he lives in fear of his wife. But, for Heaven's sake, no more politics. Can any one tell me the meaning of this purchase of mine, not half an hour old, from McLean's; and masterly in style, colouring, and conception; the very touch of Lawrence, with the very tints of Titian? I borrowed that last flourish from my friend Frankland Lewis's inauguration speech to the clerks in the Navy Treasurer's office. (*Shewing a caricature.*)

*Megrim.* It is exactly what I like; excessively clever, and prodigiously impudent. Pray, my Lord Marquis, will you condescend to explain—first, the title—*A Political Reflexion*.—Aye, I see, a figure looking in a mirror that “shews the age its very form and pressure.” But who is the figure?—A soldier of rank, I presume, from the superfluity of sash and lace about his person. He is holding a crown over his head, and examining, in the glass, how far it might become him. The countenance is long, rigid, and hook-nosed; the expression a mixture of fright and fierceness, full of evident eagerness to make the experiment of wearing the “baby circle,” yet with a keen retrospective glance, as to the effect which it might have on the personages in the room. Whom do you conceive that red-coated personage to be?

*Shilelah.* Can't possibly tell; except it be meant for the Attorney General. It might do for Lawyer *Scarlet*!

*Sir Ronald.* The name is just the thing for an administration of our cloth. Since the Premier could not make one of his drummers or aides-de-camp barristers at the word of command, he was delighted to find a name that might so far console him for the thing. But the other figures, my Lord Friezland, can you find them out?

*Friezland.* To tell you the truth, I always find out problems best, after they have been found out by somebody else. For these sixty good years I have enjoyed an easy life and a fair reputation, by never taking the trouble to have either an idea or a will of my own. In party I have been a Jacobin, because to scoff at every thing, saves all the inconvenience of inquiring into the merits of any. I have said, “No,” to all the measures of races of ministers, as different in their politics as Richelieu from Robespierre, for words of one syllable are to politicians what they are to children,—the best employment for those who cannot manage more: and I confess that my capacity never amounted to the safe use of two syllables together. Yet, by the help of a good table, a tolerable memory, and an indefatigable common-place book, I have passed muster among the “*Illuminati*” of my time; and if I am called a goose by some, and a mule by others, I pass for a patriot with the mob, and certainly mount above par in the aristocracy of Whiggism.

*Saveall.* 'Pon my life, my lord, the confession is the counterpart of your visage,—very ample, innocent, and absurd. But your dinners are meritorious; and we can forgive your sincerity for the sake of your soup; which is the reverse of what I can say for my countrymen. But who is the fat fellow lying in the cradle, with a projecting toe muffled up in the full costume of the gout; his finger in his mouth; and his honest face in the enjoyment of an uneasy sleep?

*Shilelah.* Can't possibly tell. Perhaps Lyndhurst—he has the gout, as becomes the bench; has his finger in his mouth, as becomes a mem-

ber of a profoundly puzzled ministry ; and, I suppose, thinks that he was asleep when he gave up the rolls for the infinite *bore* of the woolstack ; or wishes, like another Othello, he could taste that sleep he enjoyed before. The lady watching beside his slumbers, too, confirms the idea. Her attitude of attention, and her hushing him to rest, all are in favour of the interpretation.

*Megrim.* Poh ! The lady is as old as my grandmother ; as round as the dome of St. Paul's ; and as loving as the great key of the tower, that love which keeps fast all that it has once got hold of. But the room is evidently a nursery. The floor is strewn with play-things, a little wooden life-guardsmen, a little grenadier, a yacht, fit for the navigation of a slop-bason, a giraffe, three inches above the life-guardsmen and his steed, and a baby palace, six inches long by two.—Pray, Icicle, what put Frankland Lewis in place ?

*Icicle.* The grand deity of fools, luck ! He had been haunting the Treasury until the very messengers used to lose their appetites at the sight of his spectral visage. He had hung himself on the skirts of every set of men that have worked their way up the Treasury stairs for the last thirty years, and had contrived, by indefatigability of pushing, to reach the enviable distinction of being notoriously a gentleman who, if not fit for every thing, had made up his mind, on the two points, that he would do for every thing, and that any thing would do for him. Yet a man of this kind is a convenience in the train of a ministry. Sure to be forgotten, of course, in the first five minutes of his absence ; and, from his perfect conviction of this, sure never to be five minutes out of the way ; a minister is as certain of having him at his call as any of the messengers that stand on the staircase. The first tingle of the bell brings him up to the door ; and there stands the bowing receptacle of the great man's commands. A letter is to be sent to some sulky peer, five hundred miles off, in the wilds of Inverness. The man is there who will jump into the mail in the next quarter of an hour, and, without drawing bit, lay the letter on the library table of the person purchasable. If we have a wrangle with the Chan of Tartary, or the Emperor of Madagascar ; there is the flying pacificator. If a commission is to be dispatched to the Cape for the purpose of stopping John Bull's clamours for an indefinite time (no commission that knows its business ever making a report in less than from fourteen to twenty years, and ministers, all the while, referring all complaints to "its honourable board ;") there is the willing commissioner, or the willing clerk, or the willing any thing. If the Irish government are of opinion that the children in the charity-schools are not whipped enough, and thereon apply, "as in duty bound," to the superior wisdom of their masters and makers in Downing-street ; there stands the man who is proud and ready to go on the "flagellation committee," or the "potatoe-bread council," or the "mud-cabin board," or the "human exportation inquiry ;" and as ready to go to Canada, or Columbia, or Caca-fogo Island, or the Devil's A—e-a-Peak, or the Moon, by the first vessel for that voyage, as to Ireland.

*Saveall.* Those are merits, I allow ; but you see how little they have served me. I defy all the Frankland Lewises, or Monk Lewises, since the conquest, to have been more eager to catch service ; and what is my reward ? Three pint pots, which I verily believe to be pewter, though the unwashed rascals (who, I suppose, stole them, for a display



of their bounty) swore furiously that they were plate; one hundred pounds stock in the Greek loan, which I was forced to buy for the honour of the cause, and of which I cannot get rid to this hour; an attack from that scowling dunderhead Palmerston, whenever I open my mouth; and the pleasure of seeing myself laughed at in every newspaper of common reputation, as a broken down popularity-hunter.

*Sir Robert.* Oh, hang it: are you worse off there than every man among us? Whiggism is shelved: as much a dead letter as Lord Grenville's speeches, or Tierney's memory; it is on half pay, or worse, with no pay at all: a d—mn—ble condition for man or cause to be in, as some of us know to our cost; down to the lees, sunk in the bottom of the Slough of Despond; and to be dipped in by no man who is not ambitious of covering his name with mire eternal; down at a discount that would beggar the whole dynasty of the Rothschilds; and sunk into a depth of public scorn, a palpable obscure, that would blacken the visage of Beelzebub. It is gone! like my legion—my—

*Fickle.* Heavens, how eloquent!—What a Southwark Cicero! (*Yawns, and falls back in his chair.*)

*Sheep* (*starting up to his assistance*). Some water, there! By Jupiter, the baronet has got a locked jaw! This comes of your confounded habit, Ribbon, of rehearsing your borough harangues among gentlemen. Fickle will die—he gasps—he changes colour—he is speechless!

*Friezeand.* Then it is all over with him. For when once Sir Francis holds his tongue, you may rely on it, that he has lost the power of talking. Well, Megrim, you must say something about him when you move for the new writ, and we can put Blacking Hunt in his room.

*Megrim.* I make a panegyric on Fickle! Not a syllable. He was the greatest bore that ever bored a party. Giddy as a goat, and conceited as a peacock. An aristocrat by all the habits of his idle life; a democrat, by his craving for the breath of the rabble. As youth gave him none of the generosity or manliness that belong to early years, so age gave him none of its wisdom or dignity. With a large fortune, he never made himself a public benefactor by any memorial of public benevolence, by any zeal for the arts that embellish life, or any patronage of the literature that does honour to a country. His whole career was a miserable pursuit of a miserable ambition; for this he began by dabbling in the mob, and closed by humiliating himself to the very dust of the minister's shoes. Commencing public life by stimulating the rabble, and ending it by a ridiculous submission to power; there he lies, the emblem of a departed demagogue!

*Shilelah.* Ha, ha, ha! Excellent! You never did any thing better in your life, Harry! I knew you hated the fellow, by your excessive civility to him; but I did not think that you could have *approfondid*, as Alvanly says, the infinite littleness of his character. But, now, tell the truth for once; was not this a part of your intended oration on Tierney?

*Rakely.* By the by—the world thought that poor Tierney was rather scurvily treated. Not a syllable said about him; yet he was the *ultimus rebellium*, the last of the Foxites.

*Blunderbuss.* So much the better. They were a set of scoundrels, with principle in their mouths and place in their hearts. Why, old Charley himself had no more notion of public honour, than a ship's purser has of giving up a perquisite, or a clerk in the Admiralty of

letting loose a fee. Remember how the patriot fire blazed in him when the fleet was in rebellion; how he harangued when the Nore was blocked up with mutineers; he saw the country shaking, but what was that to him? he saw the ministry likely to shake too, and bellowed accordingly. But we escaped him at last; we were not gone far enough on the road to ruin, to put power into his gambling hands; and the rogue was gallantly turned into the hold, after all. Sheridan acted nobly then—he saved the Whigs from being disgraced for ever.

*Friezland.* Ah, poor old Red-nose! Sheridan had something in him that made him always a bad Whig; party had not frozen him up; he was generally a knave, and of the most incorrigible kind; he seemed the fitter, of course, for our faction. But, confound the fellow, he had, now and then, a compunctious visitings; a sudden sense of what was due to human nature; a sting of honour, that made him the most insecure dog possible for Whig objects. He was clever, useful, but not always tractable, and, of course, never trustable.

*Rakely (to Megrim aside).* In the name of all that is marvellous, where did Friezland get that? His brains are no more capable of engendering three words of that speech than poor down-in-the-mouth Durham, or that little bubbling emblem of his own soup-kettle, Taylor; he must have stolen it from the "Age," that inveterate—

*Megrim.* Hold your tongue on that subject, Rakely, or tell the truth. The "Age" has hit both of us too hard to be a favourite with either. But I see nothing cleverer from John-o'-Groat's house to the Land's End. It never minces the matter, to be sure; it lays on us all, most devilishly, I admit; it flogs right and left, and does not care a pin's point whether it strips the skin off my shoulders or yours; lays a radical Whig bare from shoulder to flank, or, scarifies an apostate Tory, until his nearest and dearest friends fly from him as a pickled monster. But it does its business heartily; where others only half do it, like miserable turn-coats and trimmers as they are; it cuts to the quick, and I, for one, can tell you, that the fear of its just vengeance has crushed, in the bud, more sprouting rascality than all the harangues of the very worthy and very mealy-mouthed gentlemen of his Majesty's opposition. As to its old character of ribaldry—that day is gone by, evidently, to return no more. It has higher things to do, and it does them powerfully. You see how justly it abused us, the other day, for not saying something about our old champion Tierney.

*Rakely.* What could we say of him—a Whig, that pretended to keep up appearances, as they are called; that made faces at what he thought rash and silly measures: nay, I have been informed, actually went to church on Sundays? Did you ever hear Rogers's lines on him?

*Megrim.* Nonsense, of course, if they were his. But let us have no more burthens laid on the little banker's head. That unfortunate Nestor, as Byron laughingly nick-named him, has been made the scape-goat of every desperate waggery; the foundling-hospital-basket for all bastard wit; the Parnassus-hulk for all the convicts against common sense that have been driven out of general society.

*Saveall.* Every man is liable to imputations of the kind; though, I believe, I have escaped that of ever having said a good thing. But, to do Rogers justice, he bears the general laugh, like a hero of ninety; talks of Byron, without, at least, any visible rage at his lordship's per-



petual sneers ; and withers down to a tranquil oblivion on a retired allowance of a pun a day.

*Megrim.* Has the grand question of the authorship of that pre-eminent performance "THE NEWSPAPER" been ever settled between him and Canning's representatives? If they can but set a pair of hostile bibliopoles in a passion about it, it may bring half a dozen thousand pounds for the copyright of what's not worth sixpence to any man, woman, or child, beneath the stars. Saveall, recite it for us ; you get hold of every thing that can be turned to money.

*Saveall.* On one condition—that the Club give me an order for a copy for every member on its publication. Now, you are to imagine a vault, grim as a *blue-stocking* drawing-room on a night of full *conversazione*. Three little Luciferians, real imps ; not little Oscar Byrnes, or cat-visaged emanations from the Vestris ; but real demons, with regulation tails and claws, dancing and screaming ; in the centre of the room a little steam engine, the machinery of solid fire, the furnace, fed with dried dowagers' tongues, and the boiler bubbling up with a mixture of ink and aquafortis.

#### THE NEWSPAPER.

[*Dance of Imps, and Grand Chorus,*]

Black with gall from toe to thumb,  
Queen of Darkness—Scandal ! come !

[*The ground opens, and the Queen rises, undressed, in the new Almack's costume. In one hand an opera-glass, and in the other a lady patroness's card. As she rises, a thick vapour ascends, which subsides in a shower of caricatures.*]

Spirits—scarlet, black, and blue !

Little liars, ever new !

Ye that through the West End wing,

Giving every tale its sting ;

Catching whispers from the tongue

Of moral dames, no longer young ;

Telling what rich fool is dipt ;

Telling what gay belle has slipt ;

Small conveyancers of sneers ;

Setting mankind by the ears ;

Telling who to France has fled,

Fearful of a husband's lead ;

Telling who, in Crockford's hall,

Lost last night the deuce and all,—

Now your daily mischief spin !

Inky imps ! begin, begin !

[*The imps stir the fire ; the boiler throws up a vapour, in which are seen hovering, paragraphs, inuendos, epigrams, and fragments of the Court Circular.*]

#### FIRST IMP chaunts.

Spirits ! tell me, one by one,

Who are *doing*—who are *done*.

#### SECOND IMP.

Full five hundred noble youths,

With their fingers in their mouths,—

Twenty guardsmen,—twenty lancers,—

Lords of barbs, and opera-dancers,—

Folly's destiny fulfilling,

Stand this hour without a shilling !

## FIRST IMP.

Spy that shivering in the Square,  
 Watch the rout's slow emptying stair,  
 From the footmen catching names  
 Of its mob of naked dames—  
 While policemen, in a passion,  
 Curse the sleepless hours of fashion—  
 Bring the plunder thou hast gathered,  
 From those pigeons all unfeathered ;  
 Picture to the nation's eyes  
 Bedford's more than prize-ox size ;  
 Cowper's opera petticoat ;  
 Bayley's open heaven of throat ;  
 All the legs of all the Seftons ;  
 All the married—all the left ones.

*Chorus.*

Double, double ! life's a bubble !  
 Flirting is no sort of trouble !

## FIRST IMP.

Imp that, privileged to puff,  
 Deal'st in panegyric stuff ;  
 Giving Majesty a hint—  
 Plain, or else the devil's in't !  
 How would fit a bishop's wig  
 Philpotts, of all prigs the prig :  
 From the stable and the *bar*,  
 On the bench a shining star ;  
 How Sir Thomas's turned coat  
 Still is worth a five-pound note ;  
 How the " last delightful novel"  
 (By some scribbler in some hovel)  
 Owns its author in a lord  
 (Rascal, worthy of a cord !)—  
 Nay, the world are whispering  
 That its writer is—a king ;  
 Brodum's balsam, Canning's speeches ;  
 Stultz's patent dancing breeches ;  
 Scudamore on love and gout ;  
 Lessons to teach fools to spout ;  
 Classic Hamiltonian Greek,  
 Taught to infants in a week ;  
 Patent medicines—half a dose  
 Paints a death's-head like a rose.

*Chorus.*

Double, double ! man's a bubble !  
 Humbug is no sort of trouble !

## FIRST IMP.

Imp, in charge of human tricks,  
 Tell us how go politics ?

IMP *chaunts.*

Bonaparte lies alone  
 On his St. Helena throne ;  
 You may nose him in the wind,  
 But his worse is left behind.  
 Cromwell slumbers many a day  
 In his house of wood and clay—  
 Bloody, bold, and hollow-hearted !  
 But his model's not departed.



Time alone the tale will tell,  
 Whether in a dungeon's cell,  
 Whether in a desert isle,  
 Whether in a royal pile,  
 Shall that model yet be seated ;—  
 Whether curst, and feared, and hated,  
 By what doom of guilty fame,  
 Shall be smote that model's name.  
 But the world still rolls along ;  
 Fools beget a foolish throng ;  
 Blockheads, only made for slaves—  
 Blockheads, native prey of knaves !

*Chorus.*

Double, double ! earth's a bubble !  
 Trimming is no sort of trouble !

SCANDAL.

Now the charm is featly wound,  
 Take to scoundrels above ground—  
 Soon to be your nearer neighbours—  
 Take your mischief-making labours !  
 On the types the paper lay,  
 Black enough to cloud the day ;  
 Then speed it on your wings unfurled,  
 And spread the poison through the world !

THE CAPTAIN OF RIFLES.\*

THERE have been half a dozen narratives of the adventures of—a young Rifleman, an old Rifleman, a French Rifleman, a German, and so forth. And they have all had some claim on public interest ; for of all the eccentricities of a soldier's life, the Rifleman takes by right the first share.

But of all those self-historians our Captain of Rifles tells his tale the best, for he is a remarkably pleasant fellow ; he takes the world's roughnesses with the gayest *nonchalance*, and has a natural fund of humour, which is by no means the worse for its being perfectly in the camp style. His book has one fault, the rarest fault in books, it is too short. For we feel convinced that he might have indulged us with fifty pleasantries for one that he now gives us, and that we might have had to thank him for beguiling the cares of a month, instead of tantalizing us with the amusement of a day.

After seeing his first shots fired in Walcheren, the young Rifleman “retired upon Scotland,” to get rid of the ague, which was all that we got by our conquest.

In 1810, he heard that his company in the 95th was at Spithead under orders for the Peninsula, rushed from his heathy hills to take a share in the Spanish glories, and landed in Lisbon.

There he made the discovery which every stranger has made for the last five hundred years, that Lisbon is a very showy city from the river, and that it would require the whole river poured through its streets to make it endurable by the senses of any living thing but a pig or a Portuguese.

\* “Adventures in the Rifle Brigade, in the Peninsula, France, and the Netherlands, from 1809 to 1815.” By CAPTAIN J. KINCAID. London. Boone.

After wandering for a few hours among the streets,—“in the vain hope that he had got among a congregation of stables and outhouses,” he opened his eyes to the novelties of the population.

“The church, I concluded, had on that occasion indulged her numerous offspring with a holiday, for they occupied a much larger portion of the streets than all the world besides. Some of them were languidly strolling about, and looking the sworn foes of time, while others crowded the doors of the different coffee-houses; the fat, jolly-looking friars cooling themselves with lemonade, and the lean, *mustard-pot-faced* ones sipping coffee out of thimble-sized cups, with as much caution as if it had been physic.

“The next class that attracted my attention, was the numerous collection of *well-starved* dogs, who were indulging in all the luxury of extreme poverty on the endless dung-heaps. There, too, sat the industrious citizen basking in the sunshine of his shop-door, and *gathering in the flock*, which he so bountifully reared on his withered tribe of children. There strutted the spruce cavalier, with his upper man furnished at the expense of his lower.” We know nothing in the descriptions of Portuguese society more expressive.

This was the time of the retreat to the lines of Torres Vedras, and the rifle company being ordered from Figueras to join the retreating force, moved upon Coimbra. To their astonishment they found this city of twenty thousand souls, without a living body. Wellington had ordered the whole population to follow the army. But the disappointment was a sore affliction to the Rifles, who expected good living there; “a company of rosy-cheeked, chubby youths, who, after three months’ feeding on ships’ dumplings, were thus thrust, at a moment of extreme activity, in the face of an advancing enemy, supported by a mouldy biscuit, and a pound of raw beef, drawn every day, fresh from the bullock.”

The Rifleman prefaces his tale with a candid declaration that he means to talk of nobody but himself and his own regiment.—“Every man may write a book for himself, if he likes, but *this* is mine. And, as I borrow no man’s story, neither will I give any man a particle of credit for his deeds, as I have got so little for my own, that I have none to spare. Neither will I mention any other regiment than my own, for there is none that I like so much, and none that so much deserves it; for we were the light regiment of the light division, and fired the first and last shot in every battle, siege, and skirmish, in which the army was engaged during the war. In stating the foregoing resolution, however, with regard to regiments, I beg to be understood as identifying our old and gallant associates the 43d and 52d, as a part of ourselves, for they bore their share in every thing; and I love them, as I hope to do my better half (when I shall come to be divided).”

The first exploit of his detachment was one which Don Quixote would have envied, and Sancho Panza panegyrised:—“October 1, 1810. We stood to our arms at daylight, this morning, on a hill in front of Coimbra; and as the enemy soon after came on in force, we retired before them through the city. The civil authorities, in making their own hurried escape, had left a jail-full of rogues unprovided for; who, as we were passing near them, made the most hideous screaming for relief. Our Quarter-master-general humanely took some men, who broke open the doors, and the whole of them were soon seen trowling along the



bridge into the wide world, in the most delightful delirium, with the French dragoons at their heels."

After this specimen of the varieties of human happiness, they reached a small town where the commissaries were destroying some stores which they were unable to carry off. The Rifles came in for shirts and shoes, while the streets were running with rum, which the soldiers were drinking as they marched along. Some years after, the commissariat attempted to charge the men with the price of the shirts and shoes. But they were favoured with a soldier's answer; that "one half of them were dead, and the other half would be d—mn-d before they would pay any thing."

At Torres Vedras, the Rifles were happy: they were, of course, in advance of the lines, and lived during the day in the little town of Arruda, retiring, however, to a bivouac among the hills at night. They here indulged in the free luxury of out-post life.—"We certainly lived in clover while we remained here; every thing we saw was our own, seeing no one who had a more legitimate claim, and every field was a vineyard. Ultimately it was considered *too much trouble* to pluck the grapes, as there were a number of poor native thieves in the habit of coming from the rear every day to steal some; so that a soldier had nothing to do, but to watch one when he was marching off with his basket-full; when he would deliberately place his back against that of the Portuguese, and relieve him of his load, without wasting any words about the bargain. The wretch would then follow the soldier to the camp, in the hope of having his basket returned, which it generally was, when emptied."

Massena abandoned his position in front of the lines on the 9th of November, leaving, as is usual with the French, a little evidence of stratagem in "some straw-stuffed gentlemen" to occupy the usual posts of his sentries. "Some of them were cavalry, some infantry, and they seemed such respectable substitutes for their spectral predecessors, that in the haze of the morning, we thought that they had been joined by some *well-fed* ones from the rear." Massena had now retired to Santarem, where he remained four months longer doing nothing. His conduct in this whole campaign was utterly inexplicable. He first stopped to storm the heights of Busaco, when he might have walked round them; in this attempt he lost 10,000 men killed and wounded. His next business was to have rushed on to Lisbon at all risks, as upon his reaching it depended the success of the campaign. But he halted in front of the lines of Torres Vedras, though he reached them before they were completed, while the British were yet in the hurry of their first occupation, and while it was more than probable that in lines of so many miles extent, he would have found some unguarded or feebly defended post. This he neglected, but sat down to look at the British fortifying them day by day, and receiving reinforcements, while his own army was dwindling down by hunger and disease. Such was his position through the whole month of October. On his withdrawing from the front of the lines in November, it was the natural surmise, that to avoid the further loss of men in an unfriendly country, where all hope of effective service was now at an end, he would have made the best of his way over the frontier. On the contrary, the spirit of lingering seemed to have taken full possession of this once famous *Enfant gâté de la victoire*, and at Santarem he

lingered until the 6th of March, without firing a shot, with his army perishing, his enemy conquering him by the mere force of want and the weather, and his reputation ruined in Europe. Massena on his return to France was thrown into total obscurity by the public scorn for his conduct in this campaign, and suffered the penalty richly deserved by a long course of military violence and robbery and remorseless rapine.

The French are cruel alike in advance and retreat, and their hatred of the Portuguese brought out their cruelty in the deepest colouring. They murdered and burned wherever the sword or the torch could be applied. One scene of atrocity among many of the same kind on the march, is strikingly yet simply described. After a perpetual firing on the French rear-guard from day-break till evening—"daylight left the two armies looking at each other, near the village of Illama. The smoking roofs of the houses showed that the French had just quitted it, and, as usual, set fire to it; when the company to which I belonged was ordered on piquet there for the night. After posting our sentries, my brother officer and myself had the curiosity to look into a house, and were shocked to find in it a mother and her child dead, and the father with three more so much reduced by famine, as to be unable to remove them from the flames. We carried them into the open air, and offered the old man our few remaining crumbs of biscuit; but he told us that he was too far gone to benefit by them, and begged that we would give them to his children. We lost no time in examining such of the other houses as were yet safe to enter, and rescued many more individuals from a horrible death.

"Our post that night was one of terrific grandeur. The hills behind us were in a blaze with the British camp fires, as were those in our front with the French ones. Both hills were abrupt and lofty, not above eight hundred yards asunder, and we were in the burning village in the valley between them, the roofs of houses every instant falling in, and the sparks and flames ascending to the clouds; the streets were strewn with the dying and the dead—some killed in action, some murdered—which, together with the half-famished wretches whom we had saved from burning, contributed to make it a scene well calculated to shake a stout heart, as was proved in the instance of one of our sentries, a well-known devil-may-care fellow. I know not what appearances the burning rafters might have reflected on the neighbouring trees at the time; but he had not been long on his post, before he came running into the piquet, and swearing, by all the saints in the calendar, that he saw six dead Frenchmen advancing upon him, with hatchets over their shoulders!"

The pursuit continued with incessant vigour, the French rear occasionally facing about, and commencing a fire on the pursuing light troops, to give time for their main body to take up a position. On one of these occasions, our Rifleman's history was near being brought to a conclusion. Seeing some of the 60th running along a deep road, which would, in another moment, have exposed them to the fire of the French line; he ran forward to warn them. A ball struck him, and he lay for dead long enough to attract the attention of one of the 60th, who, in the usual spirit of military activity on such occasions, began to strip him, and had unbuttoned his jacket, when, luckily for him, a volley from the French drove the 60th off the ground. On recovering, his first feeling was for



his head, from which the cap had been knocked away some yards. The cap, however, had saved his life, and he escaped with a contusion. The variety of military life makes even its hazards almost pleasanter than the monotonous indulgences of peace. The evening of this day of danger almost compensated for its hardships. The Rifles got a good dinner, one of the rarest occurrences of the whole campaign. "There is nothing," says this lively soldier, "so gratifying to frail mortality as a good dinner when most wanted and least expected! It was perfectly dark before the action finished. But on going to take possession of the fires which the enemy had evacuated, we found their soup kettles in full operation, and every man's mess of biscuit lying beside them in stockings—the French mode of carrying them; it is needless to say how unceremoniously we proceeded to do the honours of the feast. It ever after became a saying among the soldiers, whenever they were on short allowance, 'Well, we must fall in with either the commissary or the French to-day, I don't care which.'"

The pursuit goes on, enlivened by touches of character.—"The French were beaten over the Mondego, and the light division followed them. But the late Sir A. Campbell, commanding the next division, would not suffer any of their baggage to cross the bridge, in the idea that it might impede his march. He, however, received no order to march, and we were thereby prevented from getting anything to eat for the next thirty-six hours. I know not whether the curses of individuals are recorded under such circumstances; but if they are, the gallant general will have found the united hearty ones of four thousand men registered against him for that particular act."

The following day had its incident and its remark. "March, 19th. We this day captured the aid-de-camp of General Loison, with his wife, who was dressed in a splendid hussar uniform. He was a Portuguese, and a traitor, and looked very like a man who would be hanged. *She* was a Spaniard, and very handsome, and looked very like a woman who would quickly get married again."

At length the enemy, on approaching the Spanish frontier, made a stand, and the consequence was, an attack on a large scale. But a sudden change of the weather misled some divisions of the British; and, in the confusion, the attack was left to a part of the light division. Their success was among the most extraordinary instances of gallantry, in a war full of brilliant examples.—"Even the second brigade of our division could not afford us any support for nearly an hour; so that we were thus unconsciously left with about fifteen hundred men, in the very impertinent attempt to carry a formidable position, in which stood as many thousands.

"The weather, which had deprived us of the aid of our friends, favoured us so far as to prevent the enemy from seeing the amount of our paltry force; and the conduct of our gallant fellows, led on by Sir Sydney Beckwith, was so truly heroic, that, incredible as it may seem, we had the best of the fight throughout. Our first attack was met by such overwhelming numbers, that we were forced back, and followed by three heavy columns, before which we retired slowly, and keeping up a destructive fire, to the nearest rising ground, where we re-formed, and instantly charged the advancing masses; sending them flying at the point of the bayonet, and entering their position along with them, where we were assailed by fresh forces. Three times did the very same thing

occur. In our third attempt, we got possession of one of their howitzers, for which a desperate struggle was making, when we were, at the same moment, charged by infantry in front, and cavalry on the right, and again compelled to fall back. But fortunately, at the moment, we were reinforced by the arrival of the second brigade; and, with their aid, we once more stormed the position, and secured the well-earned howitzer; while the third division came upon their flank, and they were driven from the field in the greatest disorder."

Thus ended the battle of Sabugal, April 3, 1811; and in two days after, the triumphant army entered Spain. On that day month was fought the battle of *Fuentes d'Onor*, an ineffectual attempt of Massena to retrieve his lost laurels. There are now and then burlesque things, even in the horrors of battle. The light division covered the right of the line, the battle raging chiefly on the left and centre.—“We were lying by our arms under a burning sun; some stray cannon shot passing over and about us, whose progress we watched for want of better employment. One of them bounded along in the direction of an *amateur*, whom we had for some time been observing, securely placed, as he imagined, behind a piece of rock, which stood about five feet above the ground, and over which nothing but his head was shown, sheltered from the sun by an *umbrella*! The shot in question touched the ground three or four times between us and him, he saw it coming, lowered his umbrella, and withdrew his head. Its expiring bound carried it into the very spot where he had that instant disappeared. I hope he was not hurt; but the thing looked so ridiculous, that it excited a shout of laughter. We saw no more of him."

But, after all, life—even military life—is not made up of battles, the domestic feelings intervene, and even the Rifleman, with his “green one-incarnadined” by victory, stoops delighted to the details of homely life—food, fire, and lodging.—“Our regiment had been so long quartered in Fuentes, that it was like fighting for our firesides. The *padre's* house stood at the top of the town. He was an old friend of ours, and an old fool: for he would not leave his house until it was too late to take anything with him. But, curious enough, though it had been repeatedly in the possession of both sides, and plundered, no doubt, by many expert artists, yet none of them thought of looking so high as the garret, which happened to be the repository of his money and provisions. He came to us, the day after the battle, weeping over his supposed loss, like a sensitive christian; and I accompanied him to the house, to see if there was not some consolation remaining for him. But when he found his treasure safe, he could scarcely bear its restoration with becoming gravity. I helped him to carry off his bag of dollars, and he returned the compliment with a leg of mutton."

There is one plague in the Peninsular, which draws, perhaps, as much blood as the bayonet, yet which draws it not less in the piping times of peace, than amid the havoc of war. To this enemy many a bold Briton paid the tribute of his patriotic gore, the peninsula being, in every age, its strong hold.—“On taking possession of my quarter this evening,” says the Captain, “the people showed me an out-house, which they said I might use as a stable, and I took my horse into it; but, seeing the floor strewn with what appeared to be a small brown seed, heaps of which lay in each corner, as if shovelled together to take to market; I took up a handful, out of curiosity, and truly they were a



curiosity: for I found that they were all *regular fleas*, and that they were proceeding to eat both me and my horse, without the smallest ceremony. I rushed out of the house, and knocked them down by fistfuls, and never yet could comprehend the cause of their congregating together in such a place."

If the traveller should have any desire to investigate the phenomenon for himself, we give him the name of this head-quarters of the flea tribe. It was the village of Atalya, at the foot of the Sierra de Gota.

To the British troops, all seasons seem to have been nearly alike—the fiery summer and the frosty winter. The campaign of 1812 commenced the 8th of January, by the investment of the strong fortress of Ciudad Rodrigo. The whole detail of that extraordinary capture is admirably given.—“There was a smartish frost, with some snow on the ground; and when we arrived opposite the fortress, about mid day, the garrison did not appear to think we were in earnest: for a number of their officers came out, under the shelter of a stone wall, and amused themselves in saluting and bowing to us in ridicule.” This was genuinely French, and a proof of the native buffoonery of that facetious people. “But,” as the Captain observes, with some natural scorn, “before the day was done, some of them had occasion to wear the laugh on the opposite side of the countenance.”

The proceedings to change the mirth of those gay Messieurs were rapid:—“We lay by our arms till dark, when a party of a hundred volunteers from each regiment, under Colonel Colborne of the 52d, stormed and carried the Fort of St. Francisco, after a short, sharp action, in which the whole of its garrison were taken or destroyed. The officer who commanded it was a chattering little fellow, and acknowledged himself to have been one of our saluting friends in the morning. He kept incessantly repeating a few words of English, which he had picked up in the assault; and the only ones, I fancy, that were spoken, viz. “dem eyes and blest eyes,” and in demanding the meaning of them, he required that we should also explain, why we stormed a place without besieging it; for, he said, that another officer would have relieved him of his charge at day-light, if we had not *relieved* him of it sooner.” This capture was of great importance.—“The enemy calculated that it would have kept us at bay for a fortnight or three weeks, whereas its capture the first night enabled us to break ground at once, within breaching distance of the walls of the town.”

The service of this celebrated siege was severe. It fell to the first, third, and fourth divisions, who took it alternately for twenty-four hours.—“It continued to be dry, frosty weather, and as we were obliged to ford the Agueda up to the middle, every man carried a pair of *iced-breeches* into the trenches with him.”—“January 12. My turn of duty did not arrive till eight in the evening, when I was ordered to take thirty men, with shovels, to dig holes for ourselves, as near as possible to the walls, for the amusement of firing at the embrasures for the rest of the night. The enemy threw frequent fire-balls among us, to see where we were, but as we always lay snug until their blaze was extinguished, they were not much the wiser, except by finding, from having some one popt off from their guns every instant, that they had got some neighbours whom they would have been glad to get rid of.”

The next turn for duty was of a more passive kind, but curious in its way, and curiously observed on:—“I was sent to take the command

of the Highland company, which we had at that time in the regiment. I found them on piquet, half of them posted at a mud cottage, and half of them in a ruined convent close under the walls.

“ We could not show our noses at any point without being fired at ; but as we were posted there merely to protect the right flank of the trenches from any sortie, we did not fire at them, and kept as quiet as could be, considering the deadly blast that was blowing around us. There are but few situations in life where something may not be learned, and I stood indebted to my twenty-four hours residence there for a more correct knowledge of martial sounds than in the study of my whole life before.

“ They must be an *unmusical* pair of ears that cannot inform the wearer whether a cannon or a musket played last ; but the various *notes* from their respective mouths admit of nice distinctions. My party was too small, and too well sheltered to repay the enemy for the expense of shells and round shot, but the quantity of grape and musketry aimed at our particular heads, made a concert of first and second whistles ; while the more-sonorous voice of the round shot, travelling to our friends on the left, acted as a thorough bass : and there was not a shell that passed over us to the trenches, that did not send back a fragment among us as soon as it burst.”

Two practicable breaches were soon made. On the 19th of January the assault was made, at eight in the evening, by the third and light divisions ; the latter being appointed to the left breach. The storming party, consisting of three officers, and a hundred men from each regiment of the division, rushed forward at the signal. The enemy were prepared for them ; and the space which the troops had to pass was instantly in a blaze with fire-balls, and swept with grape and musketry, which, as the captain justly observes, “ are the devil’s own brooms.”

As he was one of the officers employed on this party, he gives us the following reflections, worthy of him equally as a soldier and a philosopher : — “ The advantage of being on a storming party is considered as giving the prior claim to be *put out of pain* ; for they receive the first fire, which is generally the best ; not to mention that they are expected to receive the earliest salutation from beams of timber, hand-grenades, and other missiles. But I experienced no such preference, for, as every ball has a considerable distance to travel, I have generally found them equally ready to pick up their man at the end, as at the beginning of their flight ; luckily, too, the other proportions cannot always be adjusted at the moment ; so that, on the whole, the *odds* are pretty near, that all concerned come in for an equal share of whatever happens to be going on.”

The assault was triumphant. The struggle at the breach was brief ; and, in less than half an hour from the advance, the fortress, one of the strongest in the Peninsula, was captured.

The next morning, the fifth division took charge of the town, and the rifles, and other regiments of the light division, marched out. Yet they had provided for themselves handsomely, short as the time was. “ Lord Wellington happened to be riding in at the gate at the time when we were marching out, and had the curiosity to ask the officer of the leading company what regiment it was ? for there was scarcely a vestige of uniform among the men ; some of whom were dressed in



Frenchmen's coats, some in white breeches and huge jack-boots, some in cocked hats and queues; most of their swords were fixed on their rifles, and stuck full of hams, tongues, and loaves of bread, and not a few were carrying bird-cages. There never was a better masked corps."

The reflection that follows this glorious achievement is manly and natural, though expressed with the characteristic oddity of the writer.

"There is nothing in life half so enviable as the feelings of a soldier after victory. Previously to a battle, there is a certain sort of something that pervades the mind, not easy to be described. It is akin to neither joy nor fear, and probably *anxiety* may be nearer to it than any other word in the dictionary. But when his battle is over, and crowned with victory, he finds himself elevated for a while into the regions of absolute bliss! It had ever been the summit of my ambition to attain a post at the head of a storming party—my wish had now been accomplished; and I do think, that after all was over, and our men laid asleep on the ramparts, I strutted about as important a personage, in my own opinion, as ever trod the face of the earth. But as the sun began to rise, I began to fall from my heroics, and when he showed his face, I took a look at my own, and found that I was too unclean a spirit to worship, for I was covered with mud and dirt, and with the greater part of my dress torn to rags."

The Spaniards and Portuguese had, by this time, become completely tired of finding apartments for their guests, and had adopted all kinds of contrivances, to prevent them from making "the house their home." An usual contrivance was to say that some epidemic was in the family. The gallant Rifleman, pleasantly records a surprising cure on one of those occasions:—"I received a billet, on a neat little house in Elvas, occupied by an old lady and her daughter, who were very desirous of evading such an incumbrance." They accordingly kept the house fast, and resisted for a long time, a series of kicking at the door, until it had nearly given way. The old lady then tried her invention, came down, and whispered in the captain's ear, that there was a fever in the house, of which her daughter was lying dangerously ill. The captain instantly declared that he was a *medico* (doctor), and might be of use to the young patient. He now made his way up stairs, "where there was a very genteel-looking young girl, the very picture of Portuguese health, lying, with her eyes shut, in full dress on the top of the bed clothes, where she had just hurriedly thrown herself."

The nature of her illness was of course rapidly determined, and the *medico* proceeded *secundum artem*. "I walked up to the bedside, and hit her a slap on the thigh with my hand, asking her at the same time, how she felt herself. Never did Prince Hohenlohe perform a miracle more cleverly; for she bounced almost as high as the ceiling, and flounced about the room, with a countenance, in which shame, anger, and a great portion of natural humour were so amusingly blended, that I was tempted to provoke her still further by a salute. Having thus satisfied the mother, that I had been the means of restoring her daughter to health, she thought it prudent to put the best face upon it, and invited me to partake of their family dinner: in the course of which I succeeded so well in eating my way into their affections, that we parted with mutual regret, the ladies telling me, I was the *best* officer they had ever seen."

In this gay strain, he runs through the peninsular campaigns, fighting and falling in love alternately. The sieges of the great fortresses, the famous march to the frontier of France, and the battles of Vittoria, the Pyrenees, and Thoulouse, are spiritedly described. The peace at length sets him loose in 1814; and he is shooting at woodcocks in Scotland, when news arrives of Napoleon's return. He rejoins his battalion, fights at Waterloo, which he describes capitally, and thus triumphantly closes one of the most attractive, eccentric and animated volumes that has been produced by the British campaigns.

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NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

OUR grand Reforms are going on in a grand style of excision. Clerks, enjoying the extravagant salaries of twenty shillings a week, are forced to submit to the pruning knife, or the sabre, we forget which; and serve their insulted country at the rate of ten. Diggers and delvers, at the rate of a shilling a day, are allowed the honour of contributing to the preservation of their country by the offering of six-pences, and there is still a hope, that by further judicious reforms of this vigorous, and yet easy kind, our beloved country may yet be saved.

But we should wish to know, whether the gallant officers in possession of trivial places from fifteen hundred to five thousand pounds a year and upwards, continue to receive their half-pay, and all those little emolumentary adjuncts, termed allowances, forage money, office money, &c., which make so pleasant an addition to the establishment of a military gentleman emulous of serving his country, on the best possible terms for himself. We believe that those gallant gentleman have not sacrificed a single shilling, and that they receive their half-pay as regularly in their sumptuously furnished apartments in the Horse Guards and Downing Street, as if they were lounging out their mornings in an attic in Whitehall, and lounging out their evenings at the United Service.

We should also like to know, how many of the holders of good things in the shape of Military Inspectorships, Commissioners of Clothing, &c., have been mulcted of their half-pay, since they began to feel the public purse dropping its liberality on them in the shower of pensions and sinecures?

Now for another branch.

*Officers' Widows.*—The question whether officers' widows should continue to enjoy pensions after marrying again, is now under the consideration of Government. It is urged that the practice is, in fact, rewarding one man for the services performed by another, and encouraging improvident connections which lead to misery, while they perpetuate one burthen on the country and create another.

All this may be very well; though in the scantiness of the widow's pension, whose general sum is thirty or forty pounds a year, there seems to be no very powerful temptation for fortune hunters. But, we may be suffered to ask, is there any idea of reducing the allowance of the paymasters of those widows' pensions? whose salaries amount to a thousand a year each; the whole actual business being of the simplest nature, and done by clerks, and the whole trouble of the paymasters being to sign the receipt for their own quarter's salary, and put the money in their pockets.



We should also like to know, whether, when those poor devils of officers' widows are forced to give up their petty provision, the widows of the placemen about Whitehall are to be allowed to keep their pensions, and marry whom they please, thus to fasten upon the public purse? That there are such individuals, and tolerably well known to the public, we believe. And we ask, what is justice, if it be not even-handed?

But the more unfortunate consequence of this regulation will be, not a saving to the country, nor the prevention of those marriages, which have been here with such ludicrous pomp called "rewarding one man for the service of another;" but an increase of prevarication, a temptation to perpetual falsehood imposed on those widows. They will marry, if they like; as what woman was ever capable of thwarting her inclination for any thing, from prudential motives? Not a sixpence will be saved; but a vast many protestations of perpetual widowhood will be wrung from the unfortunates, who have plunged into second matrimony, with a full determination to let go the public allowance on no condition whatever. We hope that oaths will not be required, for though a promise is equally binding in honour, yet the oath is a more formidable mode of meeting the temptation; and in the multitude of instances, the temptation would carry the day. We hope so foolish an attempt will be abandoned. It must be nugatory on any considerable scale, and even on the smallest, it will be only a temptation to weakness and poverty to commit falsehood.

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Mr. Nash's conduct in the purchase of the Crown Lands has been brought before the House. But the most effective part of Colonel Davies's speech, was his denunciation of Mr. Goulburn.

"He could not easily conceive how a man, like the individual alluded to, should be at his time of life so sordid as to be impelled to the commission of such fraudulent acts as these by the thirst of gold; but it was an extraordinary sight to him, and one difficult to assign a cause for, why the Chancellor of the Exchequer should be so regardless of his good name as to wish to bind it up with the tainted mass of this man's character. He pledged himself, if the House now gave him permission by sanctioning the present motion, to prove from documents he had since obtained possession of, that the party whom he thus accused had been guilty of many acts which the House would feel itself bound to reprobate, although sanctioned by the countenance and support of the Chancellor of the Exchequer; and, in this instance, he would take care not to suffer his object to be defeated by permitting the Committee to bind him in his accusation to a precise phrase, as they had on the former occasion, which had, he acknowledged, been the means of securing his defeat."

Mr. Goulburn was immeasurably shocked, that any body should think him capable of doing any thing that a perfect gentleman and pure senator should not do. He rose in becoming indignation, charged the motion, as tending by "the light of a side wind," as that classical orator the Attorney-General says: or by "running counter to the corner stone," as that not less classical orator Mr. Brougham expresses it; to censure the last year's committee, which committee had given its verdict on the matter by declaring "that Mr. Nash was innocent, but had done wrong," which strikes us as a rather enigmatical species of acquittal.

He next defended Mr. Nash's conduct, on the ground that he was then sick in his bed ; which again strikes us as a curious ground of defence. But let us hear this nervous orator's own words.

"Mr. Nash was, it would appear, to be hunted session after session, until the gallant member could find at last some set of men weak enough to coincide with him in his views. Nor would the House sanction such a course, when, in addition to its manifest injustice, he informed them the victim now singled out to satiate his resentment was an aged man, in so dangerous a state of illness as would ensure him the commiseration and sympathy of every man within those walls. If any member imagined that the charges made against him, as a man destitute of probity or honour, were well founded, Mr. Goulburn trusted he would speak his mind out fully, in order that he might have, before the subject was ultimately decided, an opportunity of defending himself from charges which he fondly hoped would not be levelled against him by any other man within those walls. Under such aspersions as he had heard made against him to-night, it was impossible he should, even at the hazard of life and all he held dear in it, suffer his character to remain for a single hour without attempting its vindication."

Now of the delicacy of this indignant gentleman's virtues, far be it from us to doubt ; for the law of libel assumes a tenfold frown, when we dream of disputing the virtue of a placeman. But this Mr. Goulburn is our supreme disgust. This was the man whose miserable mediocrity of understanding, would have kept him to the last hour of his life among the sweepings of office, but for his affected zeal for the cause of Protestantism. This was the man, who regularly lost his breath, and apologized for forgetting the half of his speech, by his overwhelming horror at any attempt to bring Popery into the legislature. This was the man whose Protestantism was so founded on a rock, was so rigidly righteous—an Aristides who courted unpopularity by the sternness of his honesty, a Fabricius who could no more be turned from the path of honour, than the sun from his course ! that he was sent over to Ireland, expressly to be a check on the slippery genius of the Irish Administration ; to be a drag-chain upon the precipitous politics of that very silly and prattling cabinet ; to be ballast for the top-heavy bark of the Irish government, with such a monkey tribe perched upon the shrouds.

Yet this was the man, whom, in a few months after the strongest protestations of sincerity in the noblest cause that could move the heart of honour, we saw sneaking to the ministerial foot, and unsaying every syllable that he had ever said before.

With respect to Mr. Nash, we have not heard that he has been compelled to disgorge any of those purchases which the committee, lenient as it was, pronounced to be wrong. His canal shares, and his Charing-cross purchases, are, we believe, still in his possession. He has been "badgered a little for them," as the Marquis of Lansdowne phrases it ; but he is willing to bear the burthen, if we still let him keep the reward. But this we hope will not be suffered, notwithstanding his being in his sick bed, and in the bosom of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

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We hear extraordinary things of the financial difficulties of the crowd of Institutions that have started up with such rapidity during the last half dozen years. But the Horticultural Society takes the lead, at least,



in publicity. Yet even this publicity was accident. Committees, auditors, secretaries, the full machinery of check and supervision, had long been in motion; yet not one of these vigilant persons seems to have had an idea of the fact, that they were on the eve of bankruptcy, till some anonymous billet in a newspaper gave them the intelligence.

Then all was wonder and speech-making. After a succession of meetings, a grand meeting of the members of the society was held a fortnight since, in the hall of the institution, Regent-street, for the purpose of receiving the report of the committee appointed to inquire into the state of the society's debts, &c.—The debts were shown to be 19,700*l.*, and the assets were estimated at 16,500*l.* It was thought 1,000*l.* per annum might be saved by retrenchment. Mr. Sabine's resignation was announced.

How the debts of any society under heaven could have amounted to 19,000*l.* without any of its governing members knowing the circumstance, appears to us among the oddest things imaginable.—The president was in such astonishment at the discovery, that he has remained in a state of astonishment ever since. The committee and Mr. Sabine were equally thunderstruck; and, till now, seem to have but very imperfectly recovered their faculties. Yet an account of receipts and disbursements was furnished, in a very clerk-like style, every year, at the general meeting; though, from Mr. Gordon's speeches, we cannot perceive that the intelligence made its way into it, that the society owed 19,000*l.*, and was 3,000*l.* worse than a beggar. Of course we have no idea of charging any fraudulent intent in this on any of the parties; for of fraud no evidence strikes us. But the negligence somewhere is perfectly unaccountable. The whole business always exhibited a most flourishing aspect in the reports transmitted to the newspapers. The monthly meetings sent away every member in raptures at the prodigious celebrity and infinite expansion of that Horticultural Society, which was to fill every cottage in England with grapes and Newtown pippins, and astonish the ends of the earth with the British pomona. On those days it was perilous to walk through Regent-street, at least so long as Sir Watkin Williams was in sight, to hold one by the button, and panegyrize the exquisite buttermilk raised from his last specimen of mangel wurzel; or Mr. Frankland Lewis, with both his pockets full of raw potatoes, to rush out in the spirit of liberal distribution to all who on that day had the calamity to be his friends.

The horticultural dinner was always a superb affair, so far as mutual congratulation, and hobnobbing to fructification, subscription, granulation, and the eternal countenance of grandees, were concerned. There was not an assembly on earth in which was felt more zeal in getting drunk for the good of grafting. And when the meeting at last gave way, there was not a member, whether slumbering in his bed, or preferring the more congenial repose under the table of the society, but felt visions of Pomological (the Greek-Latin *hybrid* belongs to Mr. Phillips) glory dazzling his nightmare, and unborn orchards crowding on his soul.

But then comes the explosion—terrible and strange. The apples were apples of Sodom. The prosperity was all rind; and accounts unexamined, bills unpaid, and debts unconjectured, made the core. The golden pippin was dust, and the silver pomegranate was ashes. And the members went away, like the feeders on the Sardonic herb,

with their mouths so distorted between smile and sourness, that many of them have never since recovered their usual blandness of physiognomy. Sir Watkin has fled the town, swearing, in the purest Armoric, against ever trusting any thing more versed in this world's ways than one of his long-bearded, caprine compatriots. Frankland Lewis took refuge from despair in a sinecure, and vows never to touch a potatoe in its state of nature, as long as he can call himself a placeman. Mr. Sabine has retired to his Hortus Siccus, and, abandoning contemporary fame, is preparing an exculpatory address to all future mankind, which Jekyll, remorseless punster, calls, like Madame Roland, "*un appel à la postérité.*"

Through good and evil we have fought for the Thames tunnel. We have made our pilgrimage to its shrine, braved the depths of Deptford to see it, and never grieved over the loss of that which, as Pope tells, ran between Swift and the love of a shirt or a supper, which ousted Marlborough of his fame, and which, in our own degenerate day, stripped Lord Melville of his privy councillor's gown, and had nearly stripped Blenheim of its ancient monarchs of the grove. In humbler language, we paid our shilling, and were glad. The sight was, in the simplest ratio of profit, worth the money; and we hope that our word will go so far with the world as to stir it up to defy even the perils of a navigation through the streets of Deptford, to see the tunnel, and see in it the most singular evidence of the powers of human ingenuity and intelligent labour that the world can boast of—a work ten times the value of the Pyramids, the wonder of the old world; and ten times more requiring invention and intelligence than the route of the Simplon, the wonder of the modern.

"The annual meeting of the proprietors of this undertaking was lately held at the City of London Tavern. It appeared from a report which was read, that little or no progress has been made towards a completion of the work; but that they do not despair of its accomplishment whenever the prosperity of the country may be such as to encourage loans or subscriptions of money for the purpose. Upwards of 26,000 visitors have, during the last year, been admitted, paying the usual price, which has assisted very much towards the expenditure."

We say to them, that the time will certainly come, when their admirable work will be felt to be, what it is, a national object—an honour to the country, which the country will be proud to sustain, even if it were solely as the triumph of its talent;—but which will be to the proprietors a magnificent source of revenue from the moment of its completion.

It was lately announced that "Kean had engaged for his spouse! and himself, for a year, one of those new fangled demi-gothic cottages on the banks of the Regent's Canal, near the Hampstead-road; where he has been seduously occupied in perfecting himself in the character of *Henry the Fifth*, which he stands pledged to perform at Drury-lane Theatre." This is one of the odd helps to genius that great men adopt in difficult cases. Mr. Bayes is recorded as having always written tragedy upon a regimen of stewed prunes. Morland's summons to his genius was the brandy bottle. Young brought himself into training for his "Night Thoughts" by a candle in a scull. Rabelais swallowed green peas; and Porson got drunk with "Mountain Dew." The



idea of a demi-gothic cottage, for the study of Henry the Fifth, did credit to the actor's taste ; and the association between the gallantry of the warrior, and the cusps and mullions of the building in which his spirit was to be raised again, was in the best style. However, Kean failed in the experiment, and we are sorry for it. He is a man of ability, and, as such, his failure ought to be a matter of regret ; unless it should have been through that negligence which so often mars the fame of genius ; or that contempt for his audience, which, however it may sometimes be so natural to feel, it must always be so impolitic to display. But there is power in Kean still ; and if he would but assume the manliness to throw off some of those habits, private and public, which have sunk his reputation, it might not, even now, be too late for him to recover his popularity.

Sir Thomas Lawrence's will is a curious document. We hate that perpetual affectation of sanctified language which makes one of the most disgusting characteristics of our canting day. But there is, after all, a certain decorum to be observed, unless we would set at defiance the customs of society, and, what is of a much higher value, the opinions of all wise and right-minded men. In the will of Sir Thomas Lawrence, which, we must take it for granted, has been given word for word to the public, we cannot discover a syllable that might not have been written by a man who believed, that when the breath was out of his body, there was an end of him here and hereafter. Yet, men as remote from superstition, or unmanly fear, as the most daring infidel alive, have generally taken occasion of a document, which so seriously reminds man of his precarious tenure here, to commence their wills with some testimony to their acknowledgment of a religious belief. The bequeathing of property has been generally preceded by some solemn and natural recommendation of that only possession which remains alike to rich and poor—the immortal part of our nature—to the great Source from which it came, and to which it hopes to reascend. But, in the will of this celebrated man, there is, unhappily, not a syllable that can sustain the idea of his having supposed himself to be above the plant, or the pebble at his feet.

We speak of this, not as actually doubting of his belief, nor as desiring to fasten upon the memory of a man of genius, and general knowledge of life and literature, a charge not less fatally hostile to his character for common understanding and common morality, than to the loftier hopes that belong to things beyond the grave ; but with regret, as a negligence, as a wasted opportunity for clearing his name, and as, perhaps, an encouragement to weak and empty minds to sanction their own insults to the general wisdom of the pure and the virtuous, under the shadow of his genius.

In a professional point of view, the abstract of his will gives an interesting statement of his collection and its intended disposal:—

“ The will has been proved in Doctors' Commons, by his sole executor, Mr. Knightly, and probate granted for personal property, under *forty-five thousand pounds*. Sir Thomas states that his collection of drawings by the old masters, are, he confidently believes, the finest in Europe, and worth twenty thousand pounds ; but he directs them to be offered to ‘ his Most Gracious Majesty for eighteen thousand pounds.’ In case of his declining to take them, they are to be offered to the Bri-

tish Museum, Mr. Peel, and Lord Dudley, in succession; and if not purchased by either of those parties, are to be advertised in ‘all the capitals and principal cities in Europe for twenty thousand pounds, and afterwards sold by public auction.’ Two volumes of paintings, by F. Bartolomeo, are to be offered in precisely the same manner, except that the National Gallery is substituted, for the British Museum, for 800*l*. A series of original drawings of Cartoons by Leonardo da Vinci, for his Last Supper, for 1,000*l*.; the Wife of Potiphar accusing Joseph, by Rembrandt, for 1,500*l*.; and two small paintings, by Raffaele, for 1,000*l*.; all to be disposed of as above stated. His collection of Architectural Casts he offers to the Royal Academy, for 250*l*.—they cost him 500*l*.; his magnificent set of Sevre Porcelain, given to him by the King of France, he leaves to the Academy, to be used on all great occasions. He recommends to his executor, his dear friend William Young Ottley, Esq., to make the sale catalogue of his various works. After the payment of his just debts, he leaves the entire residue of his wealth to his sister, nephews, and nieces.”

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How has it happened that we have no “Life of Lord North?” while the world is bored in all quarters with all kind of lives—the plodding, the powerless, the puppyish; women that never were young, and boobies that never were old, the faded refuse of courts, and the bustling coxcombry of club-rooms. “*Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor*,” might be the indignant exclamation of the premier’s ghost to his lounging and caricaturing descendants. North’s ministry was the most interesting period of the late stirring reign. All the elements of party were in hot and rapid motion; all the elements of power were shaken; all the vigour of democratic talent, strengthened and elevated by the grace and habitual dignity of the most accomplished nobility of an accomplished time, was in full display, and England stood between the new and the old worlds, like the tutelar genius, or the destroying angel of both, as she looked on them in peace or anger.

If we had leisure for such things, we ourselves should give the work to mankind; but we are busy watching the fortunes of the Emperor of China, estimating the working of our new constitution for Columbia, and luxuriating with the indulgence of Attic taste over the brilliant eloquence of Mr. Peel.

But if the world’s ear is dead to the magnificent tossing and roaring of those billows, on which the skiff of the western republic made her escape into port, but which so soon roared and thundered round the great warship of France, bursting over her decks, dashing away at every heave the gilded and royal ornaments and the noble crew, and finally plunging her, in mingled flame and blood, down to the depths from which she has not been raised by the *hand of man*; why does no lover of the keen exposure of party revive the more than satiric sagacity of the minister who dragged Fox from his bad eminence by a word, stripped the mask from that most subtle of political swindlers, and shewed the most ostentatious partizan of the populace at his feet, kneeling for office and infamy together?

Or, why does no lover of the mere pleasantry of the wittiest man of his time, collect those sparkles of wit, which in his day flashed perpetually through the debate and through general society? This we feel to be a charge upon our own souls. But what can we do, with the care of



empires pressing upon us, with the aspect of affairs in Greece robbing our pillows of sleep, and complaints of the robbery of thirteen houses at Peckham in one week, making us tremble for the fame of our dearly beloved Peel police? We must abandon the "noble Lord in the blue ribbon" to those minor biographers, who perplex mankind with the crushings of quartos into duodecimos, and give us the Life of a Conqueror, or the thousand years of a dynasty, for five shillings.

One of the newspapers charges Kenny, the dramatist, with having succeeded to other reversions of old radical Holcroft, besides his wife.

"A well-known dramatist is at his old tricks again. Some time since, an opera was represented as a new one which turned out to have been acted forty years ago. Lately he has presented a farce to the same manager, which cannot be original, as there is *something very like* it to be found in a comedy written by the first husband of the playwright's lady. The comedy we allude to is *The Road to Ruin*."

To this charge we demur on several grounds. In the first place, unless a dramatist of the present day makes oath before a magistrate, that his play is not plunder from beginning to end, we have a right to presume that not a syllable of it is his own. In the next, if Kenny can produce a good comedy, farce, or interlude, out of all the works, played, or foliolied, of old Holcroft, we look upon him as doing more than any man of common sense ever expected; or any man on earth, but himself, could do. And, thirdly, if his play resembles any play that we have seen for the last half dozen years, it has every claim to the title of the Road to Ruin—a title which, we sincerely propose, shall in future supersede the moral sentences of all kinds that used to stare upon us from the top of the stage; and though *Veluti* in Speculum, might be the proper motto for the King's Theatre during the epicene reign of the late *soprano*, we yet proclaim, that the "Road to Ruin" is, for all time to come, the true and only motto for all theatres minor and major, and all places of public entertainment whatever; always excepting the chapel of St. Stephen at Westminster, where the motto shall be limited to the "Contested Election" Committee Rooms.

We had not heard any thing of our friends of the State-Paper Office for the last month, but we knew that they could not be idle. And now the light breaks in upon the wondering world.

"*The State-Paper Office*.—The treasures of the State-paper Office, from which the industry of Mr. Lemon has drawn so much to interest the present age and all posterity, have long been exposed to destruction, being kept in a common dwelling-house, which house, by the way, was likely to fall. It is at length decided that a new State-Paper Office shall be built; the plans of Mr. Soane have been approved, and, under the superintendence of that admirable architect, the building will shortly be commenced." The house is to cost £23,000!

Why, in the name of all that is spider-woven and moth-eaten, are we not to let the course of nature, always wise, be fulfilled, and the old house fall upon the old papers? The dead never buried their dead in a more appropriate sarcophagus. If the State-Paper Office have ever produced from the utmost profundity of its cobwebs, any thing better than scraps of scraps, illegible nonsense, or the most useless waste paper with which office clerk ever wiped his pen, we will be "a soused gurnet."

The "Milton discovery," magnified as it was through both ends of the trumpet of fame, has turned out an absurdity, and has long since sunk into the waste paper of which it was made. The Elizabethan letters, and the two or three other trifles that from year to year were squibbed before the public eye, to remind it that there was so meritorious an establishment as the State-Paper Office in existence, have all gone out, and now we are to have a New Building, to remind us that the officers of this inimitable national establishment ought to have suites of new apartments therein. Verily, this is a building age. Let the people cry out against the intolerable burthens that are crushing the dwellers in the drawing-room into the parlour, as old Horne Tooke once said, and the dwellers of the parlour into the kitchen; they are answered by a supercilious declaration from head-quarters, that the last imaginable retrenchment has been made. But let the most gewgaw fancy be set in a ferment to discover some new means of extravagance, it has only to be a building fancy, to find itself welcomed with the fraternal embrace of the high and mighty. Five hundred thousand pounds have been already flung away in turning old Buckingham house, a decent and comfortable old brick house, into new Buckingham palace, a ridiculous, uncomfortable, and unkingly plaster of Paris house; and before its royal tenant will ever lay his head upon his pillow in this plaster of Paris house, it will cost five hundred thousand pounds more. And John Bull will have the double delight of paying, and being laughed at by every stranger between Capé Horn and the Cape of Good Hope.

But the architect is the reconciling charm. If we should ever be tempted to be king—an office too troublesome for the most outrageous extent of our patriotism—the true temptation to us would come in the shape of the unlimited power to march from Windsor at the head of a legion of Irish bricklayers, and knock down, as a propitiation to the offended Pallas Minerva of our isle, every furlong of lath and plaster, Roman cement and mortar *marble!* that has ever assailed the public eye under the direction of modern art. If ever a generation of blockhead architects were gifted with supremacy over the public purse, that supremacy is now in the hands of that generation. There may be able architects in embryo; there may be Wrens and Inigo Joneses hidden in the holes and corners where nature keeps her curiosities; but never was any period of any country more brutified by monstrosities in brick than the reign of his majesty.

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If we were called on to point out the most memorable instances of human absurdity, we should be strongly inclined to select them from the works of the law-makers.

"By the French law, a father can dispose of but half his property by will, if he leaves but one child; of one-third, if he leaves two children; and of one-fourth, if he leaves three or more children behind him."

The consequences of this precious law are, that a son may be as profligate as he will without regard to his father's displeasure, as he must receive the same portion, be he good or bad—that a father will not expend any thing, if he can help it, on the advancement of his son in professional life or otherwise, inasmuch as no allowance will be made for that expenditure in the general distribution of the property—that the infirm son, who cannot provide for himself, is put on the same footing with the son who can—and that the father is deprived of one of the great motives



to the increase of exertion, by knowing that he labours equally for the ungrateful and the grateful, and that the distribution of the fruit of his labours is taken out of his hands. So much for the law of equality.

Another, and perhaps more injurious result, in a public point of view, is the breaking down of property into fragments. No right of eldership exists, to make a head of a family. The French peer can leave his eldest son but the *majorat* or small property annexed to the title. In England the law by which the estate descends to the elder is productive of the best consequences on general society. By constituting a head of the family, families are kept together. The younger members of them have a support in the respect felt for the head, and in the influence which his fortune or rank gives him in the country. The great establishments, parks, and mansions, of the landholders of England, which are among the highest ornaments of the empire, and are of still more importance as centres of public feeling, of hospitality, of protection to the poor, and of manly habits and honourable feelings in the upper ranks, are kept up by this heirship. And, what is of higher value still, the landed interest, in which is the true strength of England; the peerage, and the general aristocratic branch of the public body, without which the constitution must be either a despotism or a democracy, altogether originate in the right of eldership. There may be occasional hardships in the inequality of an elder and a younger brother's fortune; but the occasional hardship is counterbalanced by a crowd of advantages, the possession of which gives England a body of the manliest and most patriotic landed gentry on earth, and the absence of which is hourly crumbling down the nobility of France, and will, in the course of half a century, turn its whole population into a mob, unless common sense be vindicated, and the State righted by a *revolution*.

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We have to regret the recent death of a very intelligent and valuable member of society, the Honourable Douglas Kinnaird. Uniting the accomplishments of a scholar with the habits of a man of the world, no individual was more qualified to enjoy or to gratify the extensive circle of friends, distinguished by rank and talent, to whose intercourse he was entitled equally by his birth, his fortune, and his acquirements. Largely acquainted with literature, he was peculiarly attached to the Drama, and a few years since took an active part in the concerns of Drury-lane Theatre, while it was under the management of a committee. He was the intimate friend of Byron, with whom he kept up, perhaps, a longer and more confidential correspondence than any of his Lordship's surviving friends. He was one of the principal partners in the Bank of Ransom and Co., Pall Mall, a firm not less known for its opulence than for the extent and liberality of its dealings.

## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

*Narrative of the War in Germany and France, by the Marquess of Londonderry, 4to.; 1830.*—This is an animated narrative—though not very lucid in arrangement, nor always clear in the details—of the two memorable campaigns, which terminated in the first dethronement of Napoleon. The story is limited pretty closely to military matters, and the writer, full of professional prepossessions, makes his pages ring with valour, and glory, and laurels; and drains the vocabulary of all its laudatory terms to pour them upon the gallantry of the allies. The author, then General Charles Stewart, was despatched by his brother, Lord Castlereagh, to the King of Prussia, to re-open our diplomatic relations, and to act in communication with Lord Cathcart, who was with the Emperor of Russia, and Mr. Thornton, ambassador at the court of Sweden. Though invested with no military command, he was warranted by the general nature of his commission, and impelled by martial ardour to mingle in the *mêles* of the field, and observe the conduct of all—his very business was to gather materials for the series of despatches, which constitute the staple of the present volume.

During the suspension of hostilities in the summer of 1813, the Prince Royal of Sweden joined the allied troops, and as England subsidized him to the amount of two millions, some right was thus acquired of looking sharply after his conduct. Bernadotte was of course an object of suspicion, and, with General Stewart, nothing short of seeing him in actual conflict with the French, was likely to remove unfavourable impressions. He recorded his feelings at the first interview, in a phrase of some emphasis and fancy—"he clothed himself," says he, "in a pelisse of war, but his under garments were made of Swedish objects and peace." Subsequent facts confirmed the *plain* truth of this remark; Bernadotte took no part in the second campaign—the invasion of France—but kept his troops in Holstein, manifestly with the view of securing that country as his share of the general spoil, which he anticipated would soon be to be divided. His conduct previously to the battle of Leipsic, General Stewart hints was very equivocal; and takes credit to himself for forcing him, if not to a change of purposes, certainly to a more complete committal of himself in hostility with the French, and does not hesitate to maintain that he might have done more than he did on one of the busy days before the battle of Leipsic. On the 16th, two days before that battle, encouraged by Blücher, he ventured to dispatch a note to him, written in pretty abrupt terms, urging him to march forthwith, or he would repent of it for ever. This note led to an interview a day or two after; Bernadotte took him aside, and in a low

tone said—"Comment! Général Stewart, quel droit avez-vous de m'écrire? Ne rappelez-vous pas que je suis le Prince de Suède, un des plus grands généraux de l'âge? et si vous étiez à ma place, que penseriez-vous si quelqu'un vous écrivoit comme vous m'avez écrit? Vous n'êtes pas accredité près de moi; c'est par mon amitié que vous êtes ici; et vous m'avez donné beaucoup de peine." The general excused himself on the urgency of the case. "*Eh bien,*" replied Bernadotte, "*voulez-vous que nous soyons amis? Vous savez, mon ami, l'amitié que je vous porte; pourquoi ne pas causer ensemble des dispositions militaires? Dites-moi vos pensées; mais ne m'écrivez plus, je vous en prie de grâce.*" He was with difficulty dissuaded from entering into a capitulation to allow Davoust and his troops to return to France; and actually dismissed the French officers, who were his own prisoners, insisting on his right to do as he pleased with them. Throughout the whole campaign he was tenacious of his own plans, and exceedingly disposed to think himself treated with less respect than was due to his military reputation. The details relative to Bernadotte indeed are by far the most attractive portion of the volume.

A summary is given of a conversation of some interest between Napoleon and General Meerveldt. Meerveldt had been taken prisoner a day or two before the battle of Leipsic, and, after the battle, was dismissed on parole, and charged with propositions of peace to the Emperor of Russia. In a personal interview, Napoleon told him he would give up Dantzic, and other towns, and retire behind the Saale; resign Hanover to England, ensure the independence of Holland, and separate Italy from France. But England, he added, would never make peace without insisting upon what he would not consent to, a limitation of the French navy. General Meerveldt then inquired if he would resign Erfurth as well as the other fortresses? Napoleon hesitated. The general then said, the resignation of the protectorate of the Rhine was necessary. Napoleon replied, it was impossible; but on being told that Bavaria had withdrawn from his protection, and that other members were negotiating with the allies, he exclaimed—"Then the protectorship of the confederation ceases of itself. As to Spain, it was a question of dynasty—*je n'y suis plus*—therefore, that question is decided."

At the close of this volume, when gathering up all his reminiscences, the marquess states there are "two points he wishes to record as deeply rooted in his memory." We were amused with them—perhaps some of our readers will also be. "I was the only individual present, when I saw England's king clothe his august ally, the Emperor of Russia, with the robes of the



garter. The graceful manner, and indescribable amiability with which the one performed his task, and the difficult and awkward mode in which the other ultimately managed to get into and put on the magnificent paraphernalia, cannot easily be forgotten—indeed, the scene surpassed description.” This is one of the “points”—the other is thus described. “It was on the steps, at the *fête* at Guildhall, that I knelt down and kissed my sovereign’s hand on his appointing me the ambassador to the court of Vienna, and at the same moment nominating me one of his lords of the bed-chamber—a circumstance entirely unlooked for, and unexpected by me.”

The delighted marquess has not yet exhausted his materials—he contemplates another volume, embracing the details of the campaign of 1815, and the transactions of the Congress of Vienna.

*Fitz of Fitzford*, by Mrs. Bray, 3 vols., 12mo.—Mrs. Bray resides at Tavistock, and is, of course, within reach of Dartmoor and its wilds, and its terrors, each of which has its own legend, and one of these, of a very painful cast, she has re-embodied, and spread the details over the usual quantum of sheets. With considerable practice in writing, she is moreover a very intelligent and clever woman, and capable of describing with full effect whatever falls under her own eye—she is fond of landscape and scene-painting, and in this her taste is good, and her execution true—domestic scenes also, and coarse dialogues, with some humour in them, suit her admirably; but, unluckily, she has the ambition to cope with characters of wilder energy, for which, being quite out of the pale of her experience, she is compelled to draw upon others, or to *force* her imagination—a thing which will not bear forcing. Of these, in the novel before us, she has two, and one of them tearingly extravagant; but being obviously made to pattern, she is not chargeable for the original conception, and need only plead guilty to the minor offence of adoption.

The scene and story are laid in the neighbourhood of Tavistock, and in the reign of Elizabeth. Fitz is the only son of a retired judge, of good property, who amuses his leisure with advising his friends, and dabbling, in company with the schoolmaster, in astrology. Old Fitz’s nearest neighbour is another judge (Glanville), who has a very lovely girl under his guardianship; and between this lady and young Fitz arises an attachment, from which springs a flood of misery, which deluges many of the pages. The story of old Judge Glanville’s daughter is a very miserable one. She had given her affections to a man of ruined fortunes, but was compelled by her father to abandon her lover and marry a rich old miser. The consequence was a speedy elopement. After some considerable interval, her retreat was discovered, and she was forced back again

to her husband; and finding no other effectual means of freeing herself from her odious shackles, she, with the aid of her female attendant, poisoned him, and paid the penalty of her “treason,” according to the fashion of the times, in the flames, to which she was condemned by the official sentence of her own father—such is still the tradition of the neighbourhood. His young and beautiful ward is, though the judge knows nothing about the matter, his own grandchild—the offspring of his daughter’s adulterous connection. She had been bequeathed to his care and kindness by a very intimate friend, was endeared to him, and regarded as his own child. Of her mother’s story she knew nothing. The person whom she supposed to have been her father, had, on his death-bed, when committing her to Glanville’s protection, charged her to listen to the advice and injunction of one Standwich, as the dictates of a parent. This Standwich presents himself to the reader in very equivocal positions—at the head of outlawed miners—connected with pirates—and the fanatic agent of schemes for the rescue of the Queen of Scots—sometimes in the mail of a soldier, and again in the frock of a priest. By gradual disclosures he proves to be the very seducer of the old judge’s daughter, and of course the father of his ward, over whom he had long in secret exercised the authority of a parent, without avowing his paternal rights. A match between her and young Fitz, he resolves at all hazards to prevent—old Fitz had been his evil genius—the main instrument first in tearing from him the object of his affections; and finally, in plunging her into the flames. By dint of threats and mysteries he gets the youth despatched to the Flemish wars, where he is quickly wounded and taken prisoner, and Standwich contrives to intercept all letters, and confirm the reports of his death. In the meanwhile, the poor young lady, much against her will, is prevailed upon, by the dark promptings of Standwich, to consent to give her hand in marriage to a neighbouring knight, the friend of Fitz. On the day of celebration, however, in spite of all impediments, young Fitz presents himself alive again to the bridal party, and of course a sad scene of confusion follows. The marriage, nevertheless, goes on; and the disappointed Fitz, after fevers and sufferings, recovers some degree of equanimity, and engaging in public business, is honoured with the command of the Castle of Lidford. While in this command, the treasonable practices of Standwich are discovered, and he is finally seized and committed to the custody of Fitz. Despairing at last of escape, he communicates to his daughter his paternity; and she, prompted also by despair, at length claims the pledge Fitz had made in happier days, to aid her in case of need. Fitz visits her in the absence of her husband, and intelligence of the visit is conveyed to him by

the jealousies of a lady, who has figured before in the story, but we had forgotten her. By the demon-like manœuvres of this lady, a meeting is brought about between the enraged husband and Fitz—swords are drawn—and, provoked beyond endurance, Fitz runs him through the body—and shortly after, in the hot fit of a fever, and the recollection of a sort of a prophecy of his father's, does the same for himself.

The story hangs loosely together, and there are more agents than business. Standwich has more instruments than he requires; there is a Jew who quotes half the bible; and a desperate virago who has a finger in every thing, and effective in nothing. An old schoolmaster has some humour, and we looked to see him again; but the writer, apparently, had too much on her hands, and perhaps forgot him.

*Library of Entertaining Knowledge, Vols. I., II., III., IV.*—Without doubt the term *useful* would be the more appropriate epithet for this collection of sterling information, in which the imagination and all its vagaries are studiously excluded. To be sure it is no easy matter to make everybody fix the same sense to the same word, and doubtless the "Diffusion Society" think it as much becomes their gravity, to identify the *utile* with the *dulce*, as Cicero did with the *honestum*. But every man to his taste—the books are valuable books, under whatever title they pass into the hands of their readers. The first volume, called the *Menageries*, is occupied with quadrupeds solely, not arranged after any recognized system, but according to the writer's convenience or sense of the "entertaining;" leaving the forms to be learnt from the wood-cuts, which are very respectable, but not of equal quality. The text is confined to descriptions relative to the habits and propensities of animals, varied and illustrated with abundance of familiar anecdotes, for very many of which the very intelligent compiler himself stands sponsor. The *second* volume concerns vegetable substances, and embraces trees and fruits—the main objects pursued are to point out the uses of the first, and to tell the history and cultivation of the other. The *third* is filled with accounts of men who have successfully pursued knowledge under difficulties—collected expressly for the purpose of exciting emulation. The diligence of the writer has suffered few remarkable cases to escape him; and the only faults we find are the abundance of the instances and the brevity of the notices—singly they whet without satisfying the appetite, and collectively they blunt and confound its perceptions. The *fourth*, fantastically entitled *Insect Architecture*, is replete with accurate and specific information relative to the more striking instances of Insect economy. It of course forms only one division of the subject of Insects, and will be followed, according to the announce-

ment, by a volume of Insect transformations.

If the treatises on mathematics and science, published under the auspices of the same society, were written with half the simplicity, with half the desire to inform, that distinguishes this series of *Entertaining Knowledge*, they would fulfil the hopes so confidently, but, as it proves, so delusively, held out to us. Many of the treatises we allude to are of a very superior cast, but for that very reason calculated only for the cultivated and accomplished—precisely for those who do not want them—who have already free access to the gates of science, if they choose to walk in. What is wanted for the uneducated—for those who are wholly unused to abstractions, is the easy, even more than the cheap.

*The Diary of Ralph Thoresby, F.R.S., author of the Topography of Leeds, by the Rev. J. Hunter, F.S.A., 2 vols., 8vo.*—Thoresby was one of the most indefatigable collectors on record, and one of the most indiscriminate—nothing came amiss—"curiosities, natural and artificial," two terms which embrace the universe, were equally and eagerly swept into his net. Inheriting from his father the nest-egg of a museum, it was the pride and pleasure of his existence to add to its treasures, and next to adding, of course, to exhibit them to wondering gazers. His actual grasp was limited only by his narrow means—he was a married man with a family, and in business as a clothier, but not very successful, and no wonder; for if his body was in the market, his soul was in his library. His collections, however, as such things will, grew insensibly, and attracted visitors far and near; and he was thus by degrees brought in contact or correspondence with all the men of his day eminent in the line of antiquarianism. His native town, an ancient and extensive one, presented a fertile field for the range of his inquiries; and his scribing labours, at least those which appear in independent publications, were mainly spent in scanning its antiquities, and illustrating its records. His "*Ducatus Leodiensis*" is a choice specimen of the topography of the old school, where every acre and house are described with the solicitude of a surveyor—every parochial tradition and event, great and small, is recorded; and every family of any local distinction since the flood, be-pedigreed. His own museum constituted *magna pars* of the town, and accordingly the Museum Thoresbyanum occupies more than half of his goodly folio. The interests of the world seemed centered in Leeds, and his Vicaria Leodiensis furnishes "learned men, bishops and writers," enough to stock a kingdom. Numbers of his correspondents had the benefit of his assistance—Bishop Gibson, in his Camden—Calamy, in his *Memoirs of Puritan Ministers*—Stevens, in his *Monasticon*; and the works of Oba-



diah Walker, Bishops Nicholson and Hearn, make frequent acknowledgement of favours. At his death, or soon after, his collections of letters from celebrated persons found their way to the British Museum; but his own museum, to the opprobrium of the town, was dispersed, partly by auction, while his personal correspondence and his diary went no one knew whither. The portions of the diary now published, with the correspondence which will immediately follow, were discovered a few years ago in a garret in the city, and rescued by Mr. Upcott, of the London Institution, whose corrasions of the autographic remains of eminent persons exceed those of any man living. During the printing, another volume of the Diary was found in the library of Christ's Hospital.

The Diary commences with the year 1678, when Thoresby was in his twentieth year, and was continued, probably without any interruption, till 1724, within a year of his death. Two gaps, one of eight, and the other of six years, are supplied briefly by a "review," in his own hand, which he seems to have made every ten years; and a third of about five years, for which there is no substitute. This is not, we think, very deeply to be lamented; nor can we at all sympathize with the editor in his regrets. *Satis superque.* Thoresby's life was uneventful and uniform; he records no public matters; or if now and then he alludes to them, it is only with a prayer that evils may be averted. The whole Diary, in short, is strictly of a private character, presenting frequent notices of his family circumstances and temporal concerns; but chiefly recording his studies, his readings, his correspondence, his times, and his religious exercises. It was designed, he observes incidentally, not for the inspection of others, but for private direction and reproof. Nothing so attractive as a peep into such a sanctum, where the individual is anything above mediocrity, with an unfettered spirit, and disposed to *expatiate*. Thoresby had no intellectual superiorities; he was evidently an honest, well-meaning man, not calculated for the tumults of life or the tricks of business; and therefore wisely, at the end of twenty years of unproductive conflict with more successful competitors, abandoned the attempt, retired on a slender competency, and devoted the rest of his days to his museum and his pen. For a diary prosecuted nearly fifty years, the uniformity of the tone is most remarkable; no one can question his identity; he was the same man from first to last; his habits as steady and unchanging in youth as in age; his pursuits the same; the same piety, the same profound respect for the clergy, the same fondness for sermons and securing the "heads" of them, the same constant attendance on public prayers, the same observance of private; the same credulity—the same *bonhomie*—the same phraseology and sentiments,

coupled with a complete absence of all desire to point his inquiries in any direction but that which, by some early bias, they insensibly took and kept. Any thing like enlightenment the reader must not look for; he had no general or original views; he never broke out of the lines of prescription; and the bigotry of his sentiments, inseparable from narrowness of spirit, is softened only by the kindness of his nature.

His self-censures, which frequently recur, chiefly concern the waste of time—that is, of time abstracted from his particular pursuits. "Can find time for anything but what I should do," he observes in one place, when he had spent some part of an evening at a tavern. "Too merry for our circumstances—too many profane words, and much precious time spent idly, if not sinfully"—upon an occasion when he had entertained some friends (*Æt.* 24). Once on a Sunday, when on a visit, after attending service—"the rest of the day and evening spent very unsuitably to the duties of the day, though we enjoyed the modest parson's good company and Squire Dyke's; evening, sat too late, or rather early, with the young gentlemen, and was foolishly cheerful, and vain in my expressions; too compliant, &c." (*Æt.* 37.) Going once to a play, he notes—"Curiosity took me there, but fear brought me back;" the first, and he hopes the last time he shall be found upon such ground. At his parish church once some sensible stranger preached—"I was especially vexed at these words: 'Precise persons, now-a-days, will cry out of innocent plays and honest comedies, &c., when in the meantime themselves are the greatest actors in the world;' a speech, in my opinion, very unbecoming a minister of the gospel at any time, much more in the pulpit; leading to the encouragement of those insatiable devourers of precious time." Yet very much of this precious time was spent, apparently, in very frivolous employments—copying tomb-stone inscriptions especially; or, when the forenoon, which he mentions without any disapprobation, was employed in cementing the broken pieces of a large ancient figure of Seneca's head, that worthy philosopher (*Æt.* 24, when he probably knew nothing of him but by report) after writing some pedigrees. Once he went a hunting, "the first time," he writes, "and I think the last, being of Sir Philip Sydney's mind, next to hawking I like hunting worst." One Sunday, ladies of rank were introduced to see his collections of "rarities and coins;"—"which with reluctance I refused, because of the unseasonableness, with proffer of service the next day, whereby I avoided the outward breach of the command. But alas," he adds, "my vain thoughts, like tinder, are easily inflamed; and any good notion, like a spark, quickly extinguished."

"Showing collections" often occurs—

much of his time must have been thus occupied: now and then he complains, but gratified vanity peeps out notwithstanding. (July 7, 1810.) "Showing to Mr. W., vicar of Halifax, and in the evening to a stranger, brought by Captain Neville, as a kinsman of Dr. Sacheverell's, but supposed to be the Doctor himself, incognito; the hand is not unlike, and the motto suitable, '*Dulce et decorum pro patria pati*,'"—every visitor inserted his name and a "motto" in Thoresby's album. A few days after—"Showing collections to Dr. Gibson, of Covent Garden; in company were two of Richard Cromwell's daughters (one was Dr. Gibson's wife), who took notice of what related to that family. Thus I am exposed, like a common inn-keeper, to guests of all complexions; the last was Dr. Sacheverell's kinsman, then two of Oliver Cromwell's grand-daughters (one of which seemed to have his *height of spirit*); but as much as moderation is decried, one betwixt both extremes is, in my opinion, to be preferred before either."

Thoresby was a great discerner of providences. In his early years a mutual attachment between himself and a young lady was broken off by her friends, and they parted in tears. She married a richer man, not much to her comfort, and died early. "The kind providence of God which foresaw this (her early death), and how unfit I was for such a trial, prevented it (her marriage with him) in mercy." His affection survived the affront, or her premature death would have been ascribed to the guilt of jilting. Ascriptions of this kind are frequent. After attending evening service, he was "unwillingly engaged with Mr. D. and Mr. C., unsuitably to the day, and in return lost a silk handkerchief—a just punishment for unsuitable discourse." Recording a tremendous storm—"this thunder-storm," he adds, "was ordered by Providence for the detection of a murderer;" and then details the story—the man took shelter in somebody's house, and was recognised.

Speaking of the comet of 1682, he adds: "Lord, fit us for whatever changes or alterations it may portend; for, though I am not ignorant that such meteors proceed from natural causes, yet are frequently also the presages of imminent calamities."

His public devotions were, unfailingly paid—but not always with discretion. He complains once of the ridicule thrown upon him by his fellow-townsmen, for begging the prayers of the congregation for his safety, when setting out on a journey. Some good-natured friend "fished out" who the prayers were for. In such formalities he had the utmost confidence. Being once about to return from London, he says:—"I was at the prayers at St. Lawrence Church, and requested of a devout gentleman I had observed most constantly there, that they would please to continue their prayers for those upon their journey *till Friday* next—it is a good provision against dangers, to

have a stock of prayers going forward for us."

He once met Whiston in company—"wretchedly heterodox;" and once dined with Locke at Lord Pembroke's. Speaking of "Locke's Essay," he observes—"Some passages to be cautiously admitted, as where he says that revelation is not so sure as our reason or senses (Thoresby not distinguishing evidently between revelation and testimony); and the *famous* Bishop Stillingfleet taxes him with some odd notions, if not heterodox, about the resurrection."

The short incidental notices which occur here and there of known persons are amusing; but the judgments pronounced upon them are of no sort of value, from the calibre and prepossessions of the man.

#### *Murray's Family Library, Vol. XI.*

It is not, we think, more than a twelvemonth, or two at the most, since we expressed at some length our opinion of Mr. Washington Irving's History of Columbus. The eleventh volume of the "Family Library" contains an abridgment of that voluminous work, compressed by the author himself. Nothing could have been better imagined—the original was decidedly too long, and nobody better than himself could know, if he consulted his own recollections in the composition, where, in particular, he had bestowed his tediousness. We like the *degree* of compression too, that is, down to about one-fourth or a fifth; and we are quite sure, the same process, and in the same, or even a more liberal measure, might be very advantageously applied to more modern works than our pages, if we could spare them, would contain. Nothing worth preserving in the original work is lost, and the price of the abridgment is less than a tenth.

*Sydenham, or the Man of the World, 3 vols., 12mo.*—This is a story of the times, and by implication at least lays claim to a large acquaintance with the higher classes of life, though without affording indisputable proofs of personal intercourse with the scenes and sets, which the author shews up, private or political. The whole, we suppose, might be readily picked up without his mixing in the circles of fashion, or the houses of parliament—without being a guest at L— or H— house, or a member of Brookes's. The sketches, as to views, motives, and effects, correspond very accurately with the common talk which floats in the atmosphere of club-rooms and every-day society. If descriptions like these before us, professing to throw open boudoirs and drawing-rooms—the whole interior of fashionable follies—are to carry weight, they require authenticating—the writers should communicate their names—let us know their condition and rank in life—where and with whom they associate, what are their opportunities, and then we can appreciate their communications. None but our



country friends can enjoy these anonymous disclosures—their capacities of faith are unfathomable and insatiable.

Sydenham, however, is a young man, with large estates and a baronet's title—cool and mature—intelligent and cultivated—with ambition not merely to shine by reflection, but to be his own sun—to be influential wherever he circulates, or in whatever direction he bends his efforts. Coming early to his property, he fell, on his first entrance into society, into that class of fashionables over which Brummel was known to reign; and by treating the monarch with something like his own indifference, piqued him into extraordinary attentions, and became prime favourite, or prime minister. Frequently as that prince of coxcombs has been of late exhibited, Sydenham presents the most complete portrait of him we have seen—furnishing, indeed, the most amusing part of the work. The declension of his power, and his final abdication, are described with something like the solemnity of history; to avoid a collision with the leaders of two parties, he chose to cut both, and make overtures to a third—a very exclusive set—quite another caste; and being there repulsed—the news spread—the spell broke—his authority vanished like a dream, and he himself withdrew. The author is doubtless too young to have known anything personally of Brummel, but the recollections of many are still fresh, and he will be thought to have conceived him well. A very different story, however, is told of Brummel's exile.

Confident in the maturity of his knowledge, and trusting to his facility of expedient for extricating himself from embarrassments, Sydenham ventures boldly to the very brink of danger—to study character. He affected to fall into the snares of a matchless match-maker—and though drawn further in than he meant to go, he finally baffled the matron's manoeuvres, and the brother's bullying, with admirable ease and tact. With more difficulty he escaped the arts of a noble lord, who threw his wife in his way—brought the cause into court, and was nonsuited. During the first burst of *éclat*, he withdrew from town, and visited his mother in Bath, where an opportunity is taken to shew up a coarser set—visitors of his mother's at “tea and turn out.” By and by a contest for the county introduces him in electioneering scenes and intrigues. Though defeated, with the loss of twenty thousand pounds, he obtains a seat readily for a borough by family influence, and now turns his attention to political distinction. He is eagerly courted by both the leading parties, but eventually joins the whigs—to be one of “all the talents.” This was at a period when a great tory leader had gone over to the whigs, and hopes rose high through this new ally of expelling the old tories. The new ally (Canning), however, and the old leader of

opposition (Brougham, without disguise) soon clash, neither will give way to the other. The old leader, consequently, coalesces with the tories, and with some of his friends takes office; while the new whig, baffled by this treacherous desertion, breaks into vituperation—is coughed down by the house he so recently commanded—goes home, takes to his bed, and dies. The whole tissue of the intrigue is laboriously unravelled, and Brougham, Canning, Tierney, Sheridan—together with Devonshire House and its once brilliant mistress—are all dissected with considerable skill and effect. The intrigue is wholly, of course, imaginary, but the incidents are all traceable in the last twenty or thirty years, only thrown into new combinations. B—— for a few months has the lead of the Commons, and is then consigned to the bench and the peerage—this is prophetic.

*Records of Captain Clapperton's last Expedition to Africa, by R. Lander, 2 vols., small 8vo; 1830.*—Lander's Journal, it will be recollected, was printed with Captain Clapperton's. His sole purpose in presenting that Journal to the government was, he says, to account for his conduct after his master's decease, and for the property left, by that event, in his hands at Socootoo. It was drawn up in haste by himself, with no other aid than that of a younger brother—it was incomplete, ill-expressed, and moreover not the medium for recording the observations which he also, as well as his master, had made during his journey and sojourn. He has now had time to get up his recollections more voluminously, and trimming and dressing up the original journal in a holiday suit, has aimed at “depicting in true colours the customs and ceremonies of the powerful nations or tribes, inhabiting that vast tract of country lying between Badagry and the beautiful kingdom of Houssa.”

Young as Lander still is—now only twenty-six—he has led a stirring life. At eleven he went, as a servant boy, to St. Domingo; and returning, after an absence of three years, to England, was in the service of several persons for another four years, and with one or other of them visited several parts of Europe. In 1823 he accompanied Major Colbrook to the Cape, and the settlements of South Africa. The following year he was again in England, and again in service, when hearing of Captain Clapperton's new expedition, he solicited to be taken into his service, and was, with the qualifications he obviously possessed, readily accepted. Every person attached to the expedition, except Clapperton and his man, it is well known, quickly perished; and the distinctions between master and servant, in their solitary state, were of course soon abandoned—Lander became the companion of his employer. Arrived at Kano, Captain Clapperton found it impracticable to get to Bornou,

and leaving Lander with the baggage, proceeded forward to Soccatoo, distant about two hundred and fifty miles. The Sultan received Clapperton with civility, but quickly, without communicating his intentions, despatched messengers to Kano, to bring Lander, with all the baggage, to Soccatoo. At war with the Shiek of Bournou, and jealous of any intercourse between him and Clapperton, he resolved to intercept whatever was destined for him; and, in spite of Clapperton's remonstrance, insisted upon the letter, with which Clapperton was furnished by the government, for the Shiek. The commotions of the country forbade for a time any further prosecution of the purposes of the mission, and before the opportunity of proceeding occurred, Clapperton fell another sacrifice to the climate; and Lander, left by himself in a remote country, had no alternative but to make his way home, as well as he could. The Sultan stripped him, before he suffered him to depart, of every thing of value, and gave an order for a sum of cowries to be paid him at Kano—but the bill was, if not protested, treated with little respect. Partaking largely of his master's enthusiasm, Lander made an attempt to return by the way of Fundah, a place on the Niger, with the view of following the stream to Benin—as if no further doubt hung over the course of the river. He was, however, driven from his purpose by the jealousies of the chiefs on his march, and obliged to return by the old track, but was everywhere well received, and his journey to the coast was accomplished without danger or alarm. He arrived there three days after the death of Parke's son, who was setting out to ascertain the place of his father's death, but perished for want of common prudence and acquaintance with the climate. In his progress to Soccatoo, Clapperton had visited the spot where Parke was reported to have been killed, but no journal or papers could be heard of—they had either been destroyed or conveyed no one knew whither. The inhabitants of Boussa were exceedingly reserved, Lander says, on the subject, and uniformly gave equivocating or evasive answers to our inquiries as to the manner in which it had occurred. They seemed indeed overwhelmed with shame, at the part they or their fathers had taken in the dreadful tragedy, and did all in their power to shift the blame from the shoulders of themselves and their countrymen.

Lander's account of the Falatahs is of some interest, with that of their founder, Danfodio and his son Bello, the present sultan: but the details will not come within our limits, and will not bear compression. The volume, on the whole, is amusing enough, and adds, besides, considerably to our knowledge of Central Africa. He has made the most of his personal adventures. Zam, the fat lady of Wou-Wou, in despair at last of persuading Lander to accept at once of her hand, and the means of depos-

ing the king, and reigning in his stead, begged him on his return to assure his countrymen that *any* white man would be acceptable, and she would transfer to him her affections, her spacious person, and her regal views. At Katunga he found himself unable to refuse the offer of four princesses, and the command in chief of the army, and the office of prime minister; but declined taking possession till he had been home. At Badagry, the hostility of some Portuguese exposed him to the necessity of swallowing Fetish water, and he escaped the consequences of this perilous ordeal, only by hastening to his hut, and contriving to throw it up again.

Lander is already on his way back to Africa. The government have commissioned him and his brother—the scribe—to attempt to reach Fundah, and trace the river from thence to Benin.

*Darnley, by the Author of Richelieu, 3 vols., 12mo.*—Once read, as novels are, and thought of no more, how is it that men of talents spend their efforts upon anything so ephemeral? Because the employment is profitable—a successful novel *pays* better than any production that can be executed in the same time by the most facile operator. But this will not last; the same fate awaits it, as has overtaken many other modern manufactures—too many labourers crowd to the loom, and, large as is the demand, the supply is rapidly exceeding it. Goods of the same quality will not, we know, obtain the same prices this season as the last. This depreciation will go on—speculators, *vide licet* publishers, will venture less and less; the cheapest hands will be retained; the best, who stick out for old prices, will turn their labour into other channels, and then we shall be deluged with flimsy cottons—content with show instead of substance.

Such a novel as “Darnley” a few years ago, would have filled London with wonderment; now it is only what every one looks for—it is but one of a score, equally good, in a season. Though, as a tale, nothing very remarkable, it is interwoven with historical personages, and tells well as the story of private and unrecorded events, mingling with characters within the knowledge of all of us. The author has made himself familiar with the principles and habits of the time, and mixes up his tale cleverly and naturally with known facts and circumstances. Darnley is the only son of a nobleman, who, falling under the royal displeasure, had been stripped of his title and estates, and the son was compelled to seek for honours and renown in foreign countries. He wins his spurs in the conflicts of Flanders and France. Of course, amidst his successes, the thought of England, and the hope of recovering his hereditary distinctions fill his bosom, and prompt all his exertions. He returns *incognito*—resolved to conciliate Henry's fa-



your by stealth and inanœuvre, as he dares not present himself in his own name and quality. By the generous assistance of the noble Buckingham, he is furnished with the means of making a handsome appearance, and a lucky incident gives him a favourable introduction. Henry was fond of tilting, in disguise as a private person; and at the time Darnley reached Greenwich—then the royal residence—had an expedition of this kind in view with Lord Devonshire. At the critical moment, he meets with a disabling accident, and a dexterous courtier suddenly presents Darnley as a competent knight to supply his place. He is accepted, performs his part to admiration, and rapidly makes his way to the heart, or at least to the transient and capricious fondness of the monarch. No time indeed was to be lost, for Darnley had his foes. The man who held his paternal estates was aware of his return, and of his intimacy with the king—he had indeed intercepted him on his landing, and thrown him into a dungeon, but had unwittingly let him slip through his fingers. He makes up, however, for his negligence. Wolsey, whose absence of a month or more had been very favourable for Darnley, returns from York, and Sir Payan, Darnley's foe, presents himself, to announce a conspiracy, at the head of which he places Buckingham, and this very Darnley as chief associate, now insidiously wooing, the king's confidence, the better to betray him. Forthwith the Cardinal orders his barge, and hastens to Greenwich, prompted by the double hope of crushing Buckingham, his old enemy, and Darnley, the new favourite. Henry, however, with a feeling of kindness—Darnley had rescued him, a day or two before, from being smothered in a pool of mud, while hawking—refuses to allow of his immediate arrest, and even gives him a timely hint to escape to the continent. In Flanders, on the borders, he has the good fortune to save the life of Francis, and through him he is finally restored to Henry's favour, at the celebrated meeting of the two monarchs in the Field of the Cloth of Gold. We have not half sketched the tale; and have forgotten the ladies—neither of them very significant. One is attached to Darnley, and the other to Lord Derby; and Wolsey desires to marry Darnley's mistress to Lord Derby. The game of cross-purposes is sufficiently embarrassing; but the current of love finally runs smooth, and each lady falls to the lord she loves best. The scenes about the palace and the park—the fêtes within, and Henry's pursuits without—are graphically given, lively and effective.

*The British Naturalist*; 1830.—The bold and commendable purpose of the very able writer of this little volume, is to make everybody *his own naturalist*—to lead him, that is, to study living subjects, and abandon

dead systems. His purpose he prosecutes by connecting the animal he meets with, with the place where he meets with it, and the food it feeds on, and inquiring why it is there, rather than anywhere else. "The plant and animal," as he says himself, "is taken in conjunction with the scenery, and the general and particular use, and, when that arises naturally, the lesson of morality and natural religion." He traces the mountain, for instance, from its base to the summit, and talks of the bear and the wolf, which once among us inhabited it; and the wild cat and pine martin, which still do: the gnats in the pools—the heatherberries—the Alpine hare—the ptarmigan—the eagle, and the mechanism of the eagle's eyes, &c. With the same purpose he visits the lake, the river, the sea, the moor, and the brook. The volume is but a small one, and contains but a specimen of the author's views. Materials are in preparation for extending the work, not only to a series of volumes of the *British Naturalist*, but to follow, or alternate those, with the *Foreign Naturalist*. Such a work, pursued in the spirit with which it is so well begun, will be sure to make its way—to the extinction, we hope, of the present mode of regarding and studying natural history, which has little else to do with animals, but their skeletons.

*History of France and Normandy*, by W. C. Taylor, A.B.—Mr. Taylor is the author of a little volume, also recently published, entitled "Historical Miscellany," embracing sundry portions of history, for the most part usually neglected in school books. This "History of France," commencing with the accession of Clovis, and brought down to the Battle of Waterloo, is, in like manner, destined for a class-book, and is accompanied with recapitulatory questions at the end of each division, after the fashion of Pinnock's histories. The portion which relates to Normandy, and the wars of our Edwards and Henries, is stated to have been carefully compiled from the old cotemporary chronicles, as, if not more faithful, at least better conveying the spirit and manners of the age, and thus throwing more light on the motives and characters of those whose deeds are recorded. The whole is written with spirit, and the exercise of sound judgment and discretion is everywhere visible. It bears, perhaps, too many marks of haste—but, in so narrow a compass, it could be nothing but a sketch, and a very good sketch it is.

*Sketches from Nature*, by J. M'Diarmid.—So very miscellaneous is this little volume, that not even the comprehensive word "Nature" will embrace the contents—nay, one piece actually details the process of the sculptor's art—and a very distinct one it is, by the way. A considerable portion is occupied with sketches of animals, descriptive of their habits, accompanied by numerous and well-attested anecdotes; and this;

together with descriptions of two or three remarkable spots, as the Mall of Galloway, and Colonel M'Dowall's fish-pond communicating with the sea, and filled with tame fishes, seems to have suggested the general title, "for want of a better." Mr. M'Diarmid is, we believe, a printer at Dumfries, and editor of a paper in the same town; and has had occasion professionally to furnish obituary tributes to several persons of local reputation, some of which are here reprinted. Captain Clapperton was born in the neighbourhood, and claimed a similar tribute—his is a very animated sketch. Indeed, every part of the volume gives proof of cultivation and intelligence—the author is a very clever person, and his volume of scraps a very readable one.

*Weeds and Wildflowers, by the late Alex. Balfour; 1830.*—Mr. Balfour's name and some occasional pieces of his, were not unknown to us, but his story was wholly so—it is one of some interest, and told by the editor of these relics in a very sensible manner. The son of parents in a very humble station, he was brought up a weaver, but early smitten with the love of books, at the termination of his apprenticeship he took to school-keeping in his native village. After a few years he removed to Arbroath, as clerk to a merchant and manufacturer. His employer dying, he entered into partnership with the widow, and on her retiring, in 1800, extended his business, in conjunction with others, by government contracts for ship-canvas. His success was considerable, till in the year 1815—a year memorable for commercial distresses—the firm was involved in the bankruptcy of a London house, and he was suddenly thrown from comparative affluence into a state of dependence. His resource was the superintendence of a house of business for two or three years, till he was struck with paralysis, and rendered incapable of locomotion for the rest of his days—he died a few months since. From a very early period he had dabbled in literature, and was, with few interruptions, in frequent communication with the provincial periodicals. Long practice gave facility of composition, and the last painful years of his life were soothed, and his family chiefly supported, by his literary efforts. Besides his constant contributions to Constable's Magazine, and two other Scotch periodicals, he was the author of three or four novels, "Campbell," "The Probationer," and "The Highland Maid," the latter of which the editor describes as a tale of interest, and one which, under more favourable bibliopolic auspices, would have certainly worked its way to popularity. Of his poetry, the most remarkable is "Characters omitted in Crabbe's Register," in which he has most successfully caught the spirit and tone of Crabbe. The volume before us has another specimen or two of the same kind, which it would be difficult

to characterise justly, otherwise than by saying they are wholly Crabbe. The tales are simply and agreeably told—one descriptive of some German dreams, and another of the equivoques and embarrassments produced by the close resemblance not only of two sisters, but a brother also—not at all Germanish, but scarcely less improbable.

*Field Sports of the North, by L. Lloyd, Esq., 2 vols. 8vo.*—Be the subject what it may, any book written not for writing's sake, but because the writer has something to tell, and really knows what he is writing about, must fix an intelligent reader's attention. The prominent topic of these volumes is bear-shooting, and the author's shooting grounds were the wide provinces of Wermeland and Dalecarlia. He has spent some years in Sweden, and knows the country thoroughly; but the present work is limited merely to a description of his sporting tours in the years 1827-8. Nothing shootable came amiss—wolves, foxes, elks, capercalis (*cogs de bois*), but the bear was the prime object of pursuit; and of that animal he has furnished a great deal of minute information—no naturalist ever probably had his personal experience, and no one certainly has conveyed particulars so numerous of the bear's habits and peculiarities.

Bears are not so abundant in Sweden as to be found with facility. In the southern parts, cultivation, which is spreading on every side, has fairly expelled them; and even in the less populated districts of Wermeland and Dalecarlia, the appearance of a bear is a signal for the neighbourhood to assemble for its destruction. This is done on a very large scale—1,500 men sometimes co-operate—it is a sort of parochial levy, and every parish contributes a certain quota for the chase. The turn out is called a scall, or battu—the party will enclose a space of fifty miles, which takes one man for every fifty and sixty yards; and then advancing, gradually narrow the circle. The game is thus, of course, enclosed, and driven to one spot, when the sportsmen, placed in what is called the shooting line, await the arrival, and make the best use they can of their opportunity. Engaging such numbers of people, the hunt is, of course, quite an event; its approach is announced from the pulpit; the government give a bounty, and the bear itself, valuable for its flesh and its fur, affords an additional prize.

The author's facilities enabled him to settle a variety of questions relative to the habits of this formidable animal. Some doubts have been entertained as to the period of gestation, and the condition of the young at their birth. No bears, it has been said, have been found with cubs in their wombs; but Mr. Lloyd had ocular proof in one of his own killing. She carries her young six months, and brings them forth in January



or February, perfectly formed. The cubs, when first born, are *very* small—the size of puppies—not, however, *unshaped lumps*, which the mother licks into form, but really bears in miniature.

The notion of the bear's sucking its paws for food is now generally exploded, but Mr. Lloyd furnishes some hints which may very well account for the blunder. He does suck his paws. Mr. Lloyd thinks he gets a new skin on the balls of his feet every year, and suggests, with some probability, the sucking may facilitate the operation.

Through the summer, the bear is lean; but, as the berries get ripe, he grows fat. Towards the end of October, he ceases to feed, and eats nothing through the winter. His bowels and stomach become quite empty, and contracted into a very small compass, whilst the extremity of them is closed by an indurated substance, called Tappen, composed, it seems, of the last substances, such as pine-leaves, and what he collects from the ant-hills, of which he has eaten. Undisturbed, he sleeps through the winter, and retains his fat—no perceptible difference is found, let him be shot at what part of the winter he may. The fat about the intestines, which is never considerable, is used medicinally, and also for the hair, in Sweden. Such are its virtues, that some one, Mr. Ross, perhaps, to express his full sense of them, has said, "If you rub a deal box with it over night, it will be converted into a hair trunk by the morning."

The rustic Swedes speak of the bear as having the wit of one man, and the strength of ten; and the author tells endless anecdotes illustrative of both qualities. He brought up some young ones—"they were most amusing fellows, though they soon became too formidable for play-things. They could climb with great facility. Indeed, every now and then," says Mr. Lloyd, "if my window happened to be opened, they would ascend the side of the house, and thus get access to my room. Bears are not unfrequently domesticated in Wermeland. I heard of one that was so tame, that his master, a peasant, used, occasionally, to make him stand at the back of his sledge, when on a journey; but the fellow kept so good a balance, that it was next to impossible to upset him. When the vehicle went on one side, Bruin threw his weight the other way. One day, however, the peasant amused himself by driving over the very worst ground he could find, with the intention of throwing the bear off his equilibrium; by which, at last, the animal got so irritated, that he fetched his master, who was in advance of him, a tremendous thump on the shoulder with his paw. This frightened the man so much, that he had him killed immediately."

*Cloudesly, by the Author of "Caleb Williams,"* 3 vols. 12mo.—With Mr. God-

win's metaphysical spirit, a tale of some master passion is the very thing best calculated to shew his strength. No man can more nicely discern the complexities and shades of feeling, or describe them more intensely. His forcible diction and vivid conception combine to impress the reader deeply. The mere construction of the tale is, we allow, a secondary matter, and the author, it is obvious, does not regard it as a principal one; but, nevertheless, a little more regard to this point would have more concentrated the interest, and could have done no harm.

The recorder of the tale, at an early age, from family circumstances, was sent to sea in the merchant's service; but, falling ill, was left, at some port in Russia, in the care of some good-natured person, and, by him, eventually placed in an inferior post in Peter's new university. After a while, he was removed into the office of Beren, the Empress Anne's favourite, and was, for a time, much distinguished by him; but, at last, offending that potent personage, he fled from his implacable revenge, and returned to his native village, to a friend with whom he had kept up a correspondence during his services in Russia. His letters had been shewn to a nobleman's steward—they embraced, probably, the whole history and statistics of Russia—and by him to his lord, a melancholy moody peer of the neighbourhood. By this lord, Meadows was speedily sent for. He had a special occasion for a youth of his activity and intelligence; and, finding him apt, made him forthwith his confidant, and employed him. Here begins the tale, for it is the conduct of this lord, and his confederate in guilt, Cloudesly, which forms the staple of the story. This Lord Altin, with an elder brother, had served under Prince Eugene. While in this service, the elder married a Greek lady, whom he had rescued from violation, and fell in a duel, a short time before the birth of her first child. The younger brother, the Lord Altin of the story, had a strong thirst for the peerage, and the opportunity seemed suddenly placed within his grasp. If the shock killed the lady, or if she produced a girl, the title and estates were all his own. If a boy came into the world, could not *he* be disposed of? Cloudesly, his brother's servant, and he, quickly understood each other, and when the mother actually gave birth to a boy and died, Cloudesly took the child with five hundred pounds a year, and his employer the title and property. The destruction of the child was not thought of—his removal seemed secured—and Cloudesly fixed himself in Italy, and brought up the child as his own. The child proved, as the child of a nobleman should, of a noble spirit; and his guardian, to soothe his own conscience, educated him as a gentleman, with a strong feeling, all along, that he would finally recover his rights, and a determina-

tion, finally, of aiding him in the recovery. The more successful were his cares for the child, the more stinging was his remorse; and at last, finding the state of his feelings intolerable, he went over to Ireland, and had an interview with the peer, whom he found in a far more pitiable condition than himself. Lord Altin had married, and death had carried off his wife and all his children, save one. He felt it to be the penalty of his crime. He was still, however, resolute not to abandon what he had sacrificed honour and peace to obtain. While Cloudesly was meditating an appeal to public justice, a letter from a friend, in whose care he had left Julian, now a young man of eighteen, informed him, the boy had quitted his roof, and was supposed to have joined some profligate acquaintance, connected with banditti. The next news Lord Altin hears, was Cloudesly's death, without any information of what was become of Julian. The intelligence threw the peer into agonies, and his new confidant, Meadows, is dispatched to Italy to discover his retreat. This was finally accomplished. The youth had, indeed, associated with a company of robbers, commanded by a ruined nobleman of lofty abilities and qualities, and had been arrested with a party, and was in imminent peril of being hanged. He was rescued by the arrival of Lord Altin in person—he had lost his last child, and was ready to make all the reparation in his power to the son of his brother. He makes a clear conscience, and the scene closes. The tale must be read, not skimmed.

*The Christian Physiologist; or Tales of the Five Senses, by the Author of the Collegians.* 1830.—This is a mixture of physiology, divinity and romance—a whimsical union we do not remember to have met with before. The triple purpose of the artist seems to have been to strike out some new and taking application of his recent studies in anatomy and natural theology. Knowledge, he discovers, should be the handmaid of virtue—Christian virtue; but the handmaid, it seems, now-a-days, chooses herself to be mistress, and, as usually happens in such cases, treats the expelled lady very scurvily. More, in plain language, the author complains—more is thought of knowledge than conduct; and, therefore, he resolves to contribute his mite toward putting matters in the right order again. Accordingly, he selects for his especial department, the five senses—to point out, apparently, how the knowledge of their uses should subserve to the virtuous employment of them. These, therefore, he first describes after the manner of Joshua Brookes; or, perhaps, some more fashionable demonstrator of anatomy; and to each sense tacks, what appears to him, an appropriate and illustrating tale. Thus, after detailing the parts and purposes of the eye, he tells how an old Irish woman once went

blind, just at the time her darling son was returning after a long absence; how a very skillful surgeon removed the cataract, and enabled her to recognise her said son, a few days after; and how she was very grateful to God, the surgeon, and his needle. Then comes, in the same way, the hearing, with all the bones of the ear, down to the stirrup; and a tale of a youth born deaf and dumb, who suddenly, *without* the aid of any surgeon, in a fit of strong emotion, is seized with intense pain in his ears, followed by the discharge of a thin liquid that bursts in his throat. Multitudes of sensations rush in by the new inlet. The youth conceals the fact from his parent, takes lessons in talking privately, and, on some grand occasion, surprises the wondering old man with a grand display of the use of his tongue. The cure of a voluptuary, by exposure to a little difficulty about eating and drinking, and the sight of misery and oppression, illustrates the sense of feeling. *Smell* gave him some trouble; he acknowledges, and the best he could do, after roundly abusing perfumes, was to tell of a maniac, who went mad from a lady's burning in his arms, self-consumed—the effect of habitually bathing in camphorette spirits of wine. She took fire, as they say old women used to do from drinking brandy. By the way, we remarked Mr. Donovan, in a volume of the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, quotes numerous instances. They all occurred, we observed, a long way off, and most of them a long while ago. The fact wants authenticating sadly.

*Cabinet Cyclopædia*, vol. 4.; *Sir Walter Scott's Second Volume of the History of Scotland*. 1830.—The managers of the *Cabinet Cyclopædia* have shewn no little tact in securing the services of Sir Walter Scott, and still more in placing him in the forefront of the battle. No imaginable *magnœuvre* could with half the certainty have fixed attention upon the new undertaking. The public will, probably, be much their debtor—not for Sir Walter's history, for that had been resolved on before the *Cyclopædia* was thought of, and would have come forth in some other shape—but for drawing from others, what, without their prompting, would never perhaps be accomplished. The reigns of Mary and James, till his accession to the English throne, occupy the greatest part of this volume. The ease and simplicity of the narration are admirable, and not less remarkable is the soundness of judgment every where visible, or the temper with which every question is discussed. Mary puzzles him; circumstances condemn her, while the absence of legal evidence acquits her. He cannot pronounce a peremptory verdict, and makes a Scotch return of *non proven*, which indicates lack of evidence for guilt, but enough of it for doubts of innocence. Hume, whom he calls, of course, with some reference to the case,



the *acute*, being told of a new work, in which the author had made a well-argued defence of the queen—"Has he shown," said he, "that the queen did *not* marry Bothwell?" He was answered, of course, in the negative. "Then," replied Hume, "in admitting that fact, he resigns the whole question."

Sir Walter traces, perhaps, too curiously, some of James's peculiarities, and especially his timidity, to the consequences of the brutal assault upon Rizzio, committed in his mother's presence before his birth.

A weakness in his limbs, which he never entirely recovered, gave him a singular, odd, ungainly, and circuitous mode of walking, diametrically opposite to that which we connect with the movements of majesty. The same shocking scene, probably, gave rise to a nervous timidity, by which James was affected to a ludicrous degree. It was remarked of him, that different not only from the disposition of his fathers, but from that of his mother Mary, who could look with an unshrinking eye upon all the array of war, James wanted the most ordinary personal courage, a virtue, and one is sometimes tempted to suppose the only one, of that age. The king could never behold a naked sword without shrinking, and he turned away his head even from that very pacific weapon which he was obliged to draw for the purpose of bestowing the *accolade* on a knight dubbed with unhacked rapier and from carpet consideration. The same species of timidity ran through his whole mind and actions, like an extensive flaw in a rich piece of tapestry, defacing and rendering of little value that which would have otherwise been rare and precious. Thus, while nature had given him a sound and ready judgment, and a wit, which was sometimes even brilliant, she withheld from him that accurate knowledge of propriety, which is manifested in applying to its proper place, or using in its fit time, either what is serious or what is humorous, without which tact or sense of propriety, wisdom sinks into a venter of proverbs, and wit into a mere buffoon. To remedy, if possible, these natural defects, James's education had been sedulously cared for; his tutor, George Buchanon, being not only one of the best scholars of the age, but capable of rivalling the purest classics in the composition of their own beautiful language. In this art he accomplished his pupil James, just up to that point where strength and vigour of thought is demanded to give animation to language, but unfortunately he could conduct the royal student no farther. The ordinary subtleties of scholastic learning were easily comprehended by a mind which delighted in ingenious trifling, but a timorous disposition cannot form ideas of dignity and resolution, nor, of course, can a timorous mind frame, or a hesitating tongue give utterance to, a daring conclusion.

*Stricture of the Rectum, &c., 3d. Edn., by Frederick Salmon. 1830.*—Books of all professions find their way, occasionally, to our sanctum, and Mr. Salmon's volume struck us, some time ago, as remarkable for the vigour of the composition, and the clearness with which he discussed his subject. The particular classes of disorders,

which it concerns, are notoriously very widely diffused, and being, as they are, at once painful and formidable, it deeply concerns the world to have the causes well sifted, for the purpose of getting the curative process placed upon the basis of full knowledge and rational principle. A third edition, within a very short period—for a medical book—proves we were not mistaken as to its apparant value. Mr. Salmon regards piles as a *salutary* consequence of stricture, and fistula in ano, as a *necessary* one. Of these diseases, however, stricture is not the only source, and he deprecates misconstruction on that point. With Mr. Salmon's extensive practice, in this particular department, his opinions must be worth weighing.

*Reminiscences of Henry Angelo, Vol. II.*—Angelo's book will amuse numbers. It is essentially coarse, as may be supposed, relative as it is, for the most part, to odd and eccentric persons—to such as have won the laurels of notoriety, by profligacy, folly, foppery, pretension, or impudence—to demerips and swindlers among high and low. Angelo's profession brought him acquainted with many of the young nobility and bucks about town—with people of the theatres especially, and stage-struck amateurs. With some talents for acting, he was one, regularly, of Lord Barrymore's corps, and, for the same purpose, impressed, occasionally, for the service of the Margravine of Anspach. These distinguished persons are accordingly brought forward frequently upon Angelo's stage. His admiration for lords is of the profoundest kind, and he favours the public with a list of at least a hundred of the peerage whom he has taught to handle the foils. The Chevalier d'Eon figures—Weltje, the Prince's cook at Carlton House, Old Grimaldi, Peter Pindar, Dr. Kitchiner, Antony Pasquin, Lady Hamilton,—her whole story, by the way—Graham, his earth-bath and celestial-bed quack, Matthews, Lord Byron—with scores of others of the last forty or fifty years.

We quote an adventure of Dr. Johnson in his Scottish tour, not recorded by Boswell. It is a favourable specimen of Angelo's manner, and sufficiently ludicrous.

*Dr. Johnson's Pudding.*—Last summer I made another excursion to Scotland, with the intention of completing my series of views, and went over the same ground described by the learned tourists, Dr. Johnson and Boswell. I am in the habit of taking very long walks on these occasions, and perceiving a storm threaten, I made the best of my way to a small building. I arrived in time at a neat little inn, and was received by a respectable-looking man and his wife, who did all in their power to make me comfortable. After eating some excellent fried mutton-chops, and drinking a quart of ale, I asked the landlord to sit down, and partake of a bowl of whisky-punch. I found him, as the Scotch generally are, very intelligent,

and full of anecdote, of which the following may serve as a specimen :

"Sir," said the landlord, "this inn was formerly kept by Andrew Macgregor, a relation of mine ; and these hard-bottomed chairs (in which we are now sitting) were, years ago, filled by the great tourists, Doctor Johnson and Boswell, travelling like the lion and jackal. Boswell generally preceded the doctor in search of food, and being much pleased with the look of the house, followed his nose into the larder, where he saw a fine leg of mutton. He ordered it to be roasted with the utmost expedition, and gave particular orders for a nice pudding. 'Now,' says he, 'make the best of all puddings.' Elated with his good luck, he immediately went out in search of his friend, and saw the giant of learning slowly advancing on a pony.

" 'My dear Sir,' said Boswell, out of breath with joy, 'good news! I have just bespoke, at a comfortable, clean inn here, a delicious leg of mutton; it is now getting ready, and I flatter myself we shall make an excellent meal.' Johnson looked pleased—'And I hope,' said he, 'you have bespoke a pudding?'

" 'Sir, you will have your favourite pudding,' replied the other.

"Johnson got off the pony, and the poor animal, relieved from the giant, smelt his way into the stable. Boswell ushered the doctor into the house, and left him to prepare for this delicious treat. Johnson feeling his coat rather damp, from the mist of the mountains, went into the kitchen, and threw his upper garment on a chair before the fire; he sat on the hob, near a little boy who was very busy attending the meat. Johnson occasionally peeped from behind his coat, while the boy kept basting the mutton. Johnson did not like the appearance of his head; when he shifted the basting ladle from one *hand*, the *other hand* was never idle, and the doctor thought at the same time he saw something fall on the meat; upon which he determined to eat no mutton on that day. The dinner announced, Boswell exclaimed, 'My dear doctor, here comes the mutton; what a picture! done to a turn, and looks so beautifully brown!' The doctor tittered. After a short grace, Boswell said—

" 'I suppose, Sir, I am to carve, as usual; what part shall I help you to?' The doctor replied—

" 'My dear Boszy, I did not like to tell you before, but I am determined to abstain from meat to-day.'

" 'Oh dear! this is a great disappointment,' said Boszy.

" 'Say no more; I shall make myself ample amends with the pudding.' Boswell commenced the attack, and made the first cut at the mutton. 'How the gravy runs; what fine-flavoured fat—so nice and brown, too. Oh, Sir, you would have relished this prime piece of mutton.'

"The meat being removed, in came the long wished for pudding. The doctor looked joyous, fell eagerly to, and in a few minutes nearly *finished all the pudding*. The table was cleared, and Boswell said,

" 'Doctor, while I was eating the mutton you seemed frequently inclined to laugh; pray, tell me, what tickled your fancy?'

"The doctor then literally told him all that had passed at the kitchen fire, about the boy and the

basting. Boswell turned as pale as a parsnip; and, sick of himself and the company, darted out of the room. Somewhat relieved, on returning, he insisted on seeing the dirty little rascally boy, whom he severely reprimanded before Johnson. The poor boy cried: the doctor laughed.

" 'You little, filthy, snivelling hound,' said Boswell, 'when you *basted the meat*, why did you not put on the cap I saw you in this morning?'

" 'I couldn't, Sir,' said the boy.

" 'No! why couldn't you?' said Boswell.

" 'Because my mammy took it from me to boil the pudding in!'

"The doctor gathered up his Herculean frame, stood erect, touched the ceiling with his wig, stared, or squinted—indeed, looked any way but the *right way*. At last, with mouth wide open (none of the smallest), and stomach heaving, he with some difficulty recovered his breath, and looking at Boswell with dignified contempt, he roared out, with the lungs of a Stentor—

" 'Mr. Boswell, Sir, leave off laughing; and under pain of my eternal displeasure, never utter a single syllable of this abominable adventure to any soul living, while you breathe.' And so, Sir," said mine host, "you have the positive fact from the simple mouth of your humble servant."

*A Concise System of Mathematics, by Alex. Ingram. Second Edition.*—*Multum in parvo* is a merit more frequently claimed than deserved—this little volume does deserve it, *si quid aliud*. It is an enlargement of Mr. Ingram's "Concise System of Mensuration,"—enlarged by himself, we suppose, though some vague terms in the advertisement seem to make it doubtful—the publishers talk of *their* efforts and inquiries. Though theory is not neglected, practice is the main object of the book, and among the improvements enumerated are facilities for land-surveying, with numerous examples of common cases. The guaging part is entirely recomposed, and adapted to the imperial standards—and so is also the mensuration of artificer's work, and a new head has been added to the latter, on the strength, flexibility, and fracture of timber. Large additions are made in the shape of tables, especially of logarithmic tables, of numbers from one to ten thousand—of logarithmic sines and tangents for every minute, and of natural sines and tangents for every five minutes of the quadrant. The publishers boast of completeness and cheapness, and it is, apparently, well entitled to the praise of both merits.

*A Compendium of Modern Geography.*—A very handy and competent compendium. We remember looking closely over the first edition, and suggesting some corrections as to the pronunciation, directed by the usher, of the names of certain places. Some of these he seems to have adopted—at least the requisite changes are made, and it is not a custom to trouble reviewers with acknowledgments. The principal amendments or additions apply to the descriptive tables which embrace the chief places in each country, a general index at the end to



every place mentioned in the volume, the amount of population, from the last census, and that of many towns in foreign countries, the course of rivers, the altitude of mountains, &c. The work seems scarcely susceptible of further improvement in the same bulk. We can no longer talk of the *quarters* of the world—the grand divisions of the globe are now, it seems, among all geographers, *sevenths*.

*Companion to the Globes, &c. by R. T. Linnington.*—This is a third edition of a very well arranged book. Its chief value arises from compression—we do not observe any material deficiencies, compared with similar “*Companions*,” of double the number of pages. *Cat. par.* this is one good, and the lower price is another.

*Gorton's Topographical Dictionary, Part I.*—If this work be executed in the manner which its importance demands, it will be an acceptable publication; but more, much more local inquiry, instituted for the occasion, is requisite than is likely to be made. Advantage will be taken, we doubt not, of the latest printed information, and

the specimen before us is a very favourable one. A number of particulars not usually introduced into our common gazetteers, are attended to,—population, post-towns of every village, the bearings and distances, with the whole contents of the *Liber Regis*, corrected down to the period of publication, where the facts can readily be got at, that most mean. A more rapid publication would surely be desirable; three years and a half is a long period to wait for its completion. The two sheets and a half might appear once a fortnight, or double the quantity once a month. Alderney, we observe, is stated to be only *thirty* miles from the nearest point of the English shore. The editor must keep his eyes open.

*Easy Rhymes for Children from Five to Ten Years of Age, by the Author of Cato, or the Adventures of a Dog, &c.*—This is a well written little work, and one that we strongly recommend to be put into the hands of children, as being likely to produce much benefit from the cautionary as well as moral and entertaining tendency of the tales.

## FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS.

### SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE seventh annual exhibition of this Society, which has just been opened to the public at the rooms in Suffolk-street, is very far, indeed, from supporting those favourable hopes which we have lately been induced to entertain, relative to the progress and prospect of art among us. It would do but little credit to the least refined of continental capitals; to the capital of (say what we will) the most refined nation in the world. Of the four hundred and seventy-nine paintings in oil, which form the staple of the exhibition, and by which alone the condition of art may be judged and estimated, it is not too much to say, that nine-tenths are many degrees below mediocrity; and that at least half of these are so utterly worthless as to make it almost ludicrous (if it were not lamentable) to look upon them as candidates for public favour. We are at all times extremely loth to point out particular objects of art for dislike or reprobation, because we may give pain, by so doing, with little chance of benefitting either the sufferers or any one else; for people are not to be criticised, still less shamed or abused, out of their self-love. And if we were to attempt the task of pointing out all the instances of failure in the case before us, we should have little else to do but reprint the catalogue of the collection. In order, therefore, to avoid the charge of being either tedious in referring to many, or invidious in selecting a few, we shall merely ask the spectator to enter the great room, and commence his inspection with the commencement of his cata-

logue; and if he can proceed but two steps in his examination without twice turning aside, with feelings of mingled sorrow and contempt, then we shall see more occasion than we do at present, for descending to individual censure. In the mean time, we shall address ourselves, as usual, to the more useful and agreeable task of pointing out to public notice the few objects in this exhibition which claim that distinction at our hands; and we cannot do even this, without premising, that it is only by comparison with their wretched rivals, that even the greater part of these acquire a title to distinct notice.

No. 5. *A Caravan at Rest. R. B. Davis.* This is the largest and most conspicuous work in the room; and, with many grievous faults and deficiencies, it is among the best. The scene represented is that of a party of Bedouin Arabs, selling horses; and the life and action of the picture arise out of the various points of view in which the animals and their owners are exhibited. The tone of this picture is glaring, and, we must think, false, and many of its details are feeble and inappropriate; but the composition is good, and the general effect is lively and striking.

No. 15. *Interior of a Highland Cottage. A. Fraser.* This is one of the best of several of those pleasing little scenes of domestic life and nature, with which our exhibitions have lately abounded, and in which we succeed better than in any other department of the art.

No. 22. *Portrait of a Lady. S. Howell.* Among the many portraits in this collec-

tion, this is one of not more than half-a-dozen that will bear to be mentioned in terms of common respect. It is a promising work; there is an airiness and grace of style about it, and a light vivacious mode of handling, the want of which are the bane of this important class of art in the present day.

No. 29. *The Empty Wallet.* J. Inskipp. This is one of several pictures by the same artist, all of which evince considerable knowledge of art, power of hand, force, and originality of conception; if, indeed, that can be called original, which is evidently grounded on a previously-existing style—that of Sir Joshua Reynolds. We should be disposed to say, that the little pieces now alluded to, comprising Nos. 29, 71, 201, 225, 302, 435, are, in point of force and truth of delineation, worth nearly all the rest of the collection put together. Still they are far from what may reasonably be looked for at the artist's hands; and what they are especially deficient in, is that great secret of art—the *agreeable*. The very best of these little studies (for they have the air of studies merely, and can scarcely be regarded as works exhibiting any completeness in themselves, except the two least meritorious, "The Sportsman," (201) and "The Legend," (225) by far the best of them; and, at the same time, the least agreeable) is "The Harvesters," (435). But in all there is great truth of character and force of style.

No. 40. *Welcome Friends.* J. Knight. This is, without exception, the best picture in these rooms; and it is one that would have deserved particular commendation in whatever company it might have appeared. It represents the meeting of old (and young) friends in a Highland cottage; and the conception of character and delicately true delineation of that character, in the three old people, are excellent; the breadth of handling, throughout, is strikingly superior to that of any other artist of the day, who devotes his efforts to similar scenes, Wilkie alone excepted; and, finally, the colouring is clear, rich, and harmonious. The composition, however, is very defective, particularly in relation to the principal seated figure, who is taking a hearty hand-shake, with one hand, and a glass of ale with the other, at one and the same moment. The young couple forming the right hand group have little to recommend them, and have, indeed, no business in the composition. This is by no means so good a picture, on the whole, as the same artist's "Auld Robin Gray;" but it has great and peculiar merit, nevertheless.

No. 55. *Reflection.* E. T. Panis. This is a female figure, full of grace and sentiment, by the artist of the Colosseum panorama. It is seldom that two so opposite styles proceed from one hand, as that which aims at mere distant effect, and that which

works out its object by careful and elaborate finishing, as in the instance before us.

No. 74. *Plunder.* G. Lance and H. Slons. This is among the most striking and best executed pictures in the collection; but it aims at that incongruous mixture of incompatible qualities, which shews either a mischievous or an insufficient degree of confidence in the artists who have planned it. It represents a wounded and bleeding soldier, on the field of battle, watching, sword in hand, a pile of plunder, in the shape of a whole coach load of gilt tankards, cups, plates and dishes, &c., which seem to have been just deposited on the spot, by Messrs. Rundle and Bridge, while the still proceeding battle is seen in the distance. And the mischief is, that the great merit of the work consists in the extremely clever manner in which all this "plunder" is executed. This is elevating into a leading and distinguishing feature what should be passed by with a hint merely; or it is attempting to invest with a moral interest that which appeals to the senses alone.

No. 139. *Naples.* W. Linton. The artist has shewn much taste and skill in depicting this favourite scene of all artists—this common-place of the painters' art—the Bay of Naples; but if he has contrived to give an original character to it, he has succeeded at the expense of truth and nature. The scene has a formal, artificial, and classical air, which is not to be found in the lovely original. Nevertheless, the picture is one of the three or four most meritorious works in the collection.

No. 143. *Interior of a Polish Synagogue.* S. A. Hart. There is considerable breadth and force of style in this picture, and some brilliant colouring. By means of a better-chosen subject, the artist (whose name is new to us) might produce a striking and original work.

No. 161. *Portrait of Marquis Clanricarde.* J. Lonsdale. This is one of the only three strikingly good portraits in this exhibition, the others being, one we have noticed above, by S. Howell (22), and a portrait of A. White, Esq., by J. Simpson (197). The present work is full of vivacious truth of character, and is without that crying sin of portrait-painting, an affectation of unmeaning refinement, and of unnatural force of intellectual expression.

On entering the north room, we find it extremely difficult to restrain the expression of that almost unmingled disapprobation which nearly the whole of its contents are calculated to call forth. The general want of merit, or rather the positive presence of the direct opposite of merit, is so conspicuous, and almost universal, that it might well be deemed invidious if we were to particularize. We shall, therefore, merely state, that we find scarcely any thing in this and the south room which will bear even a moderate degree of commendation, except a pleasing Moonlight Scene, by Hofland (269);



two or three clever and agreeable pieces, by J. Wilson ; some very excellent architectural scenes, by Roberts ; and a scene, which is much better executed than conceived, by W. Kidd, from the novel of Rob Roy (450). The extremely clever pieces, by Inskipp, in these two rooms, we have noticed above.

Our limits compel us to take an abrupt leave of this exhibition, with an expression of regret, that it has called forth so little praise at our hands, and that it deserves so much more censure than we have either the space or the inclination to bestow upon it.

*Mr. Haydon's Eucles and Punch.* These two new productions of Mr. Haydon, display great, various, and most valuable powers ; and if they include faults which are nearly as conspicuous and manifold as their beauties, they are at least not faults of omission or of ignorance, but of a mistaken or a perverse notion of the claims and capabilities of art. In seeking to accomplish more than his subjects, respectively, were susceptible of, Mr. Haydon has, in some degree, missed the general effect aimed at ; and in over-informing his individual figures and expressions, he has injured their truth, at least, if not their individuality. In the *Punch*, the funeral and the wedding are superfluities, at best ; perhaps they deserve to be ranked as injudicious and injurious obtrusions ; the latter of them, however, we can well forgive, on account of the two admirable expressions to which it has given rise, in the coachman and the black footman. They are pieces of conception and execution that would have excited marked attention, if they had occurred (as they almost might) in some of Hogarth's best works. The figure that best pleases us in the *Punch*, is that of the admiring countryman ; and the only two which do not please us at all, are "the young men of fashion."

In the *Eucles* there is great power of execution displayed : perhaps in the instance of the figure whose back is to the spectator, more than has before been exhibited by any living artist, Mr. Haydon himself included. There are few things in Rubens superior to this figure. The colouring, too, is excellent, and the composition is at once elaborate, simple, and complete.

These two works will undoubtedly raise

the reputation, and, we hope, the fortunes, of this distinguished artist ; but they still leave us much to hope from his future exertions.

*Howard's Outline Illustrations of Shakspeare.* The sixteenth and seventeenth numbers of this excellent and most interesting work are, in most respects, answerable to those which have preceded them. No. 16 includes *Othello* and *Titus Andronicus*. The first of these dramas affords full scope to that simplicity of composition which is so well adapted to the outline mode of delineation ; and in all the plates of *Othello*, the two chief characters (the Moor and Iago) are admirably characterized and distinguished. The address of *Othello* to the assembled senators, is full of a grand simplicity ; in the first insinuations of Iago (plate 4), the whole design, expression, and composition is capital ; and the death-scene of *Desdemona* is beautifully impressive and pathetic, even in its incipient preparation. The scenes from *Titus Andronicus* are infinitely more crowded and complicated, so much so, as to sometimes need the effect of light and shade.

No. 17 includes *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Timon of Athens*. In the illustrations of the first-named of these plays, we must confess ourselves disappointed—probably on account of the exaggerated associations which most of us are happy enough to have connected with this divine composition, from reading and learning to appreciate it, in early life. Putting all stage recollections out of question, neither the *Juliet*, nor the *Romeo*, nor any one of their looks, movements, and expressions, are exactly answerable to our ideal of the star-crossed lovers. The scene of the balcony, however, where the couple are taking leave, after *Romeo's* banishment, is full of passion and poetry ; the scene in the tomb, where he is gazing on her supposed corpse, is intent and striking ; and the two next, the concluding ones, are designed with equal skill and originality. The *Timon* is treated with unusual brevity, and on account of the absence of female characters, it affords inadequate scope to the artist's skill. Much, however, is effected, and all with unusual originality of feeling and conception.

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Wm. Lasalle, Bristol, apothecary, for the improvement of gig and cards in clothing manufactory.

Geo. Bodley, Exeter, founder, for an improved metallic engine to work either by steam or water.

## BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

### GENERAL GNEISENAN.

General Count Gneisenan was a native of Prussia, and was universally regarded, not only as one of the bravest, but one of the most able and most scientific generals of the age. His military knowledge was remarkably extensive; his eye was quick and keen; cool and clear headed, his judgment was distinguished by its soundness; and comprehending, in an instant, as it were, the capabilities of every thing around him, he possessed extraordinary promptness and firmness of decision. Under the most disastrous reverses—even when resorting to measures apparently verging upon rash-

ness—his presence of mind never failed him; his orders and instructions were uniformly given with the utmost decision, propriety, and calm intrepidity. At the close of the late war he served in the capacity of head of the staff to the Prussian main army, under Marshal Blucher; and it was a common saying amongst the officer, "Gneisenan plans our operations, and Blucher carries them into effect." To his skill in the higher branches of military tactics no greater compliment than this could be paid.

This distinguished officer was born in the year 1760; and from his early youth he

applied himself unremittingly to the study of the military sciences; a study to which, throughout his life, nearly all his leisure hours were devoted. On the attainment of his twentieth year, he entered the service of the Margrave of Anspach, as an officer, and went with the troops of that prince to America, to assist the English in the war against the colonists.

It was not until the year 1792 that Gneisenan attached himself to the service of his native country. His regiment was at that time quartered in Silesia. Ten years afterwards he obtained a company; in 1806 he was made a major; and, in 1807, the king of Prussia sent him from Königsberg, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, to take the command of Colberg, which, through his exertions, was one of the few strong-holds of Prussia that did not surrender to the force of Buonaparte, before the peace of Tilsit.

During the siege of Colberg he was promoted to the rank of colonel. After the treaty of Tilsit he left the army, apparently in disgust, and came over to England; but, in point of fact, he was sent to this country on a secret diplomatic mission.

Colonel Gneisenan returned to Berlin in 1810, and was for some time employed in the war office. In 1813, he was appointed major-general, and quarter-master-general, in which capacity he commanded the memorable retreat of the combined Russian and Prussian forces, from the scene of their discomfiture by Buonaparte, at Lutzen, to Breslau. During the armistice that succeeded, he exerted himself in forming the national militia of Prussia, called the Landwehr.

His next appointment was that of chief of the Prussian staff, to which we have already alluded. After the armistice he remained with Blücher's army, and the destruction of the French Marshal Macdonald's corps on the Katzbach, the subsequent crossing of the Elbe, and the glorious results of the battle of Mockern, near Leipsic, on the 16th of October, 1813, were ascribed chiefly to his able advice.

Raised to the rank of lieutenant-general, Gneisenan, in 1814, contributed greatly to the victories of the allies at Brienne, and Paris, as he had done in the battle of Montmirail. It is said to have been chiefly his opinion which determined the bold march upon Paris.

For these and former services the king of Prussia now raised Gneisenan to the dignity of a count, appointed him general of infantry, and gave him landed estates in Silesia, the rent roll of which exceeded ten thousand dollars a year.

It was chiefly General Gneisenan who, in 1815, enabled the Prussian army, which had been defeated by the French in a sanguinary engagement, near Ligny, on the 16th of June, to resume the offensive in the course of two days, and to advance to the assistance of the Duke of Wellington at

Waterloo, with whom he, under Blücher's command, pursued the enemy up to the very gates of Paris.

Count Gneisenan assisted at the subsequent negotiations in the French capital; and, after the conclusion of the general peace which followed, he was appointed governor of the Prussian provinces on the Rhine.

In the following year, however, his name having been often mentioned by M. Schmaltz, in his *Memoirs of the Secret Societies in Germany*, Count Gneisenan demanded an inquiry into his conduct; and, as the king conceived it unnecessary to grant this, he solicited leave to retire. His majesty accordingly allowed him to retire on full pay, and to reside wherever he might choose, simply on the condition of relying upon his services in the event of a war.

A few years afterwards Count Gneisenan was appointed a Prussian field-marshal, and governor of Berlin.

The count married in 1796, and had by his lady, who survives him, seven children, the eldest of whom is an officer in the Prussian foot guards. He occasionally resided on his estate in Silesia, where he died, in the autumn of 1829, in his 69th year.

#### THE REV. THOMAS BELSHAM.

The Rev. Thomas Belsham, the Unitarian minister of the chapel in Essex-street, Strand, died at Hampstead in the early part of November, in the 80th year of his age. This gentleman was the brother of William Belsham, the furious Whig historian, who died a year or two since. In early life, he was some time tutor at the dissenting academy at Daventry; but inclining to Unitarianism, he removed to the New College, Hackney, whence he succeeded Dr. Priestley in 1794, at the Unitarian Meeting-house near that village. There he continued till 1808, when he was chosen to occupy the pulpit of Essex-street chapel, vacated by the death of the Rev. Thomas Lindsay.

By his sect and party, Mr. Belsham was regarded as an able and powerful advocate of the Unitarian doctrine. He was the author of several sermons;—A Charge at the Ordination of Thomas Kenrick, at Exeter, 1785.—A Review of Mr. Wilberforce's Practical View of the Christian Religion—Elements of the Philosophy of the Mind, and of Moral Philosophy—A Summary View of the Evidences and Importance of Christian Revelation—Letters on Armianism and other Topics on Metaphysics and Religion—Biographical Memoir, and a Sermon on the Death of Mr. Lindsay—A Calm Review of the Scripture Doctrine concerning the Person of Christ—Letter to Lord Sidmouth on the Bill relative to Protestant Dissenting Ministers—The Rights of Conscience asserted, with respect to the Interpretation of the Toleration Acts—Memoirs of the late Rev. Thomas Lindsay, &c.



## MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THROUGHOUT the present month, the weather has been generally favourable for the occupations of agriculture, and the advantage seems to have been taken, in all parts of the country, with an eager diligence and assiduity, in order to recover the lost time occasioned by the frost. The oat and pulse crops, with few exceptions, may be said to be finished; and, upon forward soils, some of them are appearing above ground. Barley, upon some good light lands, was judiciously put in early, the obstacles and press of business considered; and such lands are in good progress of culture for mangold and turnip sowing. The former is the most tender of the roots in use, and the least able to endure frost, and is generally found to succeed best from early planting. After all, the turnips prove to be less injured by the frost than had been expected, receiving greater damage from a single casual frosty night subsequently, no doubt, on account of the renewal of vegetation by the change of temperature. It is generally found that the rutabaga, or Swedish turnip, has been more affected by the frost than the common English; whence it is supposed, that foreign root, originally chosen for its presumed superior hardness as well as nourishment, has at length degenerated on our soil. There is not much complaint yet of a short quantity of turnips. Notwithstanding the weather has been favourable to agricultural labour, repeated variations of temperature have had an ill effect on the health of many; sore throats have been frequent, with fevers of a very malignant type; and even the small pox has prevailed in some parts, to an alarming degree.

The wheats, on the best lands, begin to exhibit a luxuriant and healthy appearance, thickly planted; on poor, exposed, and neglected soils, a too large proportion, they are backward, thin, and weak, which has given rise to an opinion that a general good crop must not be expected. This, however, will materially depend on the nature of the coming seasons. The grasses have stood remarkably well, and there is great expectation of a general crop. Last year's seeds, with one or two exceptions, have failed, and the clovers are scarce and of very bad quality. Winter tares continue to improve. The stock of potatoes, a never failing and most important article of national consumption, will not only prove sufficient, but the quality is far beyond expectation. Apples, two and sixpence the bushel; and did we want a distinctive characteristic for the year twenty-nine, it might well be styled the apple year. It has been found difficult to obtain oats fit for seed, and the price of such has been high.

Hoeing the wheats has been necessarily backward; on many farms it will be totally omitted, and, on but few, will be efficiently performed, from the almost general foul and neglected state of the land; indeed, farming operations, in most parts, seem to be hurried on, with more attention to getting through at any rate, than solicitude on the score of good husbandry, to which the times are not propitious. The accounts from markets and fairs, and of the general state of the country, are so various, and often contradictory, that it is by no means easy to form, or safe to hazard, a decisive opinion; yet, on a general view, there appear to be indications of a favourable change both in agricultural and manufacturing concerns; whether we ought to be sanguine enough to hope for a degree of prosperity, under our present system, adequate to the removal of that heavy and almost unaccountable load of distress which so bitterly oppresses this land of wealth, of overflowing plenty, and profusion, is an uncertain and fearful proposition. The great fairs have been fully, and well attended, and in some, store cattle have gone off briskly and at improved prices, sheep being in limited numbers and in demand; in others, the old leaven has prevailed—vast herds of store cattle and flocks of sheep, uncalled for and unsold. Fat stock has every where met with a quicker sale, though at reduced prices. The national stock of cattle, as of every thing else, population included, with the almost single exception of home-grown bread corn, has been indeed superabundant. Our letters from the stall-feeding districts, speak of a general hesitation as to purchase, the feeders having suffered so severely in their last year's accounts. The cheese and butter trade is in a state of great depression—the former especially. Much wort has been sold, or rather parted with, for the sake of raising the needful: though, according to a single account from a great sheep district, some has been sold at an advance of fifty per cent. In fine, there can be no doubt of a riddance anon, of this embarrassing surplus of the necessities of life, from the very nature of things.

Accounts still continue to afflict us, of a universal want of money in the country—*this medium has been converted into stock, and the sale of that stock must produce its return*; at least, so much of it as bad markets have left, the other portion becoming the property of the public at large. This, if no cause of merriment to the losers, is the legitimate merry-go-round of political economy. But the heaviest cause of affliction is the immense number of unemployed labourers, no doubt arising, in great measure, from the "Irish invasion."

Alas! that we cannot apply to our own *coloni* (husbandmen) the *fortunati nimium bona si sua norint*. The great majority of our farmers are in a most depressed state, utterly unable to pay the present rents, and poor's rates increasing; yet, strange to report, many farms, given up from distress, have been let at the old rents. Complaints are reiterated of the hardness and severity of landlords, to which Sir Robert Sutton is a noble exception; from his beneficent consideration towards his tenants, he has deserved well of the country. The general depression of price, on articles of produce, is calculated at from fifty to sixty per cent. Hops are a steady article, and considerable speculation in them is stirring. The fall of lambs may be deemed successful; but it is said that many ewes and lambs have been lost from the too free use of *salted* hay and of turnips. Sheep, rabbits, and deer, require much dry food. The rot has prevailed much among sheep and deer. Barley, from the inferior quality and low price, is one of the most losing articles to the grower; not one half of the last crop will be malted. *Scotia*, that northern land of promise, has had so favourable a winter, that even tender garden plants have received little or no injury.—Who would not be a Scot!

*Smithfield*.—Beef 3s. 0d. to 4s. 2d.—Mutton, 3s. 4d. to 4s. 6d.—Lamb, 6s. 6d.—Veal, 3s. 4d. to 5s. 8d.—Pork, 3s. 0d. to 4s. 8d., best dairy fed, 5s. 0d. to 6s. 0d.—Rough Fat, 2s. 1½d.

*Corn Exchange*.—Wheat, 46s. to 94s. (best foreign)—Barley, 26s. to 38s.—Oats, 18s. to 31s.—Fine Bread, the London 4 lb. Loaf, 10½d.—Hay, 55s. to 95s. per load.—Clover, ditto 63s. to 115s.—Straw, 46s. to 56s.

Coals in the Pool, 25s. 6d. to 34s. 6d. per chaldron.

*Middlesex, March 22.*

## MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

**SUGAR.**—The demand for West India Muscovadoes has been steady; the estimated sales for the week have been 2,000 hogsheads and tierces. The prices are without the slightest alteration. In refined goods there is rather more business: there is little alteration in the currency. In the refined market, the low descriptions of lumps, from 70s. to 72s., have barely supported the quotations of last week, having been only in limited demand; but the better descriptions of shipping qualities, say low single loaves and Prussian lumps, have been all taken out of the market. The refiners are very firm in their demands, and, in some instances, have obtained a slight advance. The sales of crushed Mediterranean have been small this week; although offers continue to be made in the finer descriptions, there has been less doing—no alteration in the quotation to be noticed.—*Foreign Sugar*.—A limited parcel of good white Pernamo has been taken 33s. to 34s. The public sale of 543 boxes of low soft yellow Havannah, met with few offers; only one or two lots sold, 23s. 6d. to 25s.; 97 chests of Havannah, in good order, sold at 26s. 6d.; the Brazil not sold.—*East India Sugar*.—Fifteen thousand bags of Mauritius sugar, sold this week at public sales, went off, with great briskness, at full prices; brown, 45s. to 48s. 6d., white, (low to good) 25s. to 29s., yellow, (fine) 22s. 6d. to 23s. 6d.

**COFFEE.**—The public sales of coffee have been rather extensive; the East India descriptions, of which 3,400 were in one sale, they were mixed, Java, Cheribon, and Sumatra. Yellow coffee went off at high prices; Havannah and coloured Brazil went off freely.

**RUM, BRANDY, HOLLANDS.**—Some proof Leewards, and rather over sold at 1s. 10d. In Jamaica there are few sales reported. Brandy continues firm—price for Geneva is 2s. 6d.—British spirits are advanced 11d. per gallon since the duty of it has been levied.

**HEMP, FLAX, AND TALLOW.**—The tallow market is steady without briskness. In Hemp and Flax there is no material alteration. Letters from St. Petersburg are dated the 2d. March. Exchange 10d. 13. 32. Tallow 39. a 90. Bought 2,000.

*Course of Foreign Exchange.*—Amsterdam, 12. 8.—Rotterdam, 12. 8.—Antwerp, 12. 8.—Hamburg, 14. 3½.—Paris, 28. 85.—Bordeaux, 20. 15.—Berlin, 0.—Frankfort-on-the-Main, 156. 0.—Petersburg, 10.—Vienna, 10. 21.—Madrid, 35. 0½.—Cadiz, 35. 0½.—Bilboa, 35. 0½.—Barcelona, 35. 0½.—Seville, 35. 0½.—Gibraltar, 47. 0½.—Leghorn, 47. 0½.—Genoa, 26. 10.—Venice, 47. 0½.—Malta, 48. 0½.—Naples, 39. 0½.—Palermo, 118. 0½.—Lisbon, 44. 0½.—Oporto, 44. 0.—Rio Janeiro, 22. 0½.—Bahia, 25. 0.—Dublin, 1. 0½.—Cork, 1. 0½.

*Bullion per Oz.*—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—Foreign Gold in Bars, £3. 17s. 9d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s. 0d.—New Dollars, £0. 0s. 0d.—Silver in Bars (standard), £0. 0s. 0d.



*Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of*  
**WOLFE, Brothers, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.**—Birmingham CANAL, ( $\frac{1}{8}$  sh.) 290 $\frac{1}{2}$ .—  
 Coventry, 850 $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Ellesmere and Chester, 100 $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Grand Junction, 286 $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Kennet and Avon,  
 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Leeds and Liverpool, 452 $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Oxford, 635 $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Regent's, 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Trent and Mersey,  
 ( $\frac{1}{8}$  sh.) 780 $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Warwick and Birmingham, 270 $\frac{1}{2}$ .—London DOCKS (Stock), 77 $\frac{1}{2}$ .—West  
 India (Stock), 190 $\frac{1}{2}$ .—East London WATER WORKS, 115 $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Grand Junction, 52 $\frac{1}{2}$ .—  
 West Middlesex, 75 $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Globe, 166 $\frac{1}{2}$ .  
 —Guardian, 26 $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Hope Life, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Imperial Fire, 115 $\frac{1}{2}$ .—GAS-LIGHT Westminster  
 chartered Company, 55 $\frac{1}{2}$ .—City, 190 $\frac{1}{2}$ .—British, 0 $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Leeds, 195 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

*Announced from February 23d, to March 22d, 1830, in the London Gazette.*

### BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Sir Walter Roberts, barr., Courtlands,  
 Witcombe Rawleigh, Devonshire,  
 and Powey, Cornwall, banker  
 J. Connop and T. L. Evill, Token-  
 house-yard, dyers  
 J. Glover, Derby, tailor  
 J. Walker, Clebanger, Hereford, mil-  
 ler  
 R. Moode, Romsay, p'umber  
 J. Schofield, Middleton, dealer in  
 coals  
 F. Ince and E. Elliss, Dudley, coach-  
 builders and harness-makers.

### BANKRUPTCIES.

[This Month, 128.]

#### *Solicitors' Names are in Parentthesis.*

Atkinson, H. Doncaster, druggist.  
 (Wiglesworth and Co., Gray's-inn;  
 Nicholson, Wath  
 Arnold, W. J. Great Tower-street,  
 wine-broker. (Hill, Cross-lane  
 Armstrong, W. Birkenhead, draper.  
 (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row;  
 Prodham, Liverpool  
 Armistage, G. Aldnonbury, woollen-  
 cloth-manufacturer. (Clarke and  
 Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; White-  
 head and Co., Huddersfield  
 Bryant, E. South Bank, Regent's-  
 Park, surgeon. (Gadsden, Furni-  
 val's-inn  
 Bristow, W. Horstead. builder. (Aus-  
 tin, Gray's-inn; Staff, Norwich  
 Baker, J. Birmingham, grocer.  
 (Holme and Co., New-inn; Bartlett,  
 Birmingham  
 Bowling, T. Gunthorpe, and M. Bow-  
 ling, Kent-street, Southwark, mer-  
 chants. (Hicks and Harris, Gray's-  
 inn; Brown, Burton-upon-Hum-  
 ber  
 Bagnall, T. Westwell, baker. (King,  
 Serjeant's-inn; Price, Burford  
 Barron, T. Preston, money-scrivener.  
 (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row;  
 Southward and Co., Preston  
 Bell, J. W. Pinner's-hall, merchant.  
 (Dyer, Took's-court  
 Brown, P. Prince's-place, Commer-  
 cial-road, draper. (Farrey, New-  
 gate-street  
 Binney, T. Wakefield, Binney, R. and  
 Binney, M., Morton, corn factors.  
 (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row;  
 Taylor, Wakefield  
 Burden, T. Gloucesters, grocer. (Brit-  
 tan, Basinghall-street; Bevan and  
 Co., Bristol  
 Barrett, J. C. Northampton, corn-  
 factor. (Vincent, Temple  
 Buckley, J. Manchester, and C.  
 Nunn, Old Change, ingham-manu-  
 facturers. (Swain and Co., Frede-  
 rick's-place  
 Clarke, R. and J. Tucker, Black-  
 friar's-road, oil and colour-men.  
 (Parker, Furnival's-inn  
 Cruickshank, W. and E. L. Whitehead,  
 Lewisham, corn-dealers. (Williams,  
 Alfred-place  
 Clayton, J. Goldington, miller. (Lloyd,  
 Bartlett's-buildings, Day and Co.,  
 St. Ives and St. Neots  
 Crumpton, T., Shrewsbury, cord-  
 wainer. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-  
 inn-fields  
 Catell, J. W., Huggin-lane, silk-  
 shag-manufacturer. (Austen and  
 Co., Gray's-inn  
 Cunliffe, J., Rainhill, miller. (Black-  
 stock and Co., Temple; Currey,  
 Liverpool  
 Clacket, H., Dover, grocer. (Rixon  
 and Son, Jewry-street  
 Coleman, C. W., Bond-street, auc-  
 tioneer. (Robinson and Son, Half-  
 moon-street  
 Chambers, J., West Kent, draper.  
 (Hall and Co., Serjeant's-inn;  
 Brough, Boston  
 Dandy, G., Tariton, corn-dealer.  
 (Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane;  
 Bray, Preston  
 Deans, J. B., Bath, grocer. (Fisher,  
 Castle-street  
 Dawson, J., Keswick, ironmonger.  
 (Chisholme and Co., Lincoln's-inn-  
 fields; Fisher and Co., Cocker-  
 mouth  
 Dench, H., Seymour-place, uphol-  
 sterer. (Williams, Alfred-place  
 Davies, T., Glandi'yar, linen-draper.  
 (Jenkins and Co., New-inn; Clarke  
 and Son, Bristol  
 East, S., Lavenham, innkeeper.  
 (Harris and Co., Beaufort-build-  
 ings  
 Edwards, B., Yeovil, currier. (Sat-  
 chell, Little St. Thomas Apostle;  
 Watt's Yeovil  
 Evans, D., Lanwennog, grocer.  
 (Smith and Co., Red-lion-square;  
 Franklyn, Bristol  
 Flutter, T., Henrietta-street, linen-  
 draper. (Waugh, Great James's-  
 street  
 Friedlaeger, M., Paternoster-row,  
 medicine-vender. (Hughes, George-  
 street  
 Foster, E., Blackroad, Lancashire,  
 shoe-maker. (Milne and Co.,  
 Temple; Hopwood, Wigan.  
 Gibbons, D. and G., Christopher,  
 jun., Bristol, millers. (Williams,  
 Gray's-inn; Watts and Son, Bath  
 Green, B., Field-end, York, miller.  
 (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-  
 fields; Whitehead and Co., Hud-  
 dersfield  
 Gonzalez, F., Copthall-court, mer-  
 chant. (Patterson and Co., Broad-  
 street  
 Gough, W., Windsor, coach-maker.  
 (Rhodes and Co., Chancery-lane  
 Gelson, G., Blackfriar's-road, tim-  
 ber-merchant. Sheffield and Co.,  
 Freetot-street  
 Guernier, S., Pentonville, bookseller.  
 (Parker, Furnival's-inn  
 Garlick, J., Balall, flour-dealer.  
 (Hemling and Co., Lincoln's-inn-  
 fields; Woodcock and Co., Coven-  
 try  
 Gooch, T., Crawford-street, linen-  
 draper. (Brough, Feet-street  
 Holt, G., Walton-on-the-Hill, school-  
 master. (Appley and Co., Gray's-  
 inn; Whitehead, Manchester  
 Holt, W., Kearsley, shopkeeper.  
 (Mayhew and Co., Carey-street;  
 Hampson, Bolton-le-Moor  
 Hardy, W., Kirby, Moorside, tailor.  
 (Sandan and Co., Old Jewry; Ja-  
 comb and Co., Huddersfield  
 Hyams, J. P., brandy-merchant.  
 (Taylor and Co., Temple; Miller,  
 Liverpool  
 Hartop, R., Hoyland, iron-master.  
 (Holme and Co., New-inn; Birks,  
 Barnsley  
 Hindle, R. F., Boroughbridge, inn-  
 keeper. (Dawson and Co., New  
 Boswell-court; Gray, Borough-  
 bridge  
 Howarth, J. and G., Spot and, worsted-  
 manufacturers. (Emmett, New-  
 inn; Craven, Halifax  
 Hyde, J. and H., New Birmingham  
 and Gainborough common-carriers.  
 (Winter and Co., Bedford-row  
 Heighington, G., Sheffield, wine-mer-  
 chant. (Michael, Red-lion-square;  
 Burbare, Sheffield  
 Hyde, J., Manche ter, cotton-ma-  
 nufacturer. (Scott, Lincoln's-inn-  
 fields; Greenhagh, Manchester  
 Hibbard, J. West, West Kinnald Ferry,  
 wood-ealer. (Bell, Bedford-row;  
 Cartwright, Bawtry  
 Holmes, M., Leeds, builder (Wigles-  
 worth and Co., Gray's-inn; Souhly,  
 Leeds  
 Hayton, J. B. and T. F. Bell, King-  
 ston-upon-Hull, brokers. (Shaw,  
 Ely-place; Brown, Hull  
 Hosking, V., Claines, builder. (Platt  
 and Co., New Boswell-court; Hyde,  
 Worcester  
 Isaacs, L. and J., Manchester, fur-  
 riers. (Rowland, Liverpool  
 Isaacs, L. and J., Manchester, fur-  
 riers. (Makinson and Co., Tem-  
 ple; Makinson, Manchester  
 Isherwood, J., Bolton, victualler.  
 (Hurd and Co., Temple; Walker,  
 Manchester  
 Ireland, T., Manchester, dyer. (Milne  
 and Co., Temple; Walker and Co.,  
 Manchester  
 Jones, E., Liverpool, victualler.  
 (Taylor, Cement's-inn; Davenport,  
 Liverpool  
 Johnson, H., Trowell, coal-dealer.  
 (Hurd and Co., Temple; Greasley,  
 Nottingham  
 Jenner, J., Lindfield, wine-merchant.  
 (Squires, Holland-place  
 Johnson, O. T., Huddersfield, wool-  
 stapler. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-  
 inn-fields; Whitehead and Co.,  
 Huddersfield  
 Jackson, T., Walworth, master-ma-  
 riner. Hewitt, Token-house-yard  
 Jacobs, L., Chelsea, broker. (Spyer,  
 Broad-street-buildings  
 Kay, H., Leeds, victualler. (Battye  
 and Co., Chancery-lane; Hargreaves,  
 Leeds  
 Kirkhouse, T., Merthyr-Tydfil, gro-  
 cer. (Brittan, Basinghall-street;  
 Bevan and Co., Bristol  
 Lawson, W. J., Lombard-street, bill-  
 broker. (Clayton, John-street  
 Lloyd, H., George-street, jeweller.  
 (Wills, Ely-place  
 Lees, L., Oldham, cotton-spinner  
 (Milne and Co., Temple; Ratcliffe,  
 Oldham  
 Lees, J., Newton-moor, cotton-spin-  
 ner. (Makinson and Co., Temple;  
 Atkinson and Co., Manchester  
 Lonsdale, J. and A., Manchester,  
 silk-warehousemen. (Hurd and Co.,  
 Temple; Hadfield and Co., Man-  
 chester  
 Laurie, J., St. James's-street,  
 Jeweller. (Roe, Gray's-inn

- Morris, G., jun., Norwich, Slater.  
(Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-  
fields; Fowley, Norwich.  
Moulton, W., Warwick, grocer. (Tay-  
lor, John-street; Poole and Co.,  
Kenilworth; Haynes, Warwick.  
Moulton, T., Warwick, grocer.  
(Shaipe and Co., Bread-street;  
Poole and Co., Kenilworth; Haynes,  
Warwick.  
Mortlock, J., Bury St. Edmond's,  
innkeeper. (Clarke and Co., Lin-  
coln's-inn-fields; Kingsbury and  
Co., Bungay.  
Mellor, J., Almondsbury, dyer (Bat-  
tye and Co., Chancery-lane; Ste-  
phenon, Holmfirth.  
Mullowny, J., Bristol, merchant.  
(Pearson, Temple; Daniels, Bristol.  
Morris, E., Wrexham, tower. (Wili-  
ams and Co., Chester.  
Nathan, I. and B. Nathan, West-  
minster-road, music-seller. (Pat-  
terson, Mincing-lane.  
Pope, J., Great Yarmouth, cabinet-  
maker. (Dax and Co., Bedford-  
row; Waters, Great Yarmouth.  
Percival, W., East gate, Lincoln,  
farmer. (George, Wardrobe-place.  
Paulin, H., Berwick, lunkeper. (Burn,  
Doctor's-commons.  
Pearce, W., Bodmin, chemist. (Tay-  
lor, Clement's-inn; Chapman, De-  
vonport.  
Pettifer, H., High Holborn, cheese-  
monger. Brough, Fleet-street.  
Pocock, G. A., Dartford, printer.  
Took, Dartford.  
Politi, L., Bristol, carver. (King,  
Castle-street.  
Pequeur, L., Paddington-street, up-  
holsterer. (Smith, Basinghall-  
street.  
Perkins, C., Worthing, coach-pro-  
prietor. (Waugh, St. James's-street;  
Edmunds, Worthing.  
Pratt, H. C., Norwich, linen-draper.  
(Brutton and Co., New Broad-  
street; Rackham and Co., Nor-  
wich.  
Rayne, J. and C., Newcastle-upon-  
Tyne, seed-crushers. (Plumtree,  
Temple; Cram, Newcastle-upon-  
Tyne.  
Roobard, J., Kensington-gravel-pits,  
brewer. (Branscombe, Fleet-street.  
Rendell, E. P., West Coker, sail-  
cloth-manufacturer. (Williams,  
Gray's-inn; Watts, Yeovil.  
Robins, T., St. John's-square, silver-  
smith. Eyre and Co., Gray's-inn.  
Reid, W., Ball-alley, watch maker.  
(Spyer, Broad-street-buildings.  
Rose, J., Old Jewry, auctioneer.  
(Birkett and Co., Cloak-lane.  
Roberts, C., Leeds, clock-maker.  
(Jones, John-street; Hick, Leeds.  
Raven, G., Gr. ville-street and Sid-  
mouth-street, apothecary. (Sawyer,  
Stap e-inn.  
Smilh, T., Bride-lane and Lambeth,  
wine-merchant. (Gellatly, Lime-  
house.  
Smith, H. T. and J., York, drapers.  
(Appleby and Co., Gray's-inn;  
Whitehead, Manchester.  
Sutton, E. P., Clement's-inn, money-  
scrivener. (Conway, Castle-street.  
Shepherd, J., Beaumont-mews, corn-  
dealer. (Sale, Aldermanbury.  
Sampson, P. S., Brighton, bookseller.  
(Wootton, Token-house-yard.  
Simon, J., Regent-street, hosier.  
(Burkitt and Co., Cloak-lane.  
Steel, J., Southwark-bridge-road,  
builder. (Hewitt, Token-house-  
yard.  
Smith, E., Nottingham, baker. (Yal-  
lop, Basinghall-street; Parsons,  
Nottingham.  
Somerfield, P., Walsall, victualler.  
(Turner and Co., Bloomsbury-square;  
Heeley, Walsall.  
Sweet, G., Upwoman, malster.  
(Holme and Co., New-inn; Wal-  
don, Wivellscombe.  
Sambruck, M., Fishguard, draper.  
(Brittan, Basinghall-street; Da-  
niels, Bevan and Brittan, Bristol.  
Thompson, W., Rochester, glass-dea-  
ler. (Rochford, Borough.  
Thredder, H. V. jun., Barking,  
smack-owner. (Stratton and Co.,  
Shoreditch.  
Wagner, J., Piccadilly, tailor. (Tribbe,  
Clifford's-inn.  
Westlake, G., Great James-street,  
boarding house-keeper. (Nias, Cop-  
thall-court.  
White, J., Taunton, upholsterer.  
(Norton and Co., Gray's-inn; Win-  
ter, Taunton.  
Walker, W., Drury-lane, looking-  
glass-manufacturer. (Walton and  
Co., Girdler's-hall.  
Wallace, W., Workington, shipwright.  
(Falcon, Temple; Thompsons,  
Workington.  
Wilde, W., Oldham, cotton-spinner.  
(Elis and Co., Chancery-lane;  
Hampson, Manchester.  
Wilkinson, T., Audenshaw, elgham-  
manufacter. (Adlington and Co.,  
Beeford-row; Chev, Manchester.  
Woodward, C., Manchester, inn-  
holder. (Appleby and Co., Gray's-  
inn; Whitehead, Manchester.  
Wainwright, M. and W. Wainwright,  
Leeds, woolen-cloth-manufacturers.  
(Fisher, Walbrook-buildings.  
Ward, W., Coventry, ribbon-manu-  
facturer. (Heming and Co., Lin-  
coln's-inn-fields; Woodstock and  
Co., Coventry.  
Wood, J. E., Shrewsbury, tanner.  
(Philpot and Co., Southampton-  
street; Kough, Shrewsbury.  
Wainwright, M. and W., and J.  
Johnson, Cateaton-street, woollen-  
warehousemen. (Fisher, Walbrook-  
buildings.  
Wilkinson, R., Epworth, woollen-  
draper. (King, Castle-street; Ma-  
son and Co., Doncaster.

## ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. Dr. W. Carey, Bishop of Exeter, trans-  
lated to the Bishopric of St. Asaph.—Rev. J.  
Bull, D.D., to the Vicarage of Stareton, North-  
ampton.—Rev. Dr. Bull, to the Canony of Christ  
Church.—Rev. Dr. G. Barnes, to the Archdea-  
conry of Barnstaple.—Rev. W. S. Carey, to the  
Rectory of Lezant, Cornwall.—Rev. J. Matthews,  
to the Vicarage of Fenton and Sherburn, York.  
—Hon. and Rev. J. S. Cocks, to be a Canon of  
Worcester Cathedral.—Rev. J. Natt, to the Vicar-  
age of St. Sepulchre, London.—Rev. Dr. Chan-  
dler, to be Dean of Chichester.—Rev. G. H.  
Deane, to the Vicarage of Eckington, Worcester.  
—Rev. J. Jackson, to a Prebend in the Collegiate  
Church of Brecon.—Rev. C. Tripp, to the Rectory  
of Bundeigh, Devon.—Rev. J. Heath, to the  
Vicarage of Wigmore, Hereford.—Rev. T. Dean,  
to the Perpetual Curacy of Little Malvern, Wor-  
cester.—Rev. F. Faithful, to the Rectory of  
Headleigh, Surrey.—Rev. W. Firth, to the Rec-  
tory of Letcombe Basset, Berks.—Rev. J. Brown,  
to the Rectory of West Lynn, Norfolk.—Rev.  
J. B. Schomberg, to the Rectory of Belton, Suf-

folk.—Rev. J. Ashby, to the Rectory of Wenham  
Magna, Suffolk.—Rev. G. Rooke, to the Vicar-  
age of Embleton, Northumberland.—Rev. C. C.  
Clerke, to be Archdeacon of Oxford.—Rev. A.  
Crowdy, to the Vicarage of King's Somborne,  
Hants.—Rev. T. W. Pelle, to be Domestic Chap-  
lain to Earl of Westmoreland.—Rev. C. Hol-  
loway, to the Rectory of St. Simon and Jude,  
Norwich.—Rev. S. T. Gully, to the Rectory of  
Berrynarbor, Devon.—Rev. C. Morgil, to the  
Rectory of Chilbolton, Hants.—Rev. T. W. Booth,  
to the Vicarage of Friskney, Lincoln.—Rev. C.  
Taylor, to the Vicarage of Almeley.—Rev. J. H.  
Seymour, to the Rectory of Northchurch, Herts.—  
Rev. E. Woodcock, to the Vicarage of Chard-  
stock.—Rev. M. Blennerhasset, to the Rectory of  
Lyme-Intruseca, Dorset.—Rev. W. Church, to  
the Rectory of Woolsthorpe, Lincoln.—Rev. L. E.  
Towne, to the Rectory of Knippton, Lincoln.—  
Rev. C. Nairne, to the rectory of Shadoxhurst,  
Kent.—Rev. W. A. Norton, to the Rectory of  
Eyke, Suffolk.—Rev. R. Meiklejohn, to the  
Church and Parish of Strathdon, Aberdeen.

## CHRONOLOGY, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, ETC.

### CHRONOLOGY.

February 26. Protest of Lord Eldon, entered  
on the Journal of the House of Lords, on their  
Lordships' refusing a committee of inquiry into

the causes of the present distress so severely felt  
in almost all parts of the kingdom. It was also  
signed by the following peers: Stanhope,  
Churchill, Richmond, Northwich, Teynham, and  
Radnor.



23. A Romish Catholic White Sheet spectacle performed in the Protestant Church of Mary-le-bone by a Mr. T. Vince, for having slandered the character of a fair vocalist (Miss Wells).

March 2. Motion made in the House of Commons, that Manchester, Leeds and Birmingham be enabled to send representatives to Parliament—for 140; against 188—majority 48. Same day, a petition presented, praying the elective franchise might be extended to Sheffield and other large towns.

4. Motion made in the House of Commons, that the right of electing members at present enjoyed by East Retford, should be transferred to Birmingham—for 119; against 152—majority 33.\*

\* The towns thus thought unworthy of being represented by even one member, boast a population of 435,000 Englishmen, viz. Sheffield 80,000; Leeds 83,000; Manchester 186,000; Birmingham 106,000!!! A contrast from the county of Surrey: Gatton, a mean village, is famous as being one of the most rotten boroughs in England: ever since the reign of Henry VI. it has sent *two members* to parliament, who are now returned by its constable annually chosen at the lord of the manor's court, by *seven electors!!!* Gatton Park (that carries with it the entire property of the borough!!!) was purchased by W. Petrie, Esq. of R. Ladioke, Esq. for £110,000, and by him sold to Sir M. Wood, Bart. Bletchingley (within six miles of Gatton Park borough) has about 90 voters, and the Reigate (about one mile from Gatton Park) voters are only those who have freeholds in the borough. These *three very populous places* send *six* members to Parliament, while London, Westminster, and Southwark, with a population of a million of inhabitants, sent *eight!!!* But the present Earl Grey, in his petition of May 6, 1793, has thus recorded (in the Journals of the House of Commons) our immaculate representation! "That the House of Commons does not fully and fairly represent the People of England—that the Elective Franchise is so partially and unequally distributed, that a majority of your Honourable House is elected by less than a two-hundredth part of the male population. That the right of voting was regulated by no uniform or rational principle. That Rutland, the smallest, and Yorkshire the largest county, return the same number of representatives: that Cornwall, which by the last census (then taken) appears to contain a population of 188,260, returns as many members to your Hon. House as the counties of York, Rutland, and Middlesex, which by the same census contain 1,693,377—and that Cornwall and Wilts, containing 373,376 persons, send more Borough Members to Parliament than Yorkshire, Lancashire, Warwickshire, Middlesex, Worcester-shire, and Somersetshire united, which contain 2,971,200. That 70 of your Hon. Members are returned by 35 places, where the elections are notoriously mere matters of forms. That in addition to the 70 so chosen, 90 more of your Hon. Members are elected by 46 places, in none of which the number of electors exceeds 50. That in addition to the 160 so elected, 37 more of your Hon. Members are elected by 19 places, in none of which the number of Electors exceeds 100. That in addition to the 197 Hon. Members so chosen, 52 more are returned by 26 places, in none of which the number of voters exceeds 200. That in addition to the 249 so elected, 20 more are returned for counties in Scotland, by less than 100 Electors each, and 10 for counties in Scotland by less than 250 each. That in addition to the 279 so elected, 13 districts of Burghs in Scotland, not containing 160 voters each, and two districts of Burghs not containing 125 each, return 15 more of your Hon. Members. That in this manner, 294 of your Hon. Members are chosen, which being a decided majority of the entire House of

March 4. Sir C. Wetherell moved, in the House of Commons, for papers relative to the late *ex-officio* prosecutions, which he condemned as an unconstitutional and needless attack on the Public Press, and the liberty of its advocates.—The Home Secretary of State said, he never heard of the libels until his Learned Friend had thought fit to appeal to the law, and vindicate its authority by these prosecutions.—The Attorney-General defended himself, and the motion was agreed to.

—In the House of Commons, petition presented from Mayo, stating that the Rev. John O'Rourke, Protestant vicar, had been absent from his parish *thirteen* years, during which time many persons had embraced the Catholic faith!!! Same day, an address was voted to his Majesty, praying the appointment of Commissioners from the Privy Council of Ireland, to inquire into the abuses of the Church!\*

8. Field Marshal Prince Leopold visited the King on the subject of Greece.

—A meeting took place in the garden of the Eagle Tavern, City-road, for the purpose of forming a "Political Union." Not less than 25,000 persons were in the garden, and at least 10,000 more were unable to gain admittance. Mr. O'Connell was in the chair, and Mr. Hunt moved the resolutions, which were seconded by Mr. French, and carried unanimously. The meeting dispersed quietly.

10. A deputation from the central committee, which advocates the interests of the British community in the inquiry now pending before committees of both Houses of Parliament, on the subject of the East-India Company's monopoly, had a very satisfactory interview with the President of the Board of Control, in which his Lordship assured the members of the deputation, that he was quite unbiassed on the important questions before the committees, and that it was most necessary that evidence should be produced on be-

Commons, are enabled to decide all questions in the name of the whole people of Great Britain. That 84 individuals do, by their own immediate authority, send 157 of your Hon. Members to Parliament. That in addition to these 157 Hon. Members, 150 more, making in the whole 307, are returned to your Hon. House, not by the collective voice of those whom they appear to represent, but by the recommendation of 70 powerful individuals, added to the 84 before-mentioned, and making the total number of Patrons altogether only 154, who return a decided majority of your Hon. House. That no less than 150 of your Hon. Members owe their elections to the interference of Peers. That the means taken by candidates to obtain, and by the Electors to bestow, the honour of a seat in your Hon. House, evidently appear to have been increasing in a progressive degree of *fraud and corruption!!!*

\* Sir J. Newport instanced the case of one clergyman, an unbeneficed curate, who had performed the duties 45 years for £40, £50, £60, £70, and lastly £69. 4s. Six bishops had passed him by, and yet his character unimpeached!!! Notwithstanding this, the riches of the Church of Great Britain and Ireland are known to surpass all the riches of all the other parts of the world together; but then some of the bishops have £20,000, £30,000, and £40,000 per annum!!!

† Formed by deputies that have arrived in London from Liverpool, Glasgow, Bristol, Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, Plymouth, Dublin, Staffordshire, Newcastle-under-Lyne, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Sunderland, Stockton, Saddleworth, Hull, &c. &c., in consequence of the various petitions sent into Parliament upon that subject.

half of the general interests of the empire. His Lordship also informed them, that regulations would be adopted, permitting British subjects to reside in India, and to hold land on leases in that country, for the purpose of cultivation, &c.

12. Petition presented to House of Commons from the Merchants, Traders and Manufacturers of the City, complaining of the general distress.\*

15. Budget brought forward in the House of Commons, and the beer, the cider, and the leather taxes repealed.

22. The Lord Chancellor proposed the first reading of a bill for the purpose of facilitating the administration of justice!†

23. Motion in the House of Commons for inquiring into the distress of the nation negatived by 235 votes against 87, after a four days' debate.

26. House of Commons decided that the Hon. R. Dundas, and the Hon. W. Bathurst, (two Ministers' Sons), should not have each a *sinecure* (one of £500, the other £450!), by a majority of 18; for them 121; for the country 139!!!

#### MARRIAGES.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, the Hon. F. Spencer, third son of Earl Spencer, to Elizabeth Georgiana Poyntz, second daughter of W. S. Poyntz, Esq., M.P., Chichester, and sister to the Marchioness of Exeter.—At Godalming, the Rev. Dr. Wilson, to Miss Summer, sister to the Bishops of Chester and Winchester.—At Twickenham, G. E. Pocock, Esq., eldest son of Sir G. Pocock, Bart., to Augusta Elinor, niece to the Earl of Coventry.—At Walmer, Lieut. W. W. P. Johnson, R.N., to Eliza, eldest daughter of Rear-Admiral T. Harvey.—At St. George's, Hanover Square, Grantham Muntion, youngest son of Vice-Admiral Sir Joseph S. Yorke, M.P., to Marian Emily, eldest daughter of Sir H. C. Montgomery, Bart.—At Bathwick, Rev. J. S. Jenkinson, second son of General Jenkinson, to Harriet Caroline Augusta Grey, third daughter of the Hon. Sir G. Grey, Bart.—At St. George's, Hanover Square, the Hon. T. L. Corry, M.P. Tyrone, son of Earl Belmore, to Lady H. A. A. Cooper, daughter of the Earl of Shaftesbury.

\* Mr Alderman Waithman, in delivering the petition, which was supported by two other City members, said, (on an attempt being made to "cough him down," as the phrase is,) that he stood there on a *better footing* than many members of that House, having been returned, free of expense, by 12,000 freemen!!! He therefore thought it right to represent the *real* state of the affair! If the House was determined to remedy our distresses, they should insist on a reduction of taxation, beginning at the *top*, and not stop till they reached the *bottom*; they should begin with the army and navy estimates!—On one of the days when the general distress question was agitated, Alderman Waithman said, in allusion to the attempts to cough him down, "that it reflected little honour on *sprigs of nobility and young gentlemen* who had received a *university* education, to attempt to put down a plain man who was doing what he conceived to be his duty; it was true he knew little, and what he did know was acquired during hours which were devoted by others to *cards and the bottle*!!"

† His Lordship stated, "that the sum in the control of Chancery amounts now to £40,000,000!!"—"There is," said his Lordship, "in the Court of Chancery a large fund, which I cannot describe better than by liking it to the *unclaimed* dividends in the Bank; it had its origin more than 100 years ago, and it now furnishes an income of £30,000 or £60,000 a year."

#### DEATHS.

Lady Augusta de Ameland, formerly Lady Augusta Murray, and consort of the Duke of Sussex: At Roll's Park, 72. Admiral Sir Eliab Harvey M.P. for Essex.—In West Square, Nathaniel Brassy Halhed, Esq., 79, formerly M.P. for Lynton.—Lady Macgregor Murray, 82, relict of Sir J. M. Murray, Bart., of Macgregor.—At Dunham Massey, Lady Louisa Grey, sister to the Earl of Stamford.—Frances, second daughter of T. Wood, Esq., and cousin to Earls Oxford and Strathbrooke.—At Edinburgh, Dr. R. Anderson, editor and biographer of an edition of the British Poets.—In Berner's-street, Lady Bensley, 70.—At Clandon, Mary, Countess of Onslow.—At Blandford, Cornelia, wife of the Hon. A. Stuart.—In Pall-Mall, East, the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird.—In Russel Square, W. Hay, esq., 88.—At Sticheil House, Lady Amelia Ann Pringle.—Sir Robert T. Farquhar, bart., M.P., and late Governor of the Mauritius.—At East Moulsey, Admiral Sir Edmund Nagle, 73, Groom of H.M.'s Bed-chamber.—At Stapleton Park, Hon. Miss Catharine Ann Petre.—In Bury, Mrs. Smythe, sister to Lady Stafford.—Mr. D. Adams, an eminent medico electrician, and mathematical instrument-maker to George III.—C. M. Williams, esq., of the firm of Williams and Co., Birchington, and nephew of R. Williams, M.P. for Rochester.

At Ballynagh, in the county of Cavan, much lamented, the Rev. James Pollock, aged 82. This gentleman was 54 years a Curate in the diocese of Kilmore: he lived in the administration of four Bishops, to one of whom he was Curate when his Lordship was Dean. He commenced his clerical duties in the times of *moderation*, when the salary was £50 a-year, but afterwards for a season enjoyed the more ample provision of £75!! When age and infirmities, of which he had not a few, interposed to prevent his performance of the extensive duties of his parish, he, of necessity, as well as to make way for a more active *functionary*, consented about two years since to retire, and was therefore again set down with his early and old friend, a *stipend of £50 per annum, and so died!!!*—*Oxford Herald, March 27.*

#### MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At the British Embassy, Paris, Viscount Stuart, to Emmeline, grand-daughter to the Bishop of Norwich.—At Madras, the Hon. Sir R. Palmer, Chief Justice, to Margaret Eliza, eldest daughter of Col. R. B. Fearon.

#### DEATHS ABROAD.

At Cracow, Mrs. Jakabonski, 59, daughter of J. Forster, esq., R.N., Warkworth.—At Montreal, Hon. Sir J. Johnson, 88, superintendent-general of Indian affairs in British North America.—At New Strelitz, his Serene Highness the Landgrave of Hesse, 86.—The Do-yager Grand Duchess Louisa of Weimar, 73.—At Paris, Cardinal de Clement Tonnerre.—At Paris, Count Bozon de Perigord, he was governor of the chateau de St. Germain and brother to the Prince de Benevento, *alias* Talleyrand, before the revolution Bishop of Autun.—At Boulogne, Maria Ramsay, relict of the late Major W. Ramsay.



and sister to Lady Dryden.—At Paris, 78, the Duchess de la Rochefaucault.—At Naples, 92, General Actoun; he had been in the Neapolitan service ever since 1792.—At Spanish Town, Jamaica, aged 151, Mrs. Judith Crawford. She had

the powers of her bodily strength, as well as her faculties, until within a few years since. She remembered the dreadful earthquake of 1682.—At Paris, 79, M. de Lally Tolendal.—At Hieres, Marshal Gouvion St. Cyr, 67.

## MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

**NORTHUMBERLAND.**—At these assizes two prisoners were sentenced to death. Mr. Justice J. H. Park, in his address to the grand jury, said: "The police of this town in regard to *preventive* justice, he could say from his own experience of 40 years, was admirably conducted." He congratulated them on there being only 5 cases in the calendar; and he congratulated them the more, "because in the town where they now were, there was more vice among a small number of people than ever he witnessed on a similar occasion!"

The Corporation of Newcastle have appointed a deputation to go to London, to remonstrate against an application made to government, by the inhabitants of North and South Shields, for additional "Custom-house facilities."

A very fine mummy has been presented to the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle.

**DURHAM.**—Three culprits received sentence of death at these assizes; there were very few prisoners in the calendar.

The church-yard of Sunderland is now lit-up with gas; and the light is so vivid, that no person could move across the ground without being seen.

The Marquis of Teesdale has presented the committee for making the road from Alston Moor to Gretna Bridge, with the sum of £1,200, to be appropriated by them in employing the distressed miners of Teesdale, who are out of employment.

At the Durham assizes, Mr. Justice Park instructed the jury to acquit a prisoner charged with stealing a sheep, because the animal was a ewe, and it was not described as such, but merely as a sheep.

During the late severe frost, which prevailed over the whole kingdom, the thermometer was generally from 4 to 5, and sometimes as much as 8 degrees higher in Durham and its neighbourhood than it was in Oxford and London.

\* Notwithstanding this eulogium on the *preventive* police, we find the following instance of early crime recurring at the same assizes:—Jane Wilkinson and Mary Hutton, two very little children, were charged with breaking into the dwelling house of L. Stoddart, and stealing therefrom a flannel shirt, cotton handkerchief, and two towels. They both pleaded guilty. His Lordship recommended them to plead not guilty, as there was another charge of housebreaking against them, and if found guilty of both offences he should find it right to send them out of the country probably for their lives. They still persisted in their plea. They were then arraigned for breaking into the house of Eleanor Fenwick, and stealing therefrom a bombazeen gown, and a coat and waistcoat. To this charge they also pleaded guilty. His Lordship said, that as the prisoners, young as they were, had been the subjects of 4 or 5 criminal charges before this, he thought it his duty to the public to sentence them for the first offence, to which they had now pleaded guilty, to 7 years transportation, and for the second offence to a further transportation of 7 years.—*Tyne Mercury*, March 2.

At a meeting held at Blampland on the 18th of March, it was resolved to petition Parliament on the distressed state of the mining districts.

**CUMBERLAND.**—"In looking back on the proceedings of the recent assizes," says the *Carlisle Patriot*, "we should almost, we think, forget our duty, and our responsibility, if we did not indulge in a few observations, to which the most ordinary reflections naturally give rise. The first is, the defective state of the police in some parts of this county, and the second, the great increase of crime amongst youth. But another and a still more deplorable fact cannot be overlooked, the increase of *juvenile* offenders. Nearly one half of the prisoners at the late assizes were under 21 years of age! Two under 18 were convicted of horse-stealing, and two under 15 of house-breaking!!! These facts ought to impress upon all who duly regard the well-being of society, the duty of encouraging every endeavour to train up the rising generation to habits of religion and virtue. Persons in authority, and in responsible situations, have much to answer for where this subject is neglected. It is incumbent on all who have the power, and more especially on the Clergy and Magistracy, to repress every kind of vice and impiety, and to exterminate the haunts and seminaries of profligacy and villany; thus *preventing* rather than *punishing* crime!"

**YORKSHIRE.**—A meeting of the gentry, clergy, shopkeepers, and other inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood of Huddersfield was held, March 11, at the Court-House, to consider the propriety of petitioning Parliament to investigate the cause of the General Distress, and if possible to adopt such measures as may give permanent relief. It was determined to petition Parliament, and Lord Wharnclyfe was requested to present that of the House of Lords, and Lord Milton that of the Commons. Various resolutions passed, one of which was: "That the Distress mainly resulted from long and expensive Wars, occasioning an immense load of Debt, and Taxation to an insupportable amount." In another, advice is given to abolish all Sinecures, and reduce Salaries and Pensions, under whatever denomination, civil and military [Field Marshalism, of course, in a time of profound peace, not to be forgotten!] Huddersfield and the out-townships contain nearly 90,000 persons, of whom the proportion of 1 to 5½ are deeply distressed.—*Leeds Intelligencer*.

A public meeting was held at Rotherham, March 17, at which a series of resolutions was passed in favour of a still more extensive remission of taxes. The meeting was remarkable for the good sense that distinguished the speeches of that class of the community "who gain their bread by the sweat of their brow." There was very little of that "humming and hawing"

phrasesology so notorious in more *august* assemblies!

At a meeting held, March 18, by the inhabitants of Leeds, convoked by the Mayor, it was resolved to petition parliament for a further reduction in the public expenditure, and also for a full, free and equal representation of the people in the House of Commons, without which no retrenchment can be permanent, and likewise for abolishing all useless places and pensions.

Some of the leading whigs of Yorkshire have drawn up and circulated a protest and petition to Parliament, in which they call for a direct tax upon the funds to the amount of £7,000,000, together with the raising of the standard of gold to £6, and of that of silver to 7s. 9d. or 8s. per ounce.

Great efforts are making in the West Riding to obtain the removal of the assizes for that Riding from York to Wakefield, on the ground of the saving of time and expense to suitors and prosecutors residing in that district.

There were no less than 111 applications for relief to the Court of Insolvent Debtors, held at Wakefield, for the West Riding of Yorkshire, on the 5th, 6th, 8th, and 9th of March.

**NORFOLK.**—At the recent adjourned sessions for this county, Lord Suffield delivered a charge to the Grand Jury, in which, noticing the present distress, he strenuously recommended the plan of Cottage Husbandry, as a means of curing one of the causes of the general distress, the amount of the poor's rate, and the paramount importance of the moral degradation of the poor labourers. The answer of the Grand Jury to his Lordship tended to infer that all our distress is owing to high rents, tithes and taxes, in addition to the poor rates.\*

A Common-hall has been held at Norwich, the Mayor in the chair, "to take into consideration the cause of the unprecedentedly distressed situation of the country, and to petition the Legislature for a reduction of that taxation which operates so powerfully upon the middle and lower classes, and to enforce the most rigid economy into every department of the state;" when 13 resolutions were passed, and a petition founded on them unanimously carried. The meeting was attended by nearly 2,000 persons, and was held in St. Andrew's Hall.†

\* The Grand Jury thus conclude their answer: "From various causes it is quite apparent that his Majesty's Ministers are not disposed to ease the burthens which now weigh so heavily upon us; on the contrary, they have evinced a much to be lamented disposition to turn a deaf ear to the petitions of the people. From the Legislature therefore we have no expectation, and the only hope of relief to the yeomanry of the country must be placed in the landholders, and in the landowners only. If the plan suggested by your Lordship for the relief of the poor should be carried into effect, and should be found to answer the proposed end, it would benefit the agriculturist only to a certain extent, and that benefit would of necessity ultimately accrue to the landlord, in the better rent he would be enabled to obtain for his land. The only burthens of tithes and taxes would still remain without the slightest means in the power of the tenant of relieving himself from them."—*Norfolk Chronicle*.

† The speeches made upon this occasion were eloquent, and repeatedly cheered, the *Norfolk Chronicle* informs us. In one of them it was stated, "that the distress was real, was oppressive,

**SOMERSETSHIRE.**—The poor at Shepton-Mallet are not only unemployed, but their condition is wretched in the extreme; beyond the power of the few, who bear themselves above the reverses of the times, to alleviate, except in a very small degree. Their wretchedness is such, that they have lost all respect for character; they have no excitement to industry, to prudence, or economy; and what means have they but that of thieving to mitigate their miseries? Several of them have been sent to the Swan River, at the cost of the parish. There are about 3,000 receiving parish pay. Here are nine factories, formerly all cloth, but latterly some of them have been occupied in the silk and crape trade, of which three are totally unoccupied, and the rest only partially occupied.

*Wells, March 5.*—The universal cry of poverty and distress is as vehement here as any where. The farmers have no money—the labourers no employ—and the tradesmen no custom, at least, comparatively. A retailer told me, his usual takings were from 20s. to 30s. a day, and are now, frequently, not more than one shilling. The manufactories here are all closed, and many of the windows broken; one has scarcely a whole pane of glass in the building: the poor rates are therefore much increased, and the overseers have been obliged to borrow money at the bank, to carry them through the year.

The last report from the Bath Savings' Bank states the receipts to have been, since its commencement, £252,260. 17s. 4d.; and the balance in hand at present is £208,376. 15s. 2d., the number of depositors have been 3,922, besides 70 charitable and friendly societies.

and cannot be borne!"—"We are living in a population of 60,000 souls, and of that population 20,000 of them are unable to maintain themselves without parochial relief!!!"—"If we look to the higher and larger establishments of this city, we see them breaking and falling to ruin!!" Allusions and comparisons were made to America by another speaker, where the chief magistrate received £5,000 per annum, and where there were no taxes but those paid on articles imported immediately on their entry! The French revolution was also alluded to by another, with their *sans culottes*: "what with bankruptcies, assignments, and compositions on every side, our own population were so reduced, that we shall soon see them *sans culottes* here!"—"Taxation is the sole, direct, and immediate cause of all their suffering."—"In the palaces of fund-holders, loan-mongers, and placemen, all is luxury and ease. The poor are degraded to a state of universal and reckless pauperism—small shopkeepers and tradesmen are broken and ruined—manufacturers, farmers, and merchants can scarcely stem the swelling torrent that threatens to sweep them away!!!"—"What has caused the uniting of whig, tory, liberal and brunswick, loyalist and radical reformer, and unchangeable quietist, and alarmist? What has wrought this miracle? Why, the awful sense of our common danger, the pressure of our overwhelming, universal, and intolerable distress!!!" The resolutions were introduced by Mr. Robberds, in an admirable speech. Indeed, times are wonderfully altered, for we perceive better speeches made out than in the legislature—no parliamentary phrases like "running his rigs upon me!" nor "bothering me always!" are to be found in any of the late provincial orators' displays, either at the *manufacturing* towns of Birmingham, Leeds, or Norwich—scarcely anything resembling "pot-house speeches," or even "pot-house manners!" No coughing, nor scraping of shoes on the floor, as a delivery from unanswerable arguments!—



**GLOUCESTERSHIRE.**—The inhabitants of Dursley, assembled in the Town-hall, have petitioned parliament, “to take into their most serious and immediate consideration the unparalleled distress they are labouring under, attributable, in connection with the enormous weight of taxation, to the almost total stagnation of trade throughout this and the whole of the manufacturing districts.”

**DEVONSHIRE.**—By the late statement of the Devon and Exeter Savings' Bank it appears that £1,262,996. 15s. 7d. have been received since its original institution, and that the total in payments made amounts to £588,254. 15s. 7d., so that the sum of £675,776. 19s. 3d. remains in hand. The number of accounts opened 31,285, and the number of deposits received 114,513.

At the last Report published of the state of the Devonport Union Savings' Banks, the sum paid in by 5,188 depositors since its commencement, amounted to £288,134. 14s., out of which payments have been made of the sum of £45,467. 16s. 8d.—remaining balance £243,314. 9s. 8d.

**WORCESTERSHIRE.**—At a meeting of the freeholders of this county, held March 2, at the Guildhall, Worcester, it was unanimously resolved to petition the legislature on the present universally depressed state of the country, and praying a full and strict inquiry into its causes. Lord Beauchamp and the county members were requested to present the petition to the House of Lords and Commons.\*

At Worcester assizes, 23 prisoners received sentence of death; the persons tried for being concerned in the murder of the Rev. Mr. Parker, and then for his murderer Hemmings, were all discharged, although one confessed his guilt!!! The record, styled “the Clerk of Assize's Calendar,” thus recites this case of English Juris-

prudence!—“*Standing indicted as accessories to a murder, but the principal felon not having been tried, and being now dead, and the prisoners therefore declining to plead, they are to be discharged!!!*”

**HANTS.**—The inhabitants of Southampton and neighbourhood have, by resolutions passed at the Guildhall, March 8, determined to petition Parliament, “to revise those Penal Laws by which the punishment of Death is inflicted.” At their recent assizes, 32 prisoners received sentence of death; and all have since been reprieved except one!

A petition from the Landholders of this county has been presented to Parliament, complaining of their present depressed state, which they attribute in a great measure to being undersold in their own markets by the importers of agricultural produce.

A county meeting was held at Winchester, March 10, convened by the High Sheriff, and attended by about 4,000 persons, consisting of the respectable Yeomanry, when resolutions were unanimously passed, and a petition voted to Parliament.\*

**BUCKS.**—A meeting of agriculturists and others has been held at Aylesbury County Hall, to take into consideration the present distressed state of the country, when it was unanimously resolved to petition Parliament for relief from an overwhelming taxation and for a thorough reform in the House of Commons representation. Lord Nugent attributed much of the present difficulties to the people's fondness for War.†

At these assizes, 7 prisoners received sentence of death. Baron Vaughan addressed the Grand Jury on their very full attendance to discharge

\* The petitioners stated, that they had heard with astonishment, that his Majesty's Ministers, at the opening of the Parliament, declared the present distress to be partial; and that the retail tradesmen in country towns were in a state of prosperity; and that they conceived that nothing but the grossest and most culpable ignorance of the real state of the country could have induced these declarations; inasmuch as the distress is general and unprecedented; that all interests are suffering in a most alarming degree, and that the retail trade, in particular, never was in so depressed and ruinous a situation as it is at the present time; and that the only persons upon whom the general distress had not yet fallen, are those who are living upon the proceeds of taxes and fixed monied obligations in the shape of dividends, pensions, salaries, and sinecures.

That they are of opinion that a great part of the present distress is to be attributed to the alteration in the currency, a measure adopted without any inquiry as to the effect it would have on the industrious classes of the community, or as to the justice or injustice of the measure.

That it would have been impossible such ruinous and unjust measures could have passed the House of Commons, had it consisted of what the constitution supposes it to consist, the real representatives of the people.

That it is a notorious fact, that a large number of the Members of that House (Commons) are the mere nominees of Peers, and a majority obtain their seats by purchase, and are not elected by the free voice of the people; and that therefore it is expedient that there be an immediate and thorough reform in the Commons House of Parliament.

\* The petition was founded on a series of resolutions, to the effect that the Speech from the Throne had created much dissatisfaction, and was calculated to cause great dismay amongst the people of this kingdom—that if some speedy and effectual remedy were not applied, the country will soon be overwhelmed with anarchy and confusion by the changes which have been made in the currency—that the interests of the kingdom have suffered and are now suffering from the absurd *Free Trade* experiments—that this kingdom has suffered, and is now suffering from the want of a Fair Representation in the Commons House of Parliament, which has been recently illustrated in a late trial in this county for bribery and corruption in Stockbridge, where it had been proved upon oath, 60 guineas had been regularly given for a vote—that the only mode by which the present severe distress can be rendered supportable, is by an immediate reduction of those taxes which press on the productive classes of the community—that, in order to make such reduction, the public expenditure should be reduced, all unnecessary pensions and places abolished, and the national debt pared down to the altered value of money, &c. &c. [*Field Marshal Coburg*, his £50,000 per annum, and his other emoluments, were alluded to in the course of the speeches.]

† “Tell your children, and your children's children,” said his Lordship, “to look back at the year 1830! and they will see the effects of War! In the deserted country-house; in the farmhouse, the occupier of which cannot cultivate his land, cannot support his poor; in the cottage, where the poor cannot keep out the elements—and the labouring population suffering to an unusual extent; all brought on by that beldam War, whose hideous visage has been upheld by a Grinding Taxation!!!”

the important duty confided to them, and on the state of the calendar. This decrease of crime he hoped he might fairly attribute to the vigilance and activity of the magistracy of the county, and to the improvement of the poor themselves, whose patient endurance in a season of severe privation was highly creditable to them!!"

**SUSSEX.**—The last Report of the Brighton Savings' Bank committee states, that more than £186,000 have been placed in the Bank during the period elapsed since its establishment; of which sum nearly £14,000 were deposited in the course of the current year. That of the 2,045 accounts now remaining open, the balances upon 1221 are under £20; and that under the regulations adopted, they venture to anticipate still greater encouragement, and an increasing influence upon the morals of the lower orders of the community.

**WARWICKSHIRE.**—A meeting of the inhabitants of Coventry has taken place to take into consideration the distressed state of the country. Several speakers addressed the meeting on the subject, and some resolutions were agreed to, the substance of which was, that allegiance could only be reasonably expected while the government protected the people; that great distress existed at Coventry and throughout the kingdom, which had been produced by the unconstitutional system of borough traffic; and that the complaints of the people would never be attended to while the House of Commons was constituted as at present. A resolution was passed for forming a provisional committee of ten persons to prepare rules for a union for the promotion of a radical reform in the Commons House of Parliament.

The inhabitants of Long Itchington, Offchurch, Upton and Stockton, have petitioned Parliament on the present distress, respectfully attributing it to be caused by heavy taxation pressing upon reduced means.—*Leamington Spa Courier*.

A "Political Union" has been formed at Coventry, and by the report of the committee lately ready to the society, it is established for the purpose of a real and effectual representation of the people in the *Commons*! the repeal of bad laws—the abolition of all sinecures and unmerited pensions, and to collect and organize the peaceful expression of public opinion, so as to bring it to act upon the legislative functions in a just, legal, and effectual way. The members have agreed to petition the Speaker of the Commons, requesting him "to insist on Mr. Heathcote attending to his parliamentary duties, or vacate his seat!"—*Coventry Observer*.

**WESTMORELAND.**—At the recent assizes, Mr. Justice J. Park thus addressed the Gentlemen of the Grand Jury:—"It is very satisfactory to me to witness that there is not a single prisoner in the gaol of this county now in custody. This circumstance is highly creditable to Westmoreland, and I congratulate you upon it. It is a proud distinction, which perhaps no other county in the kingdom enjoys. There are no criminal charges to lay before you, and if nothing else should be preferred, I shall feel great pleasure in discharging you." The Grand Jury retired, and returned into court again in about half an hour, informing his Lordship that no business had been brought before them. They were imme-

diately discharged by his Lordship, and thanked for their services.

**LANCASHIRE.**—A numerous and highly respectable meeting has been held at Manchester Town-Hall of the merchants, manufacturers, and other inhabitants of that town, on the present distressed situation of the country, when it was unanimously resolved, "That the great manufacturing district, of which this town is the centre and the mart, notwithstanding the unwearied attention to business, and the incessant labour of its inhabitants, is suffering under a pressure of distress, which is wholly unexampled in its extent and severity."

A most appalling report was made of the state of Macclesfield, Chorley, Blackburn, and other places, connected with Manchester, the recital of which makes the heart sicken. In Macclesfield alone there are 993 empty houses, and 34 unoccupied factories! Other resolutions were passed expressive of "the enormous amount and unequal pressure of taxes,"—"of an immense standing army in a time of perfect peace,"—"of the payment of salaries and pensions wholly undeserved,"—"of compelling foreign nations to become our rivals, instead of being our customers," &c. &c. A petition (founded on the resolutions) to both Houses of Parliament was then voted, and has been delivered to the Legislature.

The opening of the Rock Perch Light-house, at Liverpool, took place March 1. This building has been completed at the entire cost of the corporation, for the accommodation of the commerce of the port, and is a splendid specimen of mechanical art.

A meeting has been held at Liverpool, for establishing a permanent Asylum for the Houseless Poor, and subscriptions entered into for that purpose.

**LINCOLNSHIRE.**—At these assizes, 15 prisoners received sentence of death. The pressure

\* Mr. Shuttlesworth said, in seconding the resolution, "There is not one department of business that I am aware of, in which capital can be employed with any reasonable prospect of fair remuneration; the prominent cause of which is, the overwhelming weight of taxation. If the taxes remain at their present dreadful amount, and are still to be drawn as heretofore—not from real property, whether land or capital,—but from beer, tea, soap, candles, sugar, and other necessities of life, it may be confidently stated, that they will in the end overpower all the energies which the country can put forth to meet them. A very slight glance at their immense amount will clearly account for the difficulties of our present situation. From January 1797, to January 1817, the gross produce of the revenue exceeded 1,390 millions, and in the same period the public debt was increased 450 millions, so that the total expenditure amounted in twenty years to about 1,740 millions—or an average of 87 millions a year. During a part of this period, the expenditure considerably exceeded this average. In the five years from 1811 to 1815 inclusive, so utterly reckless of consequences were those who then administered the national resources, that the expenditure amounted to £613,423,000, or an average of nearly 123 millions a year. From 1817 inclusive, the expenditure has been about 900 millions, which, added to the former sum, makes the expenditure for a period of little more than thirty years 2,600 millions—a sum, the mighty vastness of which no human mind has power distinctly to comprehend!!"



of the times still shows to a grievous extent in many parts of this county. Between 20 and 30 families are emigrating to America from Coningsby, Dogdike, and the fens in that neighbourhood, principally middle farmers and mechanics. The parishes are holding vestry meetings, to devise plans for assisting the industrious poor with large families to follow their rather better-off neighbours in their migration!!!—*Lincolnshire Mercury*, March 19.

**WILTSHIRE.**—Warminster is suffering as severely as any the distress which is now universally afflicting the country. Out of several cloth factories, only one is employed, and that only partially. The machinery is rusting. The depression in agriculture is dreadful; and there is not a tradesman in the town free from complaint.

Thirty-two prisoners were sentenced to death at the Salisbury and county assizes; 20 were transported, and 40 imprisoned for various periods. Mr. Justice Bosanquet, in lamenting to the Grand Jury the state of the calendar, said, "I am inclined to think that this increase of crime is to be attributed to the pressure of that distress which now unfortunately prevails in the country, rather than to any alarming increase of depravity amongst the lower orders!"

**DORSETSHIRE.**—At these assizes, 12 prisoners were condemned to death, 12 transported, and several imprisoned.

14 prisoners were condemned at Dorset assizes, 7 transported, and 12 to hard labour and imprisonment.

**CAMBRIDGESHIRE.**—Feb. 25, a public dinner was given at Cambridge to the gentlemen against whom the corporation of that town brought actions, to try their right to the tolls, known by the name of "Street Tolls," and to celebrate the triumphant result that has opened the market of Cambridge, and overturned the oppression and unlawful demands of that corporate body. After dinner, allusion was frequently made in the respective speeches to Colonel French and the Duke of Rutland, as connected with the present state of the representation of that town to Parliament, and to the place worth £2,000 per annum which the colonel receives, and of which Mr. Wells said he would do the business for £200: an object worth attending to in the distressed state of the country,

**OXFORDSHIRE.**—At these assizes, 8 prisoners received sentence of death, 6 of transportation, and a few of imprisonment.

**NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.**—At the Lent assizes, 12 prisoners received sentence of death, and 9 were transported.

A meeting of the freeholders of this county was held, March 12, at the Shire-Hall, Northampton, for the purpose of taking into consideration the great distress, privations, and difficulties of the agricultural, commercial, manufacturing, and other interests of this county and the kingdom in general, when a petition was unanimously voted to Parliament praying relief, by adopting the strictest economy in all branches of public expenditure.

**KENT.**—A meeting of the freeholders has been held at Pennenden Heath, when it was unani-

mously resolved to address the King for an instantaneous Reduction in the Civil, Military and Church establishments, and a Reform in Parliament. High debates took place, and *Field-Marshal* Cobourg's immense income and emoluments were alluded to—petitions were also voted to the Lords and Commons.

**RUTLANDSHIRE.**—A meeting of the agriculturists of the county of Rutland was held at Okeham, at which a petition to Parliament was agreed to, which attributed the difficulties of the country to excessive importation of *foreign produce at inadequate prohibitory duties*, and the contraction of the currency without a suitable diminution of the public burdens, and praying for retrenchment, alteration in the present tithing system, reduction of taxes, and for a reform in the House of Commons.

**NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.**—A private meeting was convened in Thorland-hall, Nottingham, for the purpose of discussing the propriety of forming a "Nottingham Political Union," similar to that lately instituted in Birmingham, when it was unanimously resolved that a "General Political Union" should be formed between the middle and lower classes of the people of that town. A committee was then appointed to prepare the necessary regulations.

At Nottingham county assizes, 7 prisoners received sentence of death, 4 of whom were under 20 years of age.

**SURREY.**—A meeting has been held at Epsom of the freeholders of this county, when several resolutions on the distress of the country were agreed to, as well as a petition embodying the same, including a prayer for the radical reform of the *Commons*! The county members attended.

**CORNWALL.**—A public meeting has been held at Bodmin, on the prevailing distress, when resolutions were entered into and a petition resolved on to the Legislature, praying an inquiry into it, and also into the present defective state of the representation of the *Commons*!

A meeting has been held at Liskeard Town-Hall, when a petition to Parliament, embracing a reform in the representation of the people, as well as the very great distress now prevailing, was carried unanimously.\*

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\* Mr. Grubb, who proposed the successful petition (there being two proposed), said, "It was his firm belief, that 'milk and water' petitions would avail nothing. It was the duty of every honest man to speak out; nor could any doubt that it was so, when the distress of the country was considered. Ministers would not grant adequate relief until *compelled* to do so by an *honest* House of Commons, constitutionally elected by the voice of the people!!! Here was the bane of the State; the real source of the evils all now deplored. If the people had been represented in reality, government never could have contracted an enormous National Debt, and the overwhelming amount of taxation required to pay the interest of that debt would not have been required!!!"—"This," says the *West Briton and Cornwall Advertiser*, "is a new event in the domestic politics of Cornwall; and is, we trust, the precursor of more important occurrences. Cornwall sends 44 members to Parliament, and yet now begins to see the necessity of a reform!!!"

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## THE SESSION OF PARLIAMENT.

THE national opinion of Parliament has for many years been settled. We must speak of its original purposes with the homage due to a great instrument of the Constitution ; of its former efforts, with the admiration due to the highest powers of the human mind exerted for the highest purposes of empire and liberty ; and of its present state as the place of security against arrest, the place of oratory to the Whittle Harveys and the Humes, and the place of emolument and—*proh nefas !*—of power to the Peels, the Herrieses, and the Goulburns. We must bear with those things. The nation may yet see a change, and we shall rejoice when the time comes. But whether the Nation deserves to see that change ; or whether the “*progeniem daturi vitiosiore*” be not the natural destiny of the British empire henceforth, are questions on which we choose to give no opinion. One point, however, is clear—that the direction of the public mind has been invested in authorities of another class than the formal harangues of St. Stephen’s ; that the arena of all the great questions is now in the public journals and periodical writings ; and that men glance over the parliamentary articles without much more reverence for the ministerial speeches than for the ministerial character.

There never has been a session in which more important concerns seemed to urge themselves upon the Legislature. Distress, undeniable and extensive, among the most intelligent and active part of the English population ; the manufacturers sinking into rapid pauperism ; agriculture dejected ; our foreign concerns in a state of singular confusion. Yet, what has been done to meet those difficulties ? What display of legislative wisdom has been made ? What great measure of manliness and knowledge has been put in act by the Ministry ? Nothing. Things have been left to themselves. The manufacturers have been told that they are without remedy, and are not starving, as they had the presumption to suppose ; the agriculturists, that they are without remedy ; the foreign concerns of England have been left to struggle as they may : Turkey is dismembered : Russia is raised to a height of power which, as sure as there is a sky above us, will, before the next generation, come down like an avalanche on the pride of England. Portugal, almost a British province by the wise policy of our former Governments, is at this hour almost an enemy’s country by the feebleness and palsy of our present one. The



West Indies are kept in a state of fretful anxiety, which in the first disturbance with America threatens the total abscission of those invaluable possessions. And what has been done? Nothing. The Commander in Chief, we should say the first Lord of the Treasury, has galloped a good deal between Windsor and Whitehall, and secured his own salary and that of his military staff in the House: he has shot pheasants and filled up places; and beyond those eminent national services we cannot for our souls discover what he has done; unless it be that he has made a protest against the attack on Algiers with more than a certain number of troops, which protest the French Cabinet seem to have treated with the same scorn as his protest against their expedition to Greece; and that he has proposed Prince Leopold for the Greek throne; the dullest of men for the most difficult of situations; the most unpopular of men for a situation where popular manners are essential; and the most penurious of men for a situation where the most generous liberality would not be more than enough to conciliate a people at once impoverished, insubordinate, and suspicious of all European interposition.

Let us then hear no more of the wisdom of the field-marshal statesman. He has one knowledge—that every third man he meets is only waiting to be corrupted; and for the lust of power this is enough. But we in vain solicit any one proof of his powers beyond that of turning a loud-tongued adversary into a silent slave; in swelling the ministerial train from the ranks of pseudo-patriotism; and in turning nobles with many sons, and lawyers with few clients, into the worshippers of the man who declared, that “he would be mad to think of being minister!”

A sketch of the principal topics of the session will amuse our readers.

Mr. Whittle Harvey—for in the present house this person is a prominent member, and has actually a right to be a prominent member—brought forward the fruits of his inquiries into public jobs, by a motion on what he called the gross mismanagement of the Crown-lands, and those under the charge of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests. The chief part of the Crown-lands had originally been either the estates of the great English families who had in their turn succeeded to the throne, or the estates of the monasteries, and forfeitures of the great nobles in the wars. On the accession of Anne it was determined to give up their possession to the people, a civil list being granted in return. A statute was made for their management, by which no lease of the lands was to be given for a longer term than thirty-one years, nor of the houses for longer than fifty; the rent being always one third of the value, and the other two thirds being paid by a fine.

This arrangement, of course, let in a large number of interests, almost the whole of which were jobs; and the underlings of Government carved the Crown-lands at their pleasure. Enormous trusts were let for a merely nominal rent, and the fine went into the pockets of office, where it was not thought more lucrative to carve an estate out of the lands. But the job now forms an enormous amount, if we take the actual value of the whole of the Crown-lands; independently of the Woods and Forests, and that portion which might be considered to belong exclusively to the royal person. “There were 130 manors worth 1,000*l.* each; there were freehold estates producing an annual rental of 500,000*l.* which, at twenty-five years’ purchase, would produce 12,500,000*l.*; there were ground-rents in various parts of London, producing upwards of 50,000*l.* a-year, which, at forty years’ purchase, would bring 2,000,000*l.*;

the rents from houses were estimated at 20,000*l.* annually, which, at eighteen years' purchase, would produce 360,000*l.*; the farms were worth 160,000*l.*; the waste lands in forests were estimated at 86,000 acres, which, at 5*l.* an acre, would produce 430,000*l.*; the allotments under 488 enclosure acts, passed within the last forty years, were estimated at 225,000*l.*; the church livings were considered to be worth 100,000*l.*, which, at twenty years' purchase, would produce 2,000,000*l.*; making a total of 17,805,000*l.*"

The motion was, *of course*, negatived.

In the Committee of Supply Sir James Graham moved the abolition of the office of lieutenant-general of Ordnance, and charged the whole Ordnance department with being kept up to swell the influence of Government.

"There was, first, the master-general, a peer of Parliament, and a person of considerable importance; then there was the lieutenant-general, member for the county of Gloucester; then the surveyor-general was the member for Sandwich, and the clerk of the Ordnance for Newport, and another important officer for Cambridge, and the clerk of the Deliveries for Scarborough; finally, there was the treasurer of the Ordnance, a most important personage, of whom he knew not in what terms suitably to speak, so varied and so valuable were his services. He knew not whether to regard him as a civil or a military functionary. In the House he was looked upon as the muster-master general, and, he might add, the *Ajax flagellifer* of the Commons' House. He could mean none but the honourable member for Bishop's Castle." (*A laugh.*)

So much for the public opinion of that worthiest of whippers, Billy Holmes, whose office is to hunt the coffee-houses, the smoking-rooms, and every other room of every other kind, for the lazy, the sleeping, the smoking, or, however may be employed, the great legislators of this fortunate country: and for this lofty employment this poor fellow has only 1500*l.* a-year, besides certain more private good things for life.

But this is no matter of jest, after all. The people must wring from their own necessities every shilling that remunerates—such is the word—the services of the whole Billy Holmes' tribe. Sir James Graham spoke with natural scorn and indignation on the subject. "Let him then hear no more of East Retford, when Sandwich and Queenborough were overawed by the Admiralty, Newport by the Treasury, and other boroughs by the Ordnance. Let them hear no more, then, of the great borough-holders; let them not be told of the Duke of Newcastle and of other noblemen in the same circumstances, when such doings as those of the Ordnance and the Treasury and the Admiralty were before their eyes. Could it be that his Majesty's present Government were incapable of understanding the signs of the times? If they possessed but the most limited capacity for reading those signs, they would perceive that the time was fast approaching when the people would no longer endure the prodigious establishments with which it was loaded, and their inevitable consequence—a weight of debt and of taxation of which the history of mankind afforded no parallel. They might rest assured that the weight of that taxation would speedily make the people cry aloud in a voice that would be heard—cry aloud for a still further reduction of all public establishments, with a view to the removal of public burdens. Now, after having voted, in time of peace, a military force of 82,000 men, it would be little matter of surprise that the people should begin to demand



of the Parliament, in no very measured terms, that it should stop the bleeding artery through which the wealth and the resources of the nation were flowing. Let them but repeat their vote of Friday last, and they would answer the just expectations of the people; let them but repeat that vote, and, though the Minister might dissolve them, yet they would stand."

The motion was, *of course*, negatived.

But then came on a business in which the House found full employment for its deliberation. The topic was pleasant and popular, and the House exhibited the fullest attendance of the session. This was the Ellenborough Divorce Bill, which had been sent down from the Lords. The brilliant part of the first night's performance was. Miss Margaret Steele's examination before the Collective Wisdom.

Miss Margaret Steele, Lady Ellenborough's governess, stated that she had remonstrated with Lady Ellenborough on levities in her conduct.

"Did you ever speak with Lord Ellenborough respecting his wife?"—"Yes; I told him she had some associates which I thought bad."

"Do you recollect who these objectionable associates were?"—(Loud cries of "No, No.")

"Were those associates gentlemen or ladies?"—"Both."

"Were these associates introduced into the house by Lord Ellenborough?"—"They were of course introduced by Lord Ellenborough."

"Were they rejected in society by persons of rank?"—"On the contrary."

"Were they usually admitted in society at other respectable houses?"—"At houses *called* respectable." (*Laughter.*)

"Am I to understand that those ladies and gentlemen, to whom you objected, were afterwards visited by Lady Ellenborough at their houses?"—"I know one individual was, to whom I have particularly alluded."

"You considered that Lady Ellenborough, being a young person, had better avoid these persons?"—"I considered them bad associates for Lady Ellenborough, or any one else."

"They were received in the best society in England?"—"In *fashionable* society." (*Laughter.*)

"Were they such as were received in the society in which Lord and Lady Ellenborough moved?"—"They were, but I warned Lord Ellenborough against them."

"Will you try to recollect what warning you gave Lord Ellenborough?"—"I warned him particularly against *one lady*; but I cannot mention names."

"Were these objectionable associates unknown to Lady Ellenborough before her marriage?"—"Certainly."

"What were your objections to the male associates?"—"I merely knew them by reputation to be profligate men."

"Did the witness warn Lord Ellenborough on more than one occasion against them?"—"I did not."

"Can you recollect what answer he made to your warnings?"—"He *laughed!*"

Examined by Sir H. HARDINGE.—"Were those persons who visited at Lord Ellenborough's, and whom you thought objectionable persons, of rank in England?"—"They were."

"Were they persons who are usually seen at places of public amusements?"—"They were."

The third reading of the bill produced the strongest possible animadversions on the conduct of Lord Ellenborough. Dr. Phillimore, the civilian, stated the law of the case. By the law of England, marriage was indissoluble, except in the single instance of the crime of adultery. The custom was to legislate on the particular case. The first of which was that of Lord Roos, in 1669, afterwards Duke of Rutland. The discussion on it lasted for several years. King Charles attended at the debates in the House. The bill for the dissolution of the marriage passed by only a small majority; and Burnet attributed its passing to a sceptical and libertine spirit at court, and a desire in the King to get a divorce. From that time to 1800, a period of one hundred and thirty years, there had been only one hundred and thirty-two divorces by act of Parliament; whereof eight were in the first forty-five years; fifty in the next sixty, and seventy-four in the last twenty-five. Then the divorces ran on in rapid proportion; for from 1820 to 1830 there had been twenty-six cases of divorce.

Dr. Phillimore after adverting to the repeated cautions that had been given to Lord Ellenborough of the temper and habits of his wife, and the nature of her associates, and other circumstances, which must have put any man of common sense on his guard, came to the separation of the parties for more than six months;—"a circumstance which in any court of justice," said he, "would be considered one that ought to have excited great alarm, and *increased vigilance* and attention on the part of the husband. But it appeared to have excited neither the one nor the other." Then, "it appeared that this unfortunate lady was in the habit of going daily to Prince Schwartzemberg; that she went in *her own carriage, and with her own servant*; that her grossness of conduct was visible to the whole street; that her coachman saw this prince in constant attendance upon her at all times, and at all kinds of places. And yet *Lord Ellenborough knew nothing about all this!*" From those circumstances Dr. Phillimore felt himself compelled to come to the conclusion, that this noble lord had no right to the aid of the Legislature. "The House were called upon to decide upon this case in their judicial capacity, and justice should be their primary object—justice not only to the parties themselves, but to *the public*; and in doing so, they should give all the consideration which was due to the sanctity of domestic life, to the public morals, and to all the circumstances which crowd upon the mind in reference to the inviolable nature of the marriage tie. Under all the circumstances of the case,—after such evidence as had been given by Miss Steele—evidence regarding which *he doubted whether it would have been sufficient to obtain a verdict in a court of common law*,—after the absence of other evidence which *might and ought to have been given*—after the consideration of the *facility* with which that evidence *might have been produced by the noble applicant*, and of the discretion which the House had in its power, and was bound to exercise in all applications of this kind—he said it with pain, that under all the circumstances of this case, he could *not* give his vote in favour of the relief which was sought to be obtained by this bill." So much for the case of this guardian of India! the noble person who has the appointment of the *Bishops* to India, and who, in his part, is to sustain the moral majesty of the British Empire!

After this *important* discussion, the interest of affairs faded away prodigiously. Budgets, corn regulations, coin, foreign policy, were talked of, and talked over, until the Easter holidays, which dismissed the senate



to enjoy its leisure "in green fields and pastures new." The bill for the emancipation of the Jews produced a brief but, from its subject, interesting debate. The history of their sufferings in England since the conquest is one of the darkest pages in our annals. For about one hundred and fifty years after the conquest, they were treated more like wild beasts than men, by both kings and people. In those periods of kingly and popular poverty, the Jews, as being the chief possessors of wealth, were allowed to exist only for the purpose of being plundered. The most horrid conceptions of their crimes were propagated, to afford some kind of justification for this public cruelty, and the Jew became the abhorrence as well as the spoil of England.

In the reign of Henry the Third, laws were passed to deny the Jews the right of holding or transmitting land, of possessing any other character than that of *serfs*, or slaves of the Crown, and of solemnizing their worship in a tone so loud as to be heard by "the christian people."—The statute *de Judaismo* followed in the reign of Edward the First, allowing some privileges, but forbidding them to take interest for money, which was then called usance, or usury. But even this tyranny was mercy to what rapidly succeeded. Edward's wars probably compelled him to find money where he could: the Jews were a ready victim, and at one fell swoop he confiscated their whole property, and drove their whole number, fifteen thousand, from England.

Some attempts were made for their return in the protectorate, but they failed, probably from Cromwell's reluctance to rouse the rigid prejudices of the puritans. However, the practice of the excluding laws was so modified by him, and the increasing common sense of the country, that the Jews, in the reigns of Charles the Second and James the Second, became a numerous community, and received letters of denizenship. But it is scarcely wonderful that, with the Jew's experience of the severity of the English laws and English prejudices, he should still look more to his brethren in foreign countries, than to the unpaternal government of a land in which he still suffered every stigma of popular scorn. He was essentially an alien, and the Governments of William and Anne, the former of which laid on an alien-duty, and the latter an ordinance that the Jewish parent should provide for every child turned Christian, were partially justified by the circumstances of their time of general European anxiety and war. As this period passed away, with it passed away the alien-duty, which was repealed under George the First. The feeling of Government was soon so far from alarm, that, in 1753, Mr. Pelham, the minister, brought in and carried the bill for the naturalization of the Jews. But the popular prejudices had not slept, and the bill was next year repealed. The Ministry thus took part in an act of impolicy and injustice, on the old placeman principle of giving up any thing rather than their salaries.

Since that period, however, no legislative measure has increased the burdens of the Jew. The oath of allegiance passed in Elizabeth's time contained nothing adverse to the Jews' feelings, except the form of its being taken on the Evangelists. The oath of abjuration contained nothing obnoxious to them, but the words "on the faith of a Christian," which not being their faith, could form no bond nor profession of *their* obligations. The sacramental test was till lately got rid of by all dissenters through the yearly bill of indemnity. But the difficulty is now increased, for the test has been replaced by a new declaration, also "on the faith of a Christian."

The present restrictions against Jews are many and serious. A Jew cannot hold any office civil or military. He cannot be a barrister, solicitor, pleader, conveyancer, attorney, or clerk. He is totally excluded from all employment or emolument in the most active and powerful of all civil professions. He cannot be a member of Parliament, nor even a voter, if any one should choose to demand his oath. He is shut out from all corporations. In fact, he cannot be any thing which requires the taking of the oath of allegiance; a prohibition which obviously amounts very nearly to a total exclusion of the Jew from all kinds of public trust or employment.

The arguments against this emancipation were not many, nor are we convinced by them. It was said, "that the Jews had never possessed any political rights in any Christian country." To this we say, more shame for those Christian countries which combined the doctrines of Christianity with a practice directly repugnant to its tenets; Christianity in no instance meddling with the civil claims of men, but distinctly ordering that "we should do to all men even as we would they should do unto us;" a command which directly prohibits our refusing any man any rights, or even any good, except on the probable ground of its public or private injury: a point which in the present instance remains to be proved. It was alleged with respect to the Roman Catholics, that their emancipation was a different thing from that now claimed, for that the Roman Catholic merely demanded a restoration of privileges of which he had been deprived by the state. But why had those rights been forfeited? By the crime of that Roman Catholic; by the evidence, that while they were continued, the state was insecure; and that the principle of popery was downfall to protestantism. In how much better a position does the man stand who has never been tried, than the man who, whenever he was tried, was found a culprit and an enemy.

"But the Jews were aliens, and felt more for their foreign connexions than for England." What wonder that they should, when England branded them as aliens, and refused the many interest in her welfare!—"But this would give all British subjects in the colonies or Canada a right to sit in Parliament." The obvious answer is, that those colonists have legislatures of their own, where they may sit: but if a Canadian or West Indian should desire to sit for an English town or county in Parliament, why should he, in reason, be forbidden to do so?—"The introduction of a Jew would, in seven years, produce parliamentary reform." We are by no means certain that this would be an evil; on the contrary, the carrying of the "atrocious bill" has fixed the minds of many most wise and honourable men on the necessity of parliamentary reform. As to the bribery essential to the bringing a Jew in for a county or borough, we should like to know what member is prepared to throw the first stone. What becomes of the twenty and forty thousands that fly from the member's pocket at an election? But the argument principally relied on was, the faith of the Jew, which by being opposed to Christian belief, rendered him unfit for the care of a Christian church. To this argument, which, when urged by so excellent and sincere a man as Sir Robert Inglis, we are fully satisfied was offered in honesty and sincerity, we answer, that all we have to consider in the case is, whether the Jew is, like the Papist, bound to overthrow the Church of England, or to introduce idolatry in place of our religion, or to introduce any other religion. In all those points the Papist is obnoxious; yet him we have admitted. The Jew is clear, and why have we the moral right to repel him?



As to making a man a legislator for the church and state, who does not believe in Christianity, is it not practically done every day? How many members of the House of Commons are Unitarians? and undoubtedly it is a contradiction in terms to call a man a Christian who denies the divinity, the doctrines, the merits, and the power of the Lord Christ. Yet those men, not being bound, as the Papist is, to overthrow the church, legislate for it without obvious injury. How many Deists, how many Socinians, how many men who never trouble their heads with asking themselves what they are, legislate for the church? To expect a Jew to feel any kind of zeal for the Church of England would be idle. But we defy him to feel less zeal or possess less knowledge on the subject than many a man who takes a part in the national councils.

To think that because the Jews have lain under a divine malediction for ages, men will please God by treating them with severity or injustice; is to mingle ourselves with the divine wrath in a manner totally unauthorised and culpable. Our duty is, in all instances, to show mercy and love, to give every man service and justice. But the scriptures not merely give this great command, but plainly declare, that kindness to the Jew is an eminently acceptable service to God; that severity to the Jew is an eminently displeasing offence; that he still loves them, for the sake of their ancestors; and that he will exact a terrible vengeance from their oppressors; and that this vengeance has followed, we believe may be shown in the history of every nation which has made itself conspicuous in cruelty to the Jews, even in modern times. Our conclusion is, that so far from "doing God service," in excluding the Jew from any privilege which might ease his condition, we are presumptuously and hazardously exposing ourselves to the divine displeasure by oppressing *his people*, rejected as they are for a time; that we have no right to add human infiction to that measure of suffering which it has pleased the Divine Wisdom to lay upon them; and that our duty in this case, as in all others, is to leave the working of Providence to its own ways, following the great command, "to do justice, and love mercy, and to walk humbly with our God."

The bill will probably be thrown out, because it connects itself with no political interest. It promises no additional strength to the minister, nor any addition to the importance of his clerks in office. But if our disgust for him and his could be heightened, it is by hearing the protestations of those eminent champions of the Constitution and Christianity, the Goulburns, and Herrieses, &c. haranguing against it as hostile to their dearly beloved church and religion; Mr. Goulburn, honest man, objecting to it on the further ground that this change of oaths, and so forth, would bring scandal on the Parliament, as a "vacillating body, capable of altering its conceptions suddenly upon great points, and unsaying this year what it said a dozen months before." Of such materials are the consciences and countenances of public men made in our time! Peel had the policy to keep aloof. The pretext of his father's illness answered his purpose in avoiding the necessity of a harangue against his solitary elector, the Jew Masseh, Manasseh Lopez. He thus also escaped having directly applied to him the *brand* which Sir Robert Inglis declared must be on the forehead of every Jew representative.

But those men and their generation will pass away. Other minds will yet have the regulation of England, if she is to hold her rank among nations; and we may see manliness and virtue once more the distinctions of a British statesman.

## A CHAPTER ON CIGARS.

How many are the moments in a man's life (let us philosophise for an instant) when the mind, that metaphysical curiosity, that ethereal essence, ever present and never visible, refuses to fix itself; when it floats hither and thither like the thistledown, seeking some object whereon it may find rest; when it wanders about from parish to parish without obtaining relief. There are times when neither an arm-chair with a fender for a footstool—nor a gossip with a pair of glancing eyes—nor a stroll by moonlight—nor a song—nor a bottle though ever so old—nor a book though ever so new—can administer the particular balm which our fancies or our faculties require. No; there are certain periods of time, certain points of existence, when nothing in nature can enliven our drooping senses, restore a tone and tranquillity to the mind, and perfectly satisfy all the wandering and undefined desires of the moment, but a pinch—a full, fresh, fervent pinch of snuff—pungent and unadulterated. There are occasions when the spirit of man turns in weariness from the wonders that surround it—the glories of art, the enchantments of nature—and centres all its wants and wishes, soothes all its anxiety and disappointment, in a genuine Havannah. It is the only thing that precisely suits his case.

“Blessings on the man,” says Sancho, “that first invented sleep.” But what wreaths shall we twine, what rewards shall we invoke, for the head of him that first invented smoke! Mysterious essence, emblem of our existence, type of our desires and our dreams, our graceful vanities and shadowy ambition! A cigar—the very word has a fragrance in it. The pen, as it writes, seems to acquire a rich brown hue, and pours forth, instead of cold solemn syllables, oriental breath and delicious perfumes. Its odour transcends that of a rose, or a roast pig. Nothing in life is like the flavour of a real cigar, to those who know how to enjoy it. All that smoke are not smokers. There are persons who prefer a bad cigar to a good one, and who puff out as much cloud and vapour in a year as Mount Etna, without tasting a particle of it. Some French writer has said, that it is not every one that knows how to take a walk. It may as truly be asserted that it is not every one that knows what smoke is! But to those who are in the secret, your initiated few, to whom nature has given a finer sense of enjoyment, a divine perception of the beautiful—to these, the curling cloudy column that rises from the lips is ethereal air, the element of a new life. It springs up as from an altar, and floats on the air like incense. Through the narrow tube of a cigar gushes a full flood, a Nile of enthusiasm and delight, refreshing the senses and refining the imagination. Really, when honours and eulogies are showered upon objects whose claims upon our gratitude are so very apocryphal, something should be said or sung of the merits of a weed, that is hourly productive of a wise pleasure and a healthful recreation. If Steele or Pope were living, instead of Sir Walter and Wordsworth, the memory of this fragrant and familiar little ministrant to our comforts would be enshrined in golden verse, and periods full of grateful praise.

But as all are not epicures, we will look at our subject in a less elevated light, and regard it merely as the medium of an elegant courtesy, a harmless indulgence, a simple but a social luxury. To Dr. Lardner, or to any other learned labourer in science, who may assure us that



smoke is stupifying and injurious, and that snuff produces sickness and intoxication, we should make a very pantomimic, but at the same time, a very philosophic reply. We should venture to hand him a cigar from Gliddon's, and beg that he would do us the favour to take a pinch out of our private box. This is the argument we should resort to, and we think it would induce him to publish an erratum to his next edition. If he declined, we would ask him, while he objected to tobacco as a soother or a stimulant, what he thought of it as a convenience ! What awkward pauses would sometimes occur in conversation, and what slumbers would steal occasionally over our studies, if Sir Francis Drake's antipodes were to rise, and carry the glorious weed out of England. We would rather (Rothschild forgive us !), that the Bank should stop payment. Society could not go on. Old Time would stand still, and, taking a pinch of sand, turn his hour-glass into a snuff-box.

A snuff-box is a letter of introduction ; it has been the fountain of many friendships. When you cannot ask a stranger his opinion of the new opera or the new ministry, you can offer him your box, with a graceful as well as a profitable politeness. Even when the weather and other popular topics are exhausted, a pinch is always eloquent, always conversational, always convenient. And as for a cigar, it is the very symbol of congeniality. You sit in a circle, and the smoke rises up in a visible union : It is like the meeting of souls. If you have nothing to say, it discourses with a sage and silent wisdom ; if otherwise, it gives an elegant turn to your sentences, and comes in at a pause like a note of admiration ! There is much virtue in a whiff.

If we were in possession of another mulberry-tree, we would have it all turned into snuff-boxes, as the truest compliment that could be paid to the spirit of Shakspeare. And assuredly we would rather have the broken bowl of thy pipe, Tobias Shandy, or even a grain or two of the ashes that it held, than the arrow that pierced Achilles, or a lock of Cæsar's hair.

We are well aware that there are learned men still living who contend that there is no enjoyment in life ; but then it is quite clear that they have never been to the cigar divan in King-street. Once let them taste the magic of a richly flavoured leaf, over a cup of coffee and a magazine just published, and the next treatise they may write will tell a tale marvellously different. They will then find out that a cigar and coffee are the true Sublime and Beautiful.

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## BRITISH INDIA, AND THE RENEWAL OF THE COMPANY'S CHARTER.

THE destinies of our empire in the East are at this moment depending upon the fiat of the legislature; and we are most anxious to impress upon our readers the great importance of the questions upon which the parliament are about to decide, whilst the scales are still trembling in equilibrium, and whilst the public mind is in that state of excitement, which, when it is natural and healthy, fits it best both to receive and digest information. We shall endeavour not only to awaken still more thoroughly the national interest, and to furnish genuine and wholesome materials for it to work upon; but shall also exert ourselves to meet and combat some of those fallacies and misstatements on the subjects now under discussion, which would seem to be most prevalent and mischievous.

The periodical curiosity and attention which the affairs of British India excite in this country,—as contrasted, in their warmth and brevity of duration, with the long cycles of apathy and indifference which precede and follow them,—remind us very forcibly of the accounts which we read in old wonder-loving authors of the temporary resuscitations of comatose patients. After lying in perfect lethargy for days, or even weeks, scarcely even exhaling enough breath to bedim a looking-glass, they suddenly began to yawn and stretch themselves, and anon sat bolt upright in their beds, calling lustily, according to their previous habits, for bread and cheese and beer, or wine and a sandwich; whilst the astonished attendants could scarcely suppress their wonder at the acuteness of their recovered perceptions, and the eagerness with which they proceeded to enter upon the domestic concerns of the family. But the marvel was always short-lived, for before the beer could be drawn, or the bread sliced, irresistible drowsiness once more weighed down the eyelids and senses, and the sufferers were consigned, unrefreshed, to a second trance of a fortnight.

We are guilty of no exaggeration in thus comparing the occasional starts of animation, which particular circumstances have, from time to time, excited, with regard to our Indian possessions, with the brief consciousness of a person awaking from an unnatural state of torpor, and almost instantly relapsing into it. Indeed, the analogy would be complete, if the trances from which we have drawn our illustration, had not frequently been mere trickery and imposture, whilst the moral lethargy in question is undeniably genuine. With very partial exceptions, not only those classes of the community who are, generally speaking, the best informed, but even our Senators and Statesmen are ignorant upon subjects connected with India,—its history, geography, and statistics, and the manners and character of the people,—to a degree which would be absolutely ludicrous, if it were not humiliating to our national pride to reflect how little we are superior in these respects to our Spanish contemporaries, who only awoke from their protracted stupor of indifference with regard to their magnificent trans-Atlantic colonies, to find that they had lost them. St. Stephen's might produce its hundreds quite upon a par with any Hidalgo of Castile or Andalusian bull-fighter whatever; and if we be more fortunate than our neighbours in retaining our hold upon a distant empire, we may thank the energies and talent of those



who are toiling to maintain it with so little encouragement or notice, and who, indeed, may at all times esteem themselves fortunate, if they are suffered to serve their country in security from sneer and sarcasm,—the misrepresentations of reviewers \*, and the flippant impertinence of fashionable novels.

We have not time nor space to speculate very deeply upon the causes of this ignorance, and, of what is worse, the disinclination to seek for and acquire information. We presume, however, that the existence of these feelings will not be disputed. They pervade almost every class of society, although there be scarcely a family under the very highest and above the lowest classes, which has not sent a scion to India in some capacity, or on some errand; and they have kept their ground in a manner highly becoming a British prejudice, whilst astounded and envious Europe has been watching the rapid and uninterrupted extension of our Oriental dominions, until, with the exception of a few tributary or dependant states, our empire stretches from the banks of the Burrampooter to the mouth of the Indus, and from Cape Comorin to the eternal snows of the Himalayas. It is wonderful that the natives of a small island, at the other end of the globe, should have achieved such gigantic conquests, and should be able to stretch their arm to maintain them over so many thousand leagues of intervening ocean; but it is far more unaccountable, that a spectacle of so much grandeur should be regarded by those, who, nationally speaking, have worked these marvels, with mere cold and listless acquiescence. It was not thus, we apprehend, that the Romans contemplated the flight of their eagles, and the acknowledgment of their supremacy by distant nations; it is not thus that empire has been acquired and upheld by any people but ourselves, whose sons have happily public virtue enough to stimulate them to exertion, although their most successful efforts have been passed over almost unnoticed, and although applause and honorary distinctions have been dealt out to them with the most niggard hand, whilst services of less intrinsic merit, if performed nearer home, are certain stepping-stones to title and consideration.

There is nothing more certain than that credulity is the constant attendant upon ignorance; and that when particular conjunctions stimulate the public appetite for information, the great body of inquirers ma-

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\* It may not be amiss to instance a case in which there is a very happy amalgamation of ignorance and slander. The *Quarterly Review* for June, 1827, contains an article upon Russian Missions to Bokhara and Khiva, and the writer, after speculating upon the probability of an invasion of India by that power, cannot allow so fair an opportunity of vilification to pass unimproved. He deprecates the folly of the military arrangements. "Our great armies and our splendid establishments are mostly confined to the sea-coasts, where they are the least necessary; the lower extremities of the great Indian body are well clothed, and fringed with costly garniture, while the head and trunk are left naked and exposed. On the south-eastern frontier, where no danger can now be apprehended, *we keep up a large army to sicken and die in the swamps and jungles of the Ganges, the Hooghly, and the Burrumpooter*; while on the north-western frontier, where every thing is to be apprehended, and where the mountain air breathes health and vigour into the human frame, we have no army at all." Vol. xxxvi. p. 136.

It is scarcely credible, that whilst the reviewer was writing, the "large army" maintained on the south-eastern frontier "*to sicken and die*," consisted of five regiments of Native Infantry, or about 5000 bayonets,—the line to be protected extending more than ten degrees of latitude; whilst in the quarter defended by "no army at all," there were forces amounting, in the aggregate, to 60,000 or 65,000 men.

nifest much more avidity for the highly-seasoned condiments of exaggeration and misstatement, than for the flavourless simplicity of truth. And we need no political economists to inform us that in these cases the supply is always fully equal to the demand. On the present occasion, the pending discussions upon the renewal of the Company's charter, and the interest excited by other coincidences, have proved very hot-beds for raising polemical pamphlets and articles; and since, as Dr. Johnson observes, "he that vilifies established authority will always find abettors," there has been a great preponderance, with respect to activity and vehemence at least, on the side of those to whom the Company appears to stand in the same relation as Carthage to the Romans, and who would seem resolved to destroy the monster, which they have dressed up for the nonce as a moral Guy Faux, by any means and at any hazard.

Some of the writers to whom we allude are influenced by interest, some by vindictive feelings, excited by alleged oppression at the hands of the rulers of the East; and one author, whose career as a pamphleteer in the good cause commenced in 1828, and the termination of whose labours can only as yet be seen, in dim prospective, deep in the womb of futurity, is the victim of theories as headstrong and untractable as the most wilful "allegory on the banks of the Nile," and does not appear to possess any control whatever over the "*furor scribendi*" with which he is afflicted. But the exertions of these gentlemen are by no means confined to the agency of the pen and press, nor is one hand content to grasp only a single weapon of offence. Mr. Buckingham is the editor of a periodical publication which is esteemed by all whose opinions it espouses as the very mace which is to destroy the many-headed Hydra of Leadenhall-street; but he also travels the country to preach a crusade against the existing government of British India; and at the moment when British manufactures are selling in the bazars of Calcutta at prime cost, or somewhat under, and American vessels are taking them as a return freight, descants in glowing language upon the consumptive capacities of the Eastern World, and holds up to execration the greediness of the monopolists who exclude their fellow-countrymen from such markets. Another gentleman is not only a most energetic pamphleteer, to say nothing of occasional appearances in the pages of the *Oriental Herald*, and the columns of the *Times*, but, being like Cerberus (Mrs. Malaprop's "gentleman with three heads"), he also figures as the dry-nurse of the delegates from Liverpool, and flapper in ordinary to sundry members of a committee now sitting in the neighbourhood of Westminster Hall. Nothing but the alcohol of determined animosity could support weak humanity through such labours; and there can be no doubt that "a good hater," provided he possess competent talent and judgment, is a valuable partisan. For he must have made but poor use of his powers of observation, who has arrived at years of discretion, without being aware that a very large proportion of the "most thinking public" are much more easily influenced through the medium of their feelings, passions, and prejudices, than by any appeal to their reason; that many, even of those who do not expect to get any thing in the scramble, are always ready to club their voices to swell the clamour in favour of pulling down that which has long been set up; and that hundreds will read and pin their faith to declamation and invective, who cannot spare time to collect and weigh evidence, to pore over documents,



and give their attention to argumentative statements and matters of detail.

Accordingly, the writers to whom we refer,—to omit further mention of those “who lecture as they go,” like some of the heroes of the Anti-Jacobin, and whose *επεα πτερόεντα* we cannot undertake to catch and fix sufficiently for handling in our pages,—have not failed to press the most vague generalities, and every possible form of vituperation into their service. The Company would seem, from their allegations, to be a very incarnation of the principle of evil, the undisputed monarchs of misrule. Their government, it is said, affords no protection to person or property; the police is utterly ineffective; “the administration of justice is in such a state that an appeal to it is nearly hopeless\*,” their servants, even the judges, are hostile to “all the private enterprises of British subjects†;” all the sources from which they derive their revenue are polluted‡; and in addition to all this, lo! it is written, that they are oppressors and extortioners, the grinders of the faces of the poor, the plunderers of the purses of the rich; very Machiavels in every thing but talent; with hearts of stone, and hands of steel to extract all and spare none. To all these charges, reiterated in a vast variety of forms, and in tropes and figures of vilification, which we despair even of imitating at the most humble distance, the public are called upon to give their unqualified assent, and to follow up the verdict thus dictated to them by a sentence of deprivation. The dominions which they have so long misgoverned, as well as the commerce which they have equally mismanaged, are to be taken from them, and other merchants are to trade, and other sovereigns to rule in their stead. But with regard to any consistent and intelligible plan even for pulling down a fabric so old, and so well consolidated by its own magnitude and its collateral buttresses, except by a bare vote of the legislature for the abatement of the Company, none of the political philosophers, who are so nervous in assertion, and fluent in hard names, have offered even an outline. Doubtless, however, they have some undeniable scheme in reserve, though it be hidden, for the present, from the eyes of the profane; and, under these circumstances, it would be most unreasonable indeed, to expect that our illuminati should allow us to catch even the most hasty glimpse of the stately and symmetrical edifice which they propose to erect in the place of that which they are so eager to destroy, “from turret to foundation-stone.”

Nevertheless, those who are in any degree practical, all, in short, who are not the merest spinners of theories and weavers of systems, have a prejudice in favour of looking, at least, so far before them, as to see solid footing for their first three or four steps in an untried ford. The water may be very shallow, Mr. Rickards, as you say; the bottom may be very hard, Mr. Crawford, as you are pleased to affirm; and the editor of the Oriental Herald may echo your asseverations, like the French charlatan exclaiming, “What the gentlemen say is very true;” but we, who are plain men, beg to be permitted to examine the ground a little for ourselves. Moreover, we shall make bold to inquire whether the old bridge, which has stood so long, is built upon such erroneous principles of architecture, and is altogether so rotten and unsafe, as you

\* “View of the Present State and Future Prospects of the Free Trade and Colonization of India,” p. 32.

† Ibid. p. 23. 31.

‡ Mr. Rickard's Pamphlets, *passim*.

assert it to be ; and request permission to suspend our judgment until a fair survey has been instituted, upon an actual and minute examination of facts and circumstances.

Upon an investigation of this nature we propose to enter. We intend to inquire in the first place, and principally, how the Company have governed their magnificent empire ; what wisdom they have shown in the conduct of affairs so great and momentous as those which have been committed to their management ; how far they have consulted, *in intention*, the happiness and best interests of the people under their sway ; and in what degree their efforts have been actually successful, when regarded in connexion with the difficulties of situation, and the resistance of circumstances. And we desire to make these the *principal* subjects of our inquiries, because, whatever may be thought by those whose talk is of cotton twist and piece goods, and who consider the question now agitated as one entirely of freight and market, demand and profit, we are most decidedly of opinion that the welfare of our fellow-subjects is the primary object of consideration. Desirable as it assuredly is, to create a new market for the manufactures of Manchester and Paisley, and to increase the exports of Liverpool and Glasgow, we shall be guilty of the grossest injustice if we purchase those benefits at the expense of the people of India. The dominion that we enjoy in that country was bestowed upon us for purposes very different from that of affording a field for experiment, or for the consumption of the produce of our spinning jennies ; and although the direct interests of England ought, doubtless, to be consulted, we shall abuse the trust committed to us, and eventually deceive ourselves, if we suffer any selfish and narrow views of immediate advantage to interfere with a more noble and liberal policy. With reference solely to the world in which we live, there are motives of action, there are objects of attainment, higher and holier than any that are to be found in merchant's ledgers, or on the cockets of the custom-house ; and the fruit, however fair and tempting to the eye, which we greedily catch at, in disregard or contempt of more sacred obligations, will most indubitably turn to ashes and wormwood upon our palates. From what has already transpired in the House of Lords, however, we are inclined to indulge a hope that a benevolent concern for the well-being of the many million natives of our gigantic dependency will be allowed some weight in the balance, in spite of the clamour of those who arrogate to themselves the title of anti-monopolists, and who value an outlet for their manufactures above all earthly considerations. We trust that the country will not disgrace itself, nor inflict any injury upon the native population of India, to pander to their greediness.

We desire not to be misunderstood in this matter. We have the strongest anxiety for the extension of our commerce and manufactures—we should be rejoiced to see the sails of our shipping spread to every wind of heaven, and channels opened for the admission of the products of our industry to the very innermost parts of continental Asia,—*but*, if we can avert it, even these advantages shall not be grasped at to the sacrifice of justice and mercy ; because we know that supreme wisdom has so ordered the sequences of cause and effect, that such a dereliction of principle, at the instigation of short-sighted selfishness, must inevitably be followed by evil consequences. As far as it may be found practicable to reconcile the two ends at which we aim, and to promote the interests



of our merchants and manufacturers without wrong to the other parties, incalculably more numerous, and to whom the upshot of our deliberations is of far more vital moment, let every thing in reason be conceded. But, at the point where they cease to be compatible, we would make our stand resolutely, and ground our opposition to any farther concession upon the broadest and most permanent basis. Distressed as we confessedly are, and most earnestly as we desire to give a fresh stimulus to exertion, by enlarging the inlets through which our commerce has hitherto forced its way into the markets of the East, as well as by the discovery of new openings, it would be national folly in the extreme to seek for the cure or palliation of existing evils by any measures involving the loss of our national character for equity and humanity. Provision being made to protect this from impeachment or suspicion, we hold up both our hands for the removal of every restriction upon industry and enterprise: but, with regard to the security of the natives of India from encroachment or oppression, we shall be satisfied with nothing short of the most unquestionable safeguards.

We must pause here to offer a few observations upon the subject of the free commercial intercourse between this country and India, which has subsisted since 1814, because the opinions held by one party, previously to the last renewal of the charter, have been most industriously misrepresented; and because their opponents, who never fail to avail themselves of every opportunity of protruding their merits upon public notice, have exerted themselves as manfully to trumpet forth the praises of their own sagacity as to twist and torture into absurdity the language of those who differed from them. This process, when it can be completed without detection, affords the greatest possible assistance to ratiocination, for nothing can be easier than to cover an adversary with confusion, and hold him up to never-ending ridicule, if you can but persuade the public to believe that his arguments are founded on an assumption that two and two make five, or any moral postulate of equal folly.

"We were told," says the great advocate of free trade and colonization, "in a tone of oracular authority, and on the alleged experience of two centuries, that the trade between Great Britain and India was wholly incapable of extension; that we could furnish nothing new which the Hindoos wanted, nor the Hindoos produce any thing new which we required." This is absurd enough, but as we never doubted Mr. Crawford's talent for caricature, let us see what Sir Thomas Munro, the principal oracle consulted, did really say upon the subject.

"It has been sometimes said that the natives have a prejudice against the manufactures of Europe: the Hindoos have no prejudices against the use of any thing that they can convert to an useful purpose; whether European or native manufacture, it is pure as it comes from the hand of the workman to all Hindoos; but they have one prejudice, which I believe is a very common one in this country, against the paying a higher price for a worse commodity; and until we can undersell them in such articles as they now require for their own use, we have no hope of extending the use of our own manufactures in India; *it is entirely a question of price: whenever we can undersell the Hindoos in any article which they require, it will find its way into the interior of the country without much help from the British merchants; it will find its way into the interior in spite of all regulations to prevent it.\**"

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\* See the Evidence before Committees, 9th and 12th April, 1815.

If this be not sufficient, let Mr. Crawford's statement be contrasted with the language of the Report of the Committee of Correspondence to the Court of Directors, as quoted by himself at page 15 of his pamphlet.

"We were told, in a tone of oracular authority, and on the alleged experience of two centuries, that the trade between Great Britain and India was *wholly incapable of extension*," &c. &c. —Pamphlet, page 2.

"There seems to be a general and deplorable delusion respecting the practicability of a *vast extension* of the sale of the manufactures of this country in India and China, and of the productions of those countries here," &c. &c. —Report.

The Report of the Committee asserts that—"a vast extension" of the sale of British manufactures in India is impracticable, which Mr. Crawford, by some strange obliquity of vision, reads as if it had been maintained that the trade between the two countries "was wholly incapable of extension." Such a statement of an opponent's opinions may, for aught we know, be considered fair controversy by pamphleteers, but to us it bears an appearance of very questionable morality.

Mr. Rickards has pursued a course exactly parallel. The Report above quoted had stated that "the earnings of the *common labouring classes*, and consequently their expenses, may be estimated on an average not to exceed 4*l.* 10*s.* per annum." They are indolent by nature, frugal by habit, under manifold religious restrictions. What demand of the manufactures from Europe is to be expected from *these*? From whom? from "the common labouring classes," if we understand construction. But Mr. Rickards paraphrases the question at page 74 of his work, as if it had been asked, "what farther demand for the manufactures of Europe is to be expected from such a people?" implying, as the context fully proves, the whole population, high and low, rich and poor, of the Peninsula.

Again he asserts that the Court of Directors maintained "that no increase of demand for European commodities could be expected to arise among a people of such simple habits\*;" and refers, like Mr. Crawford, to the evidence of Sir Thomas Munro, to whom he condescends to give some very qualified praise. Truly the manes of that great statesman must rejoice in the testimony borne to his merits by Mr. Rickards.

We have already shown what Sir Thomas Munro's sentiments really were; but Mr. Rickards is kind enough to contradict himself in the course of a very few pages, by quoting the evidence of that officer to the following purport. We cannot supply the Indian with commodities, because, while he can get them "not only better, but cheaper, at home, it is impossible that we can enter into competition in the market." Does Mr. Rickards suppose that the Hindoos would buy dearer and inferior articles because they might be of European manufacture? They have bought goods nominally cheaper, until they discovered that their want of durability rendered such bargains any thing but gainful; and accordingly no less than 3,063,968*lbs.* of cotton twist were imported into India in 1827. Our machinery gives us great advantages in the preparation of this material of manufacture; but we cannot stop here to inquire how many thousands of Hindoos have been thrown out of bread by this importation.

\* Page 79.



We will have no room for misunderstanding. We know that the trade to British India has increased considerably since 1814; but we know, too, that it has fallen very far short, both in extent and profit—but in the last respect more particularly—of what the Court of Directors truly designate as the “Sanguine Theory” entertained by Mr. Rickards and others. That agents have thriven and fattened upon it we do not doubt, for their per centage is carried to credit, whatever be the upshot of the speculation; but owners and shippers can tell, we suspect, a very different tale. Let reference be made to the prices current of Calcutta and Bombay, and the rates of freight to and from those places. We do not hesitate to avouch our conviction, that if, by some compulsory enactment, all persons, with the exception of those engaged in commerce, were compelled to proceed over-land to India, three-fourths of the shipping now engaged in the Indian trade would be thrown out of employ; for it is the passage-money alone that keeps them afloat. As it is, only the agents thrive, and ship-owners, as the whole city of London can testify, are driven to shifts which in former days would not have been thought the most reputable. We may mention, as an example, an instance which has lately come to our knowledge, where a surgeon’s berth on board a free trader was applied for, and promised, *provided* the party should be able to persuade his friends to engage a certain quantity of freight. Ships are sailing, moreover, day after day, half laden, because their owners are afraid to hazard their capital, with a contingency of loss very little short of certainty; and every bazar and warehouse in Calcutta are crammed with European articles, until the rent eats up not only the profit, but the whole value of the goods. Meanwhile, the agents clap the shippers on the back, and cajole them if possible into becoming ship-owners; and the trade goes merrily on, because those who are intensely engaged in speculation are too much occupied in their own schemes to see or regard the many who drop from the same path into ruin and beggary, like the passengers on the bridge in the Vision of Mirzah.

If, therefore, Sir Thomas Monro and others, who in 1813 maintained, in opposition to the sanguine theorists, that the trade to India was not susceptible of any “vast extension,” and supposed, “*most erroneously*,” that native Indians could supply themselves with the little they did want, at a cheaper rate from their own manufactures, than by importing British or European fabrics \*, “did entertain opinions which time and experience have proved to be too narrow, their error was one only of degree;—and those persons who flew into the opposite extreme, who were at least as positive, and whose sentiments were far more extravagant, have not the smallest right to raise a shout of triumph over their opponents. If, indeed, they had had the fairness to abstain from giving injurious paraphrases of the opinions entertained by those opponents, and had quoted them verbatim, every shadow of a pretext for such exultation would have vanished. Mr. Rickards and his party have cried “Eureka” with great emphasis and perseverance; and because the friends of the Company were partially in error, have assumed that they who differed from them “*toto cœlo*” were altogether right. The utmost, however, that impartiality can declare, now that the page of the last sixteen years is spread before us, is that the truth lies somewhere between the

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\* Mr. Rickards, Part I. The italics are his own.

two extremes ; but that the advocates of free trade have overshot the mark, to a far greater extent than their adversaries have fallen short of it.

We have been led into a digression from the topic more immediately before us, of greater length than we had in the first instance contemplated, and our limits forbid our resuming the thread at present ; but our time will not have been wasted, if we have succeeded in bringing out in relief the peculiar mode of reasoning adopted by certain assailants of the company. We shall resume the general subject "demense in mensem," and trust that in the course of a few numbers we shall be able to do much towards clipping the pinions of not a few fallacies which are now "towering in pride of place," and in affording our readers such data as may form the ground-work for a durable superstructure of opinion.

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#### TEN DAYS' QUARANTINE : AN ANECDOTE.

THE beauties or wonders of natural scenery are not remembered by the traveller with more fondness and minuteness than are the incidents which have attended him in his commerce with his foreign fellow-creatures. The strange situations into which he or they have been cast, their own eccentricities of character, and the wild results from these two causes, sometimes leave a tablet filled with occurrences more vivid and glowing and picturesque than the brightest scenes of Tuscany or Tempe. Something of this sort comes to my mind at present, and as it happened, so will I relate it.

At a port in the Mediterranean I was performing quarantine after a voyage from Alexandria, at which city a visit of two days only had entailed an after-imprisonment in a lazaretto of a month and a half. Our vessel lay in the quarantine harbour, and having but poor accommodation on board, we disembarked and obtained apartments in a large building devoted to the use of those wayfarers whose cognisance, like ours, was that of the yellow flag. One or two of the ship's officers, an Italian passenger and myself, constituted the whole of this small party, and of these none remained with me at night but the last mentioned gentleman. The lazaretto was an immense structure, in the shape of a square, surrounding an open court, and overlooking the sea on every side but one. It was built on a thin peninsula, which being barricaded and guarded on the land side, was in fact almost isolated, and therefore admirably adapted for the purposes of the building. On our front, the waters of the harbour came up to the very doorway, and in a long row, with little space between them, lay a string of vessels from various unhealthy ports, undergoing the same penance with our own ; which, as being the last comer, was for the time moored immediately beneath our windows, and close astern of another Turkish vessel which had left Alexandria about a week before ourselves. Though very extensive, our hospital was not lofty. It consisted of only two stories ; the ground floor being occupied by various sets of unpurified voyagers, chiefly of a more plebeian order, and the upper story, silent and deserted, save in the few rooms whose echoes rang awfully with occasional efforts of conversation. A gallery ran round the central court, and every room opened into it, so that no part of the building was without free and healthy ventilation, or precluded from a view of what was going on below.

My companion, the Italian, was a man of furious temper, which had



exhibited itself in many unpleasant forms during our common voyage. However, from the first, I apprehended that there was some latent and justifying cause for his ill-fellowship, and the roughest acts or words into which he ever was seduced, had, at other times, a full compensation in manners both engaging and sincere, and a warmth of feeling that could not but be returned. On the passage, he had been restless and excited, and almost constantly irritable. Now, his mind had become more composed, but there remained still the former frequent abstractedness and anxiety, and a stealthy forgetful manner, as if some absorbing thought overwhelmed those ordinary ones which mere acquaintances are apt to interchange. He never could be persuaded to enliven himself by looking out from the windows upon the harbour and shipping, and town in the distance, and further still the occasional heights and plantations of the country. Nor, on the other hand, did he show any stronger curiosity with regard to the assemblage of people below us. There were people of all the Mediterranean sea-ports, varying in dress, countenance, dialect, and manners; but he was not tempted to make a spectacle of them. The conversation with which these our fellow-sufferers whiled away their time, was often amusing; their occupations, grave or gay, at anyrate differed from our own, and as I was entertained, so I expected that he would be, but my calculations were erroneous. He consumed nearly the whole day in a moody and passive indifference, and only with the sunset did he regain his activity. At that time he usually commenced his exercise. He sauntered along the gallery, and wandered into the furthest rooms, and there I would sometimes hear the echoes of his voice, as if in soliloquy, almost awful amid the solemn silence of the place and hour.

But though his habits were thus apparently unsocial, he had yet one disposition which made us neighbours for some portion of the four and twenty hours. He could not sleep alone. I did not seek the cause of this whim, but indulged it willingly by allowing him to place his bed in the room which I had from the first selected for my own. One night—it was in summer, and the weather far less tolerable than the maximum of our English heat—I was startled in my sleep by a stumbling footstep near my bedside. I called out to discover the nature of the intrusion, and my neighbour gave answer. It was in a slow and confused voice, and did not by any means satisfy me.

“Hang these mosquitos! What Christian can endure their endless singing in the ear, and the sharp twitch they give you? and as I live, I think they are not the only curses with which my bed is afflicted! I am sorry to have disturbed you.”

With this apology, and having buffeted the air in all directions for full five minutes, he returned to his bed, and I again fell asleep. Again I found myself aroused by some fresh interruption.

“Who’s there?” I cried, but not a breath replied to me.

“What was that noise?” I repeated; but the former silence was still unbroken.

“By heaven, I will see, then!” I exclaimed, and bursting from my bed, was about to alarm one of the sentinels, but my purpose was prevented.

“Hush!” said the Italian, “I suppose you must know at last, or you will not be pacified any longer. Be quiet, and listen to me. Can you keep a secret?”

Confused by the suddenness of this address, from one, too, who must

have feigned slumber but a moment before, I was nevertheless comforted by an accent of honesty in the man's voice very different from the tone of his previous excuses. I encouraged him to say his say, and in substance it amounted to this: that "there was some one in the building, an old and most dear friend, whom he had engaged to see in the dead of night, as at no other hour could their meeting have escaped the vigilance of the guards. This friend, he said, was in another quarter of the lazaretto, surrounded by people who would, if they could, prevent their coming together, so that the utmost caution was requisite to render his movements as inaudible as possible. Having told me thus much, and entreated me to make no noise, he proceeded on his way. I rose quietly from my bed, and observed him, as well as the darkness would allow, in the progress of his plans. Having stolen through our doorway, he crept along the gallery till he reached the post at which the hospital guard should have been watching. After a little pause, I saw his figure emanating from the shade, and skulking onwards as before, till he reached and doubled the angle of the gallery. When he had advanced to a point nearly opposite to me on the other side of the court, he suddenly paused, and after a careful survey in all directions, at last laid himself down quite prostrate, with his head towards the verge of the foot-planks overhanging the area of the court. Having done this, I heard, though so faintly that I almost doubted my own senses, a thin, fine sound, like the smallest conceivable intonation of a man in whistling. This signal, for so I concluded it to be, was speedily attended to. A door went immediately beneath him, that is, on the ground floor, slowly turned on its noiseless hinges, and a figure in female drapery emerged from the apartment. Her steps must have been slow indeed, for I was almost wearied with waiting, whilst she was accomplishing the tiny distance between her starting point and that which brought her nearest to the gentleman in the strange posture above her head. I next saw his arm outstretched, and something suspended from it, which she contrived to reach, but whether this was all the purpose for which they met, or their further proceedings were interrupted, I know not; however, immediately afterwards, and with somewhat more speed than before, each retreated from the scene of action, and in a few minutes my companion returned. He was afraid of disturbing the guards by talking to me, so I heard nothing more of this matter until the following morning.

He then explained more fully the nature of his immediate situation, which undoubtedly was sufficiently singular. He had been attached, he said, when at Alexandria, to the daughter of a fellow-countryman trading at that port. For some reason or other, his suit, though encouraged by the girl, was positively forbidden by her father; so much so, that upon taking one of his customary voyages from Alexandria, the old seaman resolved to take her with him, lest in his absence the mischief which he dreaded might be consummated. But the attachment had by this time become too strong to be so easily broken. It was durable; it was mutual; and when Carmela bade a farewell to the home of her best hopes, she knew that he would follow in the first vessel that had the same destination. Thus, the one arrived in harbour exactly ten days before the other; and all his difficulty was to effect some intercourse with her, some tokens of recognition, some renewal of past scenes, without incurring the risk of observation. For this reason, he had abstained from presenting himself in the balcony, to view the external prospect which to me had



been so interesting, or at the balustrade, to witness the domestic proceedings of our fellow-prisoners. Carmela's father might have been at either time in his vessel, which lay immediately below the window, or amongst the troop of idlers in the court-yard; and in that case my companion must have been discovered.

Having confided to me so much of his history, I was of necessity compelled to become the receptacle of all this idle garrulity for the next ten hours. Amongst other things, he informed me that he was about to venture on a very bold experiment. He meant to sink down into the court-yard, and meet his lady-love face to face! My prudent insinuations were but lost labour to me, for he was bent on this fool-hardy project, the more especially as he had observed, during his expedition of the night before, that our nearest guardian or sentinel stripped himself of his coat during his nap, and deposited the robe of office on a chair by his side. In this stolen livery, my friend purposed to pass current; and sure enough, on that evening, when the universal silence acknowledged the sovereignty of Morpheus, off glides he towards the sentinel's post, and, having purloined the cast-off garment, invests himself with the same, and therein proceeds, as on the previous night, to the opposite part of the gallery. Presently I could distinguish him arranging something to a transverse beam, and having suspended himself by it, I saw him gradually let down, without the least noise or obstacle, until he reached the ground. The same challenge as on the former occasion was accepted with the same or readier acquiescence. The maiden came forth, and they were locked in each other's arms! So desperate a feat neither love, hate, ambition, nor any other of the most violent of human impulses ever before accomplished in a lazaretto.

But this was not destined to be all-successful. Despite his garb as of an orthodox servant of the police; despite his former caution and his maidenly fears, some hazard was sure to be encountered; and that hazard occurred in the shape of an extravagant reverberation along the empty court-walls, consequent upon a natural movement of two pairs of lips in the sweet interchange of kisses. "Carmela!" cried a gruff voice from within the nearest apartment. "Saints preserve us! where is the girl, to venture in the air so late at night? a mad thing as she always was."

"My coat, there!—Who's got my coat?" echoed another and shriller voice from above. "Filippo! Giuseppe! Capitano Muscat! Who the devil has borrowed my second best coatee?"

"I see her! by heavens, she'll catch cold," grumbled the merchant, slowly disengaging himself from his bedclothes, as he caught a glimpse of the female figure through the half-opened doorway, and dreaded a thousand fevers as the natural result of such imprudence.

"'Gad zooks! I see something like the yellow collar and stamped button!" shouted the ecstatic guardiano, peering along in the moonlight, and right joyous with half a hope of reclaiming his official glory. They advanced *pari passu* towards the common object of their scrutiny, and the father confronted his child, as the guard detected his prisoner. Here ends a dilemma.

The old gentleman perceiving one of the male creatures in the police-coat, and the other destitute of any garment at all, naturally enough concluded that the latter was the stranger, and the former his friend. Advancing, therefore, full of suspicion and paternal rage, he was about to lay violent hands on all there: on his child, to secure her return to

him ; on the coatless man, to inflict summary punishment for the supposed wrong ; and on the mock sentinel, to force his official interference.

"Stop! old fellow!" cried the servant of police, suddenly advancing between him and the others ; "stop where you are, or you know the consequences."

"Consequences! What d'y'e mean, scoundrel? Are you about to ruin me and my child, and think to find me a passive looker-on? Signor Guardiano, I call on you to put this scapegrace in his own cell. I'll complain if you don't."

"Off! you old fool!" repeated the real guard, standing between the parties like a barrier, and presenting a huge stick towards the captain, to make his injunction still more effectual.

"If you touch them, or me——"

"What—what—tell me what then?" spluttered the other, almost voiceless with rage.

"Oh! you know what," replied he quite carelessly, and at the same time dictating to my friend the Italian to betake himself immediately to his own quarters, a measure not at all relished by the forlorn captain, who could not yet see through the mistake that had arisen from the assumption of the borrowed plumes. In fact, he thought himself cajoled, and could evidently be restrained no longer. On he rushed, and was within a few feet of his daughter, when the guardiano again interposed, with the emphatic words,

"Remember your bill of health."

"The devil!" exclaimed the other: "is she in a new quarantine, then?"

"Of ten days only," was the calm reply.

A dead silence followed this announcement ; and the truth of the whole began to dawn upon the bewildered man. By coming in contact with my friend, whose expurgation had commenced ten days after her own, the girl had incurred the penalty of this addition to her imprisonment ; and her father, if he had touched any one of his then companions, would have shared the same fate. As the responsible master of a commercial vessel, he knew not how to act. To lose so long a time before he could be released from quarantine, would entail a serious loss ; to leave his ship in the charge of another, or desert his daughter, was impossible. In the mean time they were separated, and his resolution was not made up until the next morning. Judge of my friend's distress, when he learnt that the stern old fellow had determined to set sail immediately, and lose the advantage of his "clean bill of health," by taking his daughter with him!

Such, however, was the case ; and here, as it seemed, would terminate the romance of my present story. But my Italian friend was a mad dog, and his passion drove him to acts of sheer childishness. On the night of their embarkation, he managed to escape from the lazaretto from the sea-side, plunged into the water, and swam a considerable distance towards their vessel. Whether he had arranged any secret scheme for effecting an entrance upon his reaching it, or whether he hoped to move the father's compassion by such determined proofs of affection, I know not ; but before he could put either to the proof, a shot from one of the land-guards grazed his shoulder and disabled him. He sank, and rose again ; made a little progress with one hand, then sank as before ; and so on, till a boat, that had put off from the lazaretto, brought him back to his old prison in a delirious fever. He knew not that the ship which con-



tained his love sailed at daybreak; he could not tell for what motives he had infringed the severe harbour-laws, and encountered this heavy penalty; but he lay for days in a wild and wakeful trance, raving about his Carmela.

To conclude this anecdote, it so chanced that the vessel had to combat with a stout and lasting maestrale, or north-west wind, so common in those seas, as the name would indicate; and after buffeting about for two or three days, it was driven back again to port, its crew dislodged, and the captain and his family, on account of the equality of quarantine, quartered in our part of the lazaretto. Something in the pitiable condition of my patient, for I was his only nurse—more, perhaps, in the determined love of his daughter—at last softened the captain's antipathy to the man. He would occasionally visit him and show some sympathy with his sufferings. Then he withdrew his refusal of permission to Carmela to accompany him on these occasions. I cannot account for the history of these changes; but all I remember is, that the sick man rapidly improved from that very moment; and when he left me, it was to take a voyage with the captain and his child, for the perfect restoration of his health.

ÆVAH.

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LADY BYRON, CAMPBELL, AND MOORE.

OUR readers will expect something from us on this battle of the books. But we shall not harass them with going deep into the engagement.

All the world knows by this time that Moore compiled from Lord Byron's letters an amusing view of his life and opinions, which he had the good sense to leave as he found them. The book was received, as it ought, as no more than the showing of a very eccentric and vicious noble lord, relative to his own conduct. Moore's labour was evidently occupied most in cutting down furious libels against all mankind, and particularly the noble lord's particular friends; it happening to be the good fortune of every man who had at any time served or assisted, or even exhibited any remarkable attention to his lordship, to be marked down for his especial ridicule and abuse; of which, we believe, the correspondence which Moore is now washing, plaiting, and smoothing for mankind, affords some brilliant examples.

But the quarto had done its best or worst, and passed away; the compiler was paid, and was busy with its brother quarto; the blue-stockings were pining over some other novelty; the learned coteries, from Kensington to Moorfields, were profound in some new pottery from Pompeii, or some new traveller from the world's end; in short, Byron, the book, the libels, and the "injured lady," were completely forgotten; when some evil spirit, in the shape of a passion for publication, came before Lady Byron's soul, and urged her to the "necessity of vindicating her father's and mother's humanity to her late husband!"

The only point worth thinking of in this matter was the necessity. And that there was *no* necessity for Lady Byron's defending her parents, (as honest and unimportant a country gentleman and lady as ever vegetated,) is clear as the sun at noon-day. In some former observations we allowed that the vindication was well composed, and that Lady Byron was also entitled to write it, if she pleased. But we are quite satisfied

that the world, in general, no more required to be told that her ladyship's father and mother were well meaning people to Lord Byron, than that they were man and wife.

However, the tempter prevailed over the lady ; and she wrote, and not merely wrote, but printed her writing, sent it through her circle of correspondents, friends, lovers, and haters, and finally saw it (we can conceive, with no great surprise) fairly flourishing as a regular piece of publication. The Literary Gazette had it first, and by its extensive circulation settled the affair of publicity without loss of time. The letter was at the Land's End in twenty-four hours, and has long before this been read in Calcutta, if it have not been already on the breakfast-table of his Majesty of Peking.

People wondered why the lady should take so much trouble to prove points that nobody doubted ; and the result of this superfluous trouble was that they began to doubt. But there was something more than met the ear. Lord Byron had been so long known to indulge himself, without any kind of ceremony, in any pursuit that amused his tastes, good or bad, that people had begun to think no more of vices, which, as he never took the slightest trouble to conceal them ; deprived scandal of all the piquancy belonging to a secret. It was at length said, that his lordship was not worse than nine-tenths of our spoiled children of rank, nor half so bad as some who had been cabinet ministers. But this vindictory letter seemed to strike some blows on his reputation severer than even common scandal had ever menaced ; and there were hints of crimes which, according to the common conception of such matters, would have fitted his lordship less for the House of Peers than for the gallows. We by no means desire to worm out secrets of this nature ; but the general impression of the public certainly is, that the mysterious crime, which her ladyship could not communicate to her own mother, but which she finally dropped in the judicial ear of Doctor Lushington, was any thing but an every day offence.

However, bad as the business looked, the public were weary of the perpetual harping on "My daughter!"—the follies of Byron—the wrongs of his lady—and the rustic virtues of Sir Ralph and Lady Milbanke. The thing was fairly yawned away, when Campbell took it up, and flung the ball before the public again. We give a few extracts from his letter :

"You speak," says Campbell, "Mr. Moore, against Lord Byron's censurers in a tone of indignation which is perfectly lawful towards calumnious traducers, but which will *not terrify me, or any other man of courage*, who is no calumniator, from uttering his mind freely with regard to this part of your hero's conduct. I think your whole theory about the unmarriageableness of genius *a twaddling little hint for a compliment to yourself*, and a theory refuted by the wedded lives of Scott and Flaxman. I question your philosophy in assuming that all that is noble in Byron's poetry was inconsistent with the possibility of his being devoted to a pure and good woman—and I repudiate your morality for *canting too complacently* about 'the lava of his imagination,' and the unsettled fever of his passions being any excuses for his planting the *tic douloureux* of domestic suffering in a meek woman's bosom. These are hard words, Mr. Moore, but you have brought them on yourself by your *voluntary ignorance* of facts known to me—for you might and ought to have known both sides of the question ; and if the subject



was too delicate for you to consult Lady Byron's confidential friends, you ought to *have had nothing to do* with the subject."

He then wrote to Lady Byron to ascertain the correctness of Moore's statements, and she thus answers him:

"DEAR MR. CAMPBELL,—In taking up my pen to point out for your private information those passages in Mr. Moore's representation of my part of the story which were open to contradiction, I find them of still greater extent than I had supposed—and to deny an assertion *HERE AND THERE* would virtually admit the truth of the rest. If, on the contrary, I were to enter into a full exposure of the *falsehood* of the views taken by Mr. Moore, I must detail various matters, which, consistently with my principles and feelings, I cannot, under existing circumstances, disclose. I may, perhaps, convince you better of the difficulty of the case by an example:—'it is not true that pecuniary embarrassments were the cause of the disturbed state of Lord Byron's mind, or formed the chief reason for the arrangements made by him at that time.' But it is reasonable for me to expect that you, or any one else, should believe this, unless I show you what were the causes in question, and this I cannot do.—I am, &c. &c. E. NOEL BYRON."

This letter is a mere matter of words; for it tells nothing but her ladyship's opinion, that there are falsehoods in Moore's book; and when she comes to the proof, it depends on matters "which, under existing circumstances, and connected with her principles and feelings, she *cannot disclose*." Campbell now proceeds to animadvert upon the biographer's garbling the evidence before his eyes. "What I regret most in Mr. Moore's *Life of Lord Byron* is, that he had in his own hands the only pure means of serving Lord Byron's character, which was his lordship's own touching confession, and that he has thrown away the said means by *garnishing* that fair confession with *unfair attempts* at blaming others. In Letter 235, Lord Byron takes all the blame on himself. But why, Mr. Moore, have you frozen the effect of this melting candour by *dishing up* the inconsistencies of Lord Byron on the same subject, and by showing your own *ungallant indifference* to the thus acquitted Lady Byron? In the name of both of them, *I reprove you*. Byron confesses, but you *try to explain away* his confession; and by your hints at spies, unsuitableness, &c., *you dirty and puddle the holy water of acknowledgment, that alone will wash away the poor penitent man's transgressions*. You resort to Byron's letter to Mr. Rogers, for the *means of inculpating* Lady Byron and her friends, as blamers of Lord Byron. But they never said more than that Lord Byron's temper was intolerable to Lady Byron. That was true, and *they never circulated any calumnies against him*." But a passage follows, which, adopting her ladyship's own style, heaps that enigmatical odium on his memory, which no direct charge could much exceed. "It is *more for Lord Byron's sake* than for his widow's, that I resort not to a more special examination of Mr. Moore's misconceptions. The subject would lead me insensibly *into hateful disclosures against poor Lord Byron*, who is more unfortunate in his *rash defenders* than his reluctant accusers. Happily, his own candour turns our hostility from himself against his defenders. It was only in wayward and bitter remarks that he misrepresented Lady Byron. He would have defended himself irresistibly, if Mr. Moore had *left only his acknowledging passages*. But Mr. Moore has produced a *Life of him* which reflects blame on Lady Byron—so *dexterously*, that more is meant than meets the ear."

The friends of Lord Byron's memory have undoubtedly a right to demand something explicit on this point. What are those hateful disclosures which horrify every body who knows *them*, and which are too horrifying to be let loose among the public? If Lord Byron had committed crimes of a nature for which he deserved to be cast out from society, even though he had made his exit by the scaffold, they could not justify stronger expressions.

"You said, Mr. Moore, that Lady Byron was unsuitable to her lord — *the word is cunningly insidious*, and may mean as much or as little as may suit your convenience. But if she was unsuitable, I remark, that it tells all the worse against Lord Byron. I have not read it in your book, *for I hate to wade through it; but they tell me*, that you have not only warily depreciated Lady Byron, but that you have described a lady that would have suited him. If this be true, it is the unkindest cut of all. But I trust there is no such passage in your book. Surely you must be conscious of your woman with her 'virtue loose about her who would have suited Lord Byron,' to be as imaginary a being as the woman without a head. A woman to suit Lord Byron!!! *Poo! poo! I could paint to you the woman that could have matched him, if I had not bargained to say as little as possible against him.*

"If Lady Byron was not suitable to Lord Byron, so much the worse for his lordship. This was not *kicking the dead lion*, but *wounding the living lamb*, who was already bleeding and shorn even to the quick. I know that, collectively speaking, the world is in Lady Byron's favour; but it is coldly favourable, and you have not warmed its breath. Time, however, cures every thing; and *even your book*, Mr. Moore, may be the means of Lady Byron's character being better appreciated."

We know nothing in the severest displeasure that would not be justified against those who first charged Lord Byron's memory with the crimes, which his wife's letter seems to reassert. Campbell's letter is merely chivalric; he thinks Lady Byron injured, and thinks that it is his duty to fight her battle. But he is a stranger, and has no interest of blood or companionship. With Lady Byron the whole affair is different.

Let Byron be what he might, he was her husband, and the father of her child; and it was her duty, if not to screen his memory, at least to keep aloof from defacing it. It is impossible that any woman of her years, mixing in general life, or even casually reading the newspapers, should not be acquainted with the meaning annexed to the phrase of "Horrible crimes; crimes not to be named, hateful disclosures," &c. Her ladyship has written more notes than one upon the topic, and her observation, on hearing of Lord Byron's civilities to one of Lord Holland's sons, "that Byron was a *peculiarly dangerous* companion for a *young man*," was strongly expressive. The late lord may have left no friends. But if we had seen a relative or friend scarcely laid in the grave when such charges were flung upon his memory, we *would* have the assailants before the world, and compel them either to speak out, or to acknowledge themselves calumniators. And, if we did not this in sorrow and love for our dead friend, we should do it in justice to mankind. What man can hope to transmit an unsullied name to his children; if it be in the power of the first idle pen to fasten a stigma upon his grave, that, if living, would have sent him to it by the scorn of society, if not, by the vengeance of the law?



Campbell is an able poet, and a man of good intentions ; but he has taken up a hazardous cause. Lady Byron is a woman of education and birth ; but having first made the grand mistake of resisting the will of her family for the indulgence of her own, in marrying for fame a man whom she could not respect for virtue ; she next made the grand mistake of setting her parents' reputation above that of her husband, in contradiction to the wise and sacred precept, that the " wife should leave father and mother and cleave to the husband."

That Lord Byron hated that father and mother is palpable ; and that he used to fly into paroxysms of scorn and rage when they were spoken of, is perfectly true. Whether this was caused by peevishness or folly on their side is another question. But he had a right, as a husband, to be indignant at his wife's leaving his house without his permission ; and he had a right to taunt any woman with hypocrisy, as well as want of duty, who writes to him a letter full of fondling, at the moment when she was determined on abandoning him for ever. Had her ladyship ever read the book in which it is declared that the " husband is the head of the wife?" or remembered that ritual in which it is declared that she weds " for better for worse, till death do them part?" For a wife's desertion there can be no ground, short of starving or blows. It is a burlesque to say that nothing graver than " Dear duck," at the head of her final letter, would have prevented Lord Byron from dashing his head against the wall.

But, if married people will be liable to sudden quarrels and partings, where is the proof of any attempt to return on this woman's part?—of any effort to soothe the temper whose irritability she knew before she married?—of any decent sorrow over his grave? Did even her carriage, or the carriage of her family, attend his funeral? Has she since given the most trivial instance of female fondness for the memory of a man with whom she was so closely united? What honours has she paid to the tomb of a great being by whose fame alone she is at this hour distinguished from the mob of title? Nothing.—But we have her at the end of half a dozen years disturbing the honours of him whom *her* duty and feeling might have kept in his country, to be its living ornament, instead of being cast away in a barbarous and remote tomb. And for whom is this disturbance made? To vindicate the civility, and so forth, of two such people as Sir Ralph Milbanke and his wife, about whom the world cares no more than about the giants in Guildhall.

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#### PRESENT POLICY OF EUROPE TOWARDS THE BARBARY STATES.

THAT Great Britain should be a party to the present policy of Europe towards the Barbary States, must create the greatest surprise in those who reflect on her name and resources ; a policy which began in error, has continued in injustice, and which presents one of the strangest anomalies that can be conceived. We continually quarrel and cavil with the Moors for the observance of particular etiquette, and a regard of minor and insignificant privileges, whilst we consent to tolerate that general system of dishonesty to the world, out of which these disputes grow. How much longer the Barbary powers shall be allowed to exact a toll for crossing the high seas must be left to the feelings of those nations interested in its payment to determine ; meanwhile it may not be

uninteresting to examine a little more narrowly into our relations with a people amongst whom Europe maintains consuls, and vice-consuls, from Mogadore to Tripoly, whose chief agency has hitherto been that of transmitting a few lions and tigers in return for our money and homage. It must be a matter of curiosity to know something of the borrowers who repay our loans with such bad interest, and regarding whom there is a greater dearth of information, than of the people of the most remote parts of the Asiatic continent. Whilst their threats and menaces are looked upon with dread, and are at this moment the subject of deliberation in more councils than those of France; it is surely worth while to inquire what adequate end Europe attains by her enormous expenditure, in endeavouring to maintain their friendship.

Situate as the dominions of the Emperor of Morocco are at the entrance of a narrow sea, without any naval force to support his pretensions, nature itself conspiring against the possibility of his forming a navy, by choking up every river and harbour in the kingdom, this monarch solely depends on the dissensions and want of unanimity amongst the European powers for the continuance of that truly advantageous system, which ensures him a certain revenue without any risk or trouble. He entirely trusts to their jealousies of his favour, (which he has certainly hitherto managed to keep alive), to supply his absolute deficiency of real power, or the means of enforcing the contributions he now so easily receives. All his utmost efforts could effect against an enemy would be to cut off unarmed or becalmed ships, and pursue that tedious sort of warfare which might exasperate, but could not greatly injure. The other Barbary states, although more or less dependent on the same policy as the sultan of Morocco, possess at least some shadow of maritime strength, and have fortified cities on the shores of the Mediterranean, beneath which they could at least find shelter in case of retreat.

In the spring of 1828, the sultan of Morocco, Muley Abderachman, visited Tangiers to receive the homage, tribute, and presents of the different European nations, whose delegates had assembled there to court his friendship, or renew their alliances. Public expectation had been kept alive by repeated and broken promises (perhaps with a view of increasing the importance of the royal presence) for upwards of three years, and had caused the detention and assemblage of many, whose patience was nearly exhausted. The emperor, however, at last set forward from Morocco, accompanied by 5000 of his troops, infantry and cavalry. Whatever gratification this intelligence afforded those who awaited his visit, it was not equally welcome to the bashaws and inhabitants of the provinces through which he passed; for on the former fell the impost of being obliged to make large presents to their master, and on the latter, that of furnishing provisions for the troops, which, like a flight of locusts, generally leave marks of devastation wherever they pass.

The royal entry to Tangiers was announced by fireworks, and the discharge of cannon from the fortifications. The emperor took up his residence at the Alcassaba, or castle of the bashaw, the apartments of which, at least those destined for his use, had been previously furnished by general contributions of the European consuls, who, amongst other things, had presented his majesty with a handsome state bed, as well as many articles of ornamental furniture. The troops were not quartered in the town, but formed a regular encampment on a slight eminence



eastward of Tangiers. In the midst of this camp was guarded, in large and handsome tents, his majesty's harem, said to consist of ten white wives, and ten black concubines. Another handsome tent was set apart for a marabout or saint, who always attends royalty, and who is consulted as to the auspicious days for transacting business, travelling, &c.

The third day after the sultan's arrival was fixed on for the reception of the foreign consuls, who were summoned to the *court-yard* of the Alcassaba; the troops, a great number of whom were blacks, lined all the avenues and approaches thereto, as well as the court-yard itself, in the area of which the turbaned chiefs and scribes of the household were assembled. Not a single musical instrument added to the effect of this scene (a judicious idea in presence of Europeans, to whose ears the Moors were conscious their music was most inharmonious). The troops previous to the entrance of his majesty were seated cross-legged on the ground, with their long guns held between their knees. At his approach, which was preceded by the bashaw of Tangiers, they rose up and stood to their arms. The sultan entered the court-yard on horseback, the manner in which he invariably gives public audiences. Over his head was borne a large splendid silk parasol of Italian manufacture. The bay barb on which he was mounted was fanned by slaves, with white muslin handkerchiefs, and in his train were several parade horses beautifully caparisoned.

The person of Muley Abderachman is both dignified and majestic; on his brow is deeply marked the consciousness of his superior station and authority, and that gravity for which the Moors are so distinguished; but in him it seemed to dwell with more ease and affability than in those who surrounded him—the result of his more polished manner and education. The sultan has a fine intonation of voice, and his whole deportment rather bespeaks that of a man accustomed to associate with the great world, than of a monarch residing at such a distance from polite life: he is of robust stature, about five feet nine inches in height, and is apparently about forty-two or forty-three years of age, of very dark complexion, nearly approaching black; but his fine features, glossy black beard and moustaches, at once show that he is not of negro blood. He bore no distinctive mark of sovereignty in his dress, except the beautiful texture of the *el-haicke*, or long scarf, which nearly enveloped him, discovering only a small part of the green tunic and gold scabbard of the yatagan worn beneath. His turban was of plain white muslin, denoting an elegant and unostentatious simplicity.

The principal officers of the sultan being stationed around him; the bashaw of Tangiers, on whom it seems the order of the ceremonies had devolved, introduced the French consul and vice-consul to his majesty, who approached, and through their interpreter begged the emperor's acceptance of the annual tribute money, and presents of their nation: a list of the presents was handed to his majesty who passed it to one of his ministers; these consisted of articles of the most valuable and elaborate workmanship of France, as well as large quantities of cloth, sugar, coffee, &c. valued at £3000 sterling, which were borne up the steep ascent of the Alcassaba by Jew porters, who, barefooted, stood trembling with their burdens in the royal presence. The consul received a gracious reply; and next in succession was presented the Danish consul, whose gifts were of proportionate value to the rank of his nation: he

paid over the sum of 50,000 Spanish dollars, the amount of two years' tribute due to his imperial majesty ; thirdly, and which seemed to excite no little surprise in the spectators, was presented Mr. Douglas, the English consul-general, vice-consul, &c. accompanied by several officers of the garrison of Gibraltar, who had arrived for the purpose of witnessing this ceremony. The cause of the British consulate not being presented first as on former occasions was said to be owing to an intrigue of the bashaw of the town, who, on account of some differences with the English consul-general, which had for a long time been the subject of a most disagreeable correspondence with the emperor, took this opportunity of wounding Mr. Douglas's pride. Some presents, such as a handsome sword, several pieces of cloth, &c. were laid at the emperor's feet, who in return replied, "that he was happy to maintain the friendship and esteem of his good friend and brother the sovereign of England, with whom the Moors could boast an alliance since the time of his predecessor Muley Ishmael ; that he always should consider the English his best friends, and hold them entitled to protection and privileges in his country which no other nation could enjoy." In conclusion, the sultan inquired "if the consul had any request to make, which he then professed himself willing to attend to." The remainder consuls were then successively introduced, but it must not here be omitted to be remarked that the offering of the American consul was merely *a bag of rice!* unaccompanied by any tribute money whatever. The Americans, notwithstanding their refusal to degrade themselves by the payment of tribute, enjoy the same *protection and privileges* as other nations. The Neapolitan consul, whose government had expended a large sum of money in the purchase of presents, was ordered "*not to show his face,*" as neither his gifts could be accepted nor his office recognized, till his royal master agreed to pay an annual tribute of 20,000 dollars, for which sum Neapolitan vessels would be allowed to navigate the high seas, unmolested by Morroqueen corsairs. This formidable navy, which consisted of the two brigs before mentioned, was then at anchor in the Bay of Tangiers, decorated with the flags of the nations with which the emperor was at peace. The ceremony of audience concluded, the different packages were opened, and the contents carefully examined, with the lists handed in. In cases of any deficiency, or baseness of quality in the articles, the unhappy consul soon hears of the deception, and may esteem himself fortunate if it is not made a subject of quarrel with his government. The emperor generally distributes part of these gifts amongst his officers, or those whom he is under the necessity of rewarding ; but all specie or plate, as well as watches, of which he is very fond, are generally reserved for himself. That part which falls to the lot of his faithful servants soon finds its way to the hands of some broker, who, for a very small sum in ready money, becomes the purchaser of articles of great original cost. In this manner a handsome glass dessert service, which had been distributed amongst several competitors, was purchased for a trifle by a person who collected the separate allotments. A musical watch, the works of which had become deranged by continued playing, was also sold for a few dollars, a very short time after it had been presented to the sultan.

The sums of money thus expended in this single port of Barbary amounts to about 50,000*l.* sterling per annum, and should the emperor succeed in compelling the Russians, Austrians, Neapolitans, and the



Hanse Towns to comply with his demands, his revenue will be thereby considerably increased. This system, which is followed up with little modification in all the piratical states of the Mediterranean, cannot fail to inflate the pride of savage princes ; nor is the appearance of the representative of Great Britain in these pageants, laying down her share of the purchase money of the smiles and sunshine of their countenance, likely to diminish their ideas of potency and greatness. The almost literal fact, that here

“ As in the east, exhausted slaves  
Lay down their far-brought gifts and die,”

must for ever destroy the notion, that the basis of all intercourse between states ought to be reciprocal advantage. Muley Abderachman is by far too sagacious to arouse Europe from its lethargy ; as long as we are willing to pay, he will extend his hand to receive. This prince was called to the throne by the late emperor, his uncle Muley Soleyman, on account of his abilities, to the exclusion of his own sons, who are yet living, and whom the present emperor has so far conciliated as to keep in his train, one as his aide-de-camp, and another he has made governor of an interior province. The manner in which he has long soothed many of the governments of Europe into a compliance with his policy, and frightened others without a shadow of offensive force, is no insignificant proof of his talent. He has besides counteracted all the plots of opposition to his government (which during his reign have been numerous), either in seizing by stratagem or open force all the refractory scherifs and bashaws who, under pretence of his not being rightful heir to the throne, have often rebelled. A specimen of his cunning he lately afforded by the mode in which he dislodged an inimical bashaw from his government. This man had often refused to appear when cited at court : not wishing to proceed to open hostilities, the emperor, by means of agents, stirred up an insurrectionary mountain warfare in the bashaw's neighbourhood, under pretext of quelling which he took the field himself, and ordered all his chiefs to join him. The unsuspecting governor abandoning the safety of his bashalick entered the emperor's tent, when he was immediately laden with chains and conducted to prison, from which he was not released till he had disgorged what the emperor considered a fair share of the profits of his government, the division of which had been the cause of their quarrel.

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## THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, AND THE BRITISH WEST INDIES.

In giving some account of the state of society in Sierra Leone, and in those other parts of Africa mentioned in official documents, or which have recently been visited by European travellers, we, in former numbers, endeavoured to submit, for the information of our readers, such extracts from new publications and government papers as we hoped would induce them to investigate and judge for themselves, rather than adopt, upon slight examination, the decided opinions which we have formed upon the important matters brought under their notice.\*

In following up this investigation, we are quite aware of the great difficulty by which the main point of the subject is surrounded; and we agree with our industrious countryman, Captain Hall, that "a person quite unaccustomed to the actual presence of slavery is naturally very shy of admitting any thing, even to himself, which shall look like approving of the principle; and it requires considerable time, and a knowledge of many details, before he can be sure that he is doing the subject justice. *Ignorance is so apt to usurp the place of knowledge, that, by a strange perversity, fresh information often appears unnecessary, and is not unfrequently resisted as intrusive.*" But these obstacles, instead of deterring us from a proper examination of this very important matter, should rather stimulate our exertions to ascertain and elucidate the real humanity of the case. Having already endeavoured to explain the state of society and slaves in Africa, we now propose to avail ourselves of the information afforded in Captain Basil Hall's valuable and laborious work on the United States, to show the extent and condition of slavery in that *free* country.

Let it not be supposed that we are advocates for perpetual slavery in our own colonies, or elsewhere. We, on the contrary, are heartily desirous of concurring in every measure likely to raise the mental and physical powers of the negro, so as to fit him for the becoming enjoyment of freedom in every part of the globe. We wish, in particular, to see our own colonial labourers continue the advance, which they are progressively making, in civilization and in habits of industry, until they arrive at that point when they shall be capable of appreciating and fulfilling the arduous duties of industrious freemen, without which it must be evident that emancipation would be no benefit to them. It is well known to every person acquainted with our West India colonies that, besides considerable property, they have already attained a higher degree of civilization, and the enjoyment of greater privileges and comforts, than their brethren in the foreign colonies, or even in the United States; and we earnestly recommend to every true friend of humanity to consider the subject attentively, in all its bearings, before sanctioning, even in appearance, the rash schemes of the anti-colonists (manifested by their ignorant petitions to parliament, and other absurd representations), who, were they permitted to have their own way, would, by premature and compulsory manumission, wantonly complete the ruin of thousands of their countrymen, but, as in the cases of St. Domingo and Mexico, plunge the negroes into that state of barbarism, from which, under the present mild and humane colonial system, they are so gradually emerging.

\* Vide "Our West India Colonies," "Sierra Leone," and "Ancient and Modern Systems of Slavery," *Monthly Magazines* for February, March, and April last.



Before we attempt to give some idea of the condition of slaves in the United States of America, we may be permitted to notice briefly some further papers published by order of parliament (printed 17th Feb. last No. 57), "relative to Sierra Leone," which fully confirm our former statements. We do not feel disposed to dispute the anxious desire *now* evinced by his majesty's ministers, as manifested throughout these papers, to give the administration of the affairs of that deadly colony their serious attention, and to place the whole of the establishments on the African Coast on a better and more economical footing. With this view, Cape Coast Castle, Accra, and their dependencies have been given over to a committee of merchants, to be held as factories; but it is proposed to *increase* the number of settlers on the Gambia!

The total and instant abandonment of Sierra Leone as a colony is undoubtedly a measure attended with difficulty. But we contend that, so long as no European constitution is equal to the performance of the arduous duties of governor for any number of years, every effort to enforce steady and uniform measures of improvement must, in a great measure, continue to be abortive; that even compulsory labour, were it to be more generally enforced, would not render the climate one whit more salubrious, however it might, to a trifling extent, improve the immediate vicinity of Freetown; that little improvement can take place amongst the liberated Africans, so long as they are spread over a great extent of country, liable to the incursions and contaminating influence of the neighbouring tribes; and that the advancement of civilization in the interior never can be effectually promoted by these settlements.

Earl Bathurst complains of the *vicious habits* in which the Africans appear to have been permitted to indulge, of wandering about the colony; and, particularly, of *assembling in large numbers in the vicinity of Freetown*;<sup>\*</sup> but Sir Neil Campbell, on the other hand, complains, 7 March, 1827, that their *village-location* system is equally objectionable; "one great evil tending to retard the civilization of a proportion of the liberated Africans in every village is their being permitted to form detached villages, *where they speak no language but their own, and always continue naked as they were in Africa, with all their former usages; never altering from the state in which they landed from the slave ships.*"\*—Can the inutility of the whole of this system for promoting civilization and habits of industry be acknowledged in more direct terms?

Sir Neil discovered that the plan of *buying and issuing rations* was bad; and the missionaries, to whom it had become a source of profit, are ordered to confine themselves, in future, to moral and religious duties.

When the Africans are liberated from the slave vessels, they are employed as labourers, or sent to the villages, and an allowance is made, during the first six months, for the support of the males. The females receive rations for three months only, by which time they must, it is expected, get married, or lose their rations; a short and powerful argument, certainly, in favour of matrimony!!—But we should much doubt whether this hasty *pairing system* is likely to superinduce domestic comfort, and a becoming regard for moral obligations.

"The *greater portion* of the land of the colony," says Governor Ricketts, "will not, after a few years, yield a satisfactory crop;" the liberated African cultivator must, therefore, shift his ground in rotation, or clear

\* Sierra Leone Papers, printed 17, No. 3, 1830, No. LVII. p. 18.

another portion of forest land. This circumstance must always operate to discourage agricultural pursuits in Sierra Leone.

The total number of slaves liberated in 1828 appears to be 2,558; the total number *in charge* on the 31st December of that year, 15,004. The number of persons who have left the villages in 1828, and whose absence cannot be accounted for, is no less than 680, besides 1,341 stated as *supposed* to be settled in Freetown, or *employed up the river!* Here are 2,021 people, or one-eighth of the whole, liberated at a great expense to government, many of whom have undoubtedly deserted, or been kidnapped, and again carried into slavery by the neighbouring tribes!!\*

These parliamentary papers contain ample medical reports on the insalubrity of the climate. We shall, however, take leave of the African Coast and Sierra Leone, by again urging the policy and necessity of getting quit of the latter, except as a factory, at as early a period as, under all the circumstances of the case, humanity will permit. The removal of even a *part* of the people and stores, and the cost of establishing them on new ground, cannot be effected without expense; but when the cost of re-erecting nearly all the present public buildings, and keeping effective, by constant supplies of men and money, a larger establishment there than might be fully adequate to the same purpose elsewhere, is taken into consideration, we have no doubt that the incidental expense, whatever may plausibly be said to the contrary by interested individuals, would, in the end, prove to be a considerable saving.

A very slight examination of Captain Hall's *Travels in the United States* will, we think, prove that he has paid very particular attention to the subject of slavery there; and we are not aware, after a very careful examination of his remarks, that he has been swayed by any other considerations than an earnest desire to elicit the truth. He says, "by gradually acquiring a more extensive knowledge of the facts of the case, under many different forms, I was enabled, I trust, to escape from the influence of enthusiasm or of paradox on the one hand, and of strong and often angry passions and interests on the other. To steer a fair course, in the midst of such a strange kind of moral and political navigation, is a hard task for any traveller." This, however, appears to be a task which the captain has performed with great impartiality and considerable ability.

The first two volumes relate to his visit to Canada and sojourn amongst the sober, dram-drinking, scheming, wood-chopping, electioneering, "what-do-ye-think-of-us" citizens of the northern states of the Union. Leaving Philadelphia in December, 1827, he proceeded in a steamer to Newcastle, forty miles below the first mentioned city, and from thence by land to Freetown, on the left bank of the Elk river, a small stream running into the Chesapeake, where, in the steam-boat, "the tables were removed by three or four light-fingered negro domestic slaves, I was given to understand; for we had now come within the limits of that large portion of the Union, where the labouring population do not even possess the name of freedom."†

As the immense number of slaves in the states of the Union is not generally known in this country, especially to many persons who derive their only knowledge of the subject from the reports of anti-slavery

\* Vide Caillié's *Travels*, vol. i. p. 256.

† *Travels in North America in the Years 1827 and 1828*, by Captain Basil Hall, R.N. vol. ii. p. 381.



meetings, and who encourage *the continuance* of the foreign slave-trade, by signing senseless petitions for the ruin of our own colonies, we give for their information the following statement of the number of slaves in each state or territory, in the year 1828; and we shall afterwards endeavour to show, on Captain Hall's authority, their present condition, as compared with the slaves in our own colonies.

|  |         |
|--|---------|
| In New Jersey the number of slaves, in 1828, was | 3,778   |
| Delaware . . . . .                               | 2,500   |
| Maryland . . . . .                               | 100,000 |
| Virginia . . . . .                               | 450,000 |
| Kentucky . . . . .                               | 166,000 |
| North Carolina . . . . .                         | 235,000 |
| South Carolina . . . . .                         | 288,000 |
| Georgia . . . . .                                | 189,600 |
| Tennessee . . . . .                              | 110,000 |
| Alabama . . . . .                                | 93,308  |
| Mississippi . . . . .                            | 52,502  |
| Louisiana . . . . .                              | 110,502 |
| Indiana . . . . .                                | 304     |
| Illinois . . . . .                               | 1,460   |
| Missouri . . . . .                               | 20,800  |
| Arkansas Territory . . . . .                     | 2,587   |
| Florida Territory . . . . .                      | 5,000   |
| District of Columbia . . . . .                   | 6,806   |

Making altogether a slave population of . . . 1,838,155

or more than double the whole slave population of the British West Indies! In two of these states, namely, South Carolina and Louisiana, *the slaves considerably outnumber the whites*; and many of our good old ladies at home, who piously attend anti-colonial meetings, and have sugar basins with "produce of free labour" inscribed upon them, would be shocked at the idea of being supposed to be encouragers of slavery in its worst form, although the clayed sugar which they substitute for the sparkling produce of our own colonies is entirely raised by *foreign slaves*; and the cottons and muslins, the rice, and various other articles which they consume so profusely, are also wholly the produce of slave labour!

From Baltimore Captain Hall proceeded to Washington, the seat of Congress, where he had an opportunity of hearing the slave question discussed to as little purpose as it sometimes is at home. He had also an opportunity of attending the sale of a negro lad by the deputy marshal; "both his parents and all his brothers and sisters, he told me, had been long ago sold into slavery, and sent to the southern states—Florida or Alabama—he knew not where." We need scarcely add, that the separation of families in most of our own colonies is, by enactment of the legislature, strictly forbidden.

Although this youth was fortunate enough to be purchased by a person to whom he was known, yet the concluding sentence of the auctioneer held out little prospect of ultimate emancipation. "The lad is yours, sir,—a *slave for life*!" And this assertion was not merely a figure of speech;—manumission, in some states, being contrary to law, except for great public services!

Other circumstances came under the notice of our traveller, affording

evidence that, even under the eye of the senate, similar sales are quite customary; although the state of Columbia is not without its Anti-Slavery Society, from whose reports, regarding the state of its slaves, some of the calumnies against our own colonies appear to us to have been copied almost *verbatim*, although not at all applicable to the state of our colonial labourers.

At Richmond, in Virginia, Captain Hall, in walking round the capital, was struck by the unusual sight of a sentinel; and, in answer to his inquiries, he was told, that it was "customary, in these states, to have a small guard always under arms; there are only fifty men here. It is in consequence of the nature of our coloured population; but it is done more as a preventive check than any thing else; it keeps all thoughts of insurrection out of the heads of the slaves, and so gives confidence to those persons amongst us who may be timorous." Yet sixteen years had elapsed since any attempt at rebellion had taken place; and the white population in this state are to the slaves *as three to two*. "On inquiring further into these matters, I learned that there was in all these towns a vigorous and active police, whose rule is, not to take for granted that any thing is secure which vigilance can watch. *No negro*, for example, *is allowed to be out of doors after sunset*, without a written pass from his master explaining the nature of his errand. If, during his absence from home, he be found wandering from the proper line of his message, he is speedily taken up, and corrected accordingly."\* In our own calumniated colonies, where the preponderance of the slave population is so overwhelming, the confidence between servant and master, when not interrupted by the extraneous-interference of sectarians, or anti-slavery influence, is so great, that no such apprehensions are entertained; and slaves are seen visiting their neighbours at all hours of the night. Captain Hall had many opportunities of investigating the slavery question during his stay in Virginia, and always found the planters in that and other states "extremely fair and communicative." "The essential impediment, however, which I found in the way of getting at the truth, on this and many other subjects, consisted less in any reserve on the part of the natives, than in the difficulty I found in removing the shell or husk of prejudice which surrounded my own mind, and gave me a constant desire to distort my observation, in order that I might see things in the particular light under which I had preconceived they ought to be viewed." And on the slavery question he very candidly observes, that this difficulty is perhaps greater than on most others; "for there our feelings enter into contest so often with our judgment, that *sober reason, political necessity, established usage*, and so forth, *have sometimes no fair play*."

As he verged towards the region of the tropics, "tobacco, cotton, and rice fields, every where presented themselves." The mildness of the climate, too, the colour of the population, and the tone of their voices, were all characteristic of countries quite dissimilar to the northern states."

He visited a well-managed plantation on the banks of the James's river some miles out of town. What interested him most was a party of a dozen negroes, squatted on the floor of a *tobacco* house; and he gives the following not unpleasant account of the manner of preparing that weed for shipment. The slaves were placed, men, women, and children,

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\* Hall's Travels, vol. iii. p. 76.



in a circle, drawing the leaves from the stalk ; “ in the centre stood two men, who, on receiving the leaves from the pickers, distributed them in heaps according to their quality. There seem to be three qualities of tobacco ; the lower leaves, or those which touch the ground, are liable to get dirty and torn, but on the higher parts of the same stalk two different sorts of leaves are found, one yellow, and one brown. These being carefully separated, and made up into little bunches, somewhat thicker than a man’s thumb, are tied round with a thong, formed out of the leaf itself. The branches are then slung, in pairs, across bars of wood, stretched from side to side of the roof, not unlike herrings in a drying-house. In the course of time, the house becomes so completely filled with those bars, carrying bunches of tobacco, that there is barely left space enough for a man to creep under them to trim the fires, kept constantly burning on the mud floors to dry the leaves.

“ The next process is to pack it into the large hogsheds which every one has seen before the door of a tobacconist’s shop. This operation is performed by means of long levers worked by hand, which force it into a compact mass. The slaves looked wonderfully cheerful and healthy, and although scantily clad, were not unseasonably so, for the air was quite mild, notwithstanding it was now the depth of winter. *Of a hundred and ten slaves on this plantation, I was told not one could read or write.*” \*

At Fortress Monroe he had an opportunity of seeing the operation of the punishment substituted in place of flogging. “ I found a large party of men, about two hundred in number, each one of whom carried a heavy chain, which hung in a festoon between his legs, one end being riveted to the ancle, while the other trailed a four pound shot along the ground. Most of these persons, it appeared, were deserters from the army, though some had been guilty of disobedience, and other acts of insubordination to military discipline. They were all dressed in party-coloured jackets, on the back part of which was painted ‘ United States convict ;’ and I do not remember to have beheld anywhere a more humiliating, or more unmilitary spectacle.” The old method of flogging was abolished in the American army, by Congress, in 1812 ; since which, according to Captain Hall, the discipline of the troops has been gradually declining. We might remark upon the decline of discipline in Hayti, and other quarters, where *more severe* punishments have also been substituted for flogging ; but we shall content ourselves with referring to vol. iii. chap. 5. for our traveller’s reasons at length in favour of continuing the former system, as being the most humane, as well as effectual.

Proceeding from Norfolk through North Carolina, in February, 1828, he thus describes one part of the road : for about twelve miles it “ passed through a dense forest of pines and junipers, rising out of a continued swamp, along which the carriage-way seemed to float on poles, or trunks of small trees, laid across, which, being covered with nothing but a thin stratum of earth and leaves, was fearfully jolty. The evening, moreover, was so dark, that the forest on each side of us stood up to the height of sixty feet like a perpendicular cliff of coal, with a narrow belt of sky above, serving no other purpose than to point out the way by a feeble, ghost-like reflection from the ditches on either side, which looked as if they were filled with ink. It was a sort of guess-work driving, for we came every now and then to pools a quarter of a mile in length, through

which the horses splashed and floundered along as well as they might; drawing the carriage after them, in spite of holes into which the fore-wheels were dipped almost to the axletrees, making every part of the vehicle creak again. These sounds were echoed back with a melancholy tone from the desolate blank on both hands, mingled with the croaking of millions of frogs, whose clear sharp note, however, gave some relaxation to the ear from the gloomy silence of this most dreary of forests." He was ferried across the Chowan river by slaves, who stuck several torches, made of the pitch pine-tree, into the sides of the scow, or flat. "This blaze of light immediately about us made the solitude and silence of the forest in our rear even more impressive than it had appeared when we ourselves were almost lost in the gloom."

Subsequently he passed through many cotton plantations, and some tobacco fields; but the chief cultivation was that of Indian corn. "In the more northern parts, we had been very much struck with the air of bustle, and all sorts of industry, men riding about, chopping down forests, building up houses, ploughing, planting, and reaping; but here, in Carolina, all mankind appeared comparatively idle. The whites, generally speaking, consider it discreditable to work, and the slaves work as little as they can."

He found a great many Scotch Highlanders settled in the country round Fayetteville, retaining almost exclusively their native language. Conversing with a gentleman at the little town of Camden, on the subject of slavery, he complained much of the slaves. "Suppose," said he, "I have a slave who is a drunkard and a thief, and really almost the whole race are dissipated and dishonest; how can I get rid of him? I cannot sell him, for nobody will be his purchaser; the laws won't allow me to turn him about his business. I am obliged, therefore, to feed, clothe, and take care of this rogue, while, all the time, I get no service out of him, and know him to be a scamp of the first order!"

One of the miseries which must be endured by the slaves in the United States, from which our slaves in the West India islands are exempt, is, their liability to be moved hundreds or perhaps thousands of miles, at the will of their masters, for the purpose of clearing grounds in the southernmost states, for sugar plantations; a speculation which, from a spirit of rivalry, and otherwise, has, since the intercourse with our West India colonies was broken off, been much encouraged by the government of the United States. This circumstance not only gives rise to an immense inland traffic in slaves, creating much misery to the negroes, but also retards, for evident reasons, that progressive civilization which is so rapidly going forward in our own colonies. During the drive from Camden to Columbia, the seat of government of South Carolina, Captain Hall "overtook several bodies of migrants," if there be such a word—farmers-errant, proceeding with all their worldly goods, from Virginia and Maryland, to Florida, Georgia, and Alabama.

"The first party consisted of a planter and his wife, accompanied by his brother-in-law, and family, a whole troop of their children, and some forty or fifty slaves of all ages and sizes."

"We had drawn up just abreast of a group of slaves, consisting of two or three women, with six or eight little children playing about them, none of whom were much encumbered with clothing." Captain Hall's little girl, delighted with the novelty, distributed her sponge-cake among the shining little blackies, to the unspeakable satisfaction of the mothers,



“who sat upon the bank smiling with as much freedom of soul as if they had been resting on the side of some far-famed African stream.” Indeed, if we can believe recent travellers, it would be difficult to find any stream in Africa where they could venture to rest, for any length of time, with the same degree of safety.

“The second party of emigrants were on the march. It was smaller than the others, and did not consist of above thirty persons in all, of whom five and twenty at least were slaves. The women and children were stowed away in waggons, but the curtain being let down, we could see nothing of them except an occasional glance of an eye, or a row of teeth as white as snow. In the rear of all came a light covered vehicle with the master and mistress of the party. Along the roadside, scattered at intervals, we observed the male slaves trudging in front. At the top of all, against the sky line, two men walked together apparently hand in hand, pacing along very socially. When we came nearer, we discovered that this couple were bolted together by a strong short chain or bar, riveted to broad iron clasps, secured in like manner round the wrists. On inquiry, it was found that one of these men had been married, but his wife belonged to a neighbouring planter, not to his master. When the general move was made, the proprietor of the female not choosing to part with her, she was necessarily left behind. The wretched husband was therefore shackled to a young unmarried man, who, having no such tie to draw him back, might be more safely trusted on the journey!” If such an occurrence as this had taken place in our own colonies, it would have been food for the Anti-Slavery Reporter for six months at least, and matter of accusation against the colonists for ever!

One of the emigrant leaders being questioned as to his motives for moving so frequently, his wife declared, half in jest, half in earnest, that “it was all for the mere love of moving. ‘We have been doing so all our lives, just moving from place to place, never resting; as soon as ever we get comfortably settled, then it is time to be off to something new.’” Of course, under such a system, it is in vain to expect any amelioration in the condition of the slaves, or that any great progress towards civilization, or religious and moral improvement, can be made.

The road from Columbia to Charleston is through a swampy, dismal country. “At one of the forlorn dwellings in the swamps, we were received by the chief female slave, who made an excuse for the non-appearance of her mistress, who was then ill in bed.” When the lady made her appearance, she answered an inquiry after her health by thanking God that they had all “had their fevers!”

Captain Hall was much struck with the tropical aspect of Charleston. The wharf presented piles of cocoa nuts, bananas, bags of coffee, boxes of sugar, and other southern produce, while large bales of cotton, barrels of flour, and packages of bale goods, gave ample token that materials for barter were not wanting. His attention, however, was most taken up with the slave market.

“A long table was placed in the middle of the street, upon which the negroes were exposed, not one by one, but in families at a time. From this conspicuous station they were shown off by two auctioneers, one at each end of the table, who called out the biddings, and egged on the purchasers by chanting the praises of their bargains.

“I learned from a gentleman afterwards that the negroes, independently of the important consideration of being purchased by good masters, have

a singular species of pride on these occasions in fetching a high price, holding it amongst themselves as disgraceful to be sold for a small sum of money. This fact, besides showing how difficult it is to subdue utterly the love of distinction, may perhaps be useful in teaching us never to take for granted that any one boasting the human form, however degraded in the scale, is without some traces of generous feeling."

The opinions of various well-informed Americans on the abstract question of slavery are stated. Some of them hold it to be a very great evil, and others maintain a contrary doctrine. "They (the slaves compared with freemen) work much less," say the latter; "they are as well fed; they have no care for the future, very little for the present; they are in a state of happy ignorance, and know nothing of those things which make freemen miserable; and as they are generally well used, they become attached to their masters, and work on in their service cheerfully."

"Force, power, or whatever name you give it," said another, "by which one nation gains the ascendancy over another, seems to be, in the practice of life, the grand rule which regulates the intercourse of man with man. \* \* \* \* This may not appear just, but so it is; such is the order of our moral and political nature. It has been so from all time, and will continue so as long as there remain any distinctions between human beings. The slave question is merely one of the varieties of this principle.

"The blacks were brought to America when these matters were not treated philosophically; they have since extended themselves far and wide, and have now become, to all intents and purposes, an integral part of our society.

"The masters and the slaves, from long habit and universal usage, have fallen into certain modes of thinking and of acting relatively to one another; and as this understanding is mutual and complete, the whole machinery goes on with the greatest uniformity, and much more cheerfulness than you will at first believe possible. At least an equal period of time, but perhaps ten or a hundred times as long a period, may be required to unwind the thread again, and to free the country from this moral and political entanglement.

"In the meantime it is in vain to deny that, circumstanced as they now are, the negroes belong almost to a different race; so different, that no philanthropist or abolitionist, however enthusiastic, pretends to say that an amalgamation can take place between them and the whites. There is no reasoning upon this point: it seems a law of our nature, and is felt probably as strongly in other countries as here. What English gentleman, for example, would give his daughter in marriage to a negro? But the prejudice, or whatever it be, is just as strong in the southern states of America, with respect to a political community of rights and privileges; and if changes in this respect are ever to be brought about, they can only be accomplished by the slowest conceivable degrees.

"The blacks who form our labouring population are so deplorably ignorant, and so vicious, that *in almost every instance where freedom has been given to them, they have shown how unfit they are to make a right use of it.* The practice of manumission is, in consequence, *everywhere discouraged, and in many places RENDERED BY LAW IMPOSSIBLE!* except in cases of high public service." (P. 159.)

Every person acquainted with the present state of the labouring population in the British West Indies, and the daily acts of kindness and



friendly emancipation which take place in these calumniated colonies, will at once perceive the immense superiority of feeling which is in operation there over that of our American neighbours, notwithstanding the boasted *freedom* of their institutions.

The workhouse is not only a sort of bridewell, where offenders work at the treadmill, but is also used for punishing slaves. The offending slave is sent to the workhouse with a note and a piece of money, on delivering which he receives so many stripes, and is sent back again. The retention of the power of punishment in the hand of the master is defended on the plea of necessity. "I was often assured by sensible men," says Captain Hall, "that any considerable modification of it, in principle or in practice, would speedily bring about anarchy, insurrection, bloodshed, and all the horrors of a civil war."\*

"In the court-yard of the jail, there were scattered about no fewer than three hundred slaves, mostly brought from the country for sale, and kept there at twenty cents or about tenpence a-day, penned up like cattle till the next market-day. The scene was not unlike what I suppose the encampment of a wild African horde to be. Men, women, and children, of all ages, were crowded together in groups, or seated in circles, round fires, cooking their messes of Indian corn or rice. Clothes of all colours were hung up to dry on the walls of the prison, coarse and ragged; while the naked children were playing about quite merrily, unconscious alike of their present degradation, and their future life of bondage. On the balcony along with us stood three or four slave dealers, overlooking the herd of human victims below, and speculating upon the qualities of each. The day was bright and beautiful; and there was in this curious scene no appearance of wretchedness, except what was imparted to it by reflection from our own minds."

Leaving Charleston, Captain Hall passed through a country rather interesting on account of its vegetable productions and forest scenery. He halted some time at a large and well-ordered plantation, where he was hospitably entertained, in the absence of the family, by the head negro, who had had orders to receive him. He had here an opportunity, for the first time, of seeing something of rice cultivation. "The plantation, at the time of our visit, consisted of two hundred and seventy acres of rice, fifty of cotton, eighty of Indian corn, and twelve of potatoes, besides some minor plots of vegetables, the whole being cultivated by eighty working hands. A shovel plough is used at certain seasons for weeding; but all the essential and laborious work of preparing the soil, as well as that of sowing and reaping the crops, is done exclusively by hand."

At another estate farther south, about thirty miles from the sea, he had an opportunity of acquiring further information on this subject.—The ebb and flow of the tide in the rivers intersecting the level parts of South Carolina is of the greatest consequence to the rice growers, as it enables them to irrigate their fields at the proper season, and in the proper quantity; an advantage which leads to the production of those magnificent crops with which all the world is familiar. "During our stay, we had an opportunity of being initiated into the mystery of the cultivation of *rice*, the staple of Carolina. This grain is sown in rows, in the bottom of trenches made by slave labour entirely. These ridges lie about seventeen inches apart, from centre to centre. The rice is put in with the hand, generally by women, and is never scattered, but cast so as to

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\* Hall's Travels, vol. iii. p. 168.

fall in a line. This is done about the 17th of March. By means of flood-gates, the water is then permitted to flow over the fields, and to remain on the ground five days at the depth of several inches. The object of this drenching is to sprout the seeds, as it is technically called. The water is next drawn off, and the ground allowed to dry until the rice has risen to what is termed four leaves high, or between three and four inches. This requires about a month. The fields are then again overflowed, and they remain submerged for upwards of a fortnight to destroy the grass and weeds. These processes bring matters to the 17th of May, after which the ground is allowed to remain dry till the 15th of July, during which interval it is repeatedly hoed, to remove such weeds as have not been effectually drowned, and also to loosen the soil. The water is then, for the last time, introduced, in order that the rice may be brought to maturity, and it actually ripens while standing in the water. The harvest commences about the end of August, and extends into October. It is all cut by the male slaves, who use a sickle, while the women make it up into bundles. As it seems that no ingenuity has yet been able to overcome the difficulty of thrashing the grains out by machinery without breaking them, the whole of this part of the process is done with hand-flails in a court-yard.

“The grains of this plant grow on separate pedicles, or little fruit-stalks, springing from the main stalk. The whole head forms what a botanist would call a spiked panicle; that is, something between a spike like wheat, and a panicle like oats. After being thrashed, the next process is to detach the outer husk by passing the rice between a pair of mill-stones removed to a considerable distance from each other. The inner pellicle, or film, which envelops the grain, is removed by trituration in mortars under heavy pestles.”

- It is then thoroughly winnowed, and being packed in casks, is ready for sale.\*

“The cultivation of rice was described to me as by far the most unhealthy work in which the slaves were employed; and, in spite of every care, that they sank under it in great numbers. The causes of this dreadful mortality are the constant moisture and heat of the atmosphere, together with the alternate floodings and dryings of the fields on which the negroes are at work, often ankle-deep in the mud, with their bare heads exposed to the fierce rays of the sun. At such seasons every white man leaves the spot as a matter of course, and proceeds inland to the high grounds,† or some other healthy station.”

Ingenious tradesmen were among the slaves attached to this, as is universally the case in extensive West India estates, although in the latter colonies the unhealthy cultivation of rice is, happily, not amongst the list of grievances.

The domestic habits of the slaves on this and other estates in Carolina, according to Capt. Hall's information, are not interfered with, except in matters of police. “We don't care what they do when their tasks are over. Their morals and manners are in their own keeping. The men may have, for instance, as many wives as they please, so long as they do not quarrel about such matters.”

Preachers are not allowed to interfere with the duties of the slaves towards their master. “Can any of them read and write?” asked Capt.

\* Hall's Travels, vol. iii. pp. 163. 186.

† Hall's Travels, vol. iii. p. 183.



Hall: the reply was, "Certainly none. That is entirely *contrary to usage here, and contrary to law* in some places. Such things would only make them discontented with their lot, and in fact would be quite repugnant to the whole system of slave discipline in this country."\* The superior liberality of our West Indian slave system cannot be denied even by the most virulent anti-colonist!

Although domestic slaves in America, as every where else, are better fed and clothed, yet field labour is generally preferred; and Capt. Hall vindicates the conduct of overseers, *as a class*, from that mass of abuse which it has been too much the custom to heap upon them. An overseer in America who acquires a character for undue severity is, as in the British Colonies, much scouted, and sooner or later discovers that his services are not valued or sought after. The cultivation of the fertile land on the coast, or any part of the low districts of the southern states, by white labour, is universally declared to be quite visionary. Slaves must either be employed, or these fertile districts abandoned!

In the northern parts of Virginia, where the soil is poor, the slaves do not reproduce by their labour as much as they consume in the shape of food. "Many fine-looking districts were pointed out to me in Virginia, formerly rich in tobacco and Indian corn, which had been completely exhausted by the production of crops for the maintenance of slaves." "The climate as well as the soil of the extreme southern states, Georgia, Alabama, and Louisiana, together with the territory of Florida, are quite unlike those which are found in the northern districts of the slave-holding portion of the union, such as Maryland, Virginia, and Kentucky. In the southern section, as the labour of the negro is highly productive, the settlers in that new and fertile country are willing to give great prices for slaves. A sure and profitable market is thus furnished for the sale of the blacks *reared in that express view* on the more northern plantations above described.

"The new states bordering on the gulf of Mexico, as well as those which are watered by the Mississippi, are at present the chief markets to which the slaves bred in the north are sent. But great numbers are also absorbed by South Carolina and Georgia, *where the cultivation of rice thins the population so fast, as to render a constant fresh supply of negroes indispensable*, in order to meet the increasing demand for that great staple production of the country. The enormous increased consumption of cotton, also, has brought down multitudes of negroes to turn up the fertile soils of those burning regions, the sea-island districts, well known to commerce. The progress of sugar-cultivation, in like manner, in the alluvial lands forming the vast Delta of the Mississippi, is a further attraction to the slave dealers, and must, like the others, long continue in operation as a productive field for slave labour. *These combined causes have set a-going, and will probably keep in motion for a long period of time to come, one of the most extensive slave trades in the world, in the very heart of the United States.*"†

So great is this traffic, that, during certain seasons of the year, "*all the roads, steam-boats, and packets, are crowded with troops of negroes on their way to the great slave markets of the south.*"

"It is quite clear that the pecuniary interest of the slave holders in

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\* Hall's Travels, vol. iii. p. 191.

† Hall's Travels, vol. iii. pp. 194, 195, 196.

the northern districts above alluded to is to rear as many negroes as possible, since they are quite sure of a favourable market for them, so long as the crowds of fresh inhabitants in the new states of the south, who are daily bringing more capital, industry, high hopes and great determination, to bear upon the virgin soil of those regions, *are increasing in their demands for more labourers.*"\* This great internal slave trade is carried on by sea as well as by land. "I saw a brig from Baltimore, lying alongside of the Levée at New Orleans, with upwards of two hundred negroes on board. Her decks presented a scene which forcibly reminded me of Rio Janeiro. In the one case, however, the slaves were brought from the savage regions of Africa; in the other, from the very heart of a free country. To the poor negro the distinction is probably no great matter!" We imagine that the distinction would, on a more close examination, be found much in favour of the native African. To those "*bad subjects of barbarous states, enslaved for their crimes,*" mentioned by Mr. Kenneth Macauley, and to the "*criminals,*" who, according to Lander and other African travellers, are generally sent to the coast for sale to the slave traders, the change would be a commutation of punishment only; but to the American-born negro the transfer to a distant and unhealthy part of the country may be viewed under a very different aspect.

At Savannah, Capt. Hall had an opportunity of acquiring much information on the condition of the slaves in Georgia. Pulmonary complaints there prove very fatal to the negroes, especially to such as cultivate the rice grounds. On the cotton plantations, the negroes are generally healthy, all the work being of a dry kind; but on rice estates the hospitals are often quite crowded in autumn. "This sickness is brought on chiefly by circumstances inevitably connected with the cultivation of rice; the negroes being almost constantly working in the water, or ankle-deep in mud, ditching, drawing, or weeding, or turning over wet ground." Bad usage is too often added to their other misfortunes; and what is very remarkable here, the absence of generous principles is most frequently found amongst those who, on their first arrival, have had least patience with slavery under any modification! "People who are inconsiderate enough," says Captain Hall, "to abuse a whole system, without taking the pains to distinguish between what is inevitable and what is remediable, are not likely to be more reflecting when these distinctions become apparent." Various facts seem to confirm the truth of this observation; especially the conduct of our own operative philanthropists at Sierra Leone, and also at Berbice, when the government estates in the latter colony were unfortunately under their charge!

The laws of the different states of America relating to slavery have been published by the anti-slavery party at Philadelphia, and are more inconsistent with the principles so much cried up in that republic than can well be conceived: but really, observes Capt. Hall, "nothing is to be made out from the written laws; since, under any system of legislative arrangement in America, as far as I could learn, the negroes must, in every case, be left almost entirely to the control of their masters, or with no appeal that deserves the name."†

The impossibility of enforcing measures of amelioration, except with consent of the masters, is very forcibly stated. "Congress has not, by the

\* Hall's Travels, vol. iii. pp. 197, 198.

† Hall's Travels, vol. iii. p. 208.



terms of the constitution, the slightest shadow of right to meddle with the internal concerns of the states, and least of all those which relate to slavery. *Any assumption of such pretensions on the part of Congress would be so instantaneously resisted by the southern states, that the idea would not exist one hour. The inevitable consequence would be a division of the union.* It would be quite as simple and effectual a process for the southern members in Congress to pass a law enslaving the manufacturers or husbandmen of New England, as it would be for those of the north to break the chains of the negroes in the rice or cotton districts of the south, or, which is held to be almost the same thing, to intermeddle with their slavery concerns *in any shape whatever.*" \*

From Savannah, Capt. Hall went down to Darien, a town on the sea-coast, and then across the states of Georgia and Alabama, in the direction of New Orleans, visiting the "sea-islands" abreast of Georgia, famous for their *cotton*. Our limits will not admit of our giving a full description of the culture of this article, and its preparation for market. "In September, or perhaps earlier, the cotton begins to open in 'good blow,' at which stage it is fit for gathering. One hand picks from ninety to one hundred pounds of what is called seed cotton, from the seeds being still in it: a woman generally performs about twice as much of this kind of work as a man can do. After being gathered, it is assorted in the barn by the women and old invalids into different qualities. It is then dried in the open air, and separated, by an ingenious apparatus, from the seeds. After being cleared, by picking out with the hand any seeds that may have escaped through the machine, it is packed with screws into bales for shipping. In this part of the Union, on well regulated cotton plantations, where the owners are humane, the condition of the negroes, in so far as regards their personal comforts, is similar to that of their brethren in the British colonies.

"It is very disagreeable," says Capt. Hall, "to speak of the punishments inflicted on these negroes, but a slave holder must be more or less of a despot in spite of himself; for the laws neither do, nor can they, effectually interfere in the details of discipline. The master must enforce obedience to his orders, and maintain general subordination, however kind-hearted he may be, by the only means which the nature of the whole system leaves in his power." "It is a great mistake, however, to suppose that slaves labour sulkily, and under the perpetual exercise of the lash. On the contrary, from constant habit, they do, in point of fact, go about their work with cheerfulness; and as their tasks are limited to what can be readily performed, it is in the power of every slave who chooses, to escape punishment for any length of time." "It ought to be recollected, in due fairness to the slave holders, that many ships of war, many regiments, and I fear I may add many domestic establishments, to say nothing of schools, are often, as I have witnessed in all quarters of the globe, the scenes of as revolting tyranny as any rice or cotton plantation can well be." "In fairness to the planters we ought also to recollect that the slave holders, or by far the greater number of them, are not possessed of that character by any voluntary act of their own. Most of these gentlemen have succeeded to their property by inheritance, or have been obliged by duty to themselves and their families to engage in that particular profession, if I may so call it."†

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\* Hall's Travels, vol. iii. pp. 209, 210.

† Hall's Travels, vol. iii. pp. 226, 227.

If these observations are applicable to the American slave owner, they are still more so to the British planter. But no fair and liberal considerations of this kind are permitted to come into the calculations of their inveterate enemies, the *pseudo* "Saints" of England!

Before we reproach the planter for being a holder of slaves, we should consider the share we ourselves take in supporting the system. He cannot make the smallest use of his crop, unless, upon an invitation to divide the advantages with him, we agree to become partners in his speculation, by paying him for his sugar, rice, cotton, tobacco, and other articles, which we scruple not to make use of, and without which we should be very ill off.

On the 20th March, 1828, Capt. Hall proceeded across the southern section of the United States, traversing Georgia, Alabama, &c., through forests, swamps, uplands, and new clearings, to New Orleans, from whence he ascended the Mississippi, and again returned to the northern states.

"In talking of emancipation," says Capt. Hall, (p. 159) "people are apt to forget various little difficulties which stand in the way. In the first place, the slaves are, to all intents and purposes, the property of the whites. They have been legally acquired, they are held legally, and the produce of their labour forms the rightful fortune of their masters.

"To enter the warehouses of the planters, and rob them of their rice or cotton, would not be one whit more unjust than taking away the slaves whose labour brings it out of the ground. Suppose, however, that difficulty removed, and that a compensation could be provided for the slave holder, what is to become of the liberated negroes? What is to be done with two millions of ignorant persons, brought up, as their fathers and ancestors were, in bodily and mental bondage, who have acquired habits of thinking and feeling suitable to that state, but totally unfit for any other? It is said to be less difficult to make a slave of a freeman, than to raise a slave to a just knowledge of freedom; and certainly experience in America gives no reason to hope that this maxim is there reversed.

"The mere act of breaking the chains will not do. The rivets that so long have held down the understanding cannot be driven out, till some contrivance be found which shall at the same time eradicate all memory of the past, and all associations with the present state of the world, from the minds not of the blacks alone, but also of the whites."

"In concluding this important subject I feel bound to say, that, as far as I could investigate the matter, the slave system of America seems to be in as good a condition, that is to say, in as fair a train for amelioration, as the nature of so dreadful a state of things admits of. With respect to external interference, the planters will probably not be the worse of an occasional hint, even though it be rude and unpalatable. On the other hand, the abolitionists must make up their minds to suffer great and almost constant disappointments. *Between the two, impartial and cool-headed men, who, without any particular views, sincerely wish well to their fellow-creatures, black as well as white, planters as well as slaves, will confine their hopes and their exertions to what they know is practicable, consistently with justice to all parties, and the laws of common sense.*" \*

If, as Captain Hall observes, the slave system of America is in as fair

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\* Hall's Travels, vol. iii: pp. 246, 247.



a train for amelioration as the nature of so dreadful a state of things admits of, it must be allowed, that in point of general intelligence, religious knowledge, moral feeling, and personal property, the slaves of the United States are, at least, a century behind those of the British Colonies. We hear nothing from Captain Hall of their being in possession of property in any shape; whereas, heads of families, in our own colonies, if at all industrious and prudent, generally possess, not only considerable sums in money, but also furniture, utensils, live stock, &c., which property they bequeath to their families, with as much certainty that the latter will enjoy it as if they were equally as independent as their masters. One anecdote, illustrative of good feeling in a wealthy negro, is thus related by Mr. Barclay.

“About a month before I left Jamaica, in May last, an old negro, belonging to Chiswick estate, named Joseph Marriott, called upon me one Sunday morning; and, after the usual salutation and good wishes, said, ‘Come to trouble massa, if massa so good.’ ‘What is it about, Joseph,’ said I, ‘what can I do for you?’

“‘I wish to free my wife, Sophy, belonging to Barking Lodge estate, if massa will stand my friend.’

“I replied that I would with pleasure do what I could for him. ‘But has not Sophy,’ I added, ‘some children not yours? Will Mr. Forsyth (the manager) agree to part with her from the estate without the children?’

“‘I free them all, if massa will stand my friend,—no ‘fraid for me.’

“Thinking he meant by ‘standing his friend,’ and ‘not to be afraid,’ that he wanted assistance in money, I said I would assist him to a moderate extent, but that the mother and so many children would be a heavy purchase, and I asked what he himself thought would be the value put upon them: ‘two or three hundred,’ said he, with all the *sang froid* imaginable. Somewhat surprised at his manner, I observed that it might be thereabout, and if he made so little of that sum, I supposed there would be no great difficulty in the matter. Upon which the old man put his hand in his pocket, and threw down upon the table two hundred pounds in gold, telling me he had more money *placed out*, which he would have ready by the time I could get the matter settled for him.”\*

The affair, by a friendly process, was arranged accordingly. “Here,” says Mr. Barclay, “is a wealthy slave purchasing the manumission of a woman with a large family, not even of his own caste, for they are mulattoes, who has yet no wish to change his own condition.” We could adduce many other instances of the wealth of the slave population, amongst whom the missionaries contrive to obtain some good pickings.† We will state only another instance to show the nature of the property, independent of coin, possessed by slaves in the smaller islands. A prize offered by the agricultural society of Grenada, to the head of a family of slaves “*who shall produce certificates of being possessed of the greatest quantity of domestic stock, and of having the most beneficially worked and productive gardens*,” was gained by Charles of Munro’s Bacolet estate, who possessed eleven pigs (four of them large), a sow, twenty-eight fowls, besides rabbits and pigeons. Four gardens, in which were six hundred and eighty-five plantain trees, thirty-five in full bearing, five hundred and eighty-eight

\* Effects of the late Colonial Policy, &c., by Alexander Barclay, Esq. Smith, Elder, and Co. 1830.

† Effects of the late Colonial Policy, &c. pp. 27 to 35.

yams, one thousand eight hundred and forty-seven tannias or eddoes, forty-three coffee bushes, some of them in full bearing. Six gardens in another quarter, in manioc, plantains, yams, sweet potatoes, and tannias; manioc, forty bushels ready for present use, forty bushels more expected from the young plants, eighty-six plantain trees, twenty-five tannias or eddoes six months planted, six bushels of sweet potatoes, and three thousand two hundred and fourteen yams of different kinds. In short, the great profusion of animal and vegetable food raised by steady and *industrious* slaves, and the general comfort of that class of people in the British West Indies, is noticed with considerable surprise by every new visitor.

Let it not be supposed that the work of religious instruction and emancipation is standing still in the meanwhile: on the contrary, every year produces fresh proofs of the progress of both, and what is very creditable to the planters, two-thirds at least of the manumissions are either by will, or “without any consideration,” being exacted, by the master, from the slave.

Our limits will not, however, permit us to pursue this subject further at present; and we must conclude by referring such of our readers as are desirous of becoming acquainted with the laws in favour of slaves, to a small abstract, or enumeration of them, lately published by Ridgway,\* which so completely gives the lie to the assertions of the anti-colonial party, that we should not be surprised to see “the voice of the country” raised as loudly against them, as it has ever been in their favour.

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\* *An Abstract of the British West Indian Statutes, for the Protection and Government of Slaves.* London, 1830.



## THE PRESSED MAN: A TALE OF THE COAST.

THE recollections of childhood are the last that fade from the memory; the joys and predilections of early youth cling round the heart and the imagination with a force far beyond those of our riper years. Thirty hard-working summers saw me confined to a small inland village, where was no water, save a brook that had hardly force sufficient to turn the mill-wheel, and whose inhabitants had nothing from which they could form an idea of a boat, much less of a ship, save the crazy punt in which the miller occasionally angled, or bobbied for eels, in the sluggish stream. Nay, so little interested were they which way the wind blew, that the weathercock on the church spire was allowed to remain, rusty and crooked, pointing perennially to the south-west, from whence came the gale that had warped it out of its due perpendicularity.

These thirty years beheld me successively the apprentice, shopman, and master of what, in a remote country place, is called expressively *The Shop*: the store whence pattens and treacle, French lace and plums, mops and mahogany chairs, candles and patent medicines, may indifferently be purchased. At length came the moderate competence which permitted some relaxation to the weary labourer; and, oh! with what sensations of joy and chastened pride did I ascend my *own* modest gig to spend my first holiday in revisiting the place of my birth; gazing, at length, once more on the mighty ocean, and hailing my cherished old acquaintances, the white sails dancing on its bosom.

Every one who has run down the line of coast from Brighton to Portsmouth must have remarked the cleanly, respectable-looking, and pretty village of E. Here was I born; its schoolmistress, the dread and torment, its carpenters' yard (dignified with the name of dock-yard), the delight and solace of my boyish days. On its bay my mimic ship hoisted its paper sails to the wind; in its fishing boats my gayest holidays were spent. It was about four o'clock of a beautiful summer afternoon that I drove up to the door of its best inn—that door from which I had often been chased with threats by the angry waiters when, one of a dozen or more dirty, ragged, and mischievous imps, I was hallooing and hurraing the coach that brought news of our sailors' triumphs under a Duncan or a Nelson. I was disappointed. Every object had lost the magnificence with which my childish wonder once clothed it: the pretty village I remembered had first expanded into a moderate-sized town, and was now dwindling again into an assemblage of houses "*to let*," and half-ruined warehouses; the cottage in which I was born had been razed to make room for a manufactory, which, nourished by the demands of war, had been ruined by the return of the pressing times of peace.

In my inquiries after the companions of my boyish days, I was not more fortunate. Most of them were too obscure and humble to dwell in the recollection of "*him of the inn*," but two had signalized themselves in the annals of E. One, its hero, had perished on the same deck, and in the same moment, with the immortal Nelson; to the other had been prescribed, by certain right honourable physicians of the soul, a fourteen years' sojourn in the mild climate of Sidney, as the only means of curing an unfortunate crookedness of finger, and itching of the palms of the hands, with which he was grievously afflicted. In despair I gave up all further questions, and solaced myself for an hour or two with my chop and modicum of port.

It was already twilight when, leaving the inn, I took the well-remembered path to the churchyard, to gaze, for the first time, on a head-stone I had caused to be engraved with the humble names of my parents, and of an only and much loved sister, who had shared the dawn of my prosperity, and presided at the first table I could call my own. Business, tyrant business, had forbidden my travelling 150 miles to pay the last sad honours to their remains; and I now shed my first tears over the place of their rest. But this is not my tale. The moon had risen, and I was still pacing the avenue of limes which led to the church porch, when my ear was startled by the single bell, of which its steeple boasted tolling *minute bells*. Torches soon after gleamed in the distance, and two coffins, one arrayed in all the pomp and heraldry of aristocratic woe, the other, humble as its cold inhabitant, were borne into the same isle, and deposited side by side in the same vault. The unusual hour, the glare of torches, added solemnity to a scene always awful; and here a half frantic female, carried fainting from the vault, into which no persuasions could prevent her descending, heightened a picture which wanted not her soul-harrowing shriek to deepen its melancholy traits.

The figure and whole appearance of one among the mourners had powerfully attracted my attention, and at length, when all were dispersing, I ventured to say, speaking rather to myself than him, "Is that, or is it not, Kit Missen?" "Who hails?" was the instant reply. "Who hails? Why, Will Thornton!" "Will Thornton! no, that be d—d (that I should say so, and but just seen my master under ground), Will Thornton's dead, or turned tailor years ago."

"I am sorry to hear that. Who was it then that watched all night with you, Kit, for the laughing Jenny, and helped to pilot her into the cove, when Ned Needham had jammed his ——?"

"By G—d, this must be Will Thornton, or the devil in his likeness. Why, how fares it, old messmate? Many a long cruise, and a hard one too, since we last parted company. Well, and how stands it on the purser's books—but no matter, well or ill, come along with me and we will freshen the nip, and have a yarn of old times, as long—ay, as long as the main-top bowline and signal halyards spliced."

A few words of explanation sufficed to rejoice the heart of the honest tar, who, ten years my senior, had erst been my instructor alike in the rigging of a cutter, and the occasional mysteries of a moonlight watch among those who (God forgive them!) thought brandy and tobacco none the worse flavoured for not having paid the king's duty. He freshened his nip with me at the inn, and from his explanation of the scene we had just quitted arises my story.

"Why, look ye, master Will, it is not that I am going to say any thing agen pressing. I knows it's a damned hard line for a poor fellow to be hauled out of his own craft and clapped aboard a king's ship, with the articles of war on one side of him, and the boatswain's daughter on t' other, whether he will or no. But then, this here's the case. If so be the king's majesty, God bless him, wants hands; and the parly vous, God d—n them, want licking, why he as won't sarve voluntare-ily must be made to sarve. But there's reason in all things, as our old boatswain used to grumble between his gums, when the skipper swore the yards wer'n't squared sharp enough. And I am sure if the history of those two poor fellows as we just saw laid alongside of each other in their last berth was known, it would make some of our leeftenants more



careful of driving a poor fellow mad, because he happened to have a pretty sweetheart, and an anchor tattooed on his arm."

But I must divest the tale of the profusion of nautical phrases with which honest Kit embellished it, and tell it in my own language.

The squire of our little village had an only son, who, though born to the inheritance of a magnificent fortune, chose to serve his country in her proudest, and *then* most cherished service, the Navy. He was just such an officer as Jack best loves: sharp, smart, and straight-armed on duty, but knowing well a sailor's wants, wishes, and frailties; anxiously providing for the one, indulging, as far as duty permitted, or winking at the others in a good seaman; while woe to the confirmed lubber that turned out fit for nothing better than lop-lolly-boy or cook's shifter. Prize-money was sure if *he* headed the cutting out boats; victory no longer doubtful if *he* led on the boarders. He knew what a sailor could do, and ought to do, and never spurred him beyond his power, or pardoned wilful neglect. So much for the officer. The man was light-hearted, generous, and amiable; a firm friend, an honourable enemy. But he had one fault, the indulgence of which sent him, after years of protracted suffering, a maimed and miserable tenant to the long home of all that is mortal: his attachment to the fair sex was unbounded; and where that passion was concerned, conscience, and almost even honour, were condemned to silence.

Ned Needham was the flower and glory of the E. fishermen. No one steered the boat in a gale so steadily, or threw a net with such precision as Ned. That he occasionally speculated in "moonshine" has been already confessed, and what fisherman in war-time has not? Ned had saved some money, armed a boat or two of his own, and was about to man the prettiest pinnace in the village, when the young squire, just one and twenty, and recently made *first* of a crack six and thirty, came home to celebrate at once his arrival at years of discretion, and raise as many daring dogs among the fishermen of E. as were inclined to the sport of catching French or Dutch Indiamen between the Straits of Sunda and the Cape. Bonfires were lighted, ale barrels broached, and, in a few days, hardly a good hand remained in the village. But Ned, to the surprise of all who did not know the cruise he was upon, Ned, the daring, the brave, held back. The squire wanted him particularly for coxswain of the gig, for no man dipped a lug like Ned; but no—promises of additional pay, certain promotion on good behaviour, or the best interest for his immediate discharge at the end of the cruise, were lavished in vain. At length the squire found out at once the cause of Ned's backwardness, and why all his warmest advances to Fanny Cottrell, the prettiest girl in the parish, or five surrounding ones, had been met with a disdain to which he was wholly unused. But, to do him justice, even where he was most culpable, he did *not* learn how close their engagement, or how near its consummation.

Revenge took possession of the lieutenant: he knew the single blot in poor Ned's character; and though determined now not to have him in his own crew, he gave the hint to another officer, and just as the happy fisherman was leaving the church door with his bride, a press-gang, whose numbers defied the resistance even of desperation, conveyed him on board the receiving ship, from whence he was soon drafted into a seventy-four.

The vacancy for coxswain of the gig, which poor Needham's ill-

starred love created, was filled up by my old companion Kit, and the dashing — stood down channel for her three years' spell on the India station. Kit was soon attached, as a kind of personal retainer, to the lieutenant, and refused even a boatswain's warrant that he might remain disposeable to follow his master whenever he changed ship.

The details of a prolonged cruise between the Cape and the China seas, the bay of Bengal, and the Persian gulf, claim no place in this tale. Years passed away, the lieutenant got his commander's commission on the station, and was dispatched home, in charge of a prize corvette he had himself cut out, to get confirmed at the Admiralty.

To man the corvette for fighting her way over the broad seas required a draft from various men of war and Indiamen that were lying in Bombay harbour. Among the first to ascend her side, and pass muster before her new commander, was Ned Needham. A scowl of peculiar though suppressed meaning just crossed his brow as he measured eyes with his future captain; but no other token of recognition passed on either side. The character Ned brought with him secured him at once the post of captain of the fore-top. But his conduct soon showed a strange combination of every quality most valuable in a sailor, with an occasional dogged kind of indifference to duty; or rather, a wilful display of negligence, and even insubordination, when more immediately under the captain's own eye. The captain knew him well; remembered but too painfully how deeply he had injured him, and winked hard at his sallies. But at length a daring expression of almost mutinous defiance obliged his commander to order him instantly to the custody of the master at arms.

"I waited but for this," exclaimed Ned, and darting suddenly forward, aimed a murderous blow at his captain with a jack-knife, which, it was afterwards discovered, he had been for days carefully pointing and sharpening.

"This for Ned and Fanny."

The captain, though only slightly wounded, reeled with the force of the blow; and at once a hundred arms secured the mad assassin.

"Do him no injury; his sentence must pass in England," said the captain; "but let him be securely guarded."

The corvette rounded the Cape, after hammering for a week against a nor-wester; rolled down to St. Helena, and was already making Teneriffe's lofty peak, when, for the first time during her long voyage, a sail decidedly inimical claimed her attention. A game of long bowls by moonlight ensued; night parted the combatants; but the morning showed, on board the Englishman, a lost prisoner, and his sentinel, bayoneted and senseless, stretched over the useless fetters. When the marine had somewhat recovered his senses, under the doctor's hand, he said that during the hottest of the firing, Needham had suddenly jumped up, freed, as if by magic, from his irons; seized his musket, and pinioning him to the deck with his own bayonet, had rushed up the nearest hatchway, and no doubt plunged overboard unobserved, while all hands had their guns and a Frenchman to look after. "Best as it is," thought the captain; "I am well rid of him. I should have little liked to be obliged to hang a poor devil whose happiness I had unfortunately blasted for ever." How Needham had contrived to escape during the bustle of an engagement, a small watch-spring file, lying near his irons, pretty clearly explained; but whether even *his* skill in swimming would



enable him to reach the enemy's ship at a good mile of distance, and through rather a rough sea, was a galley problem. However, the wonder hardly lasted its nine days, when it was swept from every one's remembrance by the white cliffs of England. The Land's End, the Eddystone, the Needles, successively greeted the seaman's longing eyes; and at length Portsmouth received the corvette in its spacious harbour. Jack got liberty, the new commander his confirmation of rank, and a speedy commission in the prize he had brought home; in which he was dispatched to a new scene, where he was to combat kinsmen-foes who spoke the language of Britain, and turned the arms of bought and paid for traitors against the land which had nursed them. Years again passed away. Washington and New Orleans saw the young commander as enterprising and active at the head of his brigade of seamen on shore as he was seamanlike and daring on the quarter-deck of his sloop at sea. Immediately after the last-named unfortunate expedition, posted for his own personal conduct, and charged with dispatches, he once more turned his prow toward Old England.

Scarcely had his gallant vessel cleared the Bahamas, when one of those sea-snakes, the prides of America, a long black raking schooner rather above her own force, showed the stripes and stars not three miles on her weather beam. "That's the very article," said the young captain, "I should like to carry with me to England; but we are no match for her in the legs: master, up helm, and let her count our cabin windows: she will follow us hard if we show signs of running, and then, if she scapes our eighteens, we'll forgive her."—"Oh! there she comes, tacks and sheets started already: watch her well, and contrive if you can to let her shoot past us: never mind our raking fire; oncē close under our lee, she's ours if guns or boarding pikes can buy her."

The vicissitudes of a sea-fight have been too recently and too well described to be repeated here. Suffice it that after a protracted conflict of some hours' duration, both vessels were reduced to crippled wrecks on the water; but the Englishman having some head sail remaining, that, though riddled with shot, would still draw, contrived, in spite of a wounded rudder, to wear round and join the shattered stump of her bowsprit between the American's main shrouds and runners. Boarding was the word, and Jonathan soon sent to quarters. Our hero was in the act of hauling down the stripes to make way for the red cross, when "Never to him!!!" roared a voice that was heard even above the din of battle, and in an instant a pistol wound and cutlass slash stretched him on the deck, Ned Needham flourishing his blood-stained weapon over his prostrate foe. But not a moment had he in which to exult; twenty pikes at once pinned him to deck; the victory remained with the red-cross flag, and the English captain and American renegado were borne below, both as it was supposed mortally wounded, and better, far better that both had expired before they could be laid in their berths. A shattered jaw and incurable body wound condemned the captain to years of lingering misery; nor was the renegado's lot less melancholy; an amputated arm and leg, and a fractured skull, deprived him of the means of self support, and at times even of reason.

The first use our hero made of returning sense was to write on a slate (for his wound had rendered him speechless for life,) "Say nothing!" Kit read, and his tears obliterated the command; but he understood and obeyed his master's wishes. He who could have told of Needham's

mutiny, desertion, and treason, was silent ; and when the ships arrived at St. John's, to which their crippled state obliged them to repair, a cartel carried the maimed fisherman to his supposed country.

Peace had been long restored : the captain, still attended by the faithful Kit, lingered out a miserable and too prolonged existence. He had sought out the widowed Fanny, and made her situation as comfortable as money could render a breaking heart. His first and only great crime atoned for, to the best of his power, he awaited, with the calmness of resignation, his release from suffering.

It was on a stormy autumnal night that chance led Kit Missen through the very lime-row where he and I met at the commencement of this tale. A strange figure wrapped in a seaman's cloak, and evidently anxious to avoid observation, passed limpingly by him, but a sudden and bright moon-gleam betrayed to his old companion the figure and lineaments of Needham. At once following and arresting his attempted flight, he exclaimed,

"Needham ! Nay, it is you ! What madness has brought you where one word would hang you ?"

"Madness ? Ay, it is madness, but it is vengeance too ! Twice my aim has baulked me : a third time—"

"Nay, then, you are dangerous, as well as mad—help, here !"

And he said truly—the last dread affliction of humbled humanity was even then asserting its power over the unhappy man, and it required all the force of Kit, and two or three countrymen who joined him, to convey the now raving maniac to the house of the village surgeon, in which Kit's influence immediately secured him medical aid and secrecy.

After weeks and months of mental aberration, a moment of returning sanity permitted his attendants to explain to Needham the real state of affairs, and his cure from that time proceeded so favourably, that he was soon permitted to see and embrace his dearly loved and long severed bride. Their meeting—but no ! some other pen must describe such scenes. Mine shrinks appalled from a task that only he, the mighty magician of the north, he who has chronicled, to the life, the deep resignation of Flora M'Ivor ; the remorse for nameless transgression of Lord Glenallan ; or the maniac desperation of the Bride of Lammermuir, might venture to cope with.

"I forgive him," at length said Needham, "but I cannot accept his bounty. In another country I still possess enough for my wants, and where my injuries drove me, there shall the short and painful remainder of my days be spent."

But Providence ordained otherwise. Heart-break had long been silently conducting Fanny to the last bourne ; and though, for a few short weeks, the restoration of her husband, such as war had left him, seemed to inspire her with new health and vigour, continual returns of illness stopped each projected plan of emigration, till in less than a twelvemonth from their reunion, one day, almost one hour, summoned her husband and the captain, the injurer and the injured, to the tomb.

The funeral rites which I had witnessed were in strict obedience to the captain's own wishes, and he had by his will made ample provision, not only for Kit, but for a yet unborn pledge, which poor Fanny was likely to present to her husband, of their faithful though ill-starred love.

Who was the female that formed one of the funeral groupe I need not say. Next morning I rambled up to the old hall, and the undertaker's



hieroglyphics displayed on the magnificent hatchment announced that the last of his race had perished. Returning, I passed Needham's cottage, where closed windows told me that Fanny's sorrows had also found a refuge in the grave.

Her child survived. Of him a future tale may tell.

G. D.

THE UNITED SERVICE SMOKE-SHOP: A WINTER SKETCH.

BY A SMOKER.

*Scene, the Divan.—St. Martin's in the Fields.—President's Chair.—Long Table.—Chairs, &c.—Enter Bob Vino and Beau Ben in argument.*

*Vino.* But give me leave to say, friend Ben, that you are quite mistaken: a pipe is, I contend, a more dignified medium for inhaling the perfume of tobacco than your boasted cigarro, and only inferior to the sublime hooka.

*Beau Ben.* Psha, Bob! you are always on stilts: dignified! sublime! what have these pompous words to do with our humble smoke-shop? where a few good fellows meet, in the free-and-easy way, to *blow a cloud*; each, according to his fancy, enjoys his nip of ale, or glass of grog and Welsh rabbit, free from all restraint, and without being exposed to that prying inquisition into each other's circumstances which seems to be half the business of certain *modern associations*: enjoy your splendidly-mounted meerchaum, if you will; but for the luxury of smoking, give me the cigar fresh and fragrant from the cedar box.

*Vino.* But you'll give me leave to say——

*Beau Ben.* Avast! I'll give you leave (without further asking) to say whatever you please for the next six months; but a'n't we early? no faith, nearly nine. Where can old MacTowlter be; he maintains that character in the smoke-shop which all agree he did in the field of battle—the first in and the last out of it.

*Enter Lieut. Col. MacTowlter (choked).*

*Beau Ben.* Welcome, noble colonel; well secured, I see: we were afraid you had got a tumble this slippery weather.

*Lt. Col. Towlter.* Not quite, Beau; but, I'll tell you what, I walked very aisy for fear I would.

*Beau Ben.* Colonel, here's an old campaigning friend of yours, Mr. Vino, of the commissary department.

*Vino.* (Correcting him.) Commissariat, if you please.

*Beau Ben.* Well then, commissariat, if you will have it so.

*Lt. Col. Towlter.* Mr. Vino, we have seen some hard, ay, and some pleasant days too, together. Do you remember our scramble on the march from Figuera? we were both hearty cocks in these times; but twenty years or so makes all the difference.

*Vino.* I often think of my old acquaintances of the rough and ready, and wish them well.

*Lt. Col. Towlter.* Why, for the matter of that, Mr. Vino, they are, I hope, well off; but seeing there are not above five or six of the old hands left to give an account of ourselves, we must only trust that our old comrades in arms, having made their last mortal march with honour, have arrived at better and permanent quarters.

*Vino.* What became of Major Gypps? I missed his name out of the Army List at the close of the war.

*Lt. Col. Towlter.* Shortly after, he succeeded to Gypps' Park, on the death of his uncle; and if you should feel disposed to take a cruise in your yacht up the Bristol Channel, I'll ensure you a hearty welcome, and the best bottle of claret in Glamorganshire.

*Vino.* And that fine fellow, David Larkin, I saw his name in the list, "severely wounded."

*Lt. Col. Towlter.* Yes; he lost his right leg the day he gained the majority.

*Vino.* Is he alive, colonel?

*Lt. Col. Towlter.* Ay, as well as his odd leg will let him. He is now an alderman of our ould corporation, and the same good-humoured fellow he ever was. (*Major Claymore's voice heard without.*) Here comes as brave a soldier as ever stormed a breach, ay, and as good a man as ever lived to honour the profession.

*Enter Major Claymore.*

*Major Claymore.* Your most obedient, gentlemen: MacTowlter, how's aw wi' ye? Captain, your hand. Ah! Mester Vino, you here! this is an unexpected pleasure; we haan't seen you amongst us since we got into our winter quarters here: wha must we thank for picking you up this cold night?

*Vino.* My friend Captain Binnacle, to whom I was first indebted for the honour of an introduction into this agreeable society; and give me leave to say—

*Beau Ben.* Yes, Bob, we all knew what you were going to say; but here comes a member to make up a quorum.

*Enter Captain Cleverty.*

*Capt. Cleverty.* Major, you have had the start of me. Ah! Colonel, I fear I shall never win my glass of grog by being here before you. Binnacle, here you are, as spruce as ever, although the thermometer is ten below the freezing point.

*Major Claymore.* Captain Cleverty, here is our friend, Mr. Commissary Vino; allow me to make you acquainted with him. Had it not been for this gentleman's care of us, the poor Highlanders would have fared but badly on our race to Coruña—eh, sirs! that was a sore time, and it might have been worse, had it not been for our naval friend here. Captain Beenacle, the old Highlanders will never forget your kindness on the melancholy morning of the seventeenth of January.

*Beau Ben.* Name it not, major; I was but the humble representative of our noble-hearted skipper, who, laid on his beam-ends at that time himself, could the more keenly feel and sympathize with the sufferings of those brave men whom the fortune of war threw upon our protection. Never may we see the day when the keys of our lockers shall be inhospitably turned on a brother in distress, whether he wears a blue or a red jacket.

*Major Claymore.* I don't know how you get on this frosty weather, gentlemen, but I had quite enoo to do to hold my footing; and I begin to feel the old soldier's complaint in the stiffness of my back. You don't seem to mind it, Captain Beenacle, with your light boots and dandy frock.

*Beau Ben.* I am well secured, major: look at these "*preventive spring*"  
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straps," placed (as I should say, nautically) "one point abaft the beam" of the foot; they form a complete protection against slips; they are my own invention: as for the twitches in your back, major, you must try one of my *anti-sciatica-polar-safety belts*, which bid defiance to rheumatism. I am going to take out a patent for them at the suggestion of Lord Lumbago, who never stirs out without one: it does not in the least affect the shape, as you perceive (*turning his back*). Sir Jacobus Jallap (of *lazaretto-phobia memory*) has written a squib against my belts, in consequence of seeing his patient, Lord Lumbago, skating last week on the Serpentine, after his positive injunctions to him not to leave his room during the frost.

*Lt. Col. Towlter.* Chair, major; past nine o'clock. Chair. (*Major takes the chair*).

*Enter Captain Geehogan. R. W. I.*

*Lt. Col. Towlter.* Ah, Geeho! just in time to take your place on the right of the chair.

*Capt. Geehogan.* Our friend Mac is at the door.

*Enter MacCarthy hastily.*

*Omnes.* Welcome, Mac.

*MacCarthy.* Mr. President, I beg to be allowed to introduce a friend of mine, Mr. Burgoyne, from Southampton, who is desirous of being admitted a member of our shop.

*Major Claymore.* My good Mac, it would be very repugnant to my wishes, and I'm sure, to all here, to decline the pleasure of receiving any friend of yours; but ye'll recollect, that no person is eligible to take his seat amongst us, unless he be a member of one or the other of the services, ceevil or meelitary: this may appear an ungracious distinction; but as the object of our little society is an economical enjoyment of the few social pleasures which our straitened circumstances allow us to pursue, we cannot open the door to every person whom curiosity, or a less pardonable motive, might lead to become a spy on the nakedness of the land. We have all done our duty to king and country in the hard days of trial, and must not forget our duty to ourselves, in preserving, as far as we can, all that is now left us, the pride of our profession. (*MacCarthy retires for a minute and re-enters.*)

*MacCarthy.* Mr. Chair, I am happy to be able to obviate the objection to my friend's admission by stating, that he served as cornet in the Hampshire Fencibles during the late war, and only retired into country life when his regiment was reduced.

*Major Claymore.* Gentlemen, ye have all heard what our worthy friend Mac has stated; after which, it remains with you to decide the question; as far as my voice goes, I say admit Mr. Bourgyne.

*Omnes.* Admit, admit him!

*Major Claymore.* MacCarthy, introduce your friend.

[*MacCarthy retires and returns with his friend, whom he presents to the president and company.*]

*Major Claymore.* Take your chair, Mester Bourgyne, we are glad to see you amongst us.

[*Burgoyne is followed by a terrier dog unperceived by the company, and which takes its place between his master's feet under the table.*]

*Enter landlord and waiter.*

*Major Claymore.* Gentlemen will now please to order what they may require for the ensuing hour.

*Lt. Col. Towlter.* A bottom of whiskey, hot water, and *materials*.

*MacCarthy.* Ditto, ditto.—Burgoyne, what shall I order for you?

*Burgoyne.* A pint of port.

*Omnes.* Chair, chair!

*Major Claymore.* Mester Bourgyne! I beg to mention, that it is against regulation to have wine served in this *shop*, except on our monthly dining days.

*Lt. Col. Towlter.* Have you seen any thing of my friend Sir Hugo lately? are his accounts passed?

*Vino.* My excellent friend Sir Hugo is now in town toiling away at them; but he expects that all his accounts will be audited and reported on this session.

*Major Claymore.* Then it is to be hoped he will receive the deegnyty which the duke recommended him for at the close of the war.

*Vino.* I don't know that, major; at the close of the war, the duke's heart seemed warm with the recollection of recent services; and the sun of his favour appeared to shine on the humble labours of those who assisted to place him at the top of the ladder of greatness; of late years, however, this feeling has marvellously cooled; and I fear my friend Sir Hugo, amongst others, has felt the chill of his frozen countenance. But even should the long promised dignity of baronet be granted after all, it would prove but an empty honour, unless accompanied by a more substantial reward (for thirty-five years' honourable and meritorious service), than his paltry *half-pay* of nine and twenty shillings a day.

*Lt. Col. Towlter.* NINE and TWENTY SHILLINGS! why, his full pay was FIVE POUNDS a day, was it not?

*Vino.* True, colonel; his full pay was FIVE POUNDS a day; but the HALF of that pay melted down in the treasury crucible is, by some refinement (inexplicable to all but the favoured and mind-illuminated few of that building), found to be exactly TWENTY-NINE SHILLINGS and THREE-PENCE!!

*Lt. Col. Towlter.* Good encouragement that to integrity! and no bad hint to "*make hay while the sun shines*," eh! Mr. Vino?

*Vino.* Hem, hem! (*becomes suddenly husky.*)

*Capt. Geehogan.* May I ask Mr. Vino what became of the store-keeper's department, to whose service a brigade of our corps was attached for upwards of a year; lugging about their cases and band-boxes all over the country, from Lisbon to the Pyrenees, and then back again to the cloisters of Belem?

*Major Claymore.* I have often wished to ask you, Mester Vino, how that money was accounted for which, you recollect, was hurled over cliffs, and thrown into ditches on our retreat in Galicia; I'm told it amounted to upwards of *seventy thousand pounds!!!*

*Vino.* My dear major, I can answer you in a few words, a "*wet blanket*" was thrown over that matter,—and why? the chief of our department at that time was himself, one of the wooden gods of Scotland Yard—in other words, he was an *army comptroller*. All his accounts were audited *con amore*—("*Hawks don't pick hawks' eyes out.*")

*Major Claymore.* But government sent out an audit establishment, with



all its expensive apparatus, to Portugal ; and Parliament was told that all the Peninsular accounts would be audited on the spot.

*Vino.* Such was the story, major ; and, like other *Lisbon stories* of the same period, was swallowed : a residence in that delightful climate was found convenient for more parties than *one*. Mr. Dogberry (the chief) established himself in the cooling bowers of Cintra, whence he issued his mandates. Accountants were summoned from the east and from the west ; from the Mauritius and the Cape ; from Canada ; from England, France, and the Netherlands, to attend his high court for examination, explanation, and *implication* !

*Lt. Col. Towlter.* Well ; and what came out of it, after all ?

*Vino.* Why, it all ended in failure, to be sure ; and the whole of the Peninsular accounts (jumbled together in as much confusion as a clubb'd battalion) were bundled off to the audit board, at Somerset House ; on whose shelves some of them may probably repose in dusty silence for the next twenty years.

*Major Claymore.* But I thought that the duke, and his gallant little second, Sir Henry, had fairly laid their shoulders to the wheel, in the business of dispatch and retrenchment, and that there was no such thing now-a-days as "*accounts in arrear*."

*Vino.* Yes ; as far as the dismissal of some scores of poor clerks (the slaves of former years) went, this zeal for retrenchment has indeed been conspicuous ; but all the *fat* offices remained untouched.

*Lt. Col. Towlter.* Much of a piece with that pitiful parsimony, which reduced the means of transport for the accommodation of the officers of the line, during the years 1812, 1813, and 1814, to *one* mule per company, while the generals had from forty to fifty *each*. By the by, Mr. *Vino*, you gentlemen of the commissariat took pretty good care of yourselves in the distribution of quadrupeds ; no, there was no arguing your plea of the necessity of *security for the public documents* : on one occasion, I remember seeing a box of these *documents* overthrown on our line of march, when out rolled a Stilton cheese in its leaden jacket, escorted by a pickled tongue ; which (had it the faculty of speech) might have told a tale of many other niceties of a *documentary* character contained in the box.

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha !

*Vino.* (*More than usually pompous.*) Give me leave to say, colonel, that the circumstance you mention did not occur with my division.

*Lt. Col. Towlter.* Indeed, it did not ; and sorry we were for it, my friend ; for in that case, our little mess might have reckoned on a slice of your well-secured Stilton, and a cut of your cherry-coloured lingua.

*Capt. Cleverty.* For that matter, colonel, there were other departments of the army which shared equally well with the commissariat. We poor mousers, the *infantry of the line*, had always the hardest work and the least comfort. On the retreat from Burgos, when our wounded and sick were lying by hundreds on the roadside in a dying state ; when all our personal comforts were cheerfully abandoned, in order to afford some accommodation for our perishing comrades ; when our *company* mules might be seen tottering up to the knees in mud, laden with two, sometimes three disabled soldiers on the back of each ; we were compelled to "*open column to the right and left*," to afford a passage to the *personal cart* (as it was called), and a string of sumpter mules of some of the great ones.

*Major Claymore.* These, my dear Cleverty, are contingencies inseparable from a state of war; recollect also, that general officers have what is termed their *family* (and I like the expression much), consisting of their staff, to provide for daily; and if these officers do their duty, they have quite enough to employ the faculties of body and mind, without having to provide their individual subsistence as an additional task on their exertions.

*Lt. Col. Towlter.* I remember on the passage of the Pisuerga the rush on one of the bridges was tremendous; the mules of our artillery tumbril took fright, by which it was forced up on the low parapet, then half demolished, in such a situation as to impede the rapid retreat of the division. "Throw it over! throw it over!" shouted our general. An order which was about to be obeyed, when the commanding officer of artillery rode up, and urged the preservation of the tumbril, inasmuch as it contained valuable "*carcass ammunition*." By the great exertions of our people at the head of the column, and a further delay of ten minutes, the carriage was rescued from its dangerous position, and the mules set off in a brisk trot. On our short halt that evening we discovered that it was laden with *hampers of WINE and PORTER*, with *HAMS, CHEESE*, and other most essential "*carcass ammunition*," of which we salvagers were liberally invited to partake. All's fair in campaigning!

*Major Claymore.* The ordnance people certainly had a great latitude; but the arrangements for carrying on that arm of the service have ever been conducted on a scale of liberal, I might add prodigal expense: but its splendid services throughout the war was cheaply purchased at any price. I am told Lord Beresford (following up the plans of the duke) has applied the axe of retrenchment and reduction with a heavy hand.

*Lt. Col. Towlter.* True! But we keep a parcel of fat tom-cats that catch neither *rat* nor *mouse*; sometimes, indeed, they play a little with the former, and latterly they lap out of the same dish together.

*Major Claymore.* Do you know, Mester Vino, what may be the income of the master-general of the ordnance? I have heard various estimates of it.

*Vino.* I believe it may be taken in round numbers at *eight thousand a year*, one thing with another (I know it is generally stated at much less); and its patronage, always great, has been augmented by the arrangement which merged the office of barrack-master-general in that of the ordnance.

*Major Claymore.* Yes, yes; there's no want of patronage. Ech! the marshal's a lucky man.

*Lt. Col. Towlter.* Faith! you may say that.

*Major Claymore.* Master-general!

*Lt. Col. Towlter.* A pensioner of two thousand a year!

*Major Claymore.* Colonelcy of 16th foot!

*Lt. Col. Towlter.* Government of Jersey!

*Major Claymore.* Viscount Beresford!

*Lt. Col. Towlter.* I wonder does his grace ever reflect on the chance of again taking the field with British troops? I wish he had never turned statesman. "*Confound his politics*." I hate to think of them.

*Capt. Cleverty.* With due deference to the legislature, I must express my doubts that a barrack-master is, in strictness, a *civil* servant of the crown; he is amenable to martial law; and if subject to all the pains and penalties of the military code, he ought in fairness to be allowed to



claim its protection. But the question, although often mooted, has never been fairly met by any government: whether the half-pay of officers of the *navy* and *army* is to be considered as a remunerating pension for *past*, or a retaining-fee for *future* services? Even Mr. Canning, when pushed on the subject some years since, shuffled out of the debate, in a manner equally discreditable to his abilities and to his principles.

*Lt. Col. Towlter.* Had he any?

*Beau Ben.* Pardon me, Cleverty; the question was decided in one case, that the *half-pay* of officers of the *ARMY* and *NAVY* was *bonâ fide* a remuneration for *past* services. The occasion I allude to was that of Lord William Beauclerc, afterwards Duke of St. Albans, who was a lieutenant in our service on *half-pay*; and his claim to which he fully established (when declining to be again employed) on the principle I state, and against the powerful opposition of the Great Lord.

*Major Claymore.* I was sorry to read in the new regulations respecting claims on the Compassionate List, a string of difficulties presented which almost amount to exclusion; it is, I take it, a cruel experiment on the loyalty and attachment of the poor officer to throw so many impediments in the way of the orphans' relief after the parent has resigned his breath on the field of battle; or perished more ingloriously in the obscurity of private life, worn out with honourable toils, a prey to distress, disappointment, and neglect!

*Lt. Col. Towlter.* I have read the "MEMORANDUM" from the War Office, which you allude to, with disgust. I begin to hate the word "*Memorandum*" latterly, for it always ushers in some contemptible clipping and paring down of the veteran's comforts.

*Capt. Cleverty.* Ay! and economy begins at the wrong end. If one-twentieth part of the enormous salaries, pensions, and allowances, granted to military men holding high official situations, *CIVIL* as well as *MILITARY*, were appropriated (if every third year only) to the *COMPASSIONATE FUND*, hundreds of destitute orphans, either in helpless infancy, or interesting, yet suffering youth, might annually be rescued from perdition.

*Major Claymore.* I agree with you that the example ought to begin with the great military functionaries and public departments; and be followed by the colonels of regiments and governors of forts and garrisons; not nominally and to a miserable amount (as at present), but virtually and largely too. When military men draw so much from the public purse, they should freely give, as they freely receive; but I am aware this would be deemed an unpalatable doctrine in certain high quarters.

*Lt. Col. Towlter.* Yes; but why shut out poor devils on *half-pay* (I beg your pardon, -brother *HALVES*!) from even a smell of the *civil* kitchens? There is an individual, whose name I see in the Red Book as enjoying the following good things:—

Retired Colonel of Artillery!

Aide-de-camp to the King!

Lieut. Governor of Hull!

*Commissioner of Hackney Coaches*, Pedlar and Hawkers' Licences, &c. &c. &c.

Mr. President, I have not had a drop in my tumbler this last quarter of an hour. The clock has struck ten, and we seem all ready for the reinforcement.

*Major Claymore.* Mester Bourgyne, we have the pleasure of calling ye *Boots* to-night. Ye'el do me the favour to ring the bell.

[*Burgoyne rings.*]

*Enter landlord, who takes orders for reinforcement of grogs, ale, &c.*

*Enter two members, Captain Kilkenny and Lieutenant Mainbrace, R. N.*

*Omnes.* Ah, welcome, Kilkenny! All hail, CAPTAIN! Kilkenny and Mainbrace, all hail!

*Capt. Kilkenny.* All *snow*, you might say. But here, gentlemen, I am. CAPTAIN at least! a captain of twenty-four *hours* standing, and a soldier of twenty-four years service! However, welcome promotion on any terms.

*Major Claymore.* Captain Kilkenny, I sincerely wish you joy of your step; and my next wish is for a speedy call into actual service, the credit of which no man would more honourably sustain.

*Capt. Kilkenny.* Thank you, from my heart, major, for your kind wishes; it is but a poor service, however, when after a quarter of a century's hard fagging in all climates, a fellow must be deemed by his friends a fit subject for congratulation on attaining the wonderful provision of *seven shillings a day*, and a place on the half-pay shelf, perhaps for life!

*Mainbrace.* Avast there, Joey, my boy; recollect the honour of the thing—CAPTAIN is a good name for any man who wears a cockade; but a real captain is a host, as I may say: what say you to it, Navarino Ben?

*Beau Ben.* Why, Jack, that I wish I was a real CAPTAIN, as you say; you see how touchy certain persons are about titles, and tie us down to that of *Commander*, as if it was high treason to call us CAPTAIN; and this too from chaps that have but just got the *lift* themselves.

*Mainbrace.* The very sort, of course, for your old hands would be above it; but though there may be here and there such blocks, dang it, they are not a fair specimen of the blue coat: we are, to be sure, grumblers, from *middy* to "*red at the main*;" but we can't be accused of depressing each other.

*Lt. Col. Towlter.* Humph! (*sending out a long whiff of smoke.*) Settle that amongst yourselves, gentlemen.

*Beau Ben.* Mainbrace! you are a most generous fellow to talk so just now, when, to my knowledge, you are smarting under an act of neglect, so unkind and unexpected, that it would have rendered any other man but yourself peevish.

*Mainbrace.* Pooh! pooh! Ben, that squall's blown over. I was, to be sure, promised a shove into a "*twenty-eight*;" and left my reverend dad's comfortable Christmas fire-side, and (hanging up my gun in ordinary) tramped up to London to receive my appointment: but *you* ought to know that LORDS are not always MASTERS. Some other, and perhaps better fellow, has chopped in for the number of my mess;—and success to him, I say! I can go back to the old Parsonage House—can shoot, hunt, drink my wine, dance, and carry-on "*till all's blue again*," without shaking hands with our liberal agent, *Sir Francis Omnibus*, above once a year. Not so, my Beau Ben, with many a brave fellow who cools his heels from meridian till midnight, walking about this uncharitable town, without any one to ask him if he has such a thing as a mouth! spinning his yarn of existence on the poor *five shillings a day*; hardly able to show colours—damned queer in the canvas, and some-



times leaky in his lower works. O! I have often wished the Duchess of St. Falconberg had taken a fancy to the cut of my jib when I used to Philander her about the Steine in old Tommy's time. If I had the command of the "*Millionnaire*," there should not be one sorrowful-faced *sub* to be seen, whatever was the colour of his cloth.

*Beau Ben.* Nobly said, Jack, my boy! What messmate ever passes within hail of the parson's gate without being brought-to, and embargoed for a bed and bottle as long as he likes to enjoy them? What sailor or soldier ever left the porch of your dad's hospitable home without receiving his reverence's bounty, and leaving behind him the veteran's blessing?

*Mainbrace.* Thank you, Ben, for doing justice to the old 'on—who (although *I* say it) is a regular trump! ay, Ben, and as hearty as when he boarded us at Plymouth to place little Ned under his godfather, Lord Exmouth, when we were agoing to have a rap at the Algerines; it was the poor boy's first and only voyage: but the old man bore the loss of his last born like a hero.

*Major Claymore.* Or a Christian, Mr. Mainbrace. [*Solemnly.*]

*Mainbrace.* As both, major! (*with peculiar animation.*) Little Ned behaved like a lad of spirit, and the blunt old admiral wrote such a kind letter to father, that the tear of a parent's pride chased away the tear of a parent's sorrow!—But, Ben, your old friend Tom is come home, sick of mulligatawny, hard marching, and the fears of half-batta—he is going to douse the red coat and take to the black, that the living mayn't go out of the family; and so he ought, poor fellow! for all the Devil has been worked out of him during the last five years' fagging, and he's as poor as a church mouse.

*Lt. Col. Towlter.* Good reasons for turning parson. O! he'll do.

*Major Claymore.* No talk now of the peerage for Sir Archibald's Burmese services. I always doubted the report; but if such a thing is to be, I hope the Premier will not put it off from year to year until the intended peer slips through the fingers of royalty, like that gallant spirit of the north, Sir David Baird!

*Capt. Cleverty.* But for whom the Great Captain would now be General Wellesley.

*Lt. Col. Towlter.* If that?

*Enter landlord and waiter with the bowl, &c.*

*Major Claymore.* Now, gentlemen, that we are better primed to do honour to the toast, I'll give you the health of the YOUNG CAPTAIN, but our OLD brother soldier, Captain Kilkenny.

*Omnes.* Captain Kilkenny! health and long life to him!

*Major Claymore.* Now, Kilkenny, may we beg to hear your tuneful warble? Twenty years' service don't much improve the voice or person, but yours is an organ never out of tune.

*Lt. Col. Towlter.* Joe, give us the song that brings your country, your name, and yourself always before us—give us "the Boys."

*Omnes.* "The Boys! The Boys!"

*Capt. Kilkenny.* (*Sings.*)

"The Boys of Kilkenny are sweet roving blades."

[*Concluding with loud cheers from the party.*]

*Omnes.* Bravo! bravo! delightful.

*Lt. Col. Towlter.* Bravo, Kil! may you never have worse music at your own wake, and may I never live to join in it!

*Capt. Kilkenny.* Major! as my friend Mac and Mr. Vino seem to be tuning their pipes, suppose you allow me to call on them for a duet?

*Major Claymore.* None more capable. Gentlemen, choose your own time and air.

[*The PAYMASTER and the COMMISSARY sing the*

Duet.—“ Could a man be secure, &c. &c.”

*with great feeling and effect.*]

*Lt. Col. Towlter.* Mac, your notes are always sweet, and as for Vino's, there's CORN, WINE, and OIL in them! Well, I say,

“ *Very good song and very well sung :  
Jolly companions every one.*”

Let's be merry while we may—whether in our smoke-shop or in bivouac ; let our hearts be as light as——

*Capt. Kilkenny.* Our pockets.

*Lt. Col. Towlter.* Exactly—the devil could not bate you at a simile, Joe—but talking of pockets, who do you think I met to-day?

*Capt. Kilkenny.* Many hundred, I dare say.

*Lt. Col. Towlter.* Oh! there's more of it! Well, I met that prime chanter, Jack Ramskin, in high feather; he had touched the *commutation*—bartered his fifteen years' service for *seven hundred pounds*, and is about to take wing for the continent, in hopes of picking up some stray ould bird with a lot of money.

*Capt. Cleverty.* A bad spec, colonel; better stay at home, and beat the covers of Cheltenham, Leamington, and Bath; Jack, at thirty-six, looks fresher than most men at five-and-twenty in these days—and, besides, he is six feet high, and has a beard like a scrubbing-brush: great qualifications in the eyes of ladies arrived at the *age of gratitude*.

*Capt. Kilkenny.* Yes, but then Jack's seven hundred pounds would scantily bear him through the season in this country; while it would last him nearly as many years abroad with management.

*Lt. Col. Towlter.* Not if there was a “rouge-et-noir” table in the way: but why did he accept that commutation which appears to have been framed to afford a convenient loop-hole for the retreat of men who never saw a day's service?

*Major Claymore.* My good MacTowlter, with all its disadvantages to the old soldier and apparent partiality to those who neither *earned* by service nor *purchased* the commissions which they are now permitted to *sell*, the measure is a good one, and formed, I feel convinced, as much for the convenience of the officer as the advantage of the state; it had the sanction of Him who justly gained the envied title of THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND, and whose memory we must ever hold in grateful recollection.

*Lt. Col. Towlter.* Major, you always floor me; but it is an honour to be knocked down by such a noble antagonist—perhaps I *am* mistaken in my opinions on many things—but I have not been a lucky man, and my naturally light spirits are sometimes overcast by a cloud. I wonder, however, at Ramskin's retiring from the service for so paltry a consideration as a few hundred pounds. He did not want for interest surely with one diplomatic uncle, and another a *pro-Catholic* bishop?

*Capt. Cleverty.* Neither of whom dares ask a favour out of their own



line, that is an understood point amongst our rulers; besides, nothing can now be given away unless on the dictum of the Great Man—every place, from the secretary of state to his *office-sweeper*, comes under his gift. Jack wanted money—he had all the “elegant desires” of the gentleman with a sad lack of the means of indulging them. He commenced his career in the *households*, in the palmy days of Waterloo—spent half his fortune in them! took the *difference*, and exchanged into the dragoons, where he dashed away the other moiety: again he took the difference, changed his service, and became a Foot-man! With his mother an *honourable*, one uncle a minister, and another a *right reverend*, Jack still looked forward with hope; but there was a *right restive* in the way who would neither lead nor drive, and who knew too much of Jack’s military movements to lend an ear to his advancement.

*Lt. Col. Towlter.* Hookey! (*holding up his crooked finger.*)

*Capt. Cleverty.* Just so! I fear poor Jack’s sun is set, unless he improves his circumstances in the Hymeneal service. He talked at one time of going out to his uncle in South America; but he would pine his life away before he reached the Pacific.

*Capt. Claymore.* Is he the gentleman who wrote a spirited pamphlet on duelling with a plan for a court of honour?

*Capt. Cleverty.* The same, major; but it never found its way beyond the tables of the clubs where it was distributed *gratis*, and the counters of snuffmen and chandlers. All the *shy-cocks* attempted to laugh it down, and the *brave ones* saw its impracticability in such a state of society as the present. One gallant nobleman, however, gave it his support, and in his own person (unnecessarily, I must say) gave an example of his amenability to a law at once romantic and (with reference to that particular case) erroneous.

*Major Claymore.* By the by, the marquis is in the field of letters again. What do they say of his book on the wars of Germany and France?

*Capt. Cleverty.* His publisher says much, but as yet I have seen no review of the work.

*Lt. Col. Towlter.* I hope his lordship will not be called on to make so many corrections, as those forced from him by the errors and mis-statements in his last work.

*Capt. Cleverty.* Nay, colonel, don’t say forced; for you ought to know that no one is ever more ready to acknowledge and correct an error than the nobleman we allude to.

*Lt. Col. Towlter.* Granted, friend Cleverty, granted—but the mischief of errors in a work published under such imposing authority is, that they reach the remotest quarters of the globe in a first edition, while the corrections, “like a lame and hobbling beldame,” limp after the swift-winged scandal without a chance of overtaking her.

*Capt. Cleverty.* Major, have you seen the *Annals of the Peninsular Campaign*, by the author of *Cyril Thornton*?

*Major Claymore.* Who has not, by this time? I am deep in the *second reading*, and the more I read, the more I am delighted. Mester Ceeril showed his powers in his novel, but he has thrown away the distaff and taken up the weapons of the Hercules.

*Capt. Cleverty.* He does not pretend to so much.

*Major Claymore.* All the better for his fame! his unassuming pretensions render his work the more admirable. I look upon it invaluable, as a book of reference; his details are clear and comprehensive; his

record of events is given with a simplicity which rivets our belief in their general correctness ; all his characters are drawn with the fidelity of the unbiassed historian ; equally removed from the charge of fulsome and indiscriminate adulation, or unjust and captious censure, taking truth for his guide, he pursues the even tenor of his way ; tempering the ardour of the soldier with the mild spirit of the Christian Philosopher, and invokes the tear of regret for the departed brave, while our hearts swell with all the pride of conquest, as we peruse these glowing annals of one of the most brilliant epochs in Britain's History.

*Capt. Cleverty.* He does not much flatter some of the French marshals as it has recently been the fashion to do.

*Lt. Col. Towlter.* No—nor another marshal, who is neither French nor English. ALBUERA, to wit !

*Beau Ben.* “ *Still harping on my daughter.* ”—Hem !

*Capt. Cleverty.* Yes, the Viscount is hit pretty hard in the Annals—but Cyril Thornton did not spare him in his own Adventures when he details the blunders of that bloody field ; the Peerage, however, lays the “ flattering unction to his soul,” by boldly recording that this same battle will “ immortalize his name in our Military Annals ! ”

*Lt. Col. Towlter.* Fudge !—the Peerage !—why the same Peerage tells us that Lord Fife was “ *severely wounded at the storming of Matagorda,* ” when every body knows that the insignificant heap of ruins so called, which were held as long as the stones kept together, was abandoned—never stormed ! nor was Fife (who, by the way, is a good and gallant fellow) ever employed with the Spanish troops after the breaking up of old Cuesta's army, when the Duke of Albuquerque and his cavalry rode their celebrated *Steeple Chace* on the *Isla de Leon*. Lord Fife stuck by the Spaniards as long as they would fight, and he offered to march at *his own expense* a brigade of them to join Lord Wellington ; it was not his fault that he was not in the field.

*Capt. Cleverty.* He was *hit*, however, Colonel, at Matagorda, when he volunteered to bring succours to Archy Maclaine, (formerly of ours) who so gallantly defended that miserable post to the last extremity. Do you ever visit his lordship ?

*Lt. Col. Towlter.* Not above once a year ; you know *I* am no lord-hunter : seeing the door of his hotel crowded and blocked up by sycophantic dangles, and swarthy sons of Italy from the Opera House, I merely drop my card, and pass on.

*Capt. Cleverty.* You never knew a man of his generous nature on whom such flies did not fasten and fatten. I often call, and always find my name a ready passport to his breakfast room, where, dressed in plaid coat and trews, he gives audience to all visitors—peers or players, old friends, or old w—omen—authors with new works, or auctioneers with old china ! A true disciple of Democritus, he laughs through life and “ counts nought so great a sin as seriousness.”

*Major Claymore.* His brother, the general, is a prince of a fellow.

*Lt. Col. Towlter.* I wish he had the fortune of one.

*Capt. Cleverty.* In that respect, Colonel, he is not badly off ; he had a good wind-fall lately ; and then his regiment ! the manner in which it was bestowed was honourable to both the sovereign and the subject. A few years ago General Duff visited his Majesty at Windsor : during a stroll through the rooms, the King, laying his hand on the shoulder of the General, in his own kind and peculiar way, asked “ How does it happen,



Aleck, that Fife never asks a favour of me?" Because, Sir, your Majesty has not left him a favour to ask for, replied Duff. "O! yes, there was one he ought to have asked for" (rejoined the Sovereign); "but when you write to him, tell him the KING has presented his brother with the Colonelcy of the Gordon Highlanders, as a proof of his esteem for an old friend and gallant soldier!"—This was positively the first intimation General Duff received of his Majesty's gracious intention.

Major Claymore. I can well believe it, Sirs: it was like the man, and worthy the KING!

Lt. Col. Towlter. Long may he live! (*muttering to himself as he drains the glass*),—how damned small the tumblers are grown since the pace.

Capt. Cleverty. What a sweep amongst the generals lately! Death has been busy with his scythe mowing down on an average one a month! Seven regiments vacant in little more than half a year! fine patronage for Lord Hill.

Lt. Col. Towlter. Lord Hill! Bathershin!

Capt. Cleverty. Why, though Lord Hill is not the fountain of honour, he is the channel through which the grateful stream must flow, and it surely gives his heart (as kind a one as ever beat within a soldier's breast!) sincere pleasure to be himself the harbinger of his Sovereign's favour to many a brave comrade of former days!

Lt. Col. Towlter. I never could understand the principle on which selections of officers for regiments (as they fall vacant) are made; has not interest a good deal to say in the distribution of these matters?

Major Claymore. No doubt—high political interest will always have its influence; but you saw the 79th regiment bestowed on Ferguson, who always was a *thick-and-thin* opposition man in parliament.

Capt. Kilkenny. I wonder Fred. Ponsonby has not obtained a regiment—no man stands higher in the profession.

Major Claymore. He is yet but a young major-general, and besides—having been always a cavalry man, he no doubt looks up to a regiment of dragoons, and these things are not every day gifts.

Capt. Kilkenny. Sir Henry Fane got a regiment of dragoon guards fifteen years since, when as young a major general.

Lt. Col. Towlter. Ay, but he was a *Fane*. Three Fanes in parliament and the uncle privy-seal.

Capt. Kilkenny. Well, Four Ponsonbys in parliament, and the father-in-law *president of the council*! Seeing these things, I am led to believe that these favours are more impartially distributed than any others within the royal gift: for example—Sir John Elley got a regiment of dragoons the other day; he had nothing to recommend him but the character of a good soldier during forty years' service.

Lt. Col. Towlter. Yes, there's good sense in such promotions.

Capt. Geehogan. Sir John Elley and myself were brother soldiers in the same troop eight-and-thirty years ago: he was a fine, tall, lathy, active fellow, and no man in the service was ever a greater favourite with the ladies.—Zounds! there was not a landlady from Windsor to Westminster that would not have emptied the till into his laced hat, had he asked it.

Major Claymore. Do you ever go down to Croydon now, Captain, to take a look at the waggoners?

Capt. Geehogan. I paid a visit last summer to my old friend Basil

Jackson, captain of one of the two troops of which the corps is now composed. You must know that Basil and your humble servant entered the army together upwards of forty years since; by a strange coincidence in our fortunes we ascended step by step together in the service, and at three-score-and-five years feel the same interest for each other's welfare as in our more youthful days.

*Lt. Col. Towlter.* Lord George Beresford got a cavalry regiment the other day, but I never could meet with any one who could tell me for what service.

*Capt. Kilkenny.* His family's — and gratitude for support, in *expectancy*.

*Lt. Col. Towlter.* And there's Lord Edward Somerset succeeded old Garth in the Royal Dragoons, and also obtained the Lieutenant Generalship of the Ordnance—but he is a soldier! Well! although I hate to sound any man's knell, I think we shall have two or three cavalry vacancies before we cut our next Michaelmas goose.

*Capt. Kilkenny.* What's to become of the 5th Dragoon Guards in the event of Prince Leopold being elevated to the crown of Greece? a destiny which is, I believe, no longer problematical.

*Major Claymore.* Why, given to some cavalry man, I suppose; there are a number of the old ones yet unprovided for. I have always been of opinion that the colonelcy of that regiment should, in the person of the husband of the late princess, (whose name it bears,) have been but *honorary*; it was unworthy of FIELD MARSHAL the PRINCE OF COBURG to soil his hands with the emoluments; which, if analysed very minutely, are not exactly what an officer and a gentleman ought to derive a profit from; but which, until some correction of the evil takes place, must be received by colonels, as part and parcel of their advantages.

*Capt. Cleverty.* Is it quite so certain, Kilkenny, that the Prince will be so comfortably settled on the throne of Greece? There are rumours of a hitch in the arrangement on the part of some of the leading powers;—what do you think, Major?

*Major Claymore.* Believe me, I never allowed the subject to occupy my thoughts a minute.

*Lt. Col. Towlter.* But I have—I wish for differences: hang me if I care in what quarter they arise,—I am sick of idleness; and as keen for a *kick up* as a lawyer for a lunacy cause. I was in hopes a couple of years ago that fortune had taken pity on us, and that something would turn out of that “untoward event” with the Turks; but it all ended in smoke!

*Beau Ben.* Not all, colonel; there was a *something* more.

*Lt. Col. Towlter.* O yes, my fine fellows! as far as brave fighting went, you never behaved better; but I meant as to consequences.

*Mainbrace.* As for consequences, Ben can speak of them; he got the step, for which he might have waited another fourteen years.

*Beau Ben.* Yes, Mainbrace, it did give me the step, over the heads of many an old and esteemed messmate; but it was our chance—yours may come next; our professions are a lottery.

*Lt. Col. Towlter.* With a thousand blanks to one prize!

*Capt. Cleverty.* Your admiral has been severely attacked in a foreign journal for refusing quarter to the unfortunate Turks, who, it is stated,



clung by dozens to your ships' rudders and cables, and some had even gained the chains of your small craft when they were "shoved off!"

*Beau Ben.* It was felt to be the hardest service that devolved on us; but we are to obey orders, not to discuss them; ours were, not to allow a *Turk* on board on any account.

*Lt. Col. Towtler.* A cool order that. You have a song, (a great favourite in your service,) which I think runs thus:

"But mark our last broadside! see, she sinks! down she goes:  
Quickly man all the boats, boys—they no longer are foes;  
For to snatch a brave fellow from a watery grave  
Is worthy of BRITONS—who CONQUER TO SAVE!"

However, Binnacle, "*it is an ill wind that blows nobody good*,"—you have bravely won your step, and your well-earned badge of honour; I hope to see you soon a-float again, on the road to the highest honours of your daring profession.

*Mainbrace.* We all thought, Ben, that you would have been popped into the little Phil., after the noble dispatch-bearer was promoted to Post.

*Beau Ben.* That could not be, Jack, while her own gallant *First* could advance his superior claims; I did, however, consider, from what was said to me on the quarter-deck after the action, that besides my step, I might flatter my hopes with the command of a craft of some kind; but the *thing* did not tell at home as we all expected it would; and for the few openings it occasioned, there were always Parliament-men ready to pop in a word for a favourite—and you know the rest.

*Mainbrace.* Ha! ha! I never hear Parliamentary interest mentioned without thinking of an adventure in Cadiz Bay in 1810. I was then a younker; our brig was ordered off, at quarter of an hour's warning, for Lisbon, to take dispatches from old Purvis to Lord Wellington, reporting the arrival of General Stewart with the British troops, and the safety of Cadiz. Well, we had half the watch aloft, making sail, when we were hailed by a person in a Spanish boat, the crew of which were pulling away like devils to overhaul us:—to our question of "*what do you want?*" the answer was a "*passage to Lisbon.*" "Ask him who he is," said our skipper. "My name is JACOB," answered the supplicant. "*Jacob!*" repeated the captain, "a damned Jewish name—*no, it won't do—tell him so—loose top-gallant sails!*" "Sir," says the first lieutenant, "he is waving his hat and holding up a paper." "What the devil does he want?" said the captain, peevishly: "you know, we can't take him in—that's flat!" The stranger roared up, with the lungs of a Boatswain, "I want to get to England immediately, to attend my duty in PARLIAMENT." "Did he say HIS duty in Parliament?" anxiously inquired the captain. "Yes, sir," replied the leaf. "Damme, *that* alters the case,—stand fast top-gallant sails," roared the captain, "back main-top-sail! man ropes at the side there!—Steward! bring up my *best hat*, and put a bottle of Madeira on the table,—*HIS DUTY IN PARLIAMENT!*—gently, gently, there—fend off!—Now, sir, give me your hand—welcome on board the *Persiana*," said our now obsequious skipper, as he doused his skyscraper and tripped it before the legislator bowing like a dancing-master. The member strutted along as if he felt all the dignity of his Parliamentary character. "We may *fill now*, sir," said the lieutenant, as he threw a sly look at the senator.

*Beau Ben.* Good Mainbrace, you got an early lesson that nothing was like Parliamentary interest.

*Lt. Col. Towlter.* Except petticoat.

*Major Claymore.* Gentlemen, I think I scent the Welsh rabbits; clear off all glasses, for the clock warns us that we have but a short half hour before we shut our shop.

[*Captain Kilkenny, who had retired some time before, now enters preceding the landlord, who bears in his arms an immense bowl of punch, attended by the waiter with a tray of Welsh rabbits and sandwiches; the whole being placed on the table; the landlord and waiter withdraw.*]

*Capt. Kilkenny.* Mr. President, and Gentlemen, this is my humble oblation in honour of my new rank. I throw myself on your kind indulgence, to excuse the liberty I have taken in introducing, without leave, though not without *licence*, my warm and spirited friend now before you, in which we will drown the memory of past hardships, and drink "better days to all."

*Chorus.*

If any pain or care remain  
We'll drown it in the bowl.

*Omnes.* Hurrah! here's to our next merry meeting.

#### THE DEVONSHIRE BALL.

ON the Duke of Devonshire's visit to his estates in the south of Ireland, he won the hearts of the population by his hospitality; and among the rest of his performances, gave a general invitation to all the belles and beaux of the neighbourhood of Youghall, a considerable town, of which he holds the chief part. But the ball was like the famous one at which the war of Tróy was constructed; the Duke himself being the apple of discord, and all the beauties of the town, for twenty miles round, being the Venuses, Minervas, and Junos, for the time being. An indigenuous bard, the hereditary poet-laureate of the Devonshire estate, fanned the conflagration by making a song of the affair, and by the help of "Apollo and the Nine," (as he believes,) has contrived to keep up a tolerable combustion ever since. We give it as a document which will be invaluable to the compiler of the ducal biography, in this age, when a man can neither live nor die without being manufactured into a *quarto*.

#### THE BEAUTIES OF YOUGHALL.

*By Murtoth Cornelius O'Callaghan, Poet.*

Assist your true lover, ye Nine,  
Who for ever are singing and dancing;  
I wonder if ever ye pine  
At the pleasures of life to be glancing.  
Sing Cupid and Hymen, heigh ho!

I wonder if ever the frost  
Makes you think you've almost served your time?  
Or a husband or two, at the most,  
Is consider'd among you a crime?  
Sing Cupid, &c.



If you'd take my advice, you'd all marry,  
 Leave off sleeping your days all alone,  
 Send Apollo at once to Old Harry,  
 And come down, and be bone of our bone.  
 Sing Cupid, &c.

Now, inspire me to sing of the Ball,  
 Where the Youghalites swarm'd all together,  
 All beauties, the short and the tall,  
 In the hottest of all the hot weather.  
 Sing Cupid, &c.

There were lads from the woods and the waters,  
 Bold Captains and Majors likewise,  
 And old ladies in lots with their daughters,  
 All famous for brogue and black eyes.  
 Sing Cupid, &c.

Long life to the Duke and his pockets,  
 And long life to his liveries and coach,  
 The thoughts, like a brace of sky-rockets,  
 Lit the blue eyes of pretty Miss Roche.  
 Sing Cupid, &c.

So he prayed of her white hand the honour,  
 Tho' it put the whole room in a fret,  
 But chiefly Miss Phelim O'Connor,  
 And the rest of her backbiting set.  
 Sing Cupid, &c.

What girl but would like to be Duchess?  
 So off they sail'd down the quadrille,  
 While her eyes gave him so many touches,—  
 I'll be sworn he remembers them still.  
 Sing Cupid, &c.

But up came the fairest of fair ones,  
 Miss Dunn, that kills hearts with a look,  
 Her cheeks were two roses, and rare ones;  
 It was thought she would finish the Duke.  
 Sing Cupid, &c.

Down they danced; it was sweet Summer weather;  
 And the charmer seem'd sure of the plate;  
 But tho' hearts may be melted together,  
 A dukedom's not won in a *heat*.  
 Sing Cupid, &c.

For just as a speech and a sigh  
 Were beginning his passion to tell,  
 A pair of sweet lips caught his eye,  
 They were yours, merry Lucy O'Dell.  
 Sing Cupid, &c.

Off they went; and you'd swear that his Grace  
 Had made up his mind for a wife,  
 So fondly he gazed on a face  
 That might make a king happy for life.  
 Sing Cupid, &c.

But in spite of Miss Lucy's sweet smiles,  
 To Miss Phelim's unbounded surprise,  
 His Grace waltz'd away with Miss Giles,  
 So wit beat red lips and black eyes.  
 Sing Cupid, &c.

But dukes are but dukes at the best,  
 And since he bade Ireland adieu,  
 Let him hunt through the world east and west,  
 And he'll find no such charmers as you.  
 Sing Cupid, &c.

THE KING'S OWN: BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NAVAL OFFICER."

UNTIL the last few years "tales of the sea" have, strange to say, been furnished by landsmen. Smollett, one of the most conspicuous in the employment of naval incidents in fiction, was a physician: it is true, he had been a naval surgeon; but still he was a civilian, and therefore must have been unacquainted with the subtler points of nautical minutiae. Dibdin, the *soi-disant* bard of the ocean, was scarcely ever out of the smoke of London; Moore, the author of a whimsical and humorous romance called the "Post-Captain," was a doctor, we do not recollect whether of physic or of law; and Cooper, the American writer of "Tales of the Sea," is, or was a purser. Now, pursers are very respectable men, and Cooper is a fine writer; but as to intimate and scientific knowledge of seamanship, we hold Cooper to be often at fault; and we ascribe this, not to his want of faculty, but to the amphibious nature of his office: he is neither fish nor flesh. In this appreciation of his calling, we shall be joined by every one who has had, we were going to say, the *good luck* of passing a month on board a man-of-war; during which time the visitor must have observed that pursers were, perhaps unfairly, often made the joke and by-word of the service. In the censure implied in what we have just said, we would unequivocally except the masterly tale of the "Pilot," in the construction of which we cannot help suspecting that Cooper must have had at his elbow some one of those naval adepts whose knowledge of his profession has contributed to give a tone to the maritime character of America. One of Mr. Cooper's tales is dedicated to a friend and former messmate—a *Master*. We repeat, that we do not by this mean to undervalue the works of Cooper, who possesses merit enough for the foundation of his claims independently of his naval romances, which in nautical details are, according to the old-lady style of expression, "*no better than they should be.*"

The apathy with regard to writing about their own affairs, or turning them to account in the more attractive shape of fiction, which has hitherto been manifested by naval men, may be ascribed to several causes. In the first place, the scenes and events which to landsmen appear to furnish the most striking materials for the purposes of romance fail, from constant familiarity, to make the least impression on the sailor: then his attention is too constantly occupied by practical matters of the most anxious nature to attend to any thing which has only for its object the administering to amusement or curiosity. Besides these considerations, there is another of far greater weight, namely, the heavy, and we may add painful responsibility incurred by any gentleman in the naval service who may be tempted to give free scope to his pen—and, without this freedom, nothing good, either in invention or delineation of character or of circumstance, can subsist. In this respect there is, we imagine, a difference between the military and the naval services. For example, formerly a junior officer in the army might, upon any real or supposed affront from his superior, demand what is absurdly called "*satisfaction*;" whereas,



afloat, such a proceeding would inevitably cause the dismissal from the naval service of the party so acting, however his feelings might have been outraged as an officer and a gentleman. Under such circumstances, an officer who may have written about "Life at Sea," and who therefore may perchance have stumbled on a disagreeable truth or two, is inevitably exposed to the annoyances, unless, indeed, he be charged with despatches, of any superior under whose command he may, even accidentally and fugitively, happen to fall; and who, with perverse ingenuity, may fancy himself to have been satirised or neglected to be praised, the sin of omission being generally worse than that of commission; and as, according to the *march of intellect*, the rising men are guilty of the offence of being the cleverest, it is ten to one that the sting will strike where the power of unfair retaliation is the strongest.

Whether the author of the work before us feels himself quite independent of the service, we know not; but it is clear that he is a seaman, and not either purser, doctor, or marine officer; and it is equally clear that he lays about him, careless where his blows may fall, and utterly reckless of consequences. He is a man of genius too, a novelist of no common order—skilled in the construction of a plot, in the dramatic delineation of character, and especially in the description of those animating and absorbing incidents which so often arise in his hazardous profession. He is the seaman's *Le Sage*; and whether he describe the character of the common sailor, the uneasy condition of the "middy," the toiling hopes of the lieutenant, or the anxious authority of the captain, it is impossible not to be struck at once with the entertaining character of the sketch, and, with one or two exceptions, the truth of the representation.

The chief plot of "The King's Own" consists mainly of the adventures of a young man in his majesty's navy, whose birth was attended by circumstances of a very remarkable and tragical nature. His father was hanged for mutiny, and his mother died broken-hearted in consequence of that event. William, the hero of the story, is consigned by his condemned father to the care of an old seaman, who, with true *esprit de corps*, thinks he can do no better for the boy than mark his skin with the broad arrow, and thus make him the "*King's Own*." But Willy, notwithstanding his rough education, is of gentle blood, which manifests itself in occasional refinement of manner and chivalrous bravery. These qualities attract the attention of the captain of the ship in which the lad is situated; and he is accordingly "borne on the books," and placed on the quarter-deck, in the capacity of a midshipman. Willy is, in fact, the grandson of an admiral of large property, who disinherited his son and heir, the father of our hero, and the latter had, therefore, been rash enough to revenge the conduct of his parent by entering himself as a common man on board of a ship of war. Willy's fate in the service is marked by striking vicissitudes; and, after the death of his grandfather, when his own claims to the property were discovered, he is supposed to have been lost in a vessel which foundered at sea. The splendid fortune of Admiral Decourcy devolves, in consequence of this belief, to a Mr. Rainscourt, a distant relative of the family. This last character is capitally conceived and executed by the novelist. He is an unprincipled *roué*, plunged in debt and debauchery; a scoundrel, who repudiates his wife, and then, because she is no longer at his command, pesters her with vehement solicitations of love, which are the more importunate because the lady firmly rejects his suit. Miserable error in individuals

miscalled "men of pleasure!" who think, that if any gratification is in their power, it ceases, on that very account, to be desirable. We will not forestal the pleasure of the reader by acquainting him with the singular catastrophe which terminates the strange, eventful life of the hero; though we cannot forbear to state that his career includes all those various incidents which turn the life of a seaman into a romance. We are presented with scenes in wild and distant countries; we are present in the roar of battle, and participate in the throbbing anxiety of the chase; we are made to feel the desolate horror of shipwreck, and in other moods the author excites our mirth by whimsical pictures of life afloat. Of this last, especially as we are confident that it shadows forth a living original, we lay before our readers the following inimitable and graphic dialogue between a speculating captain and the inferiors under his command.

"It may then be inquired, why he requested to be employed during the war? Because he liked full pay and prize-money when it could be obtained without risk, and because his wife and family were living on shore in a very snug little cottage at Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, which cottage required nothing but furniture and a few other trifles to render it complete. Marriage had not only subtracted from the courage of this worthy officer, but, moreover, a little from his honesty. Captain Capperbar (for such was his name) should have been brought up as a missionary, for he could *convert* any thing, and *expend* more profusely than any bible society. The name by which he had christened his domicile was probably given as a sort of salvo to his conscience. He called it the '*ship*;' and when he signed his name to the expense-books of the different warrant-officers, without specifying the exact use to which the materials were applied, the larger proportions were invariably expended, by the general term, for '*ship's* use.' He came into harbour as often as he could, always had a demand for stores to complete, and a defect or two for the dock-yard to make good; and the admiral, who was aware of Mrs. Capperbar being a near resident, made every reasonable allowance for his partiality to Spit-head. But we had better introduce the captain, sitting at his table in the fore-cabin, on the day of his arrival in port, the carpenter having obeyed his summons.

" 'Well, Mr. Cheeks, what are the carpenters about?'

" 'Weston and Smallbridge are going on with the chairs; the whole of them will be finished to-morrow.'

" 'Well?'

" 'Smith is about the chest of drawers to match the one in my Lady Capperbar's bed-room.'

" 'Very good. And what is Hilton about?'

" 'He has finished the spare-leaf of the dining-table, sir; he is now about a little job for the second lieutenant.'

" 'A job for the second lieutenant, sir? How often have I told you, Mr. Cheeks, that the carpenters are not to be employed, except on ship's duty, without my special permission.'

" 'His standing bed-place is broke, sir; he is only getting out a chock or two.'

" 'Mr. Cheeks, you have disobeyed my most positive orders. By the by, sir, I understand you were not sober last night.'

" 'Please your honour,' replied the carpenter, 'I wasn't drunk; I was only a little fresh.'

" 'Take you care, Mr. Cheeks. Well, now, what are the rest of your crew about?'

" 'Why, Thompson and Waters are cutting out the pales for the garden, out of the jib-boom; I've saved the heel to return.'

" 'Very well; but there won't be enough, will there?'

" 'No, sir; it will take a handmast to finish the whole.'

" 'Then we must expend one when we go out again. We can carry away a topmast, and make a new one out of the handmast, at sea. In the meantime, if



the sawyers have nothing to do, they may as well cut the palings at once. And now, let me see—oh! the painters must go on shore to finish the attics.’

“ ‘ Yes, sir; but my Lady Capperbar wishes the *jealousees* to be painted vermillion: she says it will look more rural.’ ”

“ ‘ Mrs. Capperbar ought to *know enough* about ship’s stores by this time, to be aware that we are only allowed three colours. She may choose or mix them as she pleases; but as for going to the expense of buying paint, I can’t afford it. What are the rest of the men about?’ ”

“ ‘ Repairing the second cutter, and making a new mast for the pinnacle.’ ”

“ ‘ By the by—that puts me in mind of it—have you expended any boat’s masts?’ ”

“ ‘ Only the one carried away, sir.’ ”

“ ‘ Then you must expend two more. Mrs. C—— has just sent me off a list of a few things that she wishes made while we are at anchor, and I see two poles for clothes-lines. Saw off the sheave-holes, and put two pegs through at right angles: you know how I mean.’ ”

“ ‘ Yes, sir. What am I to do, sir, about the cucumber frame? My Lady Capperbar says that she must have it, and I haven’t glass enough: they grumbled at the yard last time.’ ”

“ ‘ Mrs. C—— must wait a little. What are the armourers about?’ ”

“ ‘ They have been so busy with your work, sir, that the arms are in a very bad condition. The first lieutenant said yesterday that they were a disgrace to the ship.’ ”

“ ‘ Who dared say that?’ ”

“ ‘ The first lieutenant, sir.’ ”

“ ‘ Well, then, let them rub up the arms, and let me know when they are done, and we’ll get the forge up.’ ”

“ ‘ The armourer has made six rakes and six hoes, and the two little hoes for the children; but he says that he can’t make a spade.’ ”

“ ‘ Then I’ll take his warrant away, by heavens! since he does not know his duty. That will do, Mr. Cheeks. I shall overlook your being in liquor this time; but take care—send the boatswain to me.’ ”

“ ‘ Yes, sir,—and the carpenter quitted the cabin.’ ”

“ ‘ Well, Mr. Hurley,’ said the captain, as the boatswain stroked down his hair, as a mark of respect when he entered the cabin, ‘ are the cots all finished?’ ”

“ ‘ All finished, your honour, and slung, except the one for the *babby*. Had I not better get a piece of duck for that?’ ”

“ ‘ No, no; number seven will do as well. Mrs. C—— wants some *fearnought* to put down in the entrance-hall.’ ”

“ ‘ Yes, your honour.’ ”

“ ‘ And some cod-lines laid up for clothes-lines.’ ”

“ ‘ Yes, your honour.’ ”

“ ‘ Stop, let me look at my list—‘ Knife-tray, meat-screen, leads for window-sashes.’—Ah! have you any hand-leads not on charge?’ ”

“ ‘ Yes, your honour, four or five.’ ”

“ ‘ Give them to my steward.—‘ Small chair for Ellen; canvas for veranda.’—Oh! here’s something else; have you any painted canvas?’ ”

“ ‘ Only a waist-hammock-cloth, sir, ready fitted.’ ”

“ ‘ We must expend that; ‘ no old on charge.’ Send it on shore to the cottage, and I shall want some pitch.’ ”

“ ‘ We’ve lots of that, your honour.’ ”

“ ‘ That will do, Mr. Hurley. Desire the sentry to tell my steward to come here.’ ”

“ ‘ Yes, your honour.’ (Exit boatswain, and enter steward.) ”

‘ This personage belonged to the party of marines who had been drafted into the ship; for Captain Capperbar’s economical propensities would not allow him to hire a servant brought up to the situation, who would have demanded wages independent of the ship’s pay. Having been well drilled at barracks, he never answered any question put to him by an officer without recovering himself from his usual ‘ stand-at-ease’ position, throwing shoulders back, his nose up in the air, his arms

down his sides, and the palms of his hands flattened on his thighs. His replies were given with all the brevity that the question would admit, or rapid articulation on his own part would enable him to confer.

“ ‘ Thomas, are the sugar and cocoa ready to go on shore ?’

“ ‘ Yes, sir.’

“ ‘ Don’t forget to send that letter to Mr. Gibson for the ten dozen port and sherry.’

“ ‘ No, sir.’

“ ‘ When it comes on board, you’ll bring it on shore, a dozen at a time, in the hair trunk.’

“ ‘ Yes, sir.’

“ ‘ Mind you don’t let any of the hay peep outside.’

“ ‘ No, sir.’

“ ‘ Has the cooper finished the washing-tubs ?’

“ ‘ Yes, sir.’

“ ‘ And the small kids ?’

“ ‘ No, sir.’

“ ‘ Have you inquired among the ship’s company for a gardener ?’

“ ‘ Yes, sir ; there’s a marine kept the garden of the major in the barracks.’

“ ‘ Don’t forget to bring him on shore.’

“ ‘ No, sir.’

“ ‘ Recollect, too, that Mrs. Capperbar wants some vinegar—the boatswain’s is the best—and a gallon or two of rum ; and you must corn some beef. The harness case may remain on shore, and the cooper must make me another.’

“ ‘ Yes, sir.’

“ ‘ Master Henry’s trousers—are they finished yet ?’

“ ‘ No, sir ; Spriggs is at them now. Bailly and James are making Miss Ellen’s petticoats.’

“ ‘ And the shoes for master John—are they finished ?’

“ ‘ Yes, sir.’

“ ‘ And master Henry’s ?’

“ ‘ No, sir. Wilson says that he has lost master Henry’s measure.’

“ ‘ Careless scoundrel ! he shall have four-water grog for a week : and, steward, take three bags of bread on shore, and forty pounds of flour.’

“ ‘ Yes, sir.’

“ ‘ That’s all.—Oh no !—don’t forget to send some pease on shore for the pig.’

“ ‘ No, sir,—and the steward departed to execute his variety of commissions.’

As a contrast to Captain Capperbar, we should be glad to present to our readers a specimen of the high-minded but strict disciplinarian Captain M——. This character, however, is elaborately drawn, and we have no room for an adequate exposition of it, but must content ourselves with laying before the professional reader the following spirited scene on the deck of a man-of-war.

“ After supper the watch was called, and the directions given by the captain to the first lieutenant were punctually obeyed. The drum then beat to quarters earlier than usual ; the guns were doubly secured ; the dead lights shipped abaft ; the number of inches of water in the well made known by the carpenter ; the sobriety of the men ascertained by the officers stationed at their respective guns ; and every thing that was ordered to be executed, or to be held in readiness, in the several departments, reported to the captain.

“ ‘ Now, Mr. Bully, we’ll make her all snug for the night. Furl the fore and mizen-topsail, and close reef the main—that, with the foresail, fore-staysail, and trysail, will be enough for her.’

“ ‘ Had we not better reef the foresail, sir ?’ said Pearce. ‘ I suspect we shall have to do it before twelve o’clock, if we do not now.’

“ ‘ Very right, Mr. Pearce ; we will do so. Is the main-trysail bent ?’

“ ‘ All bent, sir, and the sheet aft.’

“ ‘ Then beat a retreat, and turn the hands up ; shorten sail.’



"This duty was performed, and the hammocks piped down as the last glimmering of daylight disappeared.

"The gale increased rapidly during the first watch. Large drops of rain mingled with the spray, distant thunder rolled to windward, and occasional gleams of lightning pierced through the intense darkness of the night. The officers and men of the watches below, with sealed eyes and thoughtless hearts, were in their hammocks, trusting to those on deck for security. But the night was terrific, and the captain, first lieutenant, and master, from the responsibility of their situations, continued on deck, as did many of the officers termed idlers, such as the surgeon and purser, who, although their presence was not required, felt no inclination to sleep.

"By four o'clock in the morning the gale was at its height. The lightning darted through the sky in every direction, and the thunder-claps for the time overpowered the noise of the wind as it roared through the shrouds. The sea, striking on the fore-channels, was thrown aft with violence over the quarter-deck and waist of the ship as she laboured through the agitated sea.

"'If this lasts much longer, we must take the foresail off of her, and give her the main-staysail,' said Bully to the master.

"'We must, indeed,' replied the captain, who was standing by them. 'But the day is breaking. Let us wait a little. Ease her, quarter-master.'

"'Ease her it is, sir.'

"At daylight, the gale having rather increased than shown any symptoms of abating, the captain was giving directions for the foresail to be taken off, when the seaman who was stationed to look out on the lee-gangway, cried out, 'A sail on the lee-beam!'

"'A sail on the lee-beam, sir!' retorted the officer of the watch to the captain, as he held on by a rope with one hand, and touched his hat with the other.

"'Here, youngster, tell the sentry at the cabin door to give you my deck glass,' said Captain M—— to Merrick, who was one of the midshipmen of the morning watch.

"'She's a large ship, sir—main and mizen masts both gone,' reported Bully, who had mounted up three or four ratlines of the main rigging.

"The midshipman brought up the glass; and the captain, first passing his arm round the fore-brace, to secure himself from falling to leeward with the lurching of the ship, as soon as he could bring the strange vessel into the field of the glass (no easy task under such circumstances, except to the practised eye of a sailor), exclaimed, 'A line-of-battle ship, by heavens!—and if I am any judge of a hull, or the painting of a ship, she is no Englishman.'

"Other glasses were now produced, and the opinion of the captain was corroborated by that of the officers on deck.

"'Keep fast the foresail, Mr. Bully: we'll edge down to her. Quarter-master, see the signal-haulyards all clear.'

"The captain went down to his cabin, while the frigate was kept away as he directed, the master standing at the conn. He soon came up again: 'Hoist No. 3 at the fore, and No. 8 at the main. We'll see if she can answer the private signal.'

"It was done; and the frigate, rolling heavily in the trough of the sea, and impelled by the furious elements, rapidly closed with the stranger.

"In less than an hour they were within half a mile of her; but the private signal remained unanswered.

"'Now, then, bring her to the wind, Mr. Pearce,' said Captain M——, who had his glass upon the vessel.

"The frigate was luffed handsomely to the wind—not, however, without shipping a heavy sea. The gale, which, during the time that she was kept away before the wind, had the appearance, which it always has, of having decreased in force, now that she presented her broadside to it, roared again in all its fury.

"Call the gunner—clear away the long gun forward—try with the rammer whether the shot has started from the cartridge, and then fire across the bows of that vessel.'

"The men cast loose the gun; and the gunner, taking out the bed and coin, to

obtain the greatest elevation to counteract the heel of the frigate, watched the lurch, and pitched the shot close to the forefoot of the disabled vessel, who immediately showed French colours over her weather-quarter.

" 'French colours, sir!' cried two or three at a breath.

" 'Beat to quarters, Mr. Bully,' said Captain M——.

" 'Shall we cast loose the main-deck guns?'

" 'No, no—that will be useless; we shall not be able to fire them, and we may have them through the sides. We'll try her with the carronades.'

" It was easy to perceive, without the assistance of a glass, that the men on board the French line-of-battle ship were attempting, in no very scientific manner, to get a jury-mast up abaft, that by putting after-sail on her they might keep their vessel to the wind. The foresail they dare not take off, as, without any sail to keep her steady, the remaining mast would in all probability have rolled over the side; but without after-sail the ship would not keep to the wind, and the consequence was, that she was two points off the wind, forging fast through the water, notwithstanding that the helm was hard a-lee.

" 'Where are we now, Mr. Pearce?' interrogated the captain: 'about eight or nine leagues from the land?'

" 'Say seven leagues, sir, if you please,' replied the master, 'until I can give you an exact answer,'—and he descended the companion-ladder to work up his reckoning.

" 'She's leaving us, Mr. Bully—keep more away, and run abreast of her. Now, my lads, watch the weather roll,—round and grape—don't throw a shot away—aim at the quarter-deck ports. If we can prevent her from getting up her jury-masts, she is done for.'

" 'As for the matter of that,' said the quarter-master, who was captain of one of the quarter-deck guns, 'we might save our shot. They haven't *nouse* enough to get them up, if left all to themselves.—However, here's a slap at her.'

" The frigate had now closed within three cables' lengths of the line-of-battle ship; and considering the extreme difficulty of hitting any mark under such disadvantages, a well-directed fire was thrown in by her disciplined seamen.

" The enemy attempted to return the fire from the weather main-deck guns; but it was a service of such difficulty and danger, that he more than once abandoned it. Two or three guns disappearing from the ports, proved that they had either rolled to leeward, or had been precipitated down the hatchways. This was indeed the case; and the French sailors were so much alarmed, from the serious disasters that had already ensued, that they either quitted their quarters, or, afraid to stand behind the guns when they were fired, no aim was taken, and the shots were thrown away. Had the two ships been equally manned, the disadvantage, under all the misfortunes of the Frenchman, would have been on the side of the frigate; but the gale itself was more than sufficient employment for the undisciplined crew of the line-of-battle ship. The fire from the frigate was kept up with vigour, although the vessel lurched so heavily as often to throw the men who were stationed at the guns into the lee-scuppers, rolling one over the other in the water with which the decks were floated; but this was only a subject of merriment, and they resumed their task with the careless spirit of British seamen. The fire, difficult as it was to take any precise aim, had the effect intended—that of preventing the French vessel from rigging any thing like a jury-mast. Occasionally the line-of-battle ship kept more away, to avoid the grape by increasing her distance; but the frigate's course was regulated by that of her opponent, and she continued her galling pursuit."

From this specimen our readers will conclude that the author before us, in describing preparations for "bad weather" and battle, uses the language of an officer and seaman. No lubberly conduct is evinced by the captain of the *Aspasia*, nor in the dialogue on deck is the nautical ear offended by the introduction of *fresh-water* phrases, by which the American novelist so frequently destroys the *vraisemblance* of his sketches. We never light on such lubberly expressions as "*full-rigged ship*"—



"bearing up against the breeze"—"filling the forward sails"—"setting the ensign," &c. &c.\* Nor does "Captain M——," like the far-famed "Red Rover," direct his first lieutenant to "haul down the staysails, and steady the ship by the yards!" A boy a month in "blue water" could inform Mr. Cooper that it is not by *naked* spars a ship is to be "steadied." The two succeeding chapters powerfully, and we may add, painfully detail the destruction by shipwreck of the French battle-ship and the British frigate. The motive of Captain M—— for resorting to an expedient so desperate will doubtless become a subject of professional discussion.

One more extract and we have done. It is descriptive of an oriental *baltue*, and it strikes us to be one of the most gorgeous and picturesque pieces of writing we ever remember to have read.

"At an early hour, Courtenay and his companions started with their attendants for the scene of action. Several elephants, as well as horses, had been provided, that the officers might mount them when they arrived, and fire from their backs with more deliberate aim. In less than two hours they reached the spot, which they had surveyed the day before. The game, which had been driven from jungle to jungle for many miles round, was now collected together in one large mass of underwood and low trees, three sides of which were surrounded by the natives, who had been employed in the service, and who had been joined by many hundreds from the town and neighbouring villages. As soon as the party arrived, those who were on horseback dismounted, took their stations upon the howdahs of the elephants, and collected at the corner of that side of the jungle at which the animals were to be driven out. The scene was one of the most animating and novel description. Forty or fifty of the superior classes of natives, mounted upon fiery Arabians, with their long, glittering, boar-spears in their hands, and above one hundred on foot, armed with musquets, surrounded the elephants upon which the officers were stationed. The people, who were waiting round the jungle—silent themselves, and busy in checking the noise and impatience of the dogs, held in leashes, whose deep baying was occasionally answered by a low growl from the outskirts of the wood—now received the order to advance. Shouts and yells, mixed with the barking of dogs, were raised in deafening clamour on every side. The jungle, which covered a space of fifteen or twenty acres, and which had hitherto appeared but slightly tenanted, answered, as if endued with life, by waving its boughs and rustling its bushes in every direction, although there was nothing to be seen.

"As they advanced, beating with their long poles, and preserving a straight and compact line, through which nothing could escape, so did the jungle before them increase its motion; and soon the yells of thousands of men were answered by the roars and cries of thousands of brute animals. It was not, however, until the game had been driven so near to the end of the jungle at which the hunters were stationed, and until they were huddled together so close that it could no longer contain them, that they unwillingly abandoned it. The most timorous, the rabbit and the hare, and all the smaller tribes, first broke cover, and were allowed to pass unnoticed; but they were soon followed by the whole mass, who, as if by agreement among themselves, had determined at once to decide their fate.

"Crowded in incongruous heaps, without any distinction of species or of habits, now poured out the various denizens of the woods—deer in every variety, locking their horns in their wild confusion; the fierce wild-boars, bristling in their rage; the bounding leopards; the swift antelope, of every species; the savage panthers; jackals and foxes, and all the screaming and shrieking infinities of the monkey tribe. Occasionally, amongst the dense mass could be perceived the huge boa-constrictor, rolling in convolutions—now looking back with fiery eyes upon his

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\* The professional reader well knows that "head sails" ought to have been substituted for "*forward sails*," and that "*setting the ensign*" is an expression not more incomprehensible than "*a full-rigged ship*."

pursuers, now precipitating his flight; while the air was thronged with its winged tenants, wildly screaming, and occasionally dropping down dead with fear. To crown the whole, high in the expanse a multitude of vultures appeared, almost stationary on the wing, waiting for their share of the anticipated slaughter. And as the beasts threw down and rolled over each other in their mad career—the preyer and the preyed upon, the powerful and the weak, the rapacious and the harmless, the destroyer and his victims—you might have fancied, from the universal terror which prevailed, that it was a day of judgment to which the inhabitants had been summoned.”

We may just allude, however, to the chapter on “Humbug,” which we anxiously recommend to the consideration of all the parties concerned; and what with the *imposers* and the *imposed-on*, we think that nearly the whole of the town will be included. We should like to know whether certain parts of this chapter are to be understood as developing the political creed of the writer. If so, and if from the quarter-deck of a man-of-war he should some day suddenly appear in the no less boisterous arena of St. Stephen’s Chapel, he will, we doubt not, be considered something more than an Admiralty automaton.

We cannot conclude our remarks without exhorting the clever author to abate some of his tendency to exaggeration; his dramatic talent is too genuine to need such forced aids. We might readily specify more than one instance of caricature. We could also have wished that the writer had more indulged in what may be termed incidental dialogue. Through this medium the verisimilitude of the scene would have been better preserved, and the stiffness of narrative would have been less tedious. But we have received so much pleasure from the perusal of “*The King’s Own*,” that we feel it would be ungracious to dwell upon what appears to us to be its defects.

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A CAUTION TO ALL POETS, AND TO ONE IN PARTICULAR. \*

“Garth did not write his own Dispensary.”

POPE.

In an era when mortals but mystery see,  
And no one can guess who his neighbour can be;  
When manuscript verses to poets are shown  
Who approve—and obligingly call them their own;  
When ladies write lyrics, and borrow the name  
Of a popular friend, to ensure them from shame;  
I venture to lift up the visor at last,  
And peep through the clouds that encircle the past.

I speak not the language of madness or mirth—  
I’m the greatest anonymous author on earth!  
And having been silent and secret so long,  
I intend to surprise the disciples of song,  
Some thirty years since—he’ll remember the time—  
I sent off to Campbell a packet of rhyme.  
The stanzas of Helicon bore the true twang,  
And with magical music each syllable rang;

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\* A key to these lines is to be found in a recent and very remarkable statement. It appears that a distinguished poet, on reading some stanzas by a lady who was doubtful of the propriety of printing them in her own name, politely offered her the use of *his*. They were printed accordingly, and we suppose were admired; for the lady has stepped forward with her story, and claimed them.



He relish'd their flavour, o'erwhelm'd me with praise,  
 He finally offer'd to father my lays,  
 And begg'd to become the affectionate sire  
 Of all the young odes to be born of my lyre.  
 He said that, as I was a stranger to fame,  
 If I'd lend him my stanzas he'd lend me his name.

But now that he sits in their glory enthroned,  
 I may safely reclaim all the songs that he own'd:  
 And, unless with my fame he intends to elope,  
 I request he'll restore me my "Pleasures of Hope."  
 "Hohenlinden," "Lochiel," I lent him—and these  
 I'll thank him to send by return of the breeze.  
 My "Gertrude"—the spirit yet hangs on her tone—  
 I implored him to rear her like one of his own.  
 'Twill surely afflict him, for parting is hard;  
 He must feel like the fossil remains of a bard!  
 To forsake the "Last Man," by adoption his son,  
 And write a new ode to the last man but one!

The world for a season much agony felt  
 To know where the author of "Waverley" dwelt;  
 Some said that the three-volumed mysteries flew  
 From the moon's farthest corner—some said that they grew.  
 Scott own'd them at last—but that proves not the sinner;  
 Ten thousand stout "noes" to one "yes" after dinner!  
 Then Coleridge—mankind has been led to believe  
 That *he* wrote the ballad about "Genevieve."  
 There's Wordsworth again; I shall want the "White Doe"  
 That I left in his library some years ago.  
 And Southey—before he drinks deep of his sack,  
 I trust he will send me "Don Roderick" back.  
 While Moore, as I've left him his laurel so long,  
 Will surely resign all pretensions to song.  
 Those "Melodies" once re-enshrined on my shelf,  
 The "Loves of the Angels" I'll leave to himself.

You imagine that Milman can soar on a wing—  
 That Hemans and Landon can sparkle and sing—  
 That Crabbe a satiric excursion can take,  
 And Rogers write smooth—the thing's all a mistake!  
 Alas! at Parnassus those names are unheard;  
 They boast many beauties—but wrote not a word.  
 The pilfer'd Promethean flame, that has burn'd  
 So brightly within them, must soon be return'd.  
 How many there are, now accounted divine,  
 Who, like poor Cinderella, will cease to be fine!  
 How many, now passing for wonders and wizards,  
 Whose coaches are pumpkins, whose lacqueys are lizards!

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## NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

THE loyal feelings of the empire have been kept in great anxiety by the state of the King's health. Without pretending to any Persian adoration for the throne, we know from many circumstances, and some of them of no remote occurrence, that the continuance of the King's life is one of the best pledges for the public security. We look to the future with no confidence in the benefits that the country would derive from change ; and in this full belief we echo the national sentiment, and say, "Long live the King!"

The first notice of his Majesty's illness was in the following:—

"*Official.*—We are concerned to announce that the King is not sufficiently well to come to town, and has commanded that the celebration of His Majesty's birth-day, his levee, and his drawing-room, should be postponed for a fortnight."

"*BULLETIN.*—*Windsor Castle, April 15, 1830.*—We regret to state that the King has had a bilious attack, accompanied by an embarrassment in breathing. His Majesty, although free from fever, is languid and weak.

"HENRY HALFORD.

"MATTHEW JOHN TIERNEY."

The public alarm was in some degree diminished by reports of his having had some sleep, and the non-appearance of bulletins on the Saturday and Sunday following. It was, however, speedily re-excited by the report that water was forming in the chest, and that sleep was procured only by laudanum. On Tuesday the following appeared in the Court Circular:—

"His Majesty's health has not, we regret to state, improved to that degree as was anticipated from the favourable state in which the King appeared on Saturday. Sir Henry Halford and Sir Matthew Tierney remained in attendance on his Majesty during Sunday night. The two medical gentlemen held a consultation yesterday morning at the Palace, previous to their leaving for London, and agreed upon the following bulletin for the information of the public:—

"*Windsor Castle, April 19, 1830.*—His Majesty continues to suffer occasionally from attacks of embarrassment in his breathing.

"HENRY HALFORD.

"MATTHEW JOHN TIERNEY.

"His Majesty may be considered to be rather better than when the first bulletin of the state of his health was issued; certainly not worse. Neither of the physicians were in attendance on the King during yesterday."

On the following day there was an improvement, and the following was communicated on the authority above quoted:—

"We have great satisfaction in being enabled to state that his Majesty passed a pretty good night on Tuesday, and experienced less difficulty from his complaint yesterday."

Thursday brought still more cheering intelligence; it ran thus:—

"His Majesty passed another good night on Wednesday, and yesterday morning the following bulletin, which confirms the previous favourable statements of his Majesty's health, was issued. It will be seen that only one physician now attends the King:—

"*Windsor Castle, April 22.*—The King is better.

"HENRY HALFORD.

"His Majesty signed a number of official warrants and documents on



Wednesday, some of them relating to the Treasury.—The Duke of Wellington visited the King, at his Palace at Windsor, yesterday; and after having an audience, returned to town."

Friday only confirmed the grateful tidings; and the report to-day is not less favourable. On Saturday the 24th, the improvement continued, ministers received dispatches giving favourable accounts, and the following bulletin was sent to the Lord Mayor:—

"*Windsor Castle, April 24.*—The King has passed two good nights, and continues better. (Signed) "HENRY HALFORD."

From that period, until the time of our going to press, the recovery seemed to be gradually progressive. The question of his Majesty's disorder, however, appears not yet settled among the authorities. The bulletin announcing the first decided illness is certainly no evidence of the clearness of expression for which the classic Sir Henry Halford is so fond of claiming distinction. The disease was defined to be "attacks of embarrassment in his breathing;" which we conceive to be a puzzling kind of description. While the puzzle continued, people of course set themselves about solving it in their own way; and there were but few maladies in the list of human sufferings which were not heaped on the head of our monarch. The gout in his stomach, or a conversion of the whole system into bile, were the prevalent discoveries. Water in the chest was supposed to be unquestionable; yet the doctors in attendance are now understood to deny it outright, and to limit the whole calamity to an "asthmatic difficulty of breathing." It is remarkable that court reasons never are the true reasons; that court facts are never to be relied upon, and that court physicians seem to have been from time immemorial incapable of giving a decided opinion upon the nature of a royal disease.

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This is a vigorous month of publication, and those who consult our reviews at the end of the Magazine will see that we have been active in watching its progress. But there are some volumes that we may announce here. Among the first of those is a republication of "The Last Days of Bishop Heber, by Thomas Robinson, A.M.;" being a collection of memoranda, issued from the Madras press, soon after the bishop's death, by his chaplain. Heber's best memorial is his own book; beyond all rivalry, the most various and animated account of India. His chaplain's journal adds some fillings-up of dates and dinners, excursions, and routine duties of the episcopal office. But we dislike the perpetual affectation of the style. That Heber was an active, ardent, and perfectly well-meaning man, and that his prolonged life might have been of great service to the cause of religion and civilization in India, no one can doubt. But his chaplain talks of him in a strain so totally unwarranted by Heber's, or almost any uninspired man's abilities, acquirements, or services, that common taste turns away in disgust.

To a chaplain, a bishop is, doubtless, at all times, a very important personage, and we can make considerable allowance for this professional habit of prostration. But Heber, if he had half the good sense for which the public give him credit, would have told this chaplain, that it was foolish to make an "apostle" of him; to call him "his father;" talk of shedding tears at his coming in or going out; that, in short, he was by no means inspired; that he was neither St. Peter nor St. Paul; and that, to the best of his belief, such language savoured too much of

fanatical *cant* to be worthy of an English clergyman. A Latin inscription for Heber's tombstone is given. It is immeasurably long. The use of an inscription being, not to give the history of a life, but the peculiarities of a character; and its merit consisting in giving those in the most condensed expression possible.

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A curious work on the whims and oddities of Ireland has just made its appearance. It is a collection of brief tales; and is entitled "*Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry.*" In these two duodecimo volumes, which are evidently written by an intelligent and practised writer, the picture is of a generation who have hitherto been defrauded of their fame by the Irish annalists. Tipperary and Kerry, the south and west of Ireland, have hitherto "lived in description and grown green in song." Mrs. Hall's very pretty books have thrown a budding popularity round Wexford, more to the east; but the present historian takes up his weapon for the honour of Ulster, or the north; a part of the country which we thought, in general, more productive of the material of shirts and trowsers than of ghosts flying by night, or conspiracies parading in noon. The wars of papists and orangemen have, it is true, a little varied the scene, but still the northern Irishman is a weaver; and romance "waves her wild wings," and flies from this half tailor generation. To "draw three souls out of one weaver" is beyond the mightiest labours that Shakspeare attributes to man, mermaids, or music; and the text palpably intimates the difficulty of finding so much as one within that sedentary and sallow flinger of the eternal shuttle.

However, genius can work wonders; and the author actually exhibits those flax-manipulating automats as being capable of making love and making battle; of running away with red-haired Rosamonds, and breaking each other's heads with native shillelahs. We recommend the work to those who desire to see a neglected portion of the human race raised into sudden celebrity, not less than to the curious in physiology, who have hitherto conceived a weaver to be an inseparable portion of his own loom.

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Another work of a graver class. "*Historical Sketches of the Native Irish,*" by C. Anderson, deserves an attentive perusal. The object of the volume is the preaching and general diffusion of scriptural knowledge in the native language; which still continues to be the only language of multitudes of Irish, and to be the favourite one, even where the English language is understood. A historical statement of the feeble efforts made, from the earliest period, to meet this difficulty, is given, and the volume certainly states a case well worthy of the deepest public attention.

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We are not fond of invoking Parliament to our aid, for reasons which might not be deemed sufficiently respectful to that illustrious body to mention; but we seriously wish that either Parliament or Sir Richard Birnie, who so ludicrously lays down the law in Bow-street, would take measures for bringing from the land of the Jews the far-famed missionary, Mr. Wolf, as rapidly as possible. To judge of him by his book, his preaching, and his conduct, a more thorough ass never wore ears. What he did on his former peregrinations he has recorded, and the record is a compound of self-sufficiency and weakness. This was, indeed, sending the blind to lead the blind.

We fully respect the motives of the individuals, some of them very



good men, and, probably, all very sincere men, who sent this fellow as a missionary. But, with the most perfect good-will to the cause, we cannot discover in him a single evidence of the temper, the talents, the grave knowledge, or the decorous spirit, that are essential to make any impression on the minds of men at all in earnest in their opinions. His early experiments seem all to have been abortive.

His present expedition produced its first fruits to him in a quarrel with the Turkish governor, which ended in a bastinado; and the last intelligence from this foolish fellow is that he has forced himself into some scrape, from which he is to be rescued only by the intervention of a British sloop of war. And all this occurs in a country where a crowd of British travellers are passing backwards and forwards every day, with scarcely more obstruction than in the tour from Piccadilly to Pimlico, where the pachas are in the habit of civilly receiving the English every day in the year, and where nothing but the most determined absurdity could contrive to make a quarrel. If the following paragraph, which we see uncontradicted, be true, we cannot conceive on what principle any missionary society can suffer itself to be represented by this person. Wolf, the converted Jew, who took his wife with him to Jerusalem, to assist in overthrowing the scruples of the Hebrews there and every where else, has been figuring as a prophet, even more authoritatively than the wildest of the modern enthusiasts. On the 21st of December he issued, from Cyprus, the following, among other important announcements:—

“The Lord Jesus Christ will again appear on earth in the year 1847, to gather together the Jewish nation from all quarters of the world, to bring them back to their land. Wellington the proud will be terribly punished, for having admitted into power the beast—I mean the Church of Rome. The Jews shall rise in divers places, and proclaim salvation by a crucified Saviour. *Blessed are those who hear now the name of Joseph Wolf—Sultan Mahmoud, thou art a great man, but the war of Russia has prepared thy death! another shall usurp thy place.*”

If Wolf ever wrote this nonsense, we know no corner of the earth but one fit to contain such a diplomatist. Sultans are not of such easy tempers as to suffer public proclamations of their dethronement. And as for the theology of the case, it is downright foolery. That the time will come for the conversion of the Jews, is irrevocably declared in the Scriptures in their own possession. But with the declaration there is coupled the most explicit denial that the date is to be ascertained by man, or by powers, perhaps as much superior to man as he is above the worm at his feet. It is this presumption that makes the wise and learned so often shrink from the attempt even to examine the most interesting and important predictions of the inspired volume. We wish that Wolf may escape future floggings or imprisonments; but we wish, if he must talk nonsense, that he would be content to talk it at Mr. Drummond's holy conversaziones!

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The marrying families declare this last winter was the worst in *their line* ever known. Except the Duke of Buccleugh, nothing worth catching was caught, and, in his case, the capture was by an accidental throw in the dulness of that dullest of all dull things, a visit in the country. The blame was laid upon the weather. We had so much frost and snow, that all the ladies' noses much outblushed their cheeks, and so far as lips and elbows went, every woman was a *blue*. The customary speeches

froze between the teeth of the marrying men, the pressures of the hands were all of the most selfish description and occupied in thawing each other, and the only flame in the whole generation of beaux and belles was the flame of Newcastle coal. But this desperate time has luckily come to an end, and, like Iceland music after a thaw, the suppressed melody of the passions is now ringing round the fashionable world—all is marrying and giving in marriage.

First of the first, the Duke of Brunswick, who seems to be the maddest of sovereigns, which is something beyond the "maddest of March hares," is flirting with all the opulent of France, and has sadly puzzled Prince Leopold the poor, and Mademoiselle Orleans the rich. The lady would take either, and either would take the lady. But the point of perplexity is, that Prince Leopold has not yet got his cap of sovereignty, and the Duke of Brunswick may be not far from losing his. Greece may have heard the cabbage-gooseberry speculations of the one, and utterly fling out the green-grocer; as the empire of Brunswick may refuse to lay itself at the mercy of a vulgar despot, with no more brains than his own walking-stick. But in England the genius of manœuvring thrives, and the spinsters are getting rid of their singleness as fast as they can. These are but a few of the votaries or victims of Hymen:—A marriage is in contemplation between the eldest of the Ladies Bertie, daughter to Lord Abingdon and the Hon. and Rev. Charles Bathurst; Lady Alicia Howard, youngest daughter of the late Earl of Wicklow, is shortly to be married to William Bissett, Esq., nephew of the Bishop of Raphoe; a union between Lord Ashley and Lady Emily Cowper; one between the Hon. William Ashley and Miss Baillie; and last, not least, a marriage between Prince Schwartzberg and Lady Ellenborough are announced. The Schwartzberg affair however is said to threaten a delay, which must be peculiarly hurtful to the delicacy of Miss Digby's feelings. The little Emperor of Austria, who is a great marrier himself, is said to have taken a sudden idea into his head, that the lady's example would be by no means necessary to his domestic comforts, and, in short, that the gentle court of Vienna has quite exhibitions enough of those charming *liaisons*, without importing any in the shape of English contraband goods. Such is the rumour of the day, which we understand has thrown Miss Digby into great dejection at the cruelty of emperors in thwarting the virtuous passions of the sex. But it is also whispered, that the Emperor of Austria does not care a lock of his moustaches about the affair, and that the report has been compiled for the purpose of satisfying Miss Digby that she is *not* to be a princess: the gallant prince finding Paris pleasant, champagne dear, and Miss Digby almost as intolerable a burthen as if she were a wife.

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The most *valuable affair* of the season was a furious quarrel between Madame Vestris and Anderson, an experimentalist in opera. The stage chroniclers say, that Anderson was a worshipper of the beauties of Josephine, sister of Madame, the fact of which offended Madame; the rumour offended Josephine; and the compound of fact and rumour prodigiously offended Anderson.

In this condition of the tempers on all sides, the fire was brought to a focus, as philosophers say, by Anderson declining to play Macheath until he had learned the part,—no bad reason,—and by Vestris taking it, she having triumphed in it before. Madame, however, was hissed by some malcontent in the shilling gallery. This kind of criticism was new to the clever little actress, and she and her friend, or friends, made that



blockhead who performs law at Bow Street,—that *Sir Richard Birnie*—(such is knighthood)—a party in the cause, from whom she proceeded to lay her wrongs before our sovereign lord the king, in the form of a bill presented to the grand jury against Anderson, for “hiring people to deprive her of her bread by hissing,” &c. &c.

As all grand juries must do something for the honour of their office, they brought in the bill at once, and the parties were in a fair course of hearing themselves very handsomely abused on both sides, by men learned in the law, and handsomely paid for the same. But the children of the muses are of a more glowing temperature; and they could not wait for the tardiness of forensic Billingsgate. So, on the very first public opportunity, the performance of *Guy Mannering*, they declared their mutual confidences. The detail is too brilliant for our frigidity, and we give it from an eye-witness.

Let our readers imagine *Guy Mannering*, act 2d, scene 1st; the duet of “Now hope, now fear” is over, and the *Henry* appears. He bore the “strife of gods and men” with most laudable *nonchalance*, while *Madame* realised Byron’s description of a boarding-school miss, and seemed

“So much alarmed that she was quite alarming.”

The tumult which ensued was a hot-bed for extemporaneous eloquence both on the stage and in front. Anderson stated that *Madame’s* assertions were altogether *false*. This we thought a *strong* expression towards a lady; for had he used it respecting a gentleman, the consequences would have been unpleasant. Wallack begged a hearing for *Vestris*, and seemed to feel for the novelty of her situation. He remarked that extemporaneous speaking was not exactly in her line, and seemed good-naturedly to intimate that, as it was in his, he was ready to be eloquent. The lady, not duly appreciating this handsome offer, preferred (as ladies do occasionally) using her own tongue. *She* appealed to her affidavit, and assured the audience that she was prepared to substantiate her charge. She added, “With respect to Mr. Anderson, if I had not every proof of his conduct, I would not have taken the steps which I have felt it to be my duty to adopt. I am well convinced that he hired persons to drive me from the stage. (Cries of ‘No, no,’ and ‘true, true.’) If, ladies and gentlemen, he can clear himself from the stigma of having thus behaved, no person will be more rejoiced at it than myself. (Applause.) Ladies and gentlemen, I hope that, for your amusement, you will suffer us to finish the opera.” (Bravo.) “Make it up! *kiss* and be friends,” said one in the pit. “Josephine would *kick* at the kissing,” was answered from the upper boxes. “*He’s* to blame,” from one quarter; “*She’s* to blame,” from another; “They’re a pretty *pair* for a *curricie*,” says a third. It would seem that Anderson does not cherish *Falstaff’s* sentiment, “The better part of valour is discretion;” for they do say in the theatre, that when remonstrance was used on the ground of incurring public censure, he said, “I’ll fight any man in the house who says I should make an apology.” He *showed fight* when his groom said that he knew his master could fight any one of them; and if a second appeared he would be glad to encounter him.

All this is excellent. And we peculiarly admire the sublimity of Anderson, who thus laid down the chivalric maxim, that any who dared to think him any thing short of Braham or King Solomon, merited a brace of bullets in his brains, or a thrust in the thorax. His *groom*, too, becomes an historic character; and the whole is a very fine burlesque. “Kiss and be friends,” indeed! We say, “War to the knife.”

## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

*The Picture of India, Geographical, Historical, and Descriptive*, 2 vols. 12mo. 1830. —Of the multitudinous subjects of public concernment, extending over every quarter of the world, the greater part depend almost wholly upon accident for the revival of any interest about them; while some few, from special causes, contain in themselves a security against oblivion, by periodically recalling attention, with the certainty of a fixed festival. The question of India is of this kind. Every twenty years the Company's Charter must be reviewed and renewed, and the renewal—never doubtful, nor will it be for a few more twentys of years—stirs up a commotion, not only among those who desire to shake or share the monopoly, but among the thousands who have no earthly concern or regard for the matter but to talk and speculate. But every body, at the periods of approaching discussion, is expected to know all about India; and to talk even at a dinner table, or at a conversazione with any effect, some acquaintance with facts—some specific information on the subject, is really almost indispensable. Hence arises the necessity for new books with the newest intelligence, written down to the last hour; and the *Picture of India* presents itself at the critical moment to meet the sure demand. Though got up avowedly to meet this sure but temporary demand, it must be allowed to be *well* got up—by some one familiar with the subject in every branch of it—with philosophy enough to detect the bearings of particular facts upon general conclusions, and with wisdom enough of the practical kind to turn them into the channels which lead to the decision of a question of great political importance. The *Picture of India* will survive the immediate occasion which prompted its production, and take its place as a book of valuable information among works of permanent interest. The work is very neatly printed, and handsomely illustrated by woodcuts of views, peculiar ceremonies, animals, &c. &c.

*Travels in Peru, and a Residence at Potosi*, by Edm. Temple, Knight of the royal and distinguished Order of Charles III., 2 vols., 8vo.—Among the Companies which sprung up, mushroom-like, in 1825, none was more magnificent in promise or splendid in outfit than the Potosi Association. Generals and barons, foreigners of course, were among its commissioners; and Mr. Temple, himself a captain of cavalry in the Peninsular war, and a Spanish knight, figured as secretary with 500*l.* a year and corresponding appointments. Not a moment was lost: the whole party, with servants and dogs, a fashionable carriage which proved of no use, and packets of gingerbread and pepper-M.M. *New Series*.—VOL. IX. No. 53.

mint drops, which unluckily got wetted and melted before they had occasion for these especial comforts in crossing the Pampas, embarked in a post-office ten-gun brig, landed at Buenos Ayres, scudded along the said Pampas, flew through Cordova, Tucuman, Salta, Tupitza, and rested not till Potosi itself received them, panting and melting, within its gold and silver embraces. At the port of Arica, a vessel laden with stores to the tune of 20,000*l.* was to arrive almost as soon as themselves; and accordingly the general rode forward to welcome it, and take charge of its treasures; and in the meantime the baron set out to examine and buy up mines, and Mr. Secretary opened his books and spread out his papers. Scarcely had operations actually commenced at Potosi, when intelligence arrived that the Company had split, and the cargo at Arica had been seized on the part of the seceding directors. No money was forthcoming: the secretary suspended the works, discharged the labourers; and broke up the establishment. His occupation was gone: he despatched an indignant letter of resignation, and scampered back to England with as much celerity, but with less hilarity, than he went. Not that he lost his good spirits: he is of a buoyant temperament, with an elasticity of feeling proof against any ordinary pressure. Though neither abounding in incident, nor very instructive in facts, the manner of the book is lively and dashing, and not unattractive: the narration is strictly a personal one; and the author makes the most of his little adventures by sea and by land, with an eye to the ludicrous. Captain Temple talks, of course, of mines; but of them we have already had enough; and his line of march is, moreover, familiar 'household words,' or as the quotation itself. He finds the towns every where suffering under neglect, the Spaniards every where indolent, and the Indians, amiable and cultivable, every where oppressed. The capabilities of the country are every where incalculable; and his predictions are as sanguine as his belief is fixed, that South America has gained by independence. When he passed through Tucuman, a Colonel Somebody, with a few marauders in the garb of soldiers, had just expelled the governor, and taken his place; and was himself, a few months afterwards, it appeared, pushed from his stool with as little ceremony by another predatory Colonel.

Captain Temple describes graphically and amusingly: for instance the balsa, in crossing the Santiago river.

The boats were constructed in a much shorter time than I require to describe them, although their description may be given in a few words, thus:—Take a dried bullock's hide, pinch up each of the four corners, put a stitch with a thorn to keep those



corners together, and your boat is made. For use, place it upon the water bottom downwards; then, to prevent its natural tendency to turn bottom upwards, put one foot immediately in the centre, and let the other follow with the most delicate caution: thus, standing breathless in the middle, you are now to shrink downwards, contracting your body precisely in the manner in which, probably in your childhood, you have pressed a friar into a snuff-box. This position, however inconvenient, serves to conceal a considerable share of timidity from your companions, though not from the spectators, who line the banks of the river, indulging in loud wild laughter. When crouched down in the bottom, sundry articles are handed in, and ingeniously deposited round you, until the *balsa* sinks to about an inch or perhaps an inch and a half from the water's edge; it is then considered sufficiently laden. A naked peone now plunges into the stream. "Mercy on us!" is the natural exclamation; for the first impression from the shock is, that yourself and all your property are going to the bottom; but you are instantly relieved from this very probable conjecture by the peone's taking hold of one of the corners of the *balsa* (which projects like that of a cocked hat), and asking you—"Está V. bien?" "Are you comfortable?" To this question you reply by a nod of the head, for the use of the tongue is lost; but even if words were at command, you may not wish to commit yourself by expressions diametrically opposed to feelings and symptoms; or you may wish it to be imagined, as is sometimes practised in perilous situations, that your profound silence indicates indifference of danger, or may pass for coolness and presence of mind. Silence also conveys an idea of gravity, and of resignation to your fate, which, indeed, is no more than becoming, when you feel persuaded that nothing short of a miracle can prolong your existence beyond a quarter of an hour. The nod being given, a peone on the shore imparts a gentle impulse to your tottering bark, while the peone in the water, keeping hold of the corner with one hand, strikes out with the other, and swims away with you to the opposite bank. The moment you touch it, so great is your joyful surprise at arriving perfectly safe that all the perils of your voyage are forgotten, and you soon find out (as is often the case in life) that your imagination had represented dangers and difficulties, where, with a little caution, there existed neither the one nor the other.

The shape of the poncho is conveyed in much fewer words:—An oblong square garment, having a hole in the centre, through which the head passes. It is worn constantly by men, and may be called the cloak of the country. Ladies use it only on horseback.

Capt. Temple has some information about the height of the Andes from Mr. Pentland, a gentleman attached to the Peruvian Embassy.

Chimborazo has long passed for the highest of the Cordilleras, and, until the discovery of the Himalaya, was supposed to be the highest mountain in the world. M. Humboldt, as he himself observes, "had the pleasure of seeing a greater extent of mountains than any other geognost;" but he did not pursue his travels to this part of the Andes, where subsequent travellers have ascertained the height of the Ylimani to be 21,800 feet above the level of the sea, exceeding that of Chimborazo by 350 feet—no very great difference, it may perhaps be said, in subjects of such vast dimensions; but still quite

sufficient to take from the latter the palm of *superlative* magnitude and grandeur in the great chain of the Andes.

Mr. Pentland, who measured the Ylimani in 1826, gave me his calculations with the remark, that "they required revision;" consequently they were not intended to go forth as accurate. At a subsequent period, I was informed by our chief commissioner, who took a warm interest in these subjects, that the height of Ylimani had been given to him as 21,800 feet, which agrees with that given to me by Mr. Pentland, and this appears to be corroborated by the observations of Dr. Redhead.

This account, however, does not at all agree with Humboldt's recent *Mémoire sur les Travaux Géographiques et Géognostiques* de M. Pentland: Instead of 21,800 feet, Ylimani is there stated to be 24,350, and Sorate 25,400. Is this addition of more than 3,000 feet the result of M. Humboldt's "revision" of Mr. Pentland's calculations? We are afraid mighty little reliance is to be placed upon either calculations or "revision."

*The Game of Life*, by Leitch Ritchie, 2 vols. 12mo. 1830.—A volume of magazine sketches by this gentleman, some time ago, we considered as the production of no common person; and the tale before us confirms our estimate and anticipations. The writer's object is here plainly to delineate certain scenes of London misery which do not fall within the purview of everybody, and he has done so with spirit, and possibly with truth: the rest is mere machinery. An elderly gentleman, retired from business on a slender pittance, and subsequently enriched by the death of a brother, finds himself a lonely being, without a relation or a friend, and almost without an acquaintance, save the curate who plays backgammon with him. Wearying of the solitude and monotony of his condition, and panting for some object on which to pour his unoccupied affections, he takes a sudden resolution to abandon, for a time, the curate and his game of counters, to go and play a "game of life." He recollects a lady whom he had once admired, but who had jilted him in favour of a poor lieutenant; he resolves to go and see her, and sets off for her residence at Llangollen by the mail. He finds her a widow, with a son, a fine, frank youth, on the point of starting for London to seek his fortune, with ten pounds in his pocket. With her also he finds a young and beautiful girl of a vigorous and intelligent character, an orphan, the child of nobody knew whom, and keeping a little school in the town. In his longings for objects on whom to lavish his overflowing tenderness, these two young and interesting persons seem the very beings he wants; and he accordingly resolves to patronize them, but to set about the matter prudently. He will put them to their probation; he lays his little plan; he foresees all the incidents of the drama, and fondly hopes to wind it up at his pleasure. In vain the curate reminds

him men and women are not to be played with like counters, and advises him to come back to backgammon, as a more manageable game. No : his mind is made up. The youth goes to town, and the old man follows, meaning to watch over him, and shield him from difficulties. Unluckily he is too late. The first evening of his arrival, the young man had called upon an acquaintance of his native town, whom he found in a garret with a wife and two children, in the deepest misery, and earning a wretched subsistence by copying lawyers' papers. To escape from his own feelings, the miserable man takes the youth to a neighbouring tap-house, where he encounters some rough associates, among others a reporter who had pretty well exhausted his resources. Returning to his inn, he loses his way ; and while in a state of perplexity where to pass the night, he drops upon the reporter, who takes him to a house where crowds of men and women are assembled, of the lowest caste. He escapes as soon as possible, and the next day presents his letters of recommendation, and discovers the hopelessness of his chance of employment. Repeating his visit to his law-friend, he again accompanies him to the scene of the former night, where he is seduced into drunkenness and a quarrel, and during the struggle catches the eye of the old gentleman he had a few days before seen at his mother's. Old Mr. Vesper had unluckily learnt all that had passed since his arrival, without any of the palliatives ; and he returned to Wales, disappointed, to communicate the sad result to his other protégée. She renounces the youth forthwith in a letter of severity, which almost distracts the poor lad. In the meanwhile his little money vanishes, when he again encounters his pot-house acquaintance the reporter ; and, relating to him his forlorn condition, is advised to turn *penny-a-liner*. At the moment, fire-engines are flying past : they pursue them to the scene of action, and his first essay is a flaming description of the horrible and woful consequences. His ambition rises with success. He attempts a magazine article, and receives a cheque ; he repeats the dose, and receives a *check* of another kind, which leaves him utterly without resources, and without a penny. He is shut out of his lodgings, wanders through the streets, finds himself at one of the bridges, and in despair attempts to throw himself from the battlements. A bible in his pocket catches the coping, and saves him, and brings him to more sober thoughts. He opens it, and, to his amazement, finds a 50*l.* note, placed in it by Mr. Vesper when leaving his mother's. Just at this time, that benevolent old gentleman was again in London, in pursuit of the youth : he traced him everywhere ; and everywhere, unhappily, circumstances told against him. The young man hears of his inquiries, and, not knowing their object, resolves to seek him, and has the vexation to catch a glance of him in a

coach just started for Wales. His 50*l.* however, enables him to assume a more decent appearance ; and by the aid of a sort of general agent, is presented to a member of parliament, who wants assistance for a speech and a pamphlet. This member of parliament happens to be the proprietor of the estates in the neighbourhood of which live his mother and the charming schoolmistress : he had seen the latter, was passionately in love, had even offered marriage, and finally resolved to carry her off by force. His new secretary, without knowing his purpose, accompanies him, and discovery of course follows. The old man was present, and by a curious train of circumstances the young lady turns out to be his own niece. His purpose is completely answered ; he takes her and her lover to his home, and with them two or three others who had forwarded his views ; and among them the law-writer, who proved an honourable man, and the reporter, who was not without redeeming qualities.

*Travels in the Morea, by Wm. Martin Leake, F.R.S., &c. 3 vols., 8vo., 1830.*—If Colonel Leake's purpose really was what he obviously hints, what indeed he assigns as the main cause for the long delay of his publication, that is, to make his book agreeable to the general reader, he has shot wide of his mark. It will not in any respect suit the general reader : it has *none* of the qualities that attract him ; it deals neither with politics nor personalities ; it scarcely glances at events, and but incidentally notices the living beings among whom the author travels, their habits, or their condition. It is a dry survey of the country, with reference to objects about which the general reader cares not a rush. It is, however, the result of the most pertinacious research, the fruit of considerable learning and untiring zeal ; and though it will get no introductions to boudoirs and drawing-rooms, it will retain a permanent position in the libraries of silent students. The author's sole object was to identify the ancient topography of the Peloponnesus, and he traversed the peninsula at almost every point of the compass, book in hand, with Pausanias and Strabo for his guides, or rather the former only, for Strabo, so far as regards the Morea, was but a cabinet speculator, and a sort of commentator on the Homeric catalogue. The colonel's researches began so far back as the year 1806, when the Morea was quite a new field. Wheeler and Chandler had seen nothing but the coast, and some small portions close to it. The interior was utterly unknown. Olympia, Megalopolis, Sparta, Messene, Tegea ; none of them had been visited. Col. Leake has left nothing, at least unlooked for ; but so sweeping have been the devastations of time, that many localities once of celebrity can with difficulty—that is, not with certainty—be identified. He has, however, done much ; and the map of



the peninsula, which before depended almost wholly upon inferences gathered from descriptions of ancient historians and geographers, is now constructed with something like trigonometrical precision. One thousand five hundred measurements were made with the sextant and theodolite, and these corrected or confirmed by some good observations of latitude.

Eleia proves, perhaps, the most barren of interest: the relics are fewer, and every spot more difficult to trace. Rivers and hills are permanent, or nothing would have been accomplished. After Elis monopolised the management of the Olympian festival, it attracted the wealth and population of Eleia and Trephylla, and other places fell into decay. The soil of Eleia, too, is sandy, and the scarcity of stone led to the plundering of buildings and temples. It is moreover liable, beyond other parts of the Morea, to alluvial changes. The sanctity of the territory, besides, superseded the necessity of castles and fortresses. These are all conspiring causes. Messenia and Laconia are both of them in a somewhat similar state, though from different sources. The Spartans, after their conquest of Messenia, themselves levelled the fortresses and enslaved the natives; and Laconia was kept in a state of vassalage scarcely less rigid. Except at Andania—and there are found rather vestiges than ruins of the massive works which once defended the site—no traces are discoverable of ancient fortresses, such as Arcadia and Argeia still present.

The eastern parts of the peninsula have better retained the old names; but it is not always safe to trust to this source of identification, at least in the western parts. For instance, the modern Koroni, on the eastern coast of Messenia, is not the ancient Corone: the descriptions of both Pausanias and Strabo prove incontestably that Petatidhi, some ten miles higher up the gulf, is the site of the ancient town. From the few natives at all cultivated and acquainted with the old writers of Greece, nothing seems to be attainable. At Dhimitzana is a school, the most renowned in the Morea, and apparently older than the Turkish invasion, the didascalus of which Col. Leake describes as a "sensible, pleasant man, with a tolerable knowledge of the ancient authors, and a good memory." According to him, Dhimitzana is the ancient *Psophis*, the mountain of Stemnitz *Lampeia*, and the river *Erymanthus*. "In vain," says Col. Leake, "I turn to Pausanias, and endeavour to show him that those places must have been some thirty miles distant. He produces Meletius, though he acknowledges him to be full of errors, in support of the tradition which he received from his predecessor in the school, and which the people of Dhimitzana have been so long accustomed to, that they will probably adhere to it as long as Greece remains in its present state of dark-

ness." At Solos, in Arcadia, he observes, "I can find no person, not even the didascalus, who is scholar enough to be sensible that he is living on the banks of the Styx; but what is very curious, though ignorant in this respect, they preserve the old notion that the water of the river is unwholesome, and relate nearly the same story concerning it as Pausanias, saying that no vessel will hold the water, &c."

While roaming among the hills of Arcadia, he took shelter in a shepherd's tent. "The man," says he, "has his wife and children, and his sons' wives and all their children, to the number of twelve or fifteen, in the tent. Milk and misithra is their only food. 'We have milk in plenty,' they tell me, 'but no bread.' Such is the life," he adds, "of a modern Arcadian shepherd, who has almost reverted to the balanephagous state of his primitive ancestors. The children, however, all look healthy, and are handsome, having large black eyes and regular features, with very dark complexions."

Occasionally passages like the following relieve the general dulness of the book: it is making an agreeable use of his learning.

These woody heights (still in Arcadia), backed by the higher summits, are admirably adapted to shelter the wild animals which made Pholoe and its vicinity so favourite a resort of Diana and her nymphs, and Scillus so delightful a residence for a sportsman like Xenophon. Of the wild animals which afforded chase to Xenophon and his friends at Scillus, deer are now rare in the lower parts of the mountain; but they are found in the higher regions, as well of Pholoe, as of the other great summits of the peninsula: the roebuck and the wild hog are frequently seen as low as Scillus and the banks of the Alpheius. The bear would seem, from the silence of Xenophon regarding it, not to have been common in the Peloponnesus in his days; though in more ancient times we may be assured that it existed, from its skin having furnished clothing to the Arcadians, and from the story of Areas and Callisto. It is very possible, that as the wild animals diminish with the increase of the human species, the bear may have been driven out of the peninsula in the most populous and civilized ages of Greece, nor have regained its footing in the Peloponnesian mountains until the Roman wars and their consequences had reduced the country to a state of desertion from which it has never recovered. In the time of Pausanias, the bear was common in the woods of Arcadia: it is now seldom seen in any part of the Morea, though the occasional appearance of *αρκοδι* in the mountains both of Arcadia and Laconia is generally attested by the inhabitants.

The women of Mistra (in Lacedæmon, not far from the banks of the Eurotas) and the surrounding plain, the gallant colonel observes, were taller and more robust than other Greeks, had more colour, and looked healthier; and learnedly reminds us this agrees also with Homer's *λακῆδαίμονα καλλιγύναικα*.

About an hour west of Monemvasia, not far from Mistra, there are still vineyards which produce a strong wine; but that which gave rise to the name of *Malmsey* has

been long extinct. Malvasia is a corruption of this Monemvasia.

At Tripolitza, he communicates a little bit of information for the naturalists: *they* are not often indebted to him: "An idea prevails here, which I have heard repeated in several parts of the Morea, that the swallows come in the spring from Africa *on the backs of the cranes*. A person of good credit has assured me, that he has seen a crane light upon a ship at sea with swallows on its back. The storks arrive in the Morea at the same time as the cranes, but are not swallow-carriers; whether," he adds, to show that he can be funny if he chooses, "whether from want of charity, or want of strength, I cannot learn."

*Mount Sinai, a Poem, in four Books, by William Phillips, of the Middle Temple, 1830.*—It is of no manner of use for writers to be continually *deprecating* in the way they do. The world wish to be informed or amused, and find no compensation, no indemnity, in apologies and palliatives. Readers care not about the arduousness of the task—it is the writer's own choice; nor about his possible inability—it is his concern: and as little are they influenced by being told, as Mr. Phillips tells them, that it is a first effort; that (by implication) the next will be better; that the deed was done in sorrow and suffering. Even the wonder-working pencil of Mr. Martin can do nothing for him, nor ought it. The poem must stand upon its own merits. He was bound neither to write nor to publish. If the writing relieved dejection, it is well; it answered a good purpose—the publishing would do nothing but annoy his readers, and finally himself. Accustomed as we are to *force* our attention, we could not manage Mr. Phillips's poem: about two-thirds of the first canto wore us to a stick. The author professes to adhere to Milton's "metrical economy, as preferable to that of numbers of more modern extraction." If Mr. P. was to be read by Milton's contemporaries, there would be some reason in thus adhering; *they* might read it; but for what purpose the obsolete tournure of his style is to be revived, or who is to be charmed by it, is past our comprehension. It is the idlest pedantry imaginable to employ antiquated words, and not the language of the times—to use stale and stiff inversions of phrase because they were fashionable two centuries ago. We hate mere verbal criticism, and never have recourse to it; but we must ask what beauty the author discovers in create for creation, alternate for successive, equal for adequate, sometime for formerly?—why he employs such words as dissilient or aperient, when he is talking, not of opening medicine, but of opening a door? or inchoate, natheless, called off for called by, &c.?

We must quote a line or two where the writer evidently thinks he is particularly brilliant,

— Sacred Sleep,

*Insensate handmaid of the dewy night,*  
Claim'd all in Israel, and the camp was still.

Some of the effects of a flight of locusts:

— Pleasant herbs,

*'Neath fell infliction of the frequent fang,*  
*Distain the sward with aromatic, while*  
*At brouse the dusky populace malign*  
In breathing acres batten.

What enigma is this?—is *reflecting* meant?

Fair forms of angels from his wrath emerged,  
Glassing the mellow smile of Him.

But a longer scrap will furnish a fairer estimate. Moses is setting out for Mount Sinai.

The camp thus threads he till the gate extreme  
Itself is gain'd. Evolving, it divides  
On mural hinge aperient, but erewhile  
Albeit impregnable. *From thence infer*  
*How high his office!* Presently, while Night  
Attain'd her zenith, upon Sinai's skirts,  
Beyond the frontier of the wild, he stood.  
Shone full before him (*he might else have err'd*)  
Such light as lingers in the filming eye  
Of late-expiring, red, solstitial eve  
On fertile Ind, or o'er the Caspian, rich  
In watery mine. *With faltering step and faint*  
*On quest portentous clomb the prophet then*  
*Steep Sinai difficult—with faltering step*  
*And faint, on quest portentous he.* Though toil  
Or pain there needs not to a thewe, or nerve  
Ascending thus that mount precipitous,  
For seraph strength upon his aged limbs  
Was knit and girded—such a strength divine  
As mortals boast not: nor yet marvel was  
That soul wax'd weak, without though seraph-  
braced,—

Alone, unsandall'd, he must meet the Lord.

Then was Moses fatigued or not?—or did he only make believe? If he was, it must, it seems, have been voluntarily incurred.

On his arrival at the summit, he was thus addressed:

Arise and hearken, O beloved of God!  
Beloved as well henceforth as heretofore.

Which puts a stop to our progress, and will to most others.

*The Pilgrim of the Hebrides, 1830.*—A tour in rhyme, distributed not into chapters, but cantos; the first ranging from Glasgow to Staffa, the next from Staffa to Fort William, and a third from Fort William to Edinburgh. A second visit comprehends a tour to Inverary, to Skye and Inverness, and back again to Edinburgh. The poet describes and remarks by turns, historically and morally, always with facility, and sometimes forcibly. He carries the fetters of rhyme lightly; they seem no burden, no encumbrance: he moves as easily with them as without; they are of silk not metal. The versification is vigorous and sonorous; but the stuff and staple, however elegantly expressed, are of a very ordinary quality, very dull prose; and the whole wears by the monotony of the cadence and the very precision of the metre, and especially by the comeliness of the sentiment.



Here is at least spirit in expression; and had we not had so much of a similar kind of late years, it would be striking.

Man is a riddle, to himself unknown,  
Of hope and fear, of loathing and desire—  
Pursuits abandoned, projects overthrown—  
A cloud, a spark, a smoke, a flash of fire:  
In vanity and guilt the seeds are sown  
Of woes that life infest, till life expire;  
And though the present mock our hope, a gleam  
Of future and remote still lengthens out the dream.

Light-bounding onward, youth aspires to climb  
The ascent of life, and numbers every hour,  
And chides it for delay, till manhood's prime  
Give licence to besiege the gates of power,  
Of wealth or glory; while the gulf of time  
Yawns underneath unheeded, to devour  
The crowd, the pomp, the revelry, the car  
Of triumph; arts and arms, and policy and war.

But when the strength is tasked, when heart and brain  
In error are perplexed, and worn with woes,  
Then youth and enterprise cry out amain,  
And envy age his honours and repose;  
While age is heard responsive to complain  
And murmur that his day is at the close;  
And take reluctant leave of broil and rout,  
The struggle and the chance, the victory and the shout.

*Travels through Central Africa to Timbuctoo, by René Caillié, 2 vols. 8vo. 1830.*—Caillié was born in 1800, brought up at a charity-school, and put to some humble trade, but at sixteen, impelled by an irresistible desire to see the world and especially Africa, he embarked in a small vessel bound for the Senegal, with sixty francs for his viaticum. At the period of his arrival, Major Peddie's expedition was preparing—he died—Campbell died; and the next year Major Gray's commenced on the Gambia. Young Caillié, longing for an opportunity to go into the interior, set out on foot, in company with a couple of negroes, in the hope of getting employment from Major Gray; but he was compelled to stop at Cape Verde. The journey knocked up both him and his hopes, and he was glad to accept a passage to Guadaloupe, and a recommendation to a merchant of that colony. A few months, however, brought him back to St. Louis, just at the time when Adrien Partarrien was there performing some commission for Major Gray, and on the point of rejoining the expedition. Caillié obtained from his countryman permission to accompany him; but illness obliged him, before the expedition terminated, to return to St. Louis. From thence he sailed to France, but in 1824 he was again on the Senegal. Baron Roger commanded the colony, and from him he succeeded in obtaining some assistance, and his consent to go up the river as far as the Brancas to learn among them Arabic and Moorish ceremonies. After a residence of about eight months, he found himself, from the want of resources and some misunderstanding with the natives, obliged to

come back to St. Louis, where he met with but a sorry reception from the new governor. In the hope of Baron Roger's return to the colony he continued at St. Louis and the neighbouring villages, and earned a miserable subsistence by catching and stuffing birds. Baron Roger returned, but refused peremptorily to further his views. Caillié now resolved to go to Sierra Leone to solicit English assistance, but naturally neither General Turner, nor his successor, Sir Neil Campbell, would listen, though General Turner kindly gave him the superintendence of an Indigo factory, with a salary of 3,600 francs. Still restless, and eager as ever to reach Timbuctoo, he had no sooner saved 2,000 francs, than he determined to attempt the journey on his own resources, and finally accomplished it. From Sierra Leone—not from the colony on the Senegal, as the English preface has it—he sailed to the Rio Nunez, and proceeded by Kakondy, Timbo, and Kankan—not Kankan and Timbo—some 200 miles beyond Soulimana, to a town or village called Tima, where he was detained some months by illness, and was tolerably well treated. From that point he proceeded northward through more than a hundred villages, till he reached the Dhiolibia, or Jolibia, or Niger on the right bank opposite to Jenné. From Jenné he embarked on the river, and had ample opportunities of observing its course, its islands, and the immense lake of Debo through which it flows, in a voyage of a month's continuance, till he arrived at his ultimate point, Timbuctoo. Timbuctoo, to his great disappointment, he found considerably smaller than Jenné, and instead of a town as large as Lisbon, according to Adams, one of about ten or twelve thousand inhabitants, in houses not very thickly congregated, and so covering a larger space than towns of the same population in Europe. It is built on the edge of the great desert—itsself on the sands—the country around is utterly unsusceptible of cultivation—not a tree to be seen, and scarcely a shrub; and the river at least seven or eight miles distant. The natives depend on the trade in salt, and exchange it for European products from Tripoli and Morocco, and for native ones from Jenné. Caillié's stay did not exceed a fortnight, and he was plainly not able to get to a thorough understanding, how such a number of persons, situated as he represents them, could live. Apparently the place is an entrepôt—Moors bring salt on camels from the mines of Tondenyi, and Moors bring tobacco and some European goods from the shores of the Mediterranean. But at Timbuctoo the merchants seem all to be Moors, whilst the bulk of the people are negroes. Caillié only gives us a glimpse—we must still wait for full information. At Timbuctoo, Caillié seems to have gathered all the intelligence ever likely to be gathered of poor Laing's death; we must refer to the book for the details. Caillié joined the caravan to Morocco, and after a series of severe suffer-

ings and constant indignities reached his own country. The volumes add considerably to our knowledge of Central Africa—though the absence of geographical precision is a sad drawback. Of the 4,500 miles he traversed, 3,000 were almost untrodden ground.

*Family Library*, vol. 12. *Southey's Life of Nelson*, 1830.—Mr. Southey's well-known and spirited piece of biography—perhaps the very best of his prose performances—is, we believe, trusting to our recollections of it, here simply reprinted. Though very largely read, the cheapness of the present form will cause it to be still more generally perused; and this is the advantage of cheap publishing, for which we are indebted mainly to Mr. Murray, whose example some have already followed, and more will speedily do so. Of course the bookseller calculates on gaining at least as much as by the old and more expensive form; but Murray has the merit, notwithstanding—a political, if not a personal one—of breaking in upon an odious monopoly. There still survive numbers who would gladly confine all printing to costly quartos. Nelson's dislike of the French rose to thorough hatred and passion; and Mr. Southey could not, without so far detracting from the full and fair view of his hero, withhold altogether his coarse and revolting phraseology when giving vent to the feeling; but while recording it, he might surely have conveyed some disapprobation, if it had been but a word. At all events there could be no necessity for repeating Trowbridge's disgusting Billingsgate. In his last moments Nelson commanded the fleet to anchor; and Mr. Southey, in the former editions, in recording the order, adds, "*unhappily it was not attended to*," implying thus some censure of his successor. Lord Collingwood's "*Letters*" show the impossibility of executing this order, and Mr. Southey, with a handsome and deserved compliment to that publication, withdraws the offensive expression.

*Cabinet Cyclopædia*, vol. 5; *Mechanics*.—

This is the first of the scientific treatises; and we find it, on the slight glance we have been able to give it, admirable in development and clear in principle, and especially felicitous in illustration from familiar subjects. An attempt is made to exclude mathematical symbols and technical phrases; and of course awkward circumlocutions, if nothing worse, occur, which might show its futility and unadvisedness. The truth is, such symbols and phrases, used moderately, contribute materially to direct communication, and fix definite conceptions more deeply and firmly than the vague and unspecific terms of colloquial language. Nothing but a very slender acquaintance with algebraic expression is requisite; and those who will not qualify by acquiring this previous knowledge are precisely the persons who will make no use of

books of this kind; they are people who turn away from abstractions, whose minds are wholly alien from science. It is superfluous to provide for wants which they have not. Take a specimen of what Dr. Lardner evidently considers as a sort of chef-d'œuvre, for the dexterity with which he at once uses and abuses technicality. He is talking of the descent of heavy bodies.

"The use of a few mathematical characters will render these results more distinct, even to students not conversant with mathematical science. Let  $S$  express the height from which the body falls,  $V$  the final velocity, and  $T$  the time of the fall, and let the square of any of these quantities, or rather of their numerical expressions, be signified by placing the figure 2 over them—thus  $T^2$  or  $V^2$ . The sign  $\times$  between two numbers signifies that they are to be multiplied together. These being premised, the results of the reasoning in which we have just been engaged may be expressed as follows:

|                                   |                  |
|-----------------------------------|------------------|
| $V$ increases proportionally with | $T$ (1)          |
| $S$ . . . . .                     | $V \times T$ (2) |
| $S$ . . . . .                     | $T^2$ (3)        |
| $S$ . . . . .                     | $V^2$ (4)        |

The theorems (3) and (4) follow from (1) and (2); for, since by (1)  $T$  is proportional to  $V$ , it may be put for  $V$  in (2), and by this substitution  $V \times T$  becomes  $T \times T$  or  $T^2$ . In the same manner, and for the same reason,  $V$  may be put for  $T$ , by which  $V \times T$  becomes  $V \times V$  or  $V^2$ , &c.

Now, surely, an acquaintance with these common symbols might have, very safely, been *supposed*, or if not, more, much more preliminary statement was requisite. Confident we are, no person who has not algebraically considered the subject of "proportion" and "variation" will understand the ground of the "substitution."

The volume is the production of Captain Kater and Dr. Lardner. The editor modestly gives his coadjutor precedence; but the whole is Dr. Lardner's, except the chapter on balances and pendulums. Captain Kater is known to have made the pendulum his particular study, but we doubt if he has been equally successful with his colleague in his popular communications.

*Manners of the Day*, 3 vols. 12mo. 1830.

—The manners of the very, very great, of course, is all that is meant. The novel is strictly a *fashionable* one—one, that is, which professes to describe the conduct, tastes, and sentiments of some five hundred persons, more or less, about whom and whose "ways" the world of novel readers are all agog, and almost horn-mad. Where the appetite is so furious, however perverted, there will be found persons to minister to its perversions; and though none of the five hundred will themselves communicate with the profanum vulgus, numbers of necessity come occasion-



ally in contact with them, as aspirants, confidants, or agents; and some of *these*, for the gratification of vanity, or with the hope of gain, will tell all they know, and all, perhaps, they can fabricate. It is not, however, nowadays, solely to butlers and abigails the mob are indebted for their knowledge of the great; undoubtedly men and women more capable of observing and recording get among them, and give us, if not complete, at least more competent, conceptions than formerly. The writer of the "Manners of the Day" is understood to be one who has had greater facilities in approaching the "gods" than most of those who have hitherto exhibited the objects of the world's idolatry.

A grave man of forty, a peer, a member of the cabinet, with some twenty thousand pounds a-year, and given up by match-makers, accidentally meets with a beautiful girl of seventeen, just released from the school-room, and marries her off-hand, or at least as speedily as such a matter can be arranged. The shrinking girl looks on him rather as a father than a lover, and expresses some natural scruples; but these are speedily borne down by her mother, a lady who had been very successful in marrying off two or three daughters, and had still another, besides two or three sons to provide for. The noble lord's official engagements compel him to place his lovely bride under the auspices and protection of his sister, a prime leader of the fashionable world, a lady-patroness of Almack's, &c. This lady is sadly chagrined at her brother's marriage, but is too well worn in the ways of life to show her chagrin. "What is done cannot be undone," is not always true; there are ways of breaking hymeneal fetters without the violence of death. Lady Danvers introduces her brother's bride into fashionable life—to her own particular set; every lady must have her male attendant; and she treacherously places a profligate colonel of the guards in attendance on the young and now brilliant Lady Willersdale. Exposed, unarmed, to his insidious attentions, she is seduced to the very brink of destruction, when luckily her official lord is seriously wounded in a political duel; an event which breaks up her career of dissipation. Dutifully, and by degrees fondly, she adheres to Lord Willersdale's bed-side, and Lady Danvers's diabolical scheme is fairly baffled. Retirement gives time for reflection, and Helen, aware of the peril she had thus narrowly escaped, urges her convalescent husband to visit his Irish estates. In the solitude of the banks of the Shannon, and among the friends of her lord, she meets with a young lady of her own age, a ward of the minister of the parish, a very charming girl, a very miracle of accomplishment, intelligence, and decision, whose birth is wrapt in mystery, but which of course develops in the course of the story. Suddenly, after a residence of some months, Lord Willersdale is summoned by his gra-

cious sovereign to take the reins of a new ministry; the party returning to London, and a second season of gaiety and tumult commences. Though fortified by her new-found affection for her lord, the lessons of her past imprudence, and the absence of the wily Lady Danvers, Lady Willersdale is again exposed to danger. The colonel of the former season, now Lord Forreton, and possessed of vast wealth, again makes his treacherous approaches, but more covertly than before. Lady Willersdale's young Irish friend is with her. To that lady's charms his devoirs are ostensibly paid, and these Lady Willersdale favours, for she is eager to marry her beautiful protégée to a man of rank and fortune. His attentions to herself, however cloaked, excite some apprehensions in the mind of her brother, a frank and gallant soldier: he expostulates with Lord Forreton, and he the better to cover his secret purposes, finally offers his hand to Florence, his Irish friend. A letter addressed to her guardian, for his consent, brings him to town, when a strange discovery takes place. Florence proves to be Lord Forreton's own daughter, by a lady whom he had seduced, to whom the said guardian had been himself attached, and who on her deathbed had bequeathed to him her child, never to be seen by her profligate father. By the law of Scotland, Florence is legitimate. Lord Forreton repents of his purpose, plays the repentant father, and unites his daughter to the man of her choice. Lady Willersdale discovers Lord Forreton's base views, is shocked at her own conduct, confesses her follies, and is anew taken into her lord's confidence. His dismissal from office completes the cure; he is at leisure to shield his wife, and she escapes all farther danger.

The writer is a person of considerable tact; she catches the pith of a sentiment and the points of a scene, and presents both to the reader effectively. But these representations of fashionable life, we doubt not, mislead. That there are profligates in the caste she describes, perhaps in an unusual proportion, public facts make notorious; but these novels make intrigue the *business* of life among them, and lead the vulgar to suppose the great are all worthless alike.

*The History of Chivalry and the Crusades, by the Rev. H. Stebbing, M. A.* 2 vols. 1830.—*L. and LI. of Constable's Miscellany.*—Mr. Stebbing's History of Chivalry and the Crusades is a very sensible and spirited performance, distinguished from its predecessors by a disposition to promote a more sober estimate of the virtues of knighthood and its effects upon the civilization of society. It is not his purpose to depreciate the splendour of its institutions, or its influence in prompting the spirit or directing the valour of its votaries to daring undertakings; but it is his intention to measure its virtues, religious and moral, by a severer standard

than has been usually employed. The extravagant representations of its modern historians have a tendency, Mr. S. thinks, "to make men regard the advantages at present possessed by society as of less value than they really deserve, or to be indifferent to the struggle which is going on to provide mankind with more certain guides in pursuit of knowledge and happiness than were enjoyed when war was the only road to distinction, and carnage the first of virtues." The author traces the origin of chivalry to the forests of Germany, and finds its leading principles in activity long before Charlemagne; but to him he assigns the honour of consecrating it by religion, or rather of coupling it with ecclesiastical sanctions. At the commencement of the crusades, the institution was in its full development and glory. Dedicated to the service of the church, the knight was the champion of her rights, and rewarded with her favours temporal and spiritual. Honour was his first principle of conduct; inflexible adherence to his word, which he observed rigidly without regard to circumstances, though productive often of the noblest sacrifices, was also often the source of mischief and absurdity. Truth, too, was a distinguishing quality of the true knight; but the beauty of the virtue itself was lost sight of under the specious colouring of ambitious fancy.

It may be observed, and the remark will apply to more cases than the present, that the worship of truth is comparatively easy, when the sacrifices we offer are all of our own invention, and made only at such times as may ensure their reward, either in the increase of our reputation, or in some other advantage. The history of chivalry contains ample proofs that such was, with very few exceptions, the devotion which the knight paid to this angelic virtue. He never broke a vow; but both the making and observance of it contributed largely to raise his reputation. If it was an extraordinary one, and required particular labour and hazard to fulfil it, he had measured the difficulty beforehand; he had calculated how much admiration and praise he should receive when he had gone through the voluntary trial; and he bore with him, in the peril of the encounter, the pleasant feeling which always attaches to the consciousness of being watched and admired while combating any danger. Nor must it be forgotten, that a large number of the vows which the knights made, and obtained the greatest praise for observing, had their origin, not merely in personal vanity, but in the expectation of their aiding them in the most difficult of their love-adventures. To vow that he would perform some notable exploit in honour of his lady, was the noblest piece of gallantry which a knight could exhibit. It elevated him in the eyes of his brother-chevaliers, contributed to establish the reputation of the dame for the power of her charms, and thereby ensured him her smiles, when every other expedient of the despairing lover had proved fruitless. When such a reward as this awaited him at the conclusion of his enterprise, it is possible that he might have undertaken it without any other consideration; and when we compare the number of instances which are on record of this kind with those in which truth seems to have been

honoured and pursued for her own sake, we are compelled, however unwillingly, to regard the refined veracity of knights as possessed, in general, of no other quality but its refinement. That they had a very clear apprehension of the beauty of truth, either moral or religious, whatever we know of their habits or pursuits tend greatly to disprove: that, if they did understand it, they were guilty of the coldest and most base hypocrisy ever practised, we have evidence in nearly every work which, either purposely or not, affords any description of chivalrous times.

The effect of the institutions of chivalry upon the condition of women, Mr. S. is inclined to think greatly exaggerated. The passage is too long for extraction; it will repay the reader. The history of the crusades is a rapid but distinct narrative, and furnishes an adequate view of those—why does Mr. S. call them?—Holy Wars.

*Travels in Kamtchatka and Siberia, with a Narrative of a Residence in China.* 2 vols. 12mo. By Peter Dobell. 1830.—Mr. Peter Dobell designates himself "Counsellor of the court of his imperial majesty the emperor of Russia," without affording another word of explanation. We like modesty and reserve very well; but there is some difference between silence and babbling, and some little communication of who he is—what were his occupations—what the object of his several journeys in these strange lands, would really have been very acceptable, and have given something like personal interest to his intelligent but very dull volumes. Apparently he is English; whether merchant or naval commander is doubtful; and whether officially engaged in his residences in China and Kamtchatka, or pursuing his own business, is equally uncertain. What is the ground of this shyness? Not any consciousness of imposture, we feel confident; probably some dread of his imperial master. His first visit to China was in 1798, but subsequently he resided in the country, of course at Macao or Canton, seven or eight years, and once travelled as far as Peking; but of Peking he is silent as the grave, and confines his communications relative to China to the factories at the only ports foreigners are allowed to visit. The greater part of the volumes is occupied with his tour through Kamtchatka, and his subsequent journey to Petersburg, along the coast of the sea of Ochotsk, and through Siberia. He landed from a vessel, of which he appears to have had the command, at St. Peter and St. Paul, and finding the governor to be at the other extremity of the peninsula, he proceeded thither forthwith, by canoes and sledges, some seven hundred and fifty versts, and back again, all in the summer season. In the depth of the following winter, he started again for Russia, in a kibitka, or covered sledge, drawn by dogs, and arrived at Petersburg in safety, after encountering innumerable hardships, from the severity of the



climate, and the poverty of the country, narrowly escaping the maws and paws of bears, and starvation from cold, and occasionally from hunger. This painful and laborious journey took up the better part of a twelvemonth. Subsequently he visited Siberia twice, and resided four years at Avatcha in Kamtchatka; so that, though his book takes the form of a journal of one particular tour, in the years 1812—13, the author expresses the general results of the whole of his experience. His last view of Siberia was so recently as 1827—8. The communications are of a very welcome kind, for Kamtchatka is little known, and few are likely to visit it from motives of curiosity. The tone of them is quiet and simple, and irresistibly conciliates the reader's confidence in the general faithfulness of his accounts.

In the neighbourhood of St. Peter and St. Paul, he met with mounds and dikes to a great extent; and also in many other parts of the country. These were plainly artificial works, and indicate at some period a very considerable population. The author refers them, not to native Kamtchatkans, for they never could have had inducement enough, but to colonists subsequent to the conquest of the country by the Russians. They are still in good order, and were evidently intended to preserve the low lands for hay and pasture against inundations. The seat of government has been removed from Nijn to St. Peter and St. Paul; and the Russian soldiers are all withdrawn from the peninsula into Siberia. The native population has long been gradually reducing, and does not now amount to more than seven or eight hundred, sadly corrupted from the simplicity, honesty, and mildness which Mr. Dobell remarked in them on his first acquaintance—an effect attributed to the felons which have been of late sent among them from Siberia, at whose recommendation the author does not know; but he thinks it an unwise measure, and one that has done mischief in various ways. Mr. D. represents Kamtchatka as not by any means unsusceptible of cultivation. That corn and vegetables were producible, he had the evidence of his own senses; but the natives are content with the produce of the chase, and will be so as long as game abounds. The rivers, too, and the coasts, swarm with fish, and all live upon fish, men and dogs. Spirits, tobacco, and tea, are their luxuries, and these they readily obtain in exchange for furs. Mr. D. shall speak for himself.

Providence has been bountiful to this peninsula, which only wants population and industry to render it rich and flourishing. Even the bleak moss-covered moors, where there is not a bush to regale the eye, afford nourishment to innumerable herds of reindeer. Nature indeed has done much for Kamtchatka, but man nothing; or if he has interfered, it would appear that he has only done so to pervert or destroy the liberal donations of Heaven. Wherever one travels, the marks of misery, desolation, and

depopulation present themselves. Shortly after the battalion of soldiers was sent thither from Siberia, the small-pox, an epidemic fever, the venereal, together with the introduction of ardent spirits, almost swept from the face of the soil the Kamtchatdale race. The miserable remnant does not actually amount to more than seven or eight hundred souls.

I have always regretted that the soldiers were sent back to Siberia, as a great many of them, being married, took with them their wives and children. It would have been much better to disband them in Kamtchatka, in order to cultivate the soil, and increase the population of a spot so much in want of inhabitants. Certainly the fisheries, and particularly the whale fishery, which might be established at Kamtchatka, if properly managed, are of themselves a source of great wealth. Besides, that country is in the near neighbourhood of the richest and the most populous parts of the globe. In ten or twelve days, a passage may be made to any part of the Japanese islands; in thirty or forty days, to the Sandwich Islands, to Macao, to the Philippines, or any of the Indo-Chinese Islands; in sixty days, to the north-west coast of America, California, or the Islands of the great Pacific ocean. There is no place more advantageously situated for commerce, and no place that enjoys so little.

The Kamtchatdales themselves seem to feel the want of more inhabitants, and the value they would be of to their country. I asked the Toyune of Ouka if he should be pleased at seeing a vessel arrive at his little port with a cargo of tea, sugar, nankin, and other luxuries. "Those things," said he, "to us, who have so little, would be very acceptable; but I should be more pleased if they would send me a cargo of men; for, out of twelve or fifteen souls, which compose my ostrog, I have only five or six men who are able to hunt and fish." This shrewd answer showed his penetration and good sense.

*Memoirs of Simon Bolivar, President Liberator of the Republic of Colombia, &c., by Gen. H. L. V. Ducoudray Holstein, 2 vols., 12mo., 1830.*—What credit is to be given to General H. L. V. Ducoudray Holstein, we have no means of ascertaining. He represents himself, through life, as a passionate admirer of liberty, all the world over; as having actually served in France through the revolution, and after 1800 as attached to the staff of Napoleon. The "sacred cause" of South America drew him, he says, to Cartagena; but of what took him from France, before the Emperor's deposition, he says not a word. At Cartagena the local government offered him service, and conferred on him the highest military rank in its power to grant. He was at one time commander in chief of the forts of Boca Chica, and after a series of disappointments, jealousies, and dissatisfaction, in 1816 he quitted the service, in disgust at Bolivar's tyranny and distrust of his patriotism. Since then he has resided in the United States, keeping a sharp eye upon Bolivar's actions, and we may add, if not a malignant, certainly not a favourable one. Gen. Ducoudray would have us regard himself as a stern and sturdy republican, devoted to the liberties of mankind, both practically and in the abstract; as a man drawn aside by no personal bias, but judging every man in

authority by the one rigid criterion of the general good. Bolivar will not, at any time, stand the severity of this test. He finds him, from first to last, any thing but a patriot; a man, in short, who has nothing at heart but his *power*. He detects him to be weak in intellect, feeble in character, poor in expedient, impotent in council, a coward in the field, the slave of his passions, and at once luxurious and cruel. Facts, we confess, are against Bolivar. He has obviously always been more ready to retain his *single* power than to share it with the representatives of the nation. Occasions have always been readily found for dictatorships, and dismissals of congress; and, on the other hand, proper times for reassembling the one have rarely occurred, and of resigning, *bonâ fide*, the other, never. For years in this country, it was scarcely safe, with a certain party, to hint at Bolivar's want of sincerity; now, we believe, suspicions are all but certainties, and at home they are by this time entirely so.

Nevertheless, with Ducoudray, he is too *uniformly* wrong, he has *no* redeeming qualities; and if we adopt his statements and sentiments, the wonderment would be, how Bolivar has contrived to retain not merely his political supremacy, but his personal authority and influence. His opulence, on which so much stress has been laid, will scarcely account for it; and, for considerable periods he has been without troops, and more than once in exile; but always, the moment he re-appeared, invested with a sort of absolute authority. Ducoudray, however, will give him no quarter. "All that can be said, with truth and impartiality"—these are his own words—"of General Bolivar's patriotism is, that it began with his being at the head of the army and the government; or to speak more plainly, Gen. Bolivar began from 1813 to be a zealous and ardent patriot, because from the sixth of January, that year, until the present day (July, 1828), he has not ceased to have either the three powers, legislative, executive, and judiciary, united in himself, or to have, together with the executive power, the direction of all civil and military operations."—"He has thrown off his flimsy mask, and declared that bayonets are the best, and only rulers of nations." Since this was written, Bolivar, it appears, has resigned again—fudge!

*Narrative of a Tour through some parts of the Turkish Empire, by John Fuller, Esq. 1830.*—We have seldom looked through a more agreeable or intelligent volume of travels. The tour is an extensive one, and in many hands would have made three or four handsome quartos. But the author tells his story in a quiet and gentlemanly manner, and shows no disposition to make mountains of mole-hills. He knows the scenes he visited, for the most part, have been described by numbers, and he confines himself to simple

statements of sights and occurrences, without dilating or speculating. Starting from Naples, he coasted the eastern shore from Bari down to Otranto, by no means a common line of march, and found the Romaic spoken pretty generally by the lower classes, not, however, Greeks by direct descent from the old occupants of Grecia Magna, but Albanian emigrants. Mr. Fuller proceeds from Corfu to Patras, to Corinth, Athens, Smyrna, Constantinople, to Alexandria, Cairo, and up the Nile to the second cataracts; in Syria, to Jerusalem, the Dead Sea, the Lake of Tiberias, Damascus, Balbec and Palmyra; and finally through Cyprus, Rhodes, Delos, and Athens, to Zante. The whole tour was accomplished in about a twelvemonth, without hurry, with infinite satisfaction, with the indulgence of a liberal curiosity, few extraordinary adventures, and no real perils.

Piercé, whose name is so well known for his long residence in Abyssinia, accompanied Mr. Fuller up the Nile. We quote his account of the man.

He was a man of superior intellectual powers, of great observation, and able to communicate his thoughts in an original and vigorous style. Some of the letters which he wrote from Abyssinia to the East India Company's resident at Mocha, were published in the Asiatic Journal, at Calcutta; and he kept up also a regular correspondence with Mr. Salt, and had a large collection of manuscripts full of valuable information on his adopted country. These, at the persuasion of his friends, he intended to publish on his return to England, accompanied by a memoir of his eventful life; and when I left Cairo he was busily engaged in preparing them for that purpose. What became of them after his death I have never heard; but it is not likely that they will now ever see the light, and his name and history will remain in unmerited obscurity. He was altogether an extraordinary character. Great warmth of temper, and an unbounded spirit of enterprise, were the sources of all his errors. His good qualities were courage, activity, intelligence, and zeal in the service of his employers. These I had full opportunity of observing during more than eight months that he was my constant, and frequently my only companion; and I am happy to pay this tribute to the memory of a humble but much valued friend.

Mr. Fuller's account of Ipsambul is very striking; we have space only for the externals of the temple.

To those who are at all acquainted with Egyptian antiquities, or who have attended to the brilliant discoveries made of late years in that country and in Nubia; the temples of Ipsambul, the last and most magnificent objects of a voyage up the Nile, must be familiar in description, though no description can convey an adequate idea of their grandeur. Above Ibrim the shores of the river were tame and level, till at length we arrived in sight of a high range of sandy cliffs, which appeared to be placed directly across our course, and to intercept our further progress. On reaching them, however, the river took a sudden bend, and a most striking scene opened upon us. Immediately above us, on the right, was an excavated temple, with six gigantic figures of Isis supporting the roof; and in front, the great temple presented itself with its four colossal statues,



occupying entirely the face of a lofty perpendicular cliff. These figures are in a sitting attitude, sixty feet high, and almost detached from the rock, being connected with it only by a narrow rib. They are undoubtedly superior to any other work of Egyptian sculpture; and allowing for the peculiarity of feature which distinguishes all the productions of that school, they may be pronounced to be among the most beautiful specimens of ancient art. The countenances have a sweetness and serenity of expression quite unrivalled. The sand drifting down over the top of the rocks had formed a sloping bank, and covered the figures more or less in proportion to their distance from the river. Of the furthest the head alone was visible, while the nearest was buried only up to the knees. In the centre of the façade is a statue of the hawk-headed Osiris, placed in a niche; and immediately under it is the door, which is twenty feet high, but so choked up as scarcely to leave room for entrance. Only one person could go in at a time, and he was obliged to lie down and permit himself to be carried on by the rolling motion of the sand.

*Library of Entertaining Knowledge, Part IX. New Zealanders, I. 1830.*—This is a very interesting account of the inhabitants of New Zealand, collected partly from Captain Cook's voyages, and the communications of others who have touched at the island, especially Mr. Marsden's, who, in his capacity of missionary, has several times visited them. Hitherto nothing has been told except of the northernmost part of the northern isle. Within these two or three years, one John Rutherford has returned from the northern island, where he had lived among the natives for some years. On his voyage home, he dictated his adventures to a friend, and from this source the compiler has been enabled to add materially to our previous knowledge of this singular people. Rutherford was born in 1796, at Manchester, and employed till ten years old in a cotton factory, when he went to sea. He was for some time off the Brazils, and afterwards at the storming of St. Sebastian. He then went on board a king's ship to Madras, and from thence to China, and was a twelve-month at Macao. He was afterwards in a convict ship, and made two trading voyages among the islands of the South Sea, when he was at last left sick at Owhyhee. From thence he was taken on board a small American brig of six guns and fourteen men, and went to New Zealand, where the whole crew were overpowered by the natives, and most of them killed and eaten. Rutherford himself was luckily preserved, and, subsequently, tattooed, made a chief, and married a couple of wives. His narrative is not yet completed. A portrait of him is given, for the sake of exhibiting the elaborate tattooing of his person. His accounts are full of interesting details, and we wish they had been printed uninterruptedly, and not mixed up with the author's gleanings from other quarters. The New Zealanders are quite worthy of a distinct consideration. They form a sort of anomaly in the history of savage life. Though evidently the same people with those of the South

Sea islands, from some as yet unknown circumstances, they are in a higher state of cultivation. Their ferocity and treachery, never probably unprovoked, have been shown in several very horrible instances. Several of the chiefs have been in England, but in general they have been abominably dealt with. The captains of small trading vessels seem to think keeping terms with savages a matter of no importance. When they get them on board they keep them, or land them just when and where it suits them, without any regard to compacts. The destruction of the Boyd's crew in 1807, was entirely an act of revenge prompted by harsh conduct of this kind towards a native chief.

*Poetical Aspirations, by W. Anderson, Esq., 1830.*—A collection of youthful effusions, written for the most part while the author was a minor, on occasional topics, and addressed, many of them, to the lovely objects of his young admiration, who seem to have succeeded each other pretty rapidly; we have Jane, and Jessie, and Zera, and Anne, if not more. A few of the aspirations are of a more elevated caste, one "after Fame," begins thus—

In the seclusion of my solitude,  
Thy echo reach'd me, and awoke a brood  
Of slumbering visions into life and light;  
A spell seem'd thrown around me, and my mind  
Was full of unfix'd images; the bright  
And ready impulses of thought, confined  
And struggling to be free; a light had dawn'd  
Across my path, as if by Heaven's command.

But a "few simple lines" addressed to his mother are touching and delicate.

My mother! when I think of thee,  
Joy o'er my heart comes gushfully;  
And thoughts of tenderness and love  
Spring up all other thoughts above—  
Oh! I want language to express  
All that my bosom would confess;  
If thoughts like mine in words could dwell,  
To say what never words can tell.  
Mother! the bark is on the sea  
That leads to home—that leads to thee—  
And I behold its sails expand,  
As scorning all that clings to land;  
And I behold it floating there,  
Like a light cloud on lambent air—  
With grief I see its sails expand,  
I cannot join its gallant band,  
For other cares must keep me here,  
Absent from all I hold most dear;  
Oh! mother, well I love the sea,  
Because it bears to home and thee.

See yonder moon that climbs the height,  
Where all is beautiful and bright;  
See yonder stars that shrine around  
Where all of truth and love is found;  
They'd light my passage home to thee,  
Oh! mother, well I love the sea.

*The Tradesman's Law Library, by George Thompson, Attorney-at-Law, and Author of "Practical Suggestions to Young Attorneys," 1830.*—A great book is a great evil: it has

been said a thousand times, and we ourselves often feel the force of it deeply: but the sweep-nets of the law are greater still; and *de malis minima* is a sound rule in the choice of evils, from the days of Cicero, and before, to our own. If, moreover, this great book of 1024 pages, with close type and narrow margins, will tend to keep the tradesman out of the law's clutches, and secure to him his rights, he will, perhaps, screw up his courage to grapple with it; but really we cannot but think the bulk and even "solid contents" of it might have been less without any material loss. In an appeal before the Lords, a few days ago, the leading counsel (one out of three) spoke seven hours and a half; when the chancellor's patience being exhausted—and well it might—he interrupted him with this remark: "You have been speaking seven hours and a half, and are not yet coming to a conclusion. Truly, I think there is no case, however complicated, but, with a little pains, counsel might bring within the compass of three or four hours; or if not, how is the business of the House to be got through?" In the same spirit we are tempted to ask, if the legal knowledge necessary for a tradesman cannot be conveyed in a smaller compass than 1024 such pages, how is he to possess himself of them and manage his business at the same time?

We do not of course pronounce upon the soundness of the law; but the author is a professional man, an intelligent person, and his reputation is at stake. We can say, also, that we have dipped in several parts, and certainly found the information we looked for. The multitude of cases on every point, very briefly yet clearly stated, furnishes both amusement and information, and at the same time large materials for meditation. They are calculated, we fear, to confound any but a legal head, or a very hard one. The grounds of decision delivered by successive judges are often technical ones, varying in principle and contradictory in fact; appealing to reason, and setting common sense at defiance.

*A Manual of the Economy of the Human Body in Health and Disease, &c.* 1830.—Books of "Domestic Medicine" for the most part confine themselves to the description of disease, to the details of symptoms, and the treatment and cure of them. Something beyond these matters seems desirable for common information; some knowledge of the structure and functions of the different parts of the frame; some acquaintance with the general economy of the system, without which the directions for diet and regimen must often be obscure, and calculated rather to perplex than enlighten, to puzzle and mystify rather than guide to any useful application. The prevailing ignorance on these points is notorious: "Even persons otherwise of enlarged minds," says the writer, and perhaps correctly enough, "are every day to be met with, who

scarcely know on which side of the body the stomach or liver is situated, and who are in utter ignorance of the simplest laws of animal economy." This sort of information, accordingly, it is the compiler's especial purpose to communicate, and he does communicate it in a very simple and satisfactory manner; and nothing more seems necessary but to persuade people to read, which is, after all, the most difficult point. Books, and good books, abound; but activity—activity that demands abstraction—is scarce. If people were as eager to gain knowledge, as to get money and fine clothes, how wise we should all be! and, by the way, how superfluous books would become!—a rather alarming anticipation. In this excellent little book, every age is consulted for. The management of children is a main point; and the best methods of rendering old age comfortable are suggested on the authorities of the ablest physicians. The author forgets nothing—not even to conciliate the doctors. "A host of prejudices, which the medical man finds it often more difficult to combat than the disease itself, will be thus banished;"—that is, if the patient read his book, and gets better informed;—"the sick will be more disposed to listen and adopt rational advice, and be better able to distinguish sound judgment, enlarged experience, and patient observation, from shallow pretension, base chicanery, and impudent empiricism."

*Conversations upon Comparative Chronology and General History, 1830.*—These are really very well managed little dialogues. The writer's distinguishing object is to fix the young student's eye upon periods and contemporaneous events; introducing occasionally remarkable details of the incidents recorded, the better to keep the attention alive, and assist the memory. The introductory conversation concerns the different modes of computing time adopted by different chronologists; much of which might have been omitted, safely and greatly to the relief of the young people for whose information it is intended. The Cosmogonies which follow, both of the bible, and of idolatrous nations, ancient and modern; as well as the mythologies of Persians, Indians, Scandinavians, &c., are well stated and extremely useful. The Chronology and general history are carried down to the birth of Christ, and will be followed, if the present volume sells, which it doubtless will, by a similar one to the present times. We had marked sundry little absurdities; such as the Bible History of the Creation, being illustrated by Milton's noble poem of *Paradise Lost*. Alluding to Homer's and Hesiod's language respecting Iris, Mrs. S. observes—

Some have derived the bows of Apollo, Diana, and even Cupid, from the same origin.

LOTA. Of Cupid, mamma?

Mrs. S. Yes; for strange to say, this heathen



deity appears to have been originally a sacred emblem. His bow was a symbol of divine love; and he was represented as a child, in memory of the renovation of the world.

ISABELLA. How wonderfully these coincidences prove the truth of the Holy Scriptures!

Christna, the Hindoo Apollo, has a *blue* complexion, and one of the young dialoguists thinks this a very odd colour for a beautiful complexion. Oh! says Mrs. S. the Egyptians too described their most powerful gods as having blue faces, particularly when they were angry.

ISABELLA. This is, perhaps, the origin of the vulgar observation, that people look *blue* when they are displeased.

Mrs. S. *It is possible*; for many vulgar sayings may be traced, &c.

But these are trifles. The book is a very good one.

*A Compendious German Grammar, by A. Bernays, Editor of the German Anthology, 1830.*—This multum in parvo of Mr. Bernays is a very judicious and welcome publication. Every body now learns German, and all the current grammars of the language have too much learning in them, or none at all; they are either too diffuse or too dry, lost in their own fat, or shrivelled to skeletons. Something of the intermediate caste was evidently wanting, and the medium has been happily hit. The size of the neat little volume will seem to class it with one of the old extremes; but the compiler's aim has been rather at condensing than excising; he has compressed his language more than his matter. The pages are indeed but sixty; but a common type and form would readily have tripled the number; and no little dexterity has been shown in packing the page. To glance at the improvements, the fifteen or eighteen declensions to which we have been accustomed are reduced to four, and these closely dependent on each other; a dictionary of prefixes and affixes, quite a novelty, and well-imagined; striking rules for the arrangement of words, a syntax at once concise and copious, &c. The whole will be made more complete by a series of exercises which the author announces is preparing for publication. "These will be essentially practical, as they are intended, not to make the students poets or orators, but to enable them to converse and write with fluency on the common occurrences of life."

*Natural Theology, by Rev. Alex. Crombie, LL.D. &c. 2 vols. 8vo.*—This will be found to be a very masterly discussion of the subjects usually arranged under the title of natural

theology, the existence, attributes, and providence of Deity, the soul's immateriality, and a future state. These important topics Dr. Crombie prefaces with an inquiry into the causes of atheism, which resolve into personal indifference on the subject, and an indolent acquiescence in the sentiments of anti-revelation writers. The prime merit of the book, its distinguishing characteristic, is the thorough shaking it gives to the metaphysical argumentation of Dr. Clarke and others. He shows the same weapons may be readily turned upon those who use them. This is remarkable in the inquiry relative to the existence of Deity. Dr. C. however, is not always equally happy in his substitutions. Dr. Clarke disproves the eternity of matter by an argument of this kind: what is eternal is self-existent, and what is self-existent exists necessarily, and so necessarily that the contrary supposition must be a contradiction. Now, matter so existing must either have gravitation, or not. If not, there could be no motion; if it have, then there must be vacuum, and if there be vacuum, matter can no longer be a necessary being, and then, of course, it is not eternal. This argumentation Dr. Crombie finds no difficulty in demolishing, though he perfectly agrees with Dr. Clarke in his conclusion, that matter is not eternal, but created. His own arguments are of a very different caste; whether much more decisive is another matter; at all events they are more, though not all of them, within the reach of common understandings. He rests his belief of the *creation* of matter on these arguments, because he perceives no contradiction in supposing that a power is possible, capable of calling matter into existence; because, if such power is possible, it must belong to an eternal and self-existent being, to whose nature it is essential to unite in himself every possible perfection; because, if one cause suffices to account for a phenomenon, it is idle and unphilosophical to resort to more; because it implies, he conceives, a contradiction to suppose, that there can be two beings eternal, and, in respect to existence, mutually independent, and yet the one subject to the government and control of the other; because, finally, the dogma of the atheist, that *action* implies passion, is not a metaphysical truth, the necessary correlative of *action* being *agent* and not *passion*. Our glances at books forbid our entering into matters of discussion, or we should have been glad to show, what we believe, Dr. Crombie's injustice towards Dr. Paley. We are satisfied he has mistaken him, as much as Dr. Sumner did in his Records of Creation, and much in the same way.

## WORKS IN THE PRESS, AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

## WORKS IN PREPARATION.

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## BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

## ADMIRAL SIR EDMUND NAGLE, K.C.B.

This gentleman, a native of Ireland, was born about the year 1757 or 1758. Early in life he entered the Royal Navy, in which he had the good fortune to attain the rank of full Admiral. Throughout his career, indeed, he may be regarded as one of the favourites of fortune. While Post Captain, and in the command of a frigate, he distinguished himself greatly in an engagement with a ship of much superior force. For that service he received the honour of knighthood. Sir Edmund married a lady possessed of a very ample income. Many years since, he attracted the notice of his present Majesty, who, in 1815, when, as Prince Regent, he created a second class of Knights of the Bath, named Sir Edmund a Knight Commander as the eighth of that rank. Attending His Majesty in all his naval excursions, he was jocularly designated the King's Naval Aide-de-Camp. His Majesty appointed him one of the Grooms of the Bedchamber. In fact, he stood so high in estimation with his royal master, who loved his nautical humour, that, of late years, he has been almost domesticated with him.

Sir Edmund Nagle, however, died at his own house, at East Moulsey, on the 14th of March. He has been succeeded as Groom of the Bedchamber by Henry Hope, Esq.

## MR. KLOSE.

Mr. F. J. Klose, the son of a well-known musical professor, and himself a teacher, composer, and able instrumental performer, was a native of London. He studied composition and the piano-forte under the celebrated Francesco Tomich and others. In the course of his life he was a member of most of the orchestras in London, particularly of the King's Theatre and the concert of ancient music. As a piano-forte teacher, he was eminently skilful, and as a composer he was much esteemed for facile works of a description calculated to promote the end of instruction. He also excelled in ballads of a pa-

thetic and sentimental cast. Amongst these may be particularly mentioned Lord Byron's "Adieu! adieu! my native land;" Lady Caroline Lamb's "Can'st thou bid my heart forget," and others from her ladyship's novel of Glenarvon; "The Rose had been washed," by Cowper, &c. Indeed the catalogue of his works is very extensive. He was the author, too, of several ballets and detached pieces, performed with success at the King's Theatre.

Mr. Klose died in Beaumont Street, Marylebone, on the 8th of March.

## THE DUKE DE LEVIS.

This nobleman, descended from one of the most ancient families in France, was a son of the Marshal de Levis. At the commencement of the French Revolution he was sent as a Deputy to the States General by the nobility of Dijon; but, neither in the States, nor in the Constituent Assembly, did he act a conspicuous part. Though friendly to a moderate reform, he was disgusted with the republican aspect which the Revolution assumed; and, after the 10th of August, he emigrated, and served in the army of the Princes, and also at Quiberon, where he was wounded. He resided in England till the establishment of the Consular Government, when he returned to France. However, during the usurpation of Buonaparte he did not accept any office, but, in calm retirement, devoted himself entirely to literary pursuits. In 1808 he published *Maxims and Reflections on different Subjects*;—in 1812, *The Travels of Kanghi, or new Chinese Letters*, 2 vols.;—a *Continuation of the Four Facarbins, and of Feneide*;—in 1813, *Recollections and Portraits*;—in 1815, a *Notice on Senac de Meilhan*;—England at the beginning of the Nineteenth Century;—and, in 1816, *Moral Considerations on the Finances*.

The Duke de Levis was comprised in the first promotion of Peers by Louis XVIII. In 1816, he was admitted a member of the French Academy. He died at Paris, this year, early in March.



RICHARD CHEVENIX, ESQ., F.R.S.

This gentleman, a member of most of the scientific and literary institutions of Europe, was a native of Ireland. Possessing great versatility of talent, and great variety of information, he had distinguished himself in different paths of polite literature. It was in chemistry, however, that he attained the greatest celebrity; his name justly ranking as one of the highest among those who have cultivated the analytical branches of that science.

Mr. Chevenix was the author of many papers in the Philosophical Transactions, Nicholson's Journal, and the Philosophical Magazine. To him the public were also indebted for numerous contributions, of great interest, and on various topics, to other eminent periodicals of the day. His first distinct publication was Remarks on Chemical Nomenclature, according to the System of the French Neologists, 12mo., 1802. His Observations on Mineralogical Systems originally appeared in the 65th volume of the Chemical Annals, while he was at Paris. These observations, which constitute a formidable attack on the system of Werner, and a truly philosophical defence of the rival system of Haüy, were translated into French under his own superintendence.

Mr. Chevenix wrote, in the spirit of the dramatic authors of the Elizabethan age, the Mantuan Rivals, a Comedy, and Henry the Seventh, an Historical Tragedy. Much of his time and fortune was devoted to literary and scientific pursuits; and, in an extensive circle of private friends, he was eminently esteemed and beloved. Mr. Chevenix died at Paris, on the 5th of April, after an indisposition of only a few days.

JOHN RENNEL, ESQ., F.R.S., &c.

Tradition ascribes to this celebrated geographer a Norman extraction. One of the Knights who accompanied William the Conqueror in his descent upon England is believed to have been his paternal ancestor. He was born at Chadleigh, in Devonshire, where his father had long been settled on a small estate, yielding sufficient for the enjoyments of private life, in the year 1742. His education was derived from a free grammar school in the neighbourhood. Family circumstances rendering necessary his early settlement in life, he, at the age of fifteen, entered the naval service of his country. At the siege of Pondicherry, he gave proof of enterprise and talent. Some sloops of war belonging to the enemy having moored beyond the reach of our guns, in shallow water, he requested of his captain the use of a boat. This, as the night was far advanced, was at first refused, but ultimately granted. Accompanied by only one sailor, Mr. Rennel accordingly departed, with what object in view no one was acquainted. After a brief interval he returned, with the assur-

ance of having ascertained that, as the tide was unusually high, there was sufficient depth of water by which to reach the sloops of the enemy. This information was promptly acted upon, and the result was completely successful.

At the age of twenty-four, Mr. Rennel, on the suggestion of a friend who possessed considerable interest in the India House, left the navy, entered into the army, and was immediately sent upon active service to India as an officer of engineers. There he distinguished himself greatly, was favourably noticed by the Government, and speedily promoted to a Majority—the highest rank he ever attained. It was about this period that he produced his first work, a Chart of the Bank and Current of Cape Lagullas. This publication, of great local interest and utility, gave to him the reputation of one of the first geographers of the day. He was soon afterwards appointed to the laborious but lucrative office of Surveyor General of Bengal. His next publications were his Bengal Atlas, and an Account of the Ganges and Burrampooter Rivers. The latter, which greatly advanced the reputation of its author, was inserted in the Philosophical Transactions.

While in India, Major Rennel married one of the daughters of Dr. Thackeray, many years head-master of Harrow School. Soon after his marriage, he returned to England, where he was received with great distinction, and his acquaintance courted by the most eminent men of the day. He was elected, by acclamation, as it were, a member of the Royal Society. From this period, he maintained an extensive correspondence with many of the most learned men of Europe. Amongst his most intimate friends were Dr. Horsley, Bishop of St. Asaph—Dr. Vincent, Dean of Westminster—and Sir William Jones. It was the publication of his Memoir of a Map of Hindostan, immediately after his return to England, which introduced him to the friendship of the two former. At a subsequent period, he materially assisted Dr. Vincent in his Commentary on Arrian's Voyage of Nearchus. With characteristic ardour, he also aided Sir William Jones in his Oriental Collections, and many of the best articles in the Asiatic Researches and Registers were from his pen. A brief passage from one of these is important in itself, and at the same time indicates the character of the author's belief as a Christian:—"With regard to the conformity between some of the Christian and Indian doctrines, I have no hesitation to assert that all examination into Indian history and antiquities most strongly confirms the Mosaic and scriptural account." This principle of belief probably operated with his political feelings in causing him to decline the acceptance of an invitation to become a member of the French National Institute.

In 1798, Major Rennel assisted Mr. Park

in the arrangement of his *African Travels*; and, tracing the route of that gentleman through each day's journey, and comparing his observations with those of other travellers and geographers, he illustrated the work by a most accurate and able map.

The Major's next great performance—his greatest indeed—was his *Geographical System of Herodotus*, a production the learning of which was equalled only by its utility. Another work of extraordinary research, curiosity, and interest, was his "*Observations on the Topography of the Plain of Troy.*"

We have heard ascribed to Major Rennel the detection of the impudent fraud of *Dam-berger's Travels* into the Interior of Africa. We happen to know, however, that the credit of that detection was due to Mr. John Gifford, the editor of the *Antijacobin Review*, author of the *Life of Pitt*, &c. The exposure was made in an able and elaborate article in the *Review* here mentioned. It is not impossible, however, that Major Rennel and Mr. Gifford might have simultaneously, and without intercourse with each other, have discovered the fraud.

Major Rennel had several children by his lady. Universally respected and beloved, he, on the 29th of March last, terminated a long and useful life, after many weeks of severe suffering occasioned by the accidental fracture of his thigh.—This gentleman's literary and geographical productions are so valuable and important, that we conceive a list of them will prove generally acceptable.

A *Chart of the Bank and Current of Cape Lagullas*, 1778;—a *Bengal Atlas*, 1781; a *Memoir of the Map of Hindostan*, or the *Mogul's Empire*, 1782;—a *Map of Hindostan*, with a new *Memoir*, 1788;—*Memoir on the Geography of Africa*, with an adjoined *Map*, 1790;—on the *Rate of Travelling* as performed by Camels, and its Application, by a *Scale*, to the purposes of *Geometry*, 1791;—the *Marches of the British Armies in the Peninsula of India* during the *Campaigns of 1790 and 1791*;—a *Second and Third Memoir on the Geography of Africa*, 1798;—the *Geographical System of Herodotus explained*, 1800;—a *Corrected Sheet Map of the Peninsula of India*, of the *Mysore Country*, and the *Cessions of 1798, 1799, and 1800*;—a *Fourth Memoir on African Geography*, and a *Map of Mr. Horneman's Travels*, for the *African Association*;—and *Observations on the Topography of the Plain of Troy*.

#### COUNT GOUVION ST. CYR.

Gouvion St. Cyr was born at Toul, in Lorraine, about the year 1760. He entered the army as a volunteer, and soon became an officer; but in what particular service he was engaged, in the early part of his life, does not appear to be upon record. In 1793, he served in the army of the Alps as Brigadier General. In that, and in the following year, he attracted much notice by his bra-

very and talents; in 1797, he became General of Division, and held a command in the army of Moreau; and, in 1798, he took the command in Italy after Massena had been compelled to retire in consequence of an insurrection of the troops. In Italy General St. Cyr effected many important reforms. From what cause does not appear; but, by some means, he dissatisfied the Directory; and, in 1799, he was dismissed with other generals. His retirement was but brief; as, in 1801, he was placed in the council of state; in March, 1803, he was invested with the command of the French army in Italy; in 1804 he was made Colonel General of the Cuirassiers, and Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour; in 1805, under Massena, he made prisoners of 6,000 Austrians, led by Jellachich and Rohan; in 1806, he was ordered to take possession of the kingdom of Naples; and he afterwards joined the grand army in Prussia, and was made Governor of Warsaw. Serving in Spain, he obtained considerable success in Catalonia. In the Russian campaign, after Marshal Oudinot was wounded, he led the army of the centre; for which service, and for advantages gained over the enemy on various occasions, he was promoted to the rank of Marshal. At the battle of Dresden he bore a distinguished part; and shortly afterwards, he defeated Count Tolstoy at Plauen. On the retreat of Buonaparte he was left in Dresden, with a force of 16,000 men; and, after a time, was compelled to surrender.

Such is a rapid sketch of the military career of this officer, who is generally allowed to have been one of the best tacticians in the French army. On his return to France, Louis XVIII. created him a peer, and made him a Commander of the Order of Louis. Evidently the King had a good opinion of him, and the justness of that opinion was verified by his subsequent conduct. Marshal St. Cyr remained faithful to the cause of the Bourbons, and narrowly escaped with his life in an attempt to restrain his troops from joining Buonaparte. Nor was Louis ungrateful. When he returned from Ghent, he made him temporary Minister of War, and loaded him with honours. In 1817, he was made Minister of the Naval Department; and, shortly afterwards, he was removed to the head of the War Department. Marshal St. Cyr died at Kieres, in the month of March.

#### GENERAL SIR HUGH DALRYMPLE.

Sir Hugh Whiteford Dalrymple, Knight and Baronet, of High Mark, in the county of Wigtown, was the son of John Dalrymple, Esq., by Mary, daughter of Alexander Ross, of Bailkaile, Bart., of North Berwick. He was born on the 3rd of December, 1750; he entered the military service of his country as an Ensign in 1763; and, after passing through the respective gradations of rank, he obtained a Colonelcy, in



1790. He served in the Grenadier Battalion of the Guards during the campaign of 1793; and, under the command of the late Duke of York, he was present at the battle of Famars, the siege of Valenciennes, and in every other action in which the battalion was engaged. At the close of the year he returned to England, and was not again, for some time, on active service. However, between the years 1794 and 1806, he attained the rank of Lieut.-General, and held various home commands, amongst which was the Lieut.-Generalship of Guernsey. In 1806, he was removed to the staff at Gibraltar; and, in August, 1808, he was sent to put himself at the head of the British army in Portugal. Unfortunately for him, he assumed the command in time to share in the responsibility of the disgraceful convention of Cintra; a convention which, by allowing the French to retire from Portugal in English ships, and giving the beaten enemy other advantages, blighted the laurels of the army, and robbed the country of its glory. He consequently incurred, with others, though perhaps not with equal justice, a heavy portion of the popular odium.

Having been previously appointed Colonel of the 57th Regiment, and Governor of Blackness Castle, this officer obtained the rank of General, on the 1st of January, 1812.

General Dalrymple was created a Baronet on the 21st of December, 1814. He married, on the 16th of May, 1783, Frances, the youngest daughter and co-heiress of General Leighton; and by that lady, who died in 1823, he had a family of one son and three daughters.

Sir Hugh Dalrymple was a member of the Consolidated Board of General Officers. He died in Upper Wimpole Street, on the 9th of April.

#### THE MARQUIS LALLY TOLLENDAL.

The Marquis Lally Tolland, a distinguished character himself, was the son of Thomas Arthur, Count Lally, a brave but imprudent and unfortunate Irish officer in the service of France, of whose fate it may here not be improper briefly to remind the reader. Of a family that had followed the fortunes of James II. he had entered the French army, signalized himself in the battle of Fontenoy, and been made a brigadier-general on the field of battle. He was an inveterate partisan of the Pretender. In 1756, selected for his capacity and bravery to restore the French interest in India, he was made Governor of Pondicherry; and, when that fortress was taken by the English in 1761, he and the garrison were made prisoners of war. From the violence of his temper and conduct, he had offended everybody connected with him in the government. The loss of Pondicherry drew down a torrent of invective upon him from all quarters; he was even accused of having sold the place to the English; and, when he was allowed to

return to France from this country, he was, after a long imprisonment, brought to trial for treachery, abuse of authority, and unjust exactions. His enemies triumphed; he was found guilty, and condemned to be decapitated; a sentence which was executed with circumstances of great cruelty on the 6th of May, 1766, in the 63th year of his age.

Young Lally, his son, was born at Paris, in the year 1751. He was educated at the college at Harcourt, where he was distinguished for the number of prizes which he gained during a studious term of five years. According to his own statement, he did not know who his father was till the day before his execution, nor who his mother was till four years after her decease. The expenses of his education were defrayed by his cousin, the Countess Dillon, and by Louis XV. who, aware of the deep injury which he had sustained, regretted that he could not do him ample justice.

At the age of fifteen, the youth dedicated a Latin poem to Mr. Mauduit, his professor, on the subject of the unfortunate Calas, in which the fate of his own father was evidently alluded to, and deplored in a spirit of energetic and touching eloquence. No sooner had he reached a more mature age, than he strenuously exerted himself to obtain justice to the memory of his father, and satisfaction from the tribunals of his country. In his efforts he received every aid from the most eminent men of his time, especially from Voltaire. Ultimately, his labours were crowned with success. Four decrees of the council annulled the judgments of the parliament respecting his father; and, in 1783, he recovered possession of his paternal estates.

M. de Lally's fame had now spread abroad. An eventful period was opening before him. His reputation for eloquence and general talent was so thoroughly established, that, in 1789, he was elected deputy from the nobility of Paris to the States-General. He soon became one of the most popular members of the Constituent Assembly; gave his support to the famous declaration of the Rights of Man, proposed by La Fayette; and afterwards suggested, by way of amendment to that declaration, that all citizens should be equally admissible to public employments, without any distinction but that which might arise from virtue and talents. This suggestion was adopted by acclamation. M. de Lally, however, did not carry his notions of liberty so far as many of his coadjutors, but argued strenuously for a constitution of distinct powers, agreeably to the model of the British Government. Not finding himself sufficiently supported in his views, and lamenting the calamitous scenes of the 5th and 6th of October, he resigned his seat in the Constituent Assembly, and took refuge in Switzerland, with his friend, M. Mounier, the father of the present Baron Mounier.

M. de Lally returned to France in 1792, and exerted himself with extraordinary

energy in defence of Louis XVI. He was in consequence arrested, and sent to the Abbaye. Thence he had the good fortune to effect his escape to England, where he received a pension from the government. When Bonaparte assumed the consular power, he went back to France; but, taking scarcely any part in public affairs, he lived much in retirement, devoting his time to literature, and the charms of domestic life, till the restoration of the Bourbons, in 1814. Yet, upon one occasion, we find him maintaining the generous principles of his youth with constitutional and characteristic energy. In a debate, in February, 1807, speaking of the seizure of publications, he exclaimed, "There can be no representative government that has not for its basis public as well as individual liberty. There can be no liberty without the liberty

of the press; nor can this liberty itself exist without the admirable institution of juries."

At the restoration, M. de Lally once more made his appearance on the public theatre. He accompanied Louis XVIII. to Ghent, as one of the members of his Majesty's Privy Council; and he is supposed to have been the author of the manifesto addressed by Louis to the French nation.

In the new arrangement of the Chamber of Deputies, M. de Lally was created a marquis. He was the author of an Essay on the Life of the Earl of Strafford; the Earl of Strafford, a tragedy; a defence of Louis XVI.; and various other productions, distinguished by their elegance and purity of taste. The Marquis died at the latter end of March, or the beginning of April, in the present year.

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### MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

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As was reported in our last, March *dust ransomed* the crops, more especially the wheats—of all, the most important. The present month was ushered in with cutting frosts, and in many parts with an unusual depth of snow for the season. The effects were instantaneous and visible on all vegetation, in its foliage and tender shoots, just beginning to feel the genial influence of Spring. Fortunately this unseasonable rigour was temporary, being very shortly succeeded by a genial Spring warmth, with the old April showers and south-westerly winds, the true panacea for all the crops in their existing state. And should May prove equally genial, forgetting to make the cow quake, great hope may be entertained even of the late-sown and thin crops.

Accounts, however, of the crops from various parts, are, as has been usual of late, extremely anomalous. Some, from the best lands, are rather sanguine in the expectation of an average crop of bread-corn; whilst, more generally, no such hope is entertained, from the foul and impoverished state of the lands, and the lateness of so great a part of the season on heavy wet soils: even bean-seed-planting is not yet finished; but, generally, the greater part of the Spring crops is completed, and the culture of marigold and carrots in full operation. Most fortunately, and unexpectedly, the turnips have held out to the last, with even a surplus in some parts: the same of the hay and fodder, affording the keepers of live stock the rare opportunity of sparing their grazing lands until they have produced a good bite for the cattle. The young beans and peas are complained of as thin planted from the dampness and infertility of much of the seed. The natural grasses, pushed on by the fertilizing moisture of the season, fully sustain the character of our last report—in fact, promise another great grass year. Spring tares, and seeds generally, appear of equal promise. Late-sown winter tares, an experienced bad practice, have failed as usual. The nearly total failure of the last year's clover-crop proves particularly distressing during the present dearth of money among the farmers. Not only is the price of the seed very high, but the quality, whether of the imported or home-grown, cannot be depended upon: thence many have wisely substituted hop clover, trefoil, and other seeds for the present season. In the mid-land counties the culture of winter beans and peas has, of late, had its return to periodical practice successfully; and perhaps the turn of winter barley may come next. General early sowing, too, has once more its advocates. The considerable quantity of barley grown last year has produced little benefit to the grower, from the lowness of the price, difficulty of sale; and badness of the quality, whence it is unfit for horse-food—the case also of the beans. Nevertheless, it is reported on all hands, that the stock of every kind of home-grown corn is nearly exhausted—of wheat beyond all other kinds. The latter Spring crops are in train for a speedy finish, to be followed by preparing the lands for the reception of the turnip-seed. The late failure of marigold occasions it to have a marked attention this year, as a most useful article that stands in the gap in Spring between failing turnips and growing grass.

Grazing and stall-feeding, from the depression of price last year, have proved most unfortunate concerns; too many fat stocks having been sold for no more, or even less, than the original cost of the stores: this has been particularly the case, both with respect to cattle, corn, and all other farming substance, at the numerous sales under execution for rent. However, cattle and sheep have done well and improved in condition during the present Spring; and we have the satisfaction to report not only a return of demand, but some additions to



prices, at all the great marts and fairs. The *rot* in sheep is yet most unfortunately prevalent in Kent and in most of the western counties; elsewhere it has been fortunately escaped. In the west they have bestowed upon this too well-known disease another term—"the bane or coathe," as though a disease of different type; and in the true style of our countryfolk, high or low, who are never happy or satisfied but when they are deceived, are hunting after specifics for the *cure* of the said coathe—that is to say, a cure for disorganization of the system of perfected rottenness, the patients perhaps five hundred strong! A very sensible late writer has taken the pains to assure them that *prevention* is the only remedy; humouring them in the mean time, as he would their babes, with a few harmless and plausible prescriptions. This foolery is in full force in our day, *malgré* the experience of centuries—of which the reams of well-paid nonsense published on such subjects is an evident proof. Our pigs seem not yet to have recovered from their astonishment at the Irish invasion: they have been sold fat on the coasts at three-pence per pound, and the price has not hitherto experienced much amendment. After all the losses on the infected lands, the present is still deemed a successful lambing-season, and lambs are said to be in great plenty. Complaints are made of the market prices of beef and mutton; but surely there is something more rationally to be alleged on the stores having been purchased at too high a price. Milch cows have been unusually low in price, but they are a species of stock which cannot remain long so. Previous to the late few days' frost, the apple and pear trees, by their blooming appearance, portentously threatened another burdensome fruit year, to the utter dismay of the cidermakers of the west, whose superabundant stock of last year's cider is not now of the worth of the containing casks: thus it is in old England, where plenty is sure to ruin us. Good cart-colts—indeed good horses of all kinds—are worth whatever can be asked for them. Wool has at length, in real fact, made a small start, and certainly is now convertible into money at some price. In the hop-market there is little or no activity or advance of price. Hop speculations, formerly of such high account, seem to have lost caste, and to have gone out of fashion.

The accounts from Scotland of the crops are favourable, and from some of the English border counties; but the reverse as to their grazing and feeding, in which they have been equally unsuccessful with us of the south.

We have received several late letters from Ireland, which note nothing peculiar respecting the season or culture, but much in a most lamentable and desponding tone on the barbarous and nationally destructive system of multiplied sub-tenancy, the great curse and bane of Ireland, which, by impoverishing and rendering destitute an immense population of *adscripti glebae*, has long since constituted them the savages of modern Europe. What must a man from a state of civilization think, when, present at an Irish merry-meeting or fair, he beholds a strapping fellow, with a face flushed and eyes darting fire, brandishing his weapon, and, in the true spirit of Irish fun, vociferating "This night a man must die?" This our friends have seen and heard; and even other things, if possible, more extraordinary. It is fit the truth should out: this ignominy, disgrace, and misery has wretched Ireland been endowed with by her absentees. The utmost which has been alleged of the former jealousy, restraint, and oppression of the English government, could never have had such fatal effects had the aristocracy of Ireland performed their duty—the most solid title, indeed, by which they ought to hold their estates.

The more our ministers' late donative of a repeal of the beer-duty is canvassed in the country, the more it is disliked as insufficient, and probable to be attended with a very trifling good effect. The cry is unanimous throughout for a repeal of the malt-tax; indeed we have scarcely known any public cry more so. To the assertion that it cannot be afforded, the reply is, *let it be made up from a retrenchment of the superfluities and corruptions of government*. Emigration is going forward on a very general and extensive scale; and Mr. Horton's plan will not be found, in the ultimate, either so irrational or unsuccessful as has been predicated. In Lincolnshire, and a few other counties, the labourers are fully employed; but, perhaps, in three parts of the whole country the unemployed surplus is yet most alarming, and the poor's-rate constantly on the increase. Should tobacco come into culture—an event scarcely to be hoped, considering our long predilection for neglecting all other culture for that of corn—some accession to employment might thence be found. The country letters are still filled with the hard-heartedness and harshness of the landlords in still holding up their rents by periodical trifling douceurs and indulgences in over wheat cropping, whilst their miserable dependants have wasted or are wasting all their substance and property, and executions, sales, and makings over, are the order of the day, throughout so great a part of the land. Under such evidences of the fact, if a joke, it is surely a cruel one to doubt the existence of distress; for

He that hangs, or beats out's brains,  
The devil's in him if he feigns.

*Smithfield*.—Beef, 3s. 4d.—Mutton, 3s. 2d. to 4s. 2d.—Veal, 5s. 10d.—Pork, 3s. 8d. to 5s.; best dairy-fed, 5s. 4d.—Lamb, 6s. to 7s. 2d.—Rough Fat, 2s. 2d.

*Corn Exchange.*—Wheat, 46s. to 78s.; superfine white foreign, 92s.—Barley, 24s. to 38s.—Oats, 23s. to 34s.—The London fine 4-lb. loaf, 10½d.—Hay, 45s. to 105s. per load.—Clover, ditto, 63s. to 110s.—Straw, 45s. to 54s.

Coals in the Pool, 26s. 6d. to 35s. 6d. per chaldron.

*Middlesex, April 24.*

## MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

**SUGAR.**—There was little alteration in the market last week: the good and fine qualities continue to be taken off eagerly at very full prices. The soft browns continue neglected. The stock of West India sugars is 11,539 hogsheads and tierces, being 4,190 hogsheads and tierces less than last year. The stock of Mauritius is 72,286, being 26,180 more than in 1829. The weekly deliveries are 2,483 hogsheads and tierces, being 260 more than last year. There is scarcely a board of good Muscovadoes on show this morning: the quantity of low browns are inconsiderable: shippers bought freely of the refined for export. Last week the prices were higher, being a small supply at market: fine goods were in request. There is no alteration in currency. Molasses rather higher. The public sale of 10,196 bags of Mauritius sugars last week went off heavily: one-third was taken in after the sale. The request was revived: all parcels withdrawn sold at full market prices.—*Foreign Sugars.*—There were no purchases last week: good white Brazil sold at 33s. 6d.; good strong white Havannah sold at 41s. to 42s. 6d.; soft, 35s. to 39s.; yellow, 22s. 6d.

**COFFEE.**—This day 1,325 bags 16 casks damaged St. Domingo, and 62 bags East India sound: St. Domingo at 33s. The market is more firm: coloury descriptions inquired for at an advance of 2s.

**RUM, BRANDY, HOLLANDS.**—The 1s. per gallon on rum is in the same uncertainty, and prevents the usual transactions of the market. Brandy is held with much firmness. In Geneva there are few transactions lately: the order of the Treasury respecting the redip (ordering the payment of the duty of the actual guage) is only for rum.

**HEMP, FLAX, TALLOW.**—The tallow-market is dull, without any reduction of prices. Hemp is very heavy: in flax there is no alteration. A large failure is announced at Petersburg.

*Course of Foreign Exchange.*—Amsterdam, 12. 8.—Rotterdam, 12. 8.—Antwerp, 12. 8.—Hamburgh, 14. 2.—Paris, 25. 75.—Bordeaux, 26. 5.—Frankfort, 156.—Petersburgh, 10.—Vienna, 10. 18.—Madrid, 10. 19.—Cadiz, 36.—Bilboa, 36. 0½.—Barcelona, 35. 0½.—Seville, 35. 0½.—Gibraltar, 47. 0½.—Leghorn, 47. 0½.—Genoa, 26.—Venice, 47. 0½.—Malta, 48. 0½.—Naples, 39. 0½.—Palermo, 118.—Lisbon, 44.—Oporto, 43. 0½.—Rio Janeiro, 21. 0½.—Bahia, 25.—Dublin, 1. 0½.—Cork, 1. 0½.

*Bullion per Oz.*—Portugal Gold in Coin, £6. 0s. 0d.—Foreign Gold in Bars, £3. 17s. 9d.—New Doubloons, £3. 0s. 0d.—New Dollars, £0. 4s. 8½d.—Silver in Bars (standard), £0. 4s. 11d.

*Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.*—Birmingham CANAL (¼ sh.), 290½.—Coventry, 800½.—Ellesmere and Chester, 0½.—Grand Junction, 288½.—Kennet and Avon, 27½.—Leeds and Liverpool, 460½.—Oxford, 635½.—Regent's, 22½.—Trent and Mersey (¼ sh.), 780½.—Warwick and Birmingham, 270½.—London DOCKS (Stock), 73½.—West India (Stock), 191½.—East London WATER-WORKS, 118½.—Grand Junction, 52½.—West Middlesex, 75½.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 10¼½.—Globe, 167½.—Guardian, 26¼½.—Hope Life, 6¼½.—Imperial Fire, 119½.—GAS-LIGHT Westminster chartered Company, 0½.—City, 190½.—British, 0½.—Leeds, 195½.

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

*Announced from February 23d to March 22d, 1830, in the London Gazette.*

### BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

J. Nicholls, Cleeve-Prior, builder  
J. Rayne and C. Rayne, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, seed-crushers  
J. Bull, Taunton, woollen-drapers  
M.M. *New Series.*—Vol. IX. No. 53.

W. Fuller, Pimlico, builder  
D. Fowler, Euston-square, builder  
L. Jacobs, Chelsea, broker  
J. de Groot, Wood-street, merchant  
W. Ware, Exeter, timber-merchant



## BANKRUPTCIES.

[This Month 103.]

*Solicitors' Names are in parentheses.*

- Atlee, J. Liverpool, merchant. (Williams and Co. Lincoln's-inn-fields)
- Addington, J. Chesterfield, mercer. (Smithson and Co. New-inn; Hutchinsons, Chesterfield)
- Berguer, L. T. and E. Blaquiére, Pickett-st. printers, (Yallop, Basinghall-street)
- Bilton, H. Woolwich, druggist. (Clutton and Co. Temple)
- Brownell, J. Reading and Oxford-street, straw-hat manufacturer. (Dignam, Little Distaff-lane)
- Baster, C. Abingdon, money-scrivener. (Graham, Serjeant's-inn; Graham, Abingdon)
- Blake, R. St. Mawes, twine-manufacturer. (Cardale and Co. Gray's-inn; Bull, Falmouth)
- Bryer, J. Bath, grocer. (Henderson, Surrey-street; Golden, Bristol)
- Blackley, T. Bath, haberdasher. (Simpson, Furnival's-inn; Brokenbrow, Bath)
- Bristow, J. sen. Poole, spirit-dealer. (Holmes and Co. New-inn; Parr, Poole)
- Calvert, J. Wressle, cornfactor. (Capes, Gray's-inn; Walmsley and Co. South Cave)
- Cassell, J. Plymouth, builder. (Smith, Basinghall-street; Husband, Devonport)
- Clarke, T. Dover, master-mariner. (Rixon and Son, Jewry-street)
- Cole, W. and R. K. Vorley, Suffolk-lane, hop-merchant. (Stevenson, Paternoster row)
- Clauk, J. Blyth, miller. (Dunn, Gray's-inn; Wilson, Newcastle-upon-Tyne)
- Corren, J. Strand, glover. (Cross, Surrey-street)
- Davis, F. W. New Windsor, silk-mercator. (Dicas, Basinghall-street)
- Davies, O. Maentwrog, innkeeper. (Williams, Pwllheli; Thomas, Barnard's-inn)
- Dangerfield, W. Cheltenham, victualler. (Merediths and Co. Lincoln's-inn)
- Dicken, T. and E. Bromby, Drayton-in-Hales, bankers. (Herring and Co. Lincoln's-inn-fields; Stanley, Newport)
- Evans, J. Manchester, timber-merchant. (Addington and Co. Bedford-row; Morris, Manchester)
- Fancourt, J. Marshall-street, victualler. (Robinson and Co. Half-moon-street)
- Field, T. Blackfriars-road, flour-factor. (Spence and Co. Shoe-lane)
- Fox, J. Margate, merchant. (Cook and Co. New-inn; Cobb, Margate)
- Fourdrinier, C. J. Lostock Gralam, chemist. (Hurd and Co. Temple; Seddon, Manchester)
- Fhnn, J. Hoxton, commission-agent. (Beart, Walbrook-buildings)
- Goulden, J. Hackney-road, carpenter. (Norton, New-street, Bishopsgate)
- George, M. Margate, draper. (Clowes and Co. Temple)
- Garraway, R. Poplar, shipowner. (Dods, Northumberland-street)
- Groves, T. Chelsea, white-lead-manufacturer. (Pearce and Co. St. Swithin's-lane)
- Golding, J. Walworth, bookseller. (Todd, Gray's-inn)
- Goodrum, T. Redenhall, bombazine-manufacturer. (Austin, Gray's-inn; Staff, Norwich)
- Godson, S. jun. Coventry, grocer. (Stephens, Bedford-row)
- Godson, R. Southwark, grocer. (Clarke, Basinghall-street)
- Herbert, W. Ratcliff, wine-merchant. (Hodgson, Broad-street-buildings)
- Holden, P. Prescott, innkeeper. (Blockstock and Co. Temple; Booth, Liverpool)
- Hawke, R. Penzance, baker. (Follett, Temple; Rogers, Helston)
- Holland, J. Upper Thornhaugh-street, cheesemonger. (Wright, Richmond-buildings, Soho)
- Heatley, J. Manchester, corn-dealer. (Makinson and Co. Temple; Atkinson and Co. Manchester)
- Hutson, H. Spilsby, tailor. (Van Sandan and Co. Old Jewry; Jacob and Co. Huddersfield)
- Harvey, W. Bearfield, cattle-silksman. (King and Co. Gray's-inn; Bush, Broadford)
- Harrison, J. Blyton, brick-maker. (Dawson and Co. New Boswell-court; Codd and Co. Gainsborough)
- Hodgens, W. Newgate-street, glass-dealer. (Thornbury, Chancery-lane)
- Harraden, J. R. Cambridge, upholsterer. (Barber and Co. Furnival's-inn)
- Howard, J. Warrington, sail-canvas-maker. (Taylor and Co. Temple; Fitchet and Co. Warrington)
- Huskisson, W. Haggerston, chemist. (Lloyd, Thavies-inn)
- Hussey, T. High Holborn, hat-manufacturer. (Jones and Co. Mining-lane)
- Hatton, T. sen. Ashby-de-la-Zouch, plumber. (Hemming and Co. Lincoln's-inn-fields)
- James, I. Merthyr Tydvil, victualler. (Evans and Co. Gray's-inn; Haberfield, Bristol)
- Jenkins, H. Tonbridge Wells, grocer. (Clutton and Co. Borough)
- Johnson, J. N. Liverpool, colour-manufacturer. (Ellis and Co. Chancery-lane; Holden, Liverpool)
- Jones, G. Tenterden-street, livery-stable-keeper. (Baxter, Size-lane)
- Jones, W. C. Shrewsbury, mercer. (Philpot and Stone, Southampton-street; Burley and Co. Shrewsbury)
- Johnson, T. Leeds, victualler. (Strangways and Co. Barnard's-inn; Blackburn, Leeds)
- Joseph, N. Minorities, tailor and draper. (Isaacs, St. Mary Axe)
- Kennedy, T. Keswick, woollen-manufacturer. (Leadbitter, Bucklersbury; Ansell, Lewick)
- Kirk, B. Leeds, victualler. (Battye and Co. Chancery-lane; Naylor, Leeds)
- Lade, J. S. Maidstone, cornfactor. (Harmer, Hatton Garden)
- Lilley, J. Tibberton, corn-dealer. (White, Lincoln's-inn; Holdsworth and Co. Worcester)
- Lloyd, D. Brecon, tanner. (Evans and Co. Gray's-inn; Haberfield, Bristol)
- Martin, W. Bath-street, cordwainer. (Todd, Gray's-inn)
- Maccornack, Pontefract, tea-dealer. (Cloughs and Co. Pontefract)
- Miller, T. Tottenham-court-road, stable-keeper. (Cardale and Co. Gray's-inn)
- M'Donald, C. Liverpool, surgeon. (Lake, Cateaton-street)
- Nash, E. Clerkenwell, jeweller. (Tanner, New Basinghall-street)
- Nicholson, E. Great Titchfield-street, milliner. (Warren, Symond's-inn)
- Pecqueur, L. and L. jun. and W. Paddington-street, mattress-makers. (Rowles, King's-arms-yard)
- Phillips, T. Strand, linen-draper. (Coombe, Token-house-yard)
- Parkinson, T. jun. Liverpool, brewer. (Dean, Palsgrave-place; Crewe and Son, Liverpool)
- Prince, W. Sunningwell, lime-burner. (Ford, Great-Queen-street; Frankum, Abingdon)
- Potter, G. and W. Bishop, Blackman-street, victualler. (Osbaldeston and Co. London-street)
- Partridge, S. Birmingham, grocer. (Chester, Staple's-inn; Arnold and Co. Birmingham)
- Ryan, T. T. Hoxton, merchant, late of New York. (Nettleship and Co. Grocers'-hall)
- Robson, W. and G. Gray, Gateshead, ship-builders. (Bell and Co. Bow Churchyard; Stokes, Newcastle-upon-Tyne)
- Robinson, T. Wigton, saddler. (Mounsey and Co. Staple-inn, Ewart, Carlisle)
- Richmond, W. Gutter-lane, factor. (Smith, Basinghall-street)
- Ramon, H. de, (formerly of Paris) London, merchant. (Lowes, Southampton-buildings)
- Randal, T. Halifax, ironfounder. (Battye and Co. Chancery-lane; Higham, Brig-house)
- Ridgway, R. Manchester, brewer. (Addington and Co. Bedford-row; Timperley, Manchester)
- Ridley, W. Gateshead, dealer in marine stores. (Bell and Co. Bow Churchyard; Dawson, Newcastle-upon-Tyne)
- Rose, R. Coventry, grocer. (Hindmarsh and Son, Jewin-street; and at Manchester)
- Rogers, J. Knightsbridge, victualler. (Clayton, John-street)
- Sherrin, J. Street, innholder. (Dyne, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Welsh, Wells)
- Skyrme, A. J. Hereford, tanner. (Robinson, Pancras-lane; Gough, Hereford)
- Simpson, H. Warmfield-cum-heath, boarding-house-keeper. (Scott, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Taylor, Wakefield)
- Salmon, J. Banbury, miller. (Alpin, Banbury)
- Sharp, W. Ramsey, paper-manufacturer. (Jones, John-street)
- Sampey, S., M. Feild, and E. Feild, New Bond-street, milliners. (Young, George-yard)

Stodart, G. Somer's-town-terrace, master-mariner. (Clift and Co. Red-lion-square.  
 Thom, G. and T. Livingston, Cheapside, biscuit-bakers. (Reilly, Clement's-inn  
 Thompson, C. Earl-street, bookbinder. (Wettig, Duke-street, Portland-place  
 Tye, J. Chalford, draper. (Evans and Co. Gray's-inn  
 Timbrell, W. Goswell-street, corndealer. (Bailey, Ely-place  
 Thornes, T. Stroud, fishmonger, fruiterer, and sheriff's-officer. (King, Serjeant's-inn; Paris, Stroud.  
 Willett, C. Brandon, linen-draper. (Turner, Basing-lane  
 Whittaker, M. Esholt, York, worsted-stuff-manu-

facturer. (Few and Co. Henrietta-street; Butterworth, Bingley  
 Winch, J. Kingsland-road, victualler. (Selby, Serjeant's-inn  
 Wilkins, T. Warrington, tailor. (Chester, Staple's-inn; Tibbets, Warwick  
 Whitby, J. Weasenham, St. Peter, grocer. (Austin, Gray's-inn; Barnard, Norwich  
 Wood, F. C. Leeds, shoemaker. (Dawson and Co. New Boswell-court; Stother, Leeds  
 Wiley, F. Sheffield, mercer. (Taylor, John-street; Badger, Sheffield  
 Vick, N. Pimlico, coal-merchant. (Farden, Great James-street  
 Underwood, W. Coventry, grocer. (Byrne, Exchange-office; Carter and Co. Coventry

## ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. T. Brereton, to the Vicarage of Steeple Morden, Cambridge.—Rev. H. B. Domville, to the Rectory of Pencombe, Hereford.—Rev. E. H. B. Estcourt, to the Vicarage of Great Wolford, Warwick.—Rev. J. C. Hall, to the Rectory of Offham, Kent.—Rev. C. Goring, to the Rectory of Twineham, Sussex.—Rev. W. H. Greene, to the Rectory of Steppingley, Bedford.—Rev. H. Rose, to the Rectory of Brington, Northampton.—Hon. Rev. A. A. Turnour, to the Vicarage of Little Melton, Norfolk.—Rev. R. C. Griffith, to be Chaplain to Marquis of Bath.—Rev. H. Jenkins, to the Rectory of Stanway, Essex.—Rev. P. Felix, to the Vicarage of Easton Neston with Hulnecote, Northampton.—Rev. Dr. Barrow, to be Archdeacon of Nottingham.

—Rev. C. P. Law, to the Rectory of Northrepps, Norfolk.—Rev. J. E. Commins, to the Vicarage of North Shoebury, Essex.—Rev. E. Walford, to the Rectory of Dallinghoe, Suffolk.—Right Rev. Dr. W. Carey, to be Bishop of St. Asaph.—Right Rev. Dr. C. Bethell, to be Bishop of Exeter.—Rev. W. Firth, to the Rectory of Letcombe Bassett, Berks.—Rev. J. F. Jones, to the Rectory of Guernesney, Monmouth.—Rev. C. Reynolds, to the Rectory of Brandon Parva, Norfolk.—Rev. C. Mason, to the Vicarage of Bramfield, Suffolk.—Rev. C. W. Eyre, to the Rectory of Babworth, Notts.—Rev. J. D. Ness, to the Vicarage of Morthoe, Devon.—Rev. J. Rowlandson to the Perpetual Curacy of Mansergh, Westmorland.

## CHRONOLOGY, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, ETC.

### CHRONOLOGY.

March 27. It transpired in the Court of Chancery that there are in the kingdom upwards of 50,000 charities, of the annual value of about two millions, not above one quarter of which is properly applied. The public commissioners for investigating charities have reported upon 20,000, and their expenses already exceed 200,000*l*.

29. Motion negatived in the House of Commons for abolishing the office of Lieut.-General of Ordnance\*, although one of its late holders was absent 18 months, while holding it!

30. Motion negatived in the House of Commons (98 against 46) for inquiry into the state of the land revenues of the crown †.

\* This office and the treasurership of the Navy had been previously declared useless by the Finance Committee.

† Mr. D. W. Harvey said his object was, that the state and management of the Crown Lands should become the subject of serious investigation, and made conducive to the exigencies of the state. He then entered into an elaborate and most comprehensive view of the subject before a thin House; and in his progress he shewed that in the reign of that great and good defender of the faith, Henry VIII. this property amounted to 273,000*l*. He advanced nothing upon this subject for which he had not the authority of history, and he held in his hand a paper which proved his statement. The total value of the Crown Lands, as he had been able to estimate them, now amounted to 17,865,200*l*., exclusive of coal, tin, and copper mines, &c. &c.!!! Mr. Hume supported the motion. In alluding to its importance, he observed, that the other night, when the question was only about 900*l*. the House was crowded; but now, when it amounted to nearly 18 millions, no one thought it worth his while to attend! By the by, during the debate on

April 5. Motion carried in House of Commons (115 against 97) for leave to bring in a bill to remove the disabilities of such persons as were of the Jewish persuasion!

The quarter's revenue made up to this day presents a decrease of 245,812*l*., and on the year 864,349*l*.

Common hall held at Guildhall pursuant to a requisition signed by many of the livery, addressed to the Lord Mayor, for the purpose of "taking into consideration the present overwhelming distress which pervades all ranks and classes of our fellow-countrymen, excepting those who are annuitants, those who receive fixed incomes, and those who live upon the taxes; and to devise the most effectual means of checking the alarming progress of the wide-spreading and devastating evil." When a petition to Parliament was unanimously voted, and several resolutions entered into.\*

the 900*l*. sinecures, Colonel Sibthorpe stated, by way of contrast, "that he had submitted a memorial of the strongest nature to Government with respect to an individual of unimpeached character, (Serjeant Duncan Macdonald,) who was 84 years of age, had served thirty years in the army, was now in a state of blindness, and who applied for an addition of only sixpence a day to his allowance; and what answer did he receive? That no additional grant could be afforded. And why? Because this person had been worn out in the public service!!! Here were two hon. gentlemen of noble descent, the sons of lords, and members of a ministerial party, and they got 900*l*. a-year for having done nothing!!!"

\* The principal speakers were Aldermen Wood, Waithman, Thompson, and Mr. Hunt, who adverted to the expensive nature of the wars of the last reign of America and France, both undertaken against liberty; the first supported by the Bourbons against us, and the second supported by us for the Bourbons, which wars, he said, had entailed upon



Lord Ellenborough's Divorce Bill finally passed the legislature, receiving by commission the king's signature.\*

April 12. A meeting took place at the London Tavern for considering measures proposed by Mr. Owen for the relief of the distress of the working classes, and permanent improvement of society, when several resolutions were passed for that purpose, and for presenting a petition to Parliament, recommending its Reform as the most effectual remedy for the people's distress.

April 14. One culprit executed at the Old Bailey for burglary.

April 15. Bulletin issued by His Majesty's physicians stating he had had a bilious attack, accompanied by embarrassment in breathing. In consequence the levee and drawing-room were put off.

April 15. Sessions commenced at the Old Bailey, the cases for trial amounting to 390, of which 158 were females.

20. Document printed by order of the House of Commons exhibiting the declared or real value of all our exports from Great Britain and Ireland from 1815 to 1830, both inclusive, comprehending both produce and manufactures.

| Years.             | Real Value | Years.               | Real Value. |
|--------------------|------------|----------------------|-------------|
| 1815               | 43,447,373 | 1823                 | 36,176,897  |
| 1816               | 49,653,245 | 1824                 | 34,539,410  |
| 1817               | 40,328,940 | 1825                 | 37,600,021  |
| 1818               | 40,349,235 | 1826                 | 38,077,330  |
| 1819               | 45,180,150 | 1827                 | 30,547,528  |
| 1820               | 34,252,251 | 1828                 | 36,394,817  |
| 1821               | 35,569,077 | 1829                 | 36,150,379  |
| 1822               | 35,823,127 | 1830                 | 35,212,373  |
| Total, 324,603,398 |            | Total,               | 285,049,255 |
|                    |            | Decrease, 39,554,143 |             |
|                    |            | 324,603,398          |             |

us our present distress, an irredeemable debt of about one thousand millions, after having caused oceans and rivers of blood to be spilt!

The following (which should have been inserted in our last) evinces part of the distress which afflicts the metropolis. March 6. A general meeting of the silkweavers took place at Bethnal Green, when it was resolved to petition Parliament on their present distressed state. The petition states, "that the operative silk-weavers, or those employed in the silk manufacture of England, amount altogether to upwards of 500,000 souls, who are now reduced to the greatest misery and privation, either from the crowded state of the workhouses, or from being obliged to subsist on the trifling pittance allowed by their parishes, which is not enough to purchase the common necessities of life!" The petitioners attribute greatly their miserable state to "the produce of foreigners, with which they cannot compete while the country is burdened by such an enormous weight of taxation!" They therefore pray for the repeal of the duties on malt, hops, beer, coals, candles, leather, and soap, as the means of rendering them some relief.

\* The language used during the proceedings of this filthy business, the accusations of indecency, misinterpretation, and misrepresentation, by which it was accomplished, obliges us to express our regret, that the speaker should have so lamentably neglected the duties of his office, and permitted such language to go forth to the country, as uttered in the House of Commons without explanation or apology.—*Observer*. The following are the specimens of this English legislative oratory. "He has no sense to understand evidence."—"I find this back as a monstrous lie on its contemptible authors."—"His perversions of evidence arose from the extraordinary formation of his mind."—"His observation was very impertinent."—"This is surely plebeian, but it reminds us of the patrician phrase '*false as hell*!' uttered in the House of Lords by the head of the Ellenborough family, (Heaven save the mark!) then lord chief justice of the King's Bench, although the present lord is merely a clerk there, with a princely income arising therefrom!"

23. Sessions terminated at the Old Bailey, when 27 culprits received sentence of death; 125 were transported, and 54 imprisoned.

#### MARRIAGES.

G. Wigram, esq., son of Sir R. Wigram, bart., to Fanny Bligh, niece to Marquis Londonderry and Earl Darnley.—Horace Twiss, esq., M.P., under Secretary of State, nephew to Mrs. Siddons, to Mrs. Greenwood.—Hon. Major Taylor, nephew to Lord Chatham, to Lady Sarah O'Brien, daughter to Marquis Thomond.—At St. George's, Hanover Square, Rev. E. H. B. Estcourt, son of T. B. Estcourt, esq., M.P., to Anne Elizabeth, daughter of Sir J. Johnstone, bart.—J. Arkwright, esq., to Sarah, eldest daughter of Sir Hungerford Hoskyns, bart.—At Lord Tankerville's, Lady Emma Bennet, to Viscount Fitzharris.—At St. George's, Hanover Square, Lord Henry Thynne, second son of Marquis of Bath, to Harriet, daughter of A. Baring, esq., M.P.

#### DEATHS.

At Litchfield, 74, Mary, relict of Rev. G. Parker, rector of Addingley (Worcester), whose murder, and the murder of his murderer, were under investigation at the last Worcester assizes.—Archdeacon Eyne, 73; rector of Babworth, and Beelsby, canon residentiary of York, prebend of Southwell, and archdeacon of Nottingham!!!—Major Rennell, 88.—Near Regent's Park, Miss A. M. S. Graves, niece to Lord Saye and Sele.—At South Lytchet, Sir Claude Scott, bart., 88.—At Vauxhall, T. Evance, esq., 81, late Recorder of Kingston.—Miss E. G. Lettsom, grand-child of Baron Garrow.—At North Muir of Forfar, Peter Smith, 103. He was one of those who were pressed in the year 1745, to assist in conveying Prince Charles Edward's baggage, and was a walking chronicle of the occurrences of those times.—At Dublin, Anne, Countess of Ormende, relict of John, late Earl of Ormende.—At Brighton, Lady Mary Anne Sotheby, wife of Admiral Sotheby.—In North Audley Street, Earl of Pomfret, 63. At Whitehall, Louisa Mary, daughter of Lord Carlington.—In Wimpole Street, General Sir Hew Dalrymple, bart., 80.—At Fareham, Lieut.-Col. P. T. Stanhope, eldest son of the late Admiral Stanhope. At Bradninch, Rear-Admiral Pearce, 71.—At West Frimstone, Mr. Mark Fostyn, aged 101. He was coachman to Bishop Trevor, at the time he was translated to the see of Durham, in 1752, and perfectly remembered the ancient ceremony which took place upon Croft bridge, in presenting the faulchion to the Bishop on his first entering the diocese.—At Gredington, Peregrina, youngest daughter of Lord Kenyon.

#### MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At Florence, Marquis Bocella, to Jane Dorothy, daughter of the late Rev. H. Hamond.

#### DEATHS ABROAD.

Lately, at Chateaux, Madame Bertrand, who, with her husband, accompanied Napoleon Buona-parto to St. Helena.—At Cincinatti, Father Hill, of the Catholic Church, brother of Lord Hill, and nephew of the celebrated Rowland Hill.—At Carlsruhe, the Grand Duke of Baden.—At Boulogne, Lady Homfrae.—At Baltimore, (U.S.) Sir Richard Lyttleton Reynell, bart.—At Madeira, Stuart, son of the late F. J. Jackson, esq., His Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary at the Courts of Madrid, Vienna, and Berlin.—At Malta, Baron Schlippenback, captain of the Russian frigate Alexandra.

## MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

**DURHAM.**—An extraordinary carriage, which travels at the rate of 12 miles an hour without horses or steam, has been exhibited at Durham.

No less than 96 vessels were laid on for coal cargoes at Stockton between the 1st and 20th of March.

A ewe, the property of Mr. Joseph Barker, of Bearpark Lodge, near Durham, on the 28th of March yealed the unusual number of 4 strong lambs.

The condition of the agricultural interest of the county of Durham is at present most appalling. Entire districts of farmers and graziers are in a state of ruin; bankruptcies, sales, or distrains, are of almost daily occurrence, spreading consternation and distress around.

**YORKSHIRE.**—Several families, amounting to between 50 and 60 persons, from the Yorkshire Wolds, passed through this city, this morning, on their route to embark for America.—*York Courant*, April 20.

The rage for emigration, especially in the district within 20 or 30 miles of this town, seems to be on the increase. We understand that not less than 15 ships have been laid on, in this port, to take out passengers, principally to Quebec, and that the proprietors of every one calculate on a full cargo. We heard it asserted, the other day, by a gentleman on whose knowledge of these matters we can rely, that already 4,400 applications for a passage across the Atlantic had been made in Hull. Some of the applicants, we believe, have gone to Liverpool.—*Hull Rockingham*.

The Leeds petition for Retrenchment and Parliamentary Reform has been signed by 13,850 signal tures.

A numerous Meeting was held, April 12, at Almondbury Bank, for the purpose of taking into consideration the propriety of forming a Political Union, to correspond with that lately formed in Birmingham, having for its object the legally obtaining a real Reform in the Commons' House of Parliament. A declaration passed unanimously (it described their sufferings, and is very distressing even to peruse) and several resolutions were entered into, and a plan for Reform, elicited by Mr. Wood\* was unanimously agreed to.

The assizes terminated April 10, after three weeks unremitting attention and hard labour on the part of the judges, juries, and counsel, 46 prisoners were recorded for death; 23 transported, and several imprisoned. One trial in the *Nisi Prius* Court took up 77 hours time, and gave great dissatisfaction, as it was an importation from Lancaster, in the midst of the assizes, for the accommodation of his high mightiness the attorney-general.—*Leeds Intelligencer*.

There were no less than 154 prisoners tried in the criminal court at the Yorkshire assizes.

\* "If they wanted Reform," said Mr. Wood, "in his opinion they must not state any particular plan. If they thought nothing less than Annual Parliaments and Universal Suffrage would do, they must be content to go by themselves, as the majority of the community would not go so far as that. He contended that this county was not fully and fairly represented, although it did send 4 members to parliament, as 2 of them were what he might term blanks, and the remaining 2 opposite blanks, and they all knew that when 2 were taken from 2 there remained nothing!!! He would, therefore, advise them to pass a resolution that they would support a Union for an effectual Reform in Parliament, without giving it any particular name."

The phenomenon of the aurora borealis was observed at York on the 19th April.

**NORFOLK.**—A meeting has been held at Yarmouth in the New-hall, for the purpose of petitioning Parliament for a further Reduction of Taxation, and a Retrenchment in the Public Expenditure, when a petition was unanimously agreed to\*.

**CAMBRIDGESHIRE.**—At Ely assizes 6 prisoners received sentence of death; one of them was a boy only TEN years of age!!! He was found guilty of breaking into a dwelling-house†.

The learned judge (Mr. Justice Storks), in his charge to the grand jury, said he was happy to see the amelioration of the criminal code proceeding rapidly. We boasted of our ancestors, but when the present race were mouldering in the dust posterity would bless us for our labours and improvements!!! It was exceedingly to be regretted that crime was on the increase—there were many causes for this state of things—education, unquestionably, was a great blessing, but it was useless if not connected with morality. The poor-box was formerly approached with shame and reluctance; this feeling was now completely altered, he feared never to be restored!!! All should endeavour to restore the poor man to his former station in society!!!

At the Cambridge assizes, Mr. Hatfield, the publisher of the *Huntingdon Gazette*, was tried on a criminal information for an alleged libel on Mr. G. F. Maule, solicitor and town-clerk of Huntingdon; Mr. Pryme made an able defence for Mr. Hatfield; and the jury, after retiring for a quarter of an hour, brought in a verdict of *not guilty*; which was followed by loud and long-continued cheering!!!

\* The petition states "That as Merchants, Ship-owners, Ship-builders, Fish-curers, and Tradesmen, your Petitioners are labouring under heavy and unexampled difficulties, from which their best exertions and greatest industry seem incapable of relieving them. The property of your petitioners is deteriorating with fearful rapidity, and bankruptcies, insolvencies, and more private arrangements with their debtors are sweeping away those very capitals on which, as traders, they depend; whilst those of your petitioners who are Seamen, Artisans, and Mechanics, in consequence of the great want of employment, are compelled to submit to privations and expeditious as distressing as they are humiliating. Taxation in all its pervading influence, its harassing enactments, its absorbing effects, and the means it affords of overwhelming patronage, accompanied by the monopolies and restrictions which it encourages and supports, your petitioners believe to be the great cause of their distresses. Taxation is the price which society pays for government, and that government must be the best which preserves the social order, protects the common weal, and provides for the equitable payment of the public creditor at the least possible price. Your Petitioners therefore humbly, but most decidedly and firmly pray, and fully and confidently expect that your Honourable House will forthwith reduce to its lowest practicable expence every department of Government from the highest to the lowest, abolish all Monopolies and Exclusive Privileges, and, as the intended result, effect such a Reduction of Taxation as shall be commensurate to the great need, the just expectations, and the undoubted right of your petitioners.

† The boy was in tears during the trial, and it was understood that he has been several times in want of food and the common necessities of life, from the inattention of his family. The learned judge strongly condemned the brutal and inhuman treatment the boy had experienced from his father, and said he should be happy to forward any communication so as to place him out of the reach of such an unnatural monster. At present the only course was to record sentence of death, the boy having committed a capital crime.



**NORTHUMBERLAND.**—The Newcastle and Carlisle rail-road will shortly be commenced. Mr. Giles, the engineer engaged to conduct the undertaking, is at present in the north.

**HEREFORDSHIRE.**—Sentence of death was recorded against 10 prisoners at these assizes; 2 were transported, and 22 awarded to imprisonment.

**HAMPSHIRE.**—A petition to Parliament has been voted at a meeting held at Southampton relative to negro emancipation. It was also proposed to indemnify the West India landholders against the loss arising from the emancipation of their slaves.—*Hampshire Telegraph*, April 12.

The new cattle-market commenced at Botley under the most favourable auspices. It is to be held every fortnight on the alternate Monday with the cattle-market at Fareham.

The number of children belonging to the Portsmouth Sunday schools, nearly 5000, attended their annual sermon on Good Friday. In the Portsmouth parish account for last year there is a curious item of *£l. 5s.* paid to the Rector for tythes on the Poor House Garden!—*Hampshire Telegraph*.

**HUNTINGDONSHIRE.**—A county meeting has been held at the Court House in Huntingdon, to consider the propriety of petitioning Parliament for the total repeal of the malt tax, which was unanimously agreed to, after a variety of speeches made upon the occasion.\*

**CHESHIRE.**—A public meeting of the bankers, merchants, tradesmen, and other inhabitants of Chester, was held at the Exchange, April 8, pursuant to a requisition to the mayor, numerously and respectfully signed, to consider the propriety of petitioning both Houses of Parliament against that part of the Attorney General's Bill, by which it is intended to destroy not only the jurisdiction of the Court of Session of the County Palatine of Chester, but also to deprive the County of the City of Chester of its local courts, when several resolutions were entered into, and a petition unanimously voted to parliament.†—*Chester Chronicle*.

15 prisoners were recorded for death at the assizes and sessions for this county and city, besides several transported and imprisoned; the melancholy picture of the state of crime exhibited in the calendar-excited feelings of the deepest regret both in the judge and recorder, and is particularly alluded to in the local press.

\* One of the speakers, Mr. Day of St. Ives, said "that by rigid economy, and the abolition of sinecures, a considerable reduction might take place. They now asked for what they were prepared to prove could be done by lopping off pensions; there was the Duke of Manchester receiving 4,000*l.* a year for doing little more than seclude himself in Kimbolton Castle. Let any person take up the Red Book, and read what is there detailed, and then put his hand on his heart and say, if he can, that it is impossible for ministers to repeal taxes!"—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

† Mr. Granville, having given the matter his best consideration, said, he could not but regard that part of the bill, which proposed the abolition of the local courts of the County Palatine and of the City of Chester, not as a *reformation*, but as a *change* of the most objectionable and injurious tendency to the inhabitants of those places; inasmuch as they would be thereby deprived of the means of obtaining *cheap and speedy* justice at their own doors—an advantage which ought rather to be *extended* to every part of this kingdom than *taken away* from any portion of it!!!

**SHROPSHIRE.**—At the Lent assizes for this county 7 prisoners received sentence of death; 8 were transported, and a few imprisoned.

**SOMERSETSHIRE.**—At these assizes 26 prisoners received sentence of death, 8 were ordered to be transported, and about 30 imprisoned.

**DEVONSHIRE.**—By the last statement of the Devon and Exeter Savings' Bank, it appears that 1,262,996*l.* 15*s.* 7*d.* have been received since its original institution; and that the total in-payments made, amounts to 588,254*l.* 15*s.* 7*d.*, so that the sum of 675,742*l.* 19*s.* 3*d.* remains in hand. The number of accounts opened, 31,285, and the number of deposits received 114,513.

At the last Report published of the state of the Devonport Union Savings' Bank, the sum paid in by 5,188 depositors, since its commencement, amounted to 288,134*l.* 14*s.*, out of which payments have been made of the sum of 46,467*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.*; remaining balance 243,314*l.* 9*s.* 8*d.*

**WORCESTERSHIRE.**—The petition in the course of signature at Worcester relative to the revival of the criminal laws, states that on an average of 7 years ending with 1826, 75 executions took place annually in England and Wales, and the capital convictions to 1093!\*

**WARWICKSHIRE.**—The assizes for this county were heavy and laborious, and the number of prisoners was about 230! *sixty-nine* of whom received sentence of death!!! Between 40 and 50 were consigned to various periods of transportation. An analysis of the calendar exhibits in a melancholy point of view the prevalence of juvenile delinquency; of the total number of prisoners, one was of the tender age of *twelve*!!! 27 from 12 to 15! 81 from 16 to 20! 60 from 21 to 25! 24 from 26 to 30; and about 40 from 31 to 52 and upwards†.

\* "Sanguinary laws are a bad system of the temper of any state," says Blackstone; and for the wisdom of our ancestors, in making lots of acts of Parliament, some idea may be formed by comparing the important changes that have taken place in the statute law of the realm, from the number of statutes that have been either wholly or partly repealed within the last seven years (from 4th to 10th Geo. IV. inclusive). It appears that during the above period, 1,126 Acts of Parliament have been wholly, and 443 partly, repealed, making a total of 1,569; of these, 1,344 relate to the empire at large, and 225 solely to Ireland!!! Mr. Peel's reform relative to forgery will reduce 360 acts to 10, and that in the customs only!!!

† *Sixty-nine* prisoners cast for death in *one* county, and that too the midland county of this once boasted humane and civilized England! Well may foreigners taunt us for our sanguinary code, for we doubt whether there are as many criminals at present lying under sentence of death in the whole of continental Europe, as there are in three of our counties, to say nothing on the horror of having a few of them under the tender age of *twelve*!!! Most of the culprits tried at Warwick are from Birmingham, many of whom have been lingering in prison, waiting their *six months* day of trial. Whatever might have been the arrangements of our *wise* ancestors during the barbarous period of the feudal system, surely the great population, overwhelming taxation, and civilization of these latter times, entitle that town to a *more convenient, cheap, and speedy* dispensation of justice, and its consequent extirpation of crime, "which may be also mightily assisted," as Dr. Johnson remarks, "by looking out upon the Intellectual World, and extending the power of Learning over regions yet undiscovered; or by surveying more exactly our ancient dominions, and driving *ignorance* from the retreats where she skulks undetected and undisturbed."

A memorial from the Coventry Blue Club, signed by upwards of 1600 individuals, has been transmitted to R. E. Heathcote, Esq., M.P., one of the members for that city, expressing in the most unqualified terms their disapprobation of his public conduct, and calling upon him "forthwith to resign the representation of the city, in order to afford them an opportunity to elect a member that is willing and has time to attend to their interests!!!" In reply to this communication, Mr. Heathcote, under date of April 4, says—"I have no intention of relinquishing my seat for Coventry previously to a dissolution of Parliament, nor any desire to occupy it one day afterwards!!!"—*Aris's Birmingham Gazette.*

**GLOUCESTERSHIRE.**—At the annual meeting of the directors of the Bristol Savings' Bank, it appears by their last report that they had received from its establishment the sum of 280,346l. 16s. 11d., deposited by 6270 members, 10 charities, and 90 friendly societies.

A meeting has been held at Rodborough of the woollen manufacturers, when it was resolved to petition parliament against the system of paying workmen by way of truck.

At the county assizes 56 prisoners were recorded for death, 20 were transported, and 60 were ordered to be imprisoned.

**LANCASHIRE.**—At a public meeting of the inhabitants of the towns of Great and Little Bolton, held for the purpose of taking into consideration the present distressed state of the country, and presided by J. Livesey, esq. boroughreeve, several resolutions were entered into; and a Political Union formed of the middle and labouring classes to accomplish a Reform in the Commons House of Parliament as the only means of eradicating the various evils with which the country is assailed. The resolutions stated the crippled state of the industrious part of the people by enormous taxes brought on by a false and fatal ambition; the enormous revenues of the Church, particularly the Tythes, the parochial Aristocracies, &c. &c.

At Lancaster assizes, Sir J. A. Park said to the grand jury: "These are frightful times! Long as I have been connected with this circuit as a barrister and a judge, I have never seen a calendar stained with crimes of such enormity." His lordship's observation is equally applicable to the Yorkshire calendar for the late assizes. Public distress is sufficient to account for robberies and certain irregularities, but not for the heavy offences which we have had to record.—*Macclesfield Courier.*

A public meeting had been held at Manchester for the purpose of taking into consideration the best means to be adopted for obtaining from Parliament a general act for the regulation of the hours of labour of young persons employed in cotton, woollen, and other factories where children are employed and machinery used, when several resolutions were passed, and a petition founded thereon unanimously voted to both Houses of Parliament.

We stated, a few weeks ago, that the number of persons who were emigrating to the western world was as great during the present as it had been during the same period of the past year. We find, on inquiry, that the number is daily increasing, and that there is every probability that it will this year exceed considerably the number of emigrations during the last. The emigrants are principally persons who have been engaged in agricultural pursuits, and the bulk of them comes from the inland counties. They are all decently attired, and neither they nor

their families exhibit marked traces of having undergone the severity of distress. Many of them seem to have been small farmers. Several parties of emigrants have come to Liverpool in waggons and covered carts their own property. The stream of emigration is still towards the United States.—*Liverpool Albion.*

**LINCOLNSHIRE.**—From every part of Lincolnshire, families are preparing to emigrate. More than 100 individuals, chiefly middle-aged farmers and industrious mechanics with small capitals, will leave Boston during the next week, in two small vessels termed lighters, which have been hired by them to convey themselves and goods, by canals, to Liverpool, where they purpose embarking for the United States.—*Lincoln Mercury, April 2.*

**CORNWALL.**—At these assizes 5 prisoners received sentence of death, and a few were imprisoned.

A meeting has been held at Truro of merchants and others interested in the mines of this county, when it was resolved to present a Memorial to His Majesty's Government, claiming its protection from the inroads the smelting of Foreign Copper Ores is making against their property.\*

**WALES.**—At the Radnor, Monmouth, Cardigan, Denbigh, and Flintshire Sessions, the civil business was very light, sentence of death being recorded only against 2 culprits.

A public meeting, called by the Vicar and about 40 of the principal inhabitants of the populous and important parish of Holywell, combining, as it does, in a remarkable degree, the agricultural, the manufacturing, the mining, and trading interests, was held at that town, to petition the legislature on the present general distress which presses with peculiar severity on that district, when 9 resolutions were carried by acclamation, stating the very deplorable condition of the population there, caused by an overwhelming taxation, raised to pay the expenses of long and destructive wars, &c. &c. Petitions to both Houses of Parliament were passed, founded on the resolutions; and the language uttered at this meeting "was," as the *Chester Chronicle* informs us, "that of speaking out on the present state of the country, and the causes of it!!!"

\* The resolutions state, that the mines of Cornwall are calculated to employ between 80 and 90,000 souls, being about one-third of its population. That the Customs Acts of 1827 and 28, which first permitted Foreign Copper Ores to be smelted in England, threaten rapidly to destroy those advantages, which not only attach provincially to Cornwall and Devonshire, Wales and Ireland, but spread themselves generally and extensively throughout the kingdom, which insure to the British Navy, in peace or war, a never failing and cheap supply of metal, now become essential to its perfection and durability, and thus form so valuable a part of our internal resources and security. That by the importation of even a small portion of such copper ores as are known to be raising in South America, and as have been of late actually sold in the British Market, many of the mines would be suddenly and irretrievably crushed—thousands of industrious families would be thrown upon their parishes, and a degree of distress occasioned, commercially and agriculturally, which it would be then as impossible to prevent as it is now appalling to contemplate. That by the admission of Foreign Smelter only a few years ago, the Cornish Mines depending upon that article were suddenly and at once extinguished, much of their ores lying now unsaleable at the price of raising them, without any benefit having accrued, so far as can be ascertained, to British Interests—this fact proving that the present alarm, with respect to Foreign Copper, is founded not only upon the best information, but upon actual experience.



A meeting has been held at Priestelgn of the freeholders of Radnor, when a petition to Parliament was resolved on, for adhering "to the old judicial constitution," with such improvements as may be found absolutely necessary.

It is with the greatest regret that we have to communicate the particulars of one of the most fatal shipwrecks that has occurred on the coast of this country for several years. On Friday night, April 16, the *Newry*, captain Crosbie, from the port of *Newry*, bound for *Quebec*, with about 400 passengers on board, ran on the rocks at *Portinclineon*, near *Bardsey*, in *Caernarvon* bay, and was dashed to pieces in a few hours, about 70 perishing in the wreck! A considerable part of them were principally Irish emigrants, and the captain, with the crew, and about half the passengers, succeeded in reaching the shore, and are at *Caernarvon*, where they have been treated with the greatest kindness by the inhabitants.

**MONMOUTHSHIRE.**—Sentence of death was recorded against 5 prisoners at these assizes; 5 were transported, and 8 imprisoned for various periods.\*

**IRELAND.**—Our quays are crowded with emigrants from this and the adjoining counties.—Several ships have obtained their full compliment of passengers, and only wait a favourable wind to leave our shores. At present, *Newfoundland* seems to be more in favour with the emigrants, as a place of settlement, than the *Canadas*, the majority embarking for *St John's*, where they expect more immediate employment on landing than they would find in *Canada*, and whence they may afterwards, if disposed, pass over to *New Brunswick* with great facility. We observe a great number of females amongst the emigrants.

While on the subject of emigration, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact of the great decline of mercantile exports from *Waterford* to *Newfoundland*, which previous to the baneful system of Free Trade were considerable, and a source of extensive employment and profit to our tradesmen and merchants. Formerly the greater part of the pork, butter, flour, &c. consumed in that island, was the produce of this country, but of late, these articles are obtained from *Russia*, *Hamburg*, *America*, and elsewhere, on terms so low, that our merchants cannot compete with them; and the consequence has been that in this city alone, several mercantile houses have given up the trade altogether, whilst those that remain engaged in it, do comparatively nothing.

The tide of emigration to *America* from this part of the country is setting in very strong just now, and many families are embarking at this port.—*Limerick Chronicle*.

A "Society of the Friends of Ireland of all religious Denominations," has been recently established in *Dublin*, of which *Daniel O'Connell* is chairman. The Committee have made their Report in 25 arti-

\* At these Assizes, a girl, about ten years of age, was tried for stealing coals of the value of one farthing!!! The culprit was of such diminutive stature, that the governor of the gaol had to hold her up in his arms, that the Court and Jury might have a view of her while she pleaded to the indictment!!! Her counsel took an objection to the prosecution, on the ground that she was of that tender age from which a want of guilty knowledge was to be inferred; but the Judge was of opinion that the presence or absence of guilty knowledge was a question for the consideration of the Jury. The Jury accordingly exercised their judgment on the case, and returned a verdict of "Not Guilty!!!"

cles, stating in the first and last, "to terminate party feuds—to extinguish religious animosities—to bury in perpetual oblivion all past injuries, insults, and offences—to extend harmony and conciliation throughout the land, and to combine Irishmen of every class and creed in mutual benevolence and fraternal affection." Mr. Lawless read his petition for the repeal of the Union, which was referred to the committee to report thereon, and Mr. O'Connell moved that persons paying a pound should be members of the society, and that clergymen of all religious persuasions should be members without paying any subscription.

**SCOTLAND.**—The Report of the Select Committee on the Improvement of the Northern Roads has been recently published; it recommends the appointment of a commission to carry this important object into effect. It appears, that Mr. Telford has given it as his opinion, drawn chiefly from surveys already made, that a saving of 30 miles may be made in the road between *London* and *Edinburgh*, viz. 10 between *London* and *Newark*, 6 between *Newark* and *Morpeth*, and 14 between *Morpeth* and *Edinburgh*; so that the whole distance would be reduced from 399 to 369 miles.

The ships *Trusty* and *Neptune* sailed on Thursday for *Canada*; the latter vessel with 150 emigrants, wholly mechanics and agriculturists. Numerous groups of friends and relatives accompanied the ships to the end of the pier, and a long deeply felt farewell was exchanged when the last rope was let go that linked them to *Caledonia*!—*North Briton*, April 14.

The quays of *Greenock* and *Port-Glasgow* presented an unusual bustle during the last week, by the arrival and embarkation of emigrants from all parts of the country, to various vessels about to sail for *America*. The *Corsair* was to sail this day. Yesterday the *Cherub* sailed for *Montreal*, with a few wealthy agricultural and commercial emigrants, who, we hear, have taken a considerable sum of money with them to their adopted country. The *Earl of Dalhousie*, also bound for *Montreal*, was to sail this day, and she also takes a few passengers. The *Cassandra*, from *Port Glasgow* for *New York*, is to sail on Tuesday, with, we learn, about 150 passengers.—*Glasgow Chronicle*.

About 32 families, almost all of the Roman Catholic persuasion, were to sail on Thursday, weather permitting, from *Greenock* for *Prince Edward's Island*, under the superintendence of Mr. M'Donnell, assistant clergyman in the Catholic chapel of *Glasgow*. The greater part of them belong to *Glasgow* and vicinity; but a few of them are natives of *Ireland* and the *Western Isles*. Many of them have left very comfortable situations in this country, allured by the bright prospects held out to them by their spiritual guide. They are by no means the poorest part of our Catholic population, as all of them were able to pay their own passage, and the most needy had a surplus, while many of them have taken considerable sums of money. One farmer from *Ireland* actually sold his patrimony, for which he obtained 700*l.*, and joined the expedition.—*Caledonian Mercury*.

The fever for emigration is at present raging at its height in the county of *Sutherland*, and the wilds of *Upper Canada* are this year the chosen scene for voluntary exile. Vessels have been freighted to sail about the end of May, and no less than three hundred adults (besides children) have already registered their names as passengers.—*Inverness Courier*.

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PETITION TO THE KING OF THE BEGGARS!

HEAR your lovers, first of princes ;  
Men whose conscience never winces ;  
Hear your kinsmen, last of kings,  
Each with fifty stars and strings :  
We're no Hackballs nor M'Gregors ;  
We're your Teutschland high blood beggars.

Hear your royal Cobourg brothers,  
Hear your house's hundred mothers ;  
Hear your twice a hundred cousins,  
Hear their mistresses by dozens ;  
Hear us while you have an ear,  
Hear the royal "near and dear."

Now that you have touch'd John Bull ;  
Blockhead, when his purse is full,  
Thinking 'twill be never empty,  
Not a sixpence left to tempt ye ;  
Just six hundred thousand pounds  
Made your own on "public grounds."

Sixty thousand touch'd for Claremont,  
Rearing gooseberries and spear-mint ;  
Fifty thousand more for spoons,  
Fifty more for pantaloons,  
Fifty more for cab and carriage,  
Handsome pay, we own, for marriage !

True, the *nation.boutiquière*  
Gave thee the eternal sneer ;  
True, its scribblers, Heaven confound them !  
Spatter'd endless ink around them ;  
True, the Press (the devil's invention !)  
Talked of slicing down your pension.



True, their orators, 'od rot them !  
 Brawling in their House of Gotham ;  
 Each place-hunting for himself,  
 Longed to put you on the shelf :  
 Theirs the sting, but yours the honey,  
 Still you pocketed the money.

Asses, could they think *our* line  
 Born on shopkeepers to shine ?  
 Cobourg blood, and Cobourg grace  
 Lavished on the Cheapside race ;  
 Tribe of tinkers, tailors, tanners,  
 Gratis polished by our manners !

Phoenix of the Cobourg blood,  
 Ages older than the flood !  
 Statesman, warrior, saint and sage,  
 Filling Europe's broadest page :  
 Expectation's cabbage rose,  
 List to what your house propose.

If your Highness steers for Greece,  
 Bringing back the golden fleece.  
 Shall the rascal Capitani  
 Think their Solomon a zany ?  
 Shall they see you waste your guineas,  
 Like the mob of English ninnies ?

Brother, hear thy beggar band !  
 From our native plains of sand,  
 From our vinegar and meal,  
 Hard to buy, but sweet to steal ;  
 Ship our nakedness to Greece,  
 We're the lambs who want the Fleece.

Here we're ready, man and wife,  
 To be pension'd for our life ;  
 Riding through the English million,  
 Every man his own postilion ;  
 Giving loyalty the swing,  
 Beggars, round the beggars' king !

But, if Lord Field-Marshal Nitre  
 Finds that you can bite the biter,  
 And on English ground you stay ;  
 Pop us on the Civil List ;  
 There a million won't be miss'd—  
 So your House shall ever pray,—  
 &c. &c. &c.

## LORD MOUNTCASHEL AND THE CHURCH.

THE Earl of Mountcashel is an enthusiast; probably an honest man—certainly a rash one, and as certainly plunging into discussions beyond his depth. The truth is, that having felt disgust at the conduct of individuals in the diocese in which he lives, he has expanded his disgust over the whole Irish church—has determined to believe that a fac-simile of the Bishop of Cork presides over every diocese in Ireland, and that an honourable Tom St. Lawrence revels in pluralities in every corner of the land. Disgust will do much with a man of strong feelings; and we should not have been surprised to hear Lord Mountcashel pouring out a stream of indignation on the state of things directly within his view. But he should have deliberately examined the *general* aspect of the church, have balanced the characters of the active, the learned, and the sincere against his prepossessions, have ascertained how much of the existing evil was to be attributed to the past legislative corruption; and, as a conclusion, decided that the Irish church was an important agent of good to the people. If the Irish church were to be overthrown, the Irish state would follow it. If the influence which the Protestant clergy exercise upon the civilization of the country were to be withdrawn, three-fourths of Ireland would degenerate into barbarism; and if the connexion which their presence upholds between the Irish feeling and English government were to be dissolved, the islands would be divided in heart from that hour; Ireland would cease to be a part of the British empire. A rebellion would break the bond; followed by a revolution which would set up a local tyranny; followed by a war, in which Ireland would be the field of battle.

For what horrors the land must be prepared that can contemplate such a struggle. What utter devastation of the present means and future powers of Ireland must be made in the course of a struggle between the mad rebellion of the people and the angry vengeance of England; how tremendously the evil must be aggravated by the interference of popish Europe, an interference which would undoubtedly be urged with all the subtlety of Jesuitism, and all the fury of bigotry! The island must be covered with ruin; population must perish; production must be extinguished over the face of the land; and unless England should be overborne and crushed by the united strength of European popery, Ireland must be held to her allegiance only by the lash and the chain.

We can feel no surprise that the church establishment should be made the theme of that multitude of silly and ignorant disputers, who habitually molest society. A blockhead who will argue though he cannot reason, and will talk though he cannot learn, is among the worst nuisances of civilized life. This haranguer is often some unlucky and obscure struggler in the lower walks of some profession; he sees himself surpassed on all sides, and he salves his wounded vanity by abuse of all existing things. He feels himself scorned in the general intercourses of intelligent society, and he tries to revenge the scorn by reptile hatred of all that dignifies public and private life. In default of all other knowledge, he takes up the miserable common-places of politics. He is the radical. In the most repulsive ignorance of divine things, he takes up the miserable common-places against religion; hunting after the meanest sources of gain, he is outrageous at the established revenues of every



institution alike in church and state ; and as nothing but an utter subversion of the country can give him a chance of lucre, he clamours for that subversion as the only chance of safety or subsistence to the nation.

With men of this class, it is but waste of words to argue. Their vulgarity, virulence, and folly, are beyond all reasoning ; they must be left to the natural career of rebellion and atheism, fortunate only if their cowardice prevents them from putting their theories into act, and contents them with poisoning the minds of fools without bringing themselves to the scaffold by the attempt to realize their profligate principles. But to those who desire to judge of things upon their merits, we say that the grounds for advocating an establishment of religion are as strong as those for advocating a civil government.

Christianity is a system of the highest truths essential to the highest purposes of man individually and generally. It retains the most disturbing feelings of our nature in the path of duty. It rewards and animates the noblest labours and trials of personal and public virtue. It diffuses cheerfulness through the deepest scenes of an anxious life. It elevates the human mind in the lowest ranks of the social system. It ennobles human nature by giving it the noblest of all motives, the love and honour of a being who comprehends within himself all grandeur, power, virtue and wisdom. It raises the humblest to the level of the loftiest, by that holy equality which makes no distinction beyond the grave, but the distinction of virtue. It girds us up for the most sublime sacrifices in the cause of man, by displaying to us the secure happiness of a life exhausted in the service of God and man ; the nothingness of those human honours which may be earned by successful crime ; and the solid and imperishable glory of that praise which comes from the Eternal Source of glory.

But all knowledge requires a teacher, and all knowledge that is to be permanent must be sustained by a succession of teachers. If religion is to be impressed upon the people, it must be by men appointed and educated for the purpose of impressing it. There must be a clergy. But if the religion of a nation is to be a fixed system of principles, not a vague compilation of fugitive theories, there must be some standard, there must be some acknowledged and authentic form of doctrine, there must be something beyond the rambling fancy of every half-madman, who undertakes to lead the popular mind. We must not see in the pulpit to-day a man who contradicts every syllable said by the man of yesterday, and is as sure to have his doctrine cast out before the man of to-morrow. There must thus be a summary of belief : a liturgy, places of worship, men entitled to preserve the decorum of that worship, to sustain its offices, to propagate its truths, and those men must be kept up in a continued succession, or the whole falls to the ground. But to keep up this succession, there must be some settled inducement for families to devote their sons to the church, some remuneration for the expense of education, some security that the remuneration will not fail if the service be done. Thus we must have a clergy, colleges for their instruction, livings for their support, and a permanent right to be paid by their share of the general possessions of society.

If we will have our children initiated into Christianity by the rite commanded by its Divine Teacher ; or if we will make the union of the sexes the sacred bond that it must be made, to avoid the most fatal evils to the human race ; we must have baptisms and marriages, and men to perform

them both. If we would pay the natural respect to the dead, whom we honoured and loved in life ; or if we look upon the body, that is yet to rise and be glorified, as worthy of more consideration than the body of a wild beast, we must have men to perform the decent ceremonial of the grave. For all those offices, and for many more than those, we must have a clergy.

But the outcry of the radical and the atheist is, that the clergy have usurped too large a portion of the property of the state ; that their payment is injurious to public prosperity ; that the establishment is nothing more than a ponderous contrivance to pamper indolence ; and that the state, as having given the property, has a right to modify, to diminish, or take it away altogether. Every one of those assertions is a prejudice, an error, or an absurdity.

The revenues of the establishment are *not paid by the people*. The title of the establishment to its lands and revenues is older than that of any other institution in the empire. Its revenues were not taken from any man's estate, for they have subsisted for ages previous to the existence of that estate ; and they have existed by the most natural and intelligible of all rights, the right of private ownership to dispose of its property. This right is more sacred than the right of the nation to dispose of property, because that process implies violence, or revolution ; and what one revolution may do, another may be entitled to undo. It is more sacred than the right of kings to confer property, because that right may often be the mere work of tyranny. Thus the right of the church to its possessions is the most ancient, simple, and solid of all—the right of the individual who has acquired property, to dispose of it according to his own good will.

The first edifice assigned for Christianity in England was in Canterbury, the gift of Ethelbert, the king of Kent, in the sixth century. As the British people were then heathens, the priests who had come with Austin travelled through Ethelbert's kingdom, preaching Christianity. The first assemblages of their converts were in private houses. When those assemblages became too numerous for meetings in the cottages of those semi-barbarians ; regular, though rude, places of worship, called prayer-houses, or oratories, were appointed for the service. Still, the service was only occasional ; the preacher was an itinerant missionary ; and the population was, in a great measure, deprived of religious instruction.

But Christianity, by the labours of those zealous and saintly men, made rapid progress. The Saxon chieftains were successively led to listen to Divine truth, and were naturally urged to provide for the religious instruction of their vassals. The oratories were few and mean ; the mother church, or cathedral, was distant ; and they erected churches on their own lands, and fixed a permanent minister of religion beside the church, for the perpetual maintenance of its worship ; endowing him generally with a portion of land, and besides, in all instances, with that portion of the products of the estate, which we now call tithes. This was the state of church property before the Conquest.

The Norman invasion extended the system of granting land to the great officers and feudatories of the crown ; and they, in their turn, repaid the services of their chief retainers by minor grants. A vast number of those possessors, each desiring to have for his vassals and tenantry the same advantages of church service, and the residence of a clergyman upon his estate, which existed in the case of the higher lords of the soil, erected churches, and placed clergy upon their property.



Thus arose the general distribution of livings and churches. The boundaries of the estate being in general the boundary of the parish, and the services of the priest being appropriated to the particular estate, and of course paid out of the proceeds of the property settled for his maintenance by the owner. It is impossible that any right can be more natural or justifiable than that of a maintenance derived in this manner. It was not forced from the owner : it was not taken from either the property of the public nor of any unwilling individual. The lord of the estate felt the necessity for having religious service on his estate ; to have that advantage he set apart a regular salary for its provision ; and to continue that advantage to his posterity, he made that provision permanent to all time.

That this was the origin of tithes and glebes is unquestionable. In a number of instances, the documents under the seal of the feudal lord are extant ; in some instances establishing the payment of the priest by his own authority ; in other, joining the seals of his immediate heirs, when they happened to have any peculiar power over the disposal of the lands. Selden's History of Tithes abounds with evidences of this style of distribution.

The seizure of the church property by Henry VIII. was the act of a notorious tyrant, and cannot justify any interference with property of any kind. But even that tyrannical seizure had a pretext which can be offered no longer. In the perpetual civil wars of England, the parish clergy had been, in a great measure, driven to take refuge in the monasteries, which were then places not only of great opulence, protected by the prevalent superstition of the time, and under the powerful sanction of the papacy, but were in general places of considerable strength. The splendour, the luxury, the learned leisure, the popular veneration, the easy and social life, and the actual personal safety of those magnificent communities, forming an irresistible contrast with the seclusion, the narrow means, the rude association, and the personal insecurity of life and property, gradually made the convent the permanent refuge of the secular priesthood. In return, they contributed their income to the support of the convent. The tithes and glebe, in process of a few generations, thus became the property of the convent ; the service of the parish churches being almost wholly supplied by priests sent from the conventual body, *as its agents*, and thence named *vicars* ; for whose support a certain smaller portion of the tithes was allotted, thence called vicarial ; the original tithes or Great Tithes, with the glebe, or actual lands attached to the priests' house, being the property of the convent. This abuse rapidly grew excessive, in the disturbances and superstitions of the long interval between the Conquest and the Reformation. The crusades, and the prodigal and profligate lives of the great barons, who expected, by a death-bed legacy to the convent, to atone for a life of violence ; augmented the convent lands, until they were computed to amount to a third of the island. An abuse of this magnitude undoubtedly called for a remedy ; and Henry's passion for plunder of every kind broke up the convent estates. But the measure had the taint of tyranny. The rightful and ancient property essential to the religious education of the people, the revenues for popular instruction, the funds for the poor, and the lands of hospitals, were all involved in the fate of the ill-gotten gains of the convent. The country was but little enriched by the change ; for the church-lands were given to the profligate retainers of the court ; and that

soil, which, under the convents, had been in general carefully cultivated, and rendered productive by all the knowledge of the only Englishmen who travelled or had any valuable intercourse with foreign countries; was, in a multitude of instances, left to the decay natural in the hands of rude retainers, or giddy proprietors, to whom the court was the centre of preferment and pleasure.

Thus arose the "improper" livings, or parish benefices, given into the hands of laymen, which are now actual estates.

A comparatively small portion of the old livings were restored to the church. But the right to those livings was not derived from the king, nor from the legislature. It was the mere recurrence to the original title given by the owners; a title older than that of any other species of property, acknowledged in every form by the ancient laws, given for a most important purpose, and incapable of being alienated by any thing but an act of the most palpable injustice. So stand the rights of the Church of England.

All the arguments commonly used against the church property are fallacies.—It has been said that the people are taxed to pay for the support of the clergy. This is a fallacy. The people are no more taxed for the support of the priest, than they are for the support of the Duke of Devonshire. Both priest and duke being supported by property, not taken from the people, but allotted by individuals to whom it belonged, and who might have disposed of it in any way whatever. This answers the outcry of all the sectaries, who complain that they are taxed for a church in which they do not believe:—they might as justly complain that they are taxed for a duke in whom they do not believe.—But, it is said, that the tithes are a burthen upon the landholder. This is a fallacy. If the landholder be a tenant, they can be no burthen on him; for it is notorious, that he takes the land the *cheaper* the more tithe it pays; and thus, that, at least, *he* does not pay for the clergy. If the landholder be the proprietor of the estate, neither does he pay for the clergy. It being obvious that whether he inherited or purchased the property, it came to him with an allowance for the tithes; the inheritance being transmitted from an ancestor almost a thousand years back, if any living family can claim such ancestor—or the estate being sold to him with the obvious reservation of the tithe; for if the land had been tithe free, the price would have been higher, and the only difference to the purchaser being that instead of paying the whole value of the land in one sum, he divides it between two persons, the proprietor and the clergyman, both of whom have a legal right, but the right of the latter being immeasurably superior in antiquity.

But, it is said, that if the tithe falls upon neither the farmer nor the landlord, it falls upon the public in the shape of a tax of a tenth on provisions. This is a fallacy. If the parson burned his tithe, or suffered it to rot on the ground, there would be a public loss of a tenth. But the parson sells it, or lives on it in his family. The produce exists and is converted to the public use; only with this difference, that instead of the whole produce of the farm coming to market in the farmer's cart, a part of it comes in the parson's. The amount in the market being, of course, the same, and the price of provisions being neither raised nor lowered by having two bundles instead of one.

But, it is said, that tithes prevent agricultural improvement by advancing a claim on every new object of tillage. This is the only argu-



ment that has a show of force, and yet this too is a fallacy. If the farmer lays out fifty pounds additional in any new culture, the clergyman who is undoubtedly entitled to his share in the product of the land, may claim his tenth. But, in the first place, the farmer has made his calculations of profit with this knowledge; and in the next, if he involve himself in any difficulty on the point, the evil lies at his own door, for nothing is more easy, and, indeed, nothing is more common than that amicable agreement between the clergyman and the farmer, by which a regular rent is paid; let the improvements for the time be what they may. That after a limited period the clergyman's means should rise with the general opulence of the country is a matter of public policy, for it is essential to the usefulness of a clergy, that they should keep up their level with the country; and, that, while the people round them are growing rich, they should not be growing poor. In all countries, a pauper loses public respect, let the colour of his coat be what it may; and a beggared clergy would be scorned as teachers, or perhaps, in the natural course of things, might be driven to uphold their influence by fanaticism, and the arts which sustained the mendicant orders of popery; or lie tempted to the obvious alternative of hostility to a state which sank them below the less educated ranks, and, like the struggling French vicars, look for a change of situation in general overthrow. But so far as agricultural interests are concerned, the bill introduced in this session by the Archbishop of Canterbury, allows of a composition for twenty years, a period which gives the most anxious improver more than time enough to pursue his plans without let or hindrance to the full extent of speculation.

One of the most frequent sources of popular outcry against the establishment is the assertion, that though the church confessedly possesses a right to a provision; yet that it has usurped more than the original grant, that the tithes were originally divided into four parts, of which but one was for the priest, the other three being, severally, for the repairs of the church, for the maintenance of the bishop, and for the support of the poor. But this, too, is a fallacy, founded on the ignorance, actual or wilful, of the orators. It arises from confounding transactions of the Roman age of the church with periods later by some hundreds of years; and the transactions of the church in foreign countries with those of the English establishment.

The first revenues of the church were voluntary subscriptions. The apostles sanctioned and directed the laying up of a weekly sum in the hands of deacons, or other officers of the congregations, for the necessary expenses of the church, for the claims of charity, and for the support of the preachers; who had in general abandoned all claims to their heathen property, and in some instances had given up productive professions. St. Paul constantly insists on the right of the preachers to be subsisted by the congregations; though he refuses to avail himself of it, from a wish to avoid burthening the infant and persecuted churches. Our Lord in sending forth the twelve Apostles (10 Matthew) expressly declares their *right* to be subsisted by the persons to whom they brought the Gospel, forbidding them to make any preparation for their own expenses; "neither purse nor scrip, for the labourer is worthy of his hire." This mode of provision seems to have prevailed during the whole time of the great persecutions, or nearly 250 years; the church having received its first endowments only a short period previously to the accession of Constantine.

Those subscriptions were perfectly matters of good-will, and proportioned to the means of the individual. They were of course of various values, but, as according to the Levitical Law, a tenth was set apart for the priesthood, the early Christians adopted the proportion, and the tenth of their gains, the tithe, was given. This fund originally placed in the hands of the Apostles or leaders of the congregations, was subsequently deposited with their successors the bishops, and thus they became the regulators of the distribution. A part was allotted to the priests who served the various congregations or travelled through the country, a part for the maintenance of the church buildings, and the residue for the support of the humbler portion of the disciples, in case of infirmity, accident, or age: but the parts were generally unequal, and the whole was regulated by the necessity of the case, and the zeal and wisdom of the head of the diocese or congregations.

This arrangement seems to have ceased at a very early period in England, and to have naturally given way to the regular endowment of the clergy. The contributions which continued for some time to be made in the churches, being thenceforward appropriated solely to the poor. But in England the legal and regular provision for the poor, introduced by the 43d of Elizabeth, at length superseded this collection; and it ceased, as contributions for the clergy had ceased, and for the same reason.

The last argument that we shall notice, and it is an argument that naturally exhausts the controversy, is the actual wealth of the church. We are told that, allowing the clergy to have a full right to a maintenance, they can have no right to wallow in the present enormity of church opulence. The whole statement is an assumption, and the argument upon it must therefore be a fallacy. The total amount of the public endowments of the establishment is 1,628,095*l*. Those form the obnoxious part in the opinion of our haranguers. The livings in private patronage, which are equivalent to personal estates, and which the English landholders, who harangue in the loudest tone against the church, grasp with all the eagerness of private property—livings with which they endow their sons and their connexions, or which they sell, amount to nearly twice the value, viz. 2,084,043*l*. The whole revenue is 3,872,133*l*., which divided among 11,342 benefices, (the number in England and Wales,) leaves only 300*l*. a year as the average of an English living.

But trivial as this sum is for the support of a man who must keep up a decent rank in society, who in most instances has a family, and whose education has on an average cost about 800*l*., a large deduction must still be made for his actual church expenses. He must keep his parsonage house in repair; in general he must pay down a considerable sum for previous buildings; and there are few instances in which the advantage of having a house is not counterbalanced by the necessary expenses. It is computed, that, taking the whole as a mere matter of pecuniary calculation, a clergyman, before he can expect a living, lays down, in principal and interest, about 1100*l*., which about middle life would purchase an annuity of 90*l*. a year, thus leaving him but 210*l*. as a recompense for his clerical labour, his literature, the devotion of his life to solitude in nine instances out of ten, and all to gain an income about the average gains of a country tailor, or grocer in a tolerable run of trade.

The advowsons are the true scandal of the church: but those are not the property of the establishment; but of the country gentlemen, of the whigs and patriots, the great reforming aristocrats, and general patriotic and fox-hunting portion of the legislature. We see those livings advertised in



the newspapers with as little ceremony as the advertisement of an ox or an ass, and of course purchased with as little, the chief recommendation being—"that the living lies in a sporting country and in the neighbourhood of several packs of first-rate hounds."

But with those abominations the establishment cannot be charged. They are the result of the robbery of the church, not of her will; and the only remedy is to be looked for in the legislature. The vulgar writers who declare the church revenues to be 8,000,000*l.* make no distinction between the revenues of the ecclesiastic and the usurped revenues of the layman; they throw the impropriate tithes into the same mass with the church titles, and where nearly twice the value is grasped by the lay descendants of the minions of Henry, they fling the whole charge on the head of the clergy.

Lord Mountcashel's motion was received with scorn, and with scorn it deserved to have been received. The clergy are ill paid; their emoluments are below those of any other class of educated men in the empire; and the attempt either to degrade them in the public eye, or to fleece them of their legitimate rights, would be one of the grossest offences against law, and as the offenders might soon discover one of the most formidable hazards in policy; but, of such intentions, we acquit Lord Mountcashel: he is honest, but ignorant of his subject: he has been stimulated by partial disgust into general charge, and in his determination to punish the local evil, he has overlooked or vilified the good of a great system, without which the British empire would speedily be a republic, its religion a chaos of clamouring sects, and its dominion a rope of sand.

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#### ANECDOTES OF BRAZIL.

##### No. I.

"Sunt quibus in satirâ videar nimis acer, et ultra  
Legem tendere opus."

LIKE the simoom of the desert, whose ruthless blast spreads terror and desolation over a whole region of fertility, modern civilization has swept from the surface of society all that was romantic and picturesque, with some slight shades of difference. One uniform system of manners and customs prevails over all the European continent; man is in every part of it the creature of the same habits, and swayed by the same opinions. In Brazil, on the contrary, from causes moral as well as physical, human nature has remained stationary, and retains to this day many of the interesting features which shed so romantic a halo around the society of Europe centuries ago.

Under the tropical climate of the Rio de Janeiro, no pale gradations from saffron hue to roseate morn harbinger the approach of day; the Delphian god bursts suddenly from the bosom of darkness, and light awakes the world. At the earliest peal of the holy matin bell, the fair Brazilian, her graceful form shrouded in the ample folds of the jealous mantilla, and accompanied by her sable attendants, is seen gliding to the shrine of her patron saint to offer up her morning orisons. The coloured population issue forth in crowds to pursue their daily avocations, their wild and discordant cries breaking with singular effect on the ear through the stillness of the morn; the quays are filled with the rich and varied productions of both hemispheres. At eight o'clock the more important

business of the day commences; the public functionaries move with stately step, in their antiquated cocked hats and formal cut coats, to the scene of their duties. The avenues leading to the custom-house are crowded with men of every clime. Observe near its door that group of English merchants, how their air of purse-proud arrogance sinks into one of obsequious reverence as they salute the administrator, who is passing them in all the pride and dignity of office. Mark well the gray eye of another, how it dances with delight on his well-packed bales, his commission on which he is mentally calculating. How finely his ruddy complexion and tight European attire contrast with the sallow cheek and sombre habiliments of the solemn friar, who invokes his charity in the name of St. Francis! That flight of rockets proclaims that high mass has commenced at the imperial chapel, while the party of German lancers, proceeding to mount guard at the palace, leads back the memory to the parades of Berlin and Vienna. The sun has now attained its meridian height; the business of life ceases; the streets are deserted, save by a solitary foreigner whom curiosity or ennui has led forth to brave its torrid heat. The more indolent Brazilian courts the balmy pleasures of the siesta, till the lengthened shadows proclaim the close of day. All again is bustle and animation. The beautiful drives in the environs of the city are crowded with horsemen and vehicles of every description, from the clumsy iroquitana or segé of the native, driven by a monkey-looking black postillion, in huge cocked hat and cumbrous boots, to the neat stanhope of the English resident, or the more stylish equipage of some member of the corps diplomatique. At this hour the great square of the palace presents in pleasing variety all the lights and shadows of Brazilian life. In the foreground of its various groupings stands out with pictorial effect, in his singularly wild and picturesque costume, the tall Mineheiro (or inhabitant of the mines); the magnificent outline of his gigantic figure is partly concealed by his dark-blue poncho, which descends in ample folds to his heavily spurred heel; his sable eyebrow shades an eye of fire; and his savage gloom of countenance, heightened by the raven curls and large slouched hat, reminds the spectator of some dark creation of Salvator's pencil. His mustachoeed lip curls with derision as he turns his back on the foreign trader, to whom he has just disposed of a parcel of uncut topazes for a sum four times their value. Near to him are a party of Botocudo Indians, staring at all around them with an air of savage wonder, their distended ears resting on their shoulders, and mutilated lips presenting a unique spectacle of disfigured humanity. Inhaling the evening breeze in her richly gilded balcony is a dark-eyed daughter of Brazil; her female attendants are directing her attention to the religious procession issuing from the neighbouring church: but she heeds them not; her lustrous eye is fixed with ardent gaze on the martial figures of a party of foreign officers of the guard lounging beneath her own door. Among them you may distinguish the yellow-haired German, the fiery Italian, the lively Frenchman, and haughty Briton, disjointed fragments of the mighty hosts that formerly met in fierce conflict on the banks of the Bidassoa, bivouacked amid the burning palaces of Moscow, or escaped the horrid butchery of Leipsic, or the "king-making field" of Waterloo. The fiery orb of day now descends with headlong speed into the lustrous bosom of the western wave,

"Not as in northern climes, obscurely bright,  
But in one unclouded blaze of living light."



The vesper-bell sends forth its solemn peal, the hum of human voices is hushed, the devout Brazilian piously repeats his Ave Maria, a magic stillness pervades all nature, which on a sudden ceases; the "Boa nocte" passes from lip to lip, and the various topics of conversation are resumed. There is something solemn and singularly beautiful in this custom; the mind, chastened by religion, withdraws from the consideration of worldly affairs, and indulges in the effusions of friendship and affection.

Such are some of the leading external features of Brazilian life. The streets of the capital are deserted by an early hour, for its enervated inhabitant dreads the nocturnal dews as much as the modern Roman the malaria of the Pontine marshes. You may wander through their silent expanse, lighted up by the silver moon and her starry court, and nothing breaks on the soft stillness of the hour, save the wiry sound of a guitar, or the solemn hymn of the dead, which tells that some frail son of earth is leaving this world of care and woe.

Many of the prevailing manners and domestic habits of this people are of Moorish origin. With the exception of the highest class of society, the Brazilians take their meals squatted à-la-Turc on mats spread on the ground. A very singular custom is observed at these repasts towards a stranger. The host, or the person whom chance may place beside him, extracts from his plate some portion of the dainty it may contain, and, in return, will convey some choice morsel from his own on to that of the stranger guest. As the use of knives and forks is on these occasions most religiously dispensed, there is certainly something in this custom revolting to our European refinement; but here it is the pledge of hospitality, like salt with the wandering Arab.

Some traces of the language of flowers, so common all over the East, are still to be found in Brazil. A stranger, on entering a house, is invariably presented with a flower by some female member of the family. This custom has survived the lapse of time, and the gradual revolution of manners; but the language, the delicate allusion, the sentiment of high-flown gallantry and tender affection, allegorically expressed by these beautiful productions of nature, is as little understood by the Brazilian as the mathematical analysis of the tables, by which he calculates an eclipse, by the modern Brahmin. By nature a Gascon, a Brazilian's description both of persons and things must be received with cautious limitation, for they are always in the richest vein of oriental bombast. I have repeatedly heard the emperor compared to a god, and his people to a nation of heroes. Their usual style of addressing a person is "most illustrious." A splendid entertainment is merely termed "*hum copo d'ago*," a glass of water; while the courage of some favourite military officer is represented as something superhuman, varying in a ratio from that of ten to a hundred thousand devils. "*Tem o animo de cento-mil diabos*," is the hyperbole used on such occasions. One unacquainted with their national character would imagine he were residing among a nation of fire-eaters; but in few countries is the personal dignity of man sunk to a lower ebb than in Brazil. During a nine years' residence, I never heard of a single duel, nocturnal assassination being the fashionable mode of vindicating outraged honour. The rigid state of seclusion in which the females are kept deprives society of that fascinating polish of exterior cast over its surface in other countries by the influence of the softer sex. The mind of the Brazilian female is left in all the wild luxuriance of uncultivated nature; her existence is monotony itself, gliding on

in its dull course in the society of her slaves, to whom in point of intellect she is little superior; but her manners are soft and gentle, and her sensibilities, when roused, have all the fiery energy of her native clime. Interesting, rather than beautiful, her sedentary life tinges her cheek with a sickly hue; while early marriage gives to her figure an exuberant embonpoint, which, however, in the oriental taste of the country, is considered the beau ideal of beauty in both sexes. In this precocious climate ladies are grandmothers at seven and twenty. Female education, I have already remarked, is an absolute nullity; that of the other sex is not of a more elevated character. With the exception of those who have pursued their studies abroad, it is extremely rare to meet with any one who possesses even elementary knowledge on any branch of science or polite literature. Few among them ever take the trouble of reading their own beautiful *Lusiad*. Indolent, addicted to gambling, and a slave to the grossest sensuality, which but too often degenerates into the most criminal excesses, all the finer feelings of our nature are early blunted in the mind of the Brazilian, who bears the loss of his nearest and dearest friends with an indifference amounting to apathy. As if to veil the native deformity of vice, his manners are courtly in the extreme: he repeatedly reminds you that every thing he possesses is at your disposal, and on leaving his house after a morning visit, you are bowed out to the very door, often at the imminent risk of breaking your neck down the stairs in wheeling round to correspond to the courtly inclinations of your polite host. There is, after all, much that is good and generous in his nature, systematically debased by political misrule and religious superstition. It is to be hoped that the wide field of honourable ambition, thrown open to him by the revolution, will elevate his character in the scale of civilized man.

From this picture of the moral degradation of our species, the mind turns with pleasure to the contemplation of the singular and somewhat more favourable specimen of humanity presented by the population of the two mountain provinces, Minas and São Paulo. Left by their isolated station to the undisturbed workings of their own hearts, their characters are such as might be expected. Stubborn both in truth and error, confined from the cradle to the grave to the consideration of few objects, they never reach that tractable state of feeling which extensive knowledge of the world can alone produce. Their bigotry, when called into action, makes them ardent in their thoughts and deeds. Their jealousy and revenge are proverbial even in Brazil. The following anecdote, which I had from an officer, an eye-witness of the event, is highly illustrative of the former passion. A young officer, on a tour of inspection, arrived on the eve of St. John at a small villa in Minas. On the following morning, he accompanied the *capitão mor* of the district to the celebration of high mass. During the ceremony he was forcibly struck with the beauty of a young female kneeling near the altar. Young, ardent, and impetuous, he expressed his admiration with all the indiscreet warmth of licentious passion. The innocent object of his aspirations was the wife of the *capitão mor*, who, however, vouchsafed no answer to his anxious inquiries; but his brow grew dark, and even as he bowed down before the elevated host, he meditated a deed at which the blood runs cold. On leaving the church he framed an excuse for leaving the officer during the remainder of the day; but in the evening he rushed into his apartment, and, holding up a knife reeking with blood, exclaimed with a hysterical



laugh, "Your intended victim is now beyond the reach of dishonour!" Among a people entertaining such extravagant notions of honour, it would be but natural to expect to find the purity of the female character fixed at an elevated point. This, however, is unfortunately not the case; few places, perhaps, present a more lamentable picture of vice and licentiousness than Villa-Rica, the capital of the province of Minas. To such a pitch is it carried, that a proposal to form a "liaison" the most "equivocal" with a young female would not be received by her family as an insult, but acceded to, or declined, according as they might deem it advantageous. But, on the other hand, a clandestine correspondence, although carried on with the most honourable intentions, would, if prematurely discovered, bring down the vengeance of the family on the offender. The Mineheiro never forgives an affront; he will track his victim with the ruthless spirit of a tiger, till he has an opportunity of wreaking his revenge. The knife in the hands of these people is a most formidable weapon. With his left arm enveloped in the thick folds of his poncho, the Mineheiro, under cover of this shield, advances fearlessly against an experienced swordsman: if foiled in his onset, he will spring back ten or fifteen paces with the agility of a mountain-cat, and throw his knife at his advancing foe with unerring and fatal precision. From these two provinces the emperor draws his best cavalry. Most of the higher offices of state are also filled by Mineheiros and Paulistas, whose activity and energy of character fit them better for the duties of office than the more indolent inhabitants of the maritime provinces. On a levee day the court of the emperor presents a most brilliant spectacle. He has created a corps of noblesse, which in numbers, at least, will vie with that of the oldest European courts. Military talent, the never-failing stepping-stone to nobility, is not, however, one of the attributes of the newly privileged orders of Brazil. The late revolution was sterile in talent, not having produced a single successful soldier. At a levee held by the emperor towards the close of the late war with the Buenos Ayrean republic, when a series of disasters, crowned by the signal defeat of Ituzaingo, tarnished the lustre of the imperial arms, Don Pedro turned to a distinguished foreign officer near him, and pointing to the brilliant circle by which he was surrounded, exclaimed in a tone of great bitterness,—"In all this glittering crowd I cannot find an officer fit to command a brigade." The character of this prince is the very antithesis of that of his people. Simple in his tastes, active in mind, of a manly and energetic temper, his unremitting exertions and loftiest aspirations are for the welfare of his newly founded empire. The political regeneration of his people is, however, an herculean task; for the vices engendered by the old colonial system are of an inveterate character. On few occasions can the morality of the Brazilian functionary withstand the temptation of a bribe: the unaffected grace with which he extends his greedy palm to clasp the glittering prize is only surpassed by the singular felicity of the aphorism by which he reconciles it to his conscience; "*Viva el rey e do aca a capa.*" To such a pitch was speculation carried under the old system, that full one-half of the revenue of the country never found its way into the government coffers. The dezimo alone produces a large revenue, but the mode of levying it falls very heavy on the poorer classes, who have not the means of propitiating the dezimeiro, for in many instances it is literally taken numerically, rather than intrinsically. Many of the vices of the national

character have their source in the maladministration of justice. A lawsuit in Brazil, both in duration and intricacy of proceedings, realizes the fable of Penelope's web. After years spent in useless litigation, during which time a dozen decisions may have been pronounced in your favour, and as often reversed, you are at last finally nonsuited, not from any conviction in the mind of the judge of the badness of your cause, but from the more sporting character of the opposing litigant, who fairly outbids you in the last result. The laws, however, for the protection of the slave population are an honour to humanity. The Brazilian is a humane master; and the horrors of slavery are in Brazil greatly mitigated by the mild spirit of Christianity. Negroes are eligible to holy orders; and with a laudable attention to their prejudices, a black virgin and one or two sable saints have been placed in the calendar, whom they venerate as their patrons. The condition of the negro, when transplanted from his native Africa to the colonies, is an epitome of the more extended chapter of human life—as various in its colouring—as diversified in lot.

Throughout all the provinces are innumerable tribes of gipsies, who in fact carry on the commerce of the interior. The period of their first migration to Brazil I could never ascertain; but in their physiognomy and predatory habits they closely resemble the gipsy tribes of Europe.

Crimes are rare in Brazil, at least such as spring from the pressure of want. In these fruitful regions the earnings of two days' labour will subsist the labourer the other five. Few countries, indeed, are more blessed by the bountiful hand of nature than Brazil. A prodigious extent of territory, diversified by every variety of soil and climate, her resources, mineral, as well as agricultural, are immense; while the character of her prince and the theoretical spirit of her government are favourable to their full and rapid development. At a period of universal depression and stagnation like the present, it is gratifying to be able to direct our attention to a country which presents so wide and extended a field for the operation of British capital and enterprise as Brazil. That there are still some dark clouds hovering round her political horizon I am not free to deny. But it has been justly remarked by a celebrated writer of the present age,—“When a man forms schemes in politics, trade, economy, or any business in life, he ought not to draw his arguments too fine, or connect too long a chain of consequences together, for something is sure to happen to disconcert his reasoning.” If, in the present instance, awed by the remote contingents of future evil, we neglect availing ourselves of the present good, we should realize the fable of the countryman, who waited till the river flowed away to pass over to the opposite bank:

“*Rusticus expectat dum defluit amnis.*”



## NAVAL ADMINISTRATION OF GREAT BRITAIN\*.

“ List, ye LANDSMEN, all to me ! ”

It is not, we believe, generally known, that this pamphlet, of which so much has been said, and concerning which so much more has been *thought*, is the production of the late Admiral Sir Charles Penrose. In the commencement of his remarks, the Admiral tells us, “ that during the time he had been employed in arranging his reflections on the conduct of our naval administration, it often occurred to him to consider whether the *subject is in itself of sufficient importance, and, the errors which occur in its management of sufficient magnitude to justify,* ” &c. &c. The pamphlet itself is the best corrector of this doubt; the affectation of which doubt is the only thing throughout the pages which can be met, by either party in the State, in any other spirit than one of fixed and serious attention. The Admiral’s counterfeited misgivings as to the importance of the subject must have arisen from a powerful sense of the contrary; a species of hypocrisy which is common to mankind, but which an old sailor should have been above, especially as he was not speaking of himself, but of a Service wherein may be said to lie the principal part of our political strength. We are not professing any puritanical horror of hypocrisy; for we think there are times when this failing has in it “ a soul of goodness.” It is very well, for example, in the maudlin speeches which custom demands after dinner, when even Mr. Canning might have found it proper and becoming to crave indulgence for the imperfections of his oratory, when Mr. Rothschild might call himself a poor man, and the Duke of Wellington profess himself the humblest individual in the room; and whatever has been said in praise of plain speaking, we cannot but think that there is something amiable in that kind of hypocrisy which avoids the utterance of truths which would uselessly wound the feelings of a friend. It is hardly too bold a word to say, that every man is more or less a hypocrite. A great part of the literary strength of Dryden was contained in his prefaces, which might be said to have originated the best parts of the modern code of criticism. The world read and loudly applauded them; and *therefore*, in one of his last and most perfect treatises of this kind (the preface to his version of Juvenal), the poet pretends humility, and says, “ This is the last time I will commit the *crime* of prefaces, or *trouble* the world with my notions of any thing that relates to verse.” Now some little might be said in extenuation of this weakness in Dryden, because the subject is himself; but that an old and able Naval officer should come forward with an apologetical aspect, and a modest doubt as to the value and importance of his own profession, is merely foolish. Admiral Penrose knew well enough, and so does every one else, that our maritime supremacy is an object of the most vital consequence to our very political existence; and that it is not the less so because it happens to be grossly neglected by the Legislature, which seems to think it hardly worth a debate. It is true that a farce is performed annually at St. Stephen’s, under the title of “ Navy Estimates.” But who are the *dramatis personæ*? A nautical Matthews, perpetually punning on “ round sterns and square tucks; ” a pert Irish secretary, ever ready to ridicule the false reckoning and *figurative* rhetoric of a

\* Remarks on the Conduct of the Naval Administration of Great Britain since 1815. By a Flag Officer. 8vo.

Scotch economist, whose eloquence knows no bounds when demonstrating the value of a ha'porth of twine and a penn'orth of tar ; a *Land* lord or two, always at sea upon professional points, and a *sea*-lord lording it over the lords of the land. But Admiral Penrose's pamphlet is a formidable criticism on this dramatic performance ; and it will go nigh, we think, to damn it, notwithstanding the long run it has enjoyed. "If," says the Admiral, "any of those members of the House of Commons who watch vigilantly over the public expenditure do me the honour to read these pages, let me advise them to scrutinize our Navy Estimates more rigidly than they have hitherto been accustomed to do, to call for more detailed accounts, and to ascertain satisfactorily in what manner the sums voted have been actually expended ; whether in the repair and construction of those classes of ships which I have recommended, or in improvident and injudicious expenses on those of inferior and objectionable descriptions. Above all, let me advise them not to be silenced or *mystified* by any official replies which they do not perfectly understand ; and to be assured that there is nothing mysterious or unintelligible in naval affairs where a disposition exists to explain them openly and candidly." This is well put ; and we wish that the Admiral had, in pursuance of his own recommendation, been a little more candid in the *style* of his own pamphlet, and had not suffered himself to be seduced into little flatteries, which involve him in ludicrous dilemmas, and which are utterly inconsistent with the bold tone of reprehension every now and then assumed by him. In page 2 of his pamphlet, Sir Charles says, "I am perfectly aware, that at no period of peace was the British Navy, in many points, in so satisfactory a state, or in better preparation for any sudden emergency." This is not true, as we shall presently show : but how is the reader to reconcile it to the following words, occurring in the very *succeeding page* ? "I write with all the *advantages* which my having been an eye-witness of former errors and mismanagements can confer. I remember the commencement of the two last wars in 1778 and 1793 ; and the circumstances which I shall presently state will, I think, convince my readers that, at both the above-named periods, many opportunities of achieving brilliant successes were lost, and incalculable injury was inflicted by our enemies on our commercial marine, in consequence of the *vicious system* which at that time prevailed to the greatest extent, and *which is even now far from being totally eradicated.*" Far, indeed ! We are now in a worse condition, as regards our navy, than at any former period of peace. In the first place, English seamen, in those days, never thought of emigrating to America ; they were to be had in shoals upon the most sudden extremity. Not so now. It is true that twenty thousand blue-jackets might be raised in the short space of a fortnight ; but it is not every man who wears a blue jacket that can be considered a thorough seaman. There is no nursery in the present day for British seamen ; and instead of our merchant-ships being navigated by the men of our own shores, the prevailing rage for economy induces our ship-owners to provide their vessels with seamen of any and almost of every nation on the globe—Danes, Swedes, Portuguese, Negroes, Lascars, and we may add even Chinese, those coy Asiatics from the celestial empire !

In reference to the Admiral's compliment touching the present state of effectiveness of our ships on the peace-establishment (we particularly allude to those of the line called "guard-ships"), we may observe that those



vessels were formerly not so entirely dismantled as they are at present; nor were their crews drafted to perform duties on shore which *translate* them, to use Bottom's phrase, from loyal and thorough seamen, to lubberly landsmen studying the art of smuggling. We allude to the precious service entitled the Coast-blockade. It cannot, indeed, be denied that it is absolutely necessary to protect the legal trade and consequently the revenue of the country; but, we would ask, are no other men competent to this except the best of our ships' companies? Might not a portion of the marines be incorporated with seamen in the execution of this duty? The preventive service, now partly superseded by the coast-blockade, was conducted on what appears to us to be a preferable system to the present. The whole establishment was entirely under the control of the Commissioners of the Customs, who formed the necessary force from miscellaneous sources, such as watermen, fishermen, &c. &c.; but since the Admiralty, out of a desire to monopolize all the patronage connected, however remotely, with the sea, have taken under its own parental care and appointment the situations connected with this amphibious service, our "best hands," likely to be wanted on occasions of great necessity, are either suffered to emigrate into the service of foreign states, or are frittered away in the lounging promenading life of beach sentinels.

But this and more serious defects in the present administration of the naval affairs of the country may be easily accounted for and summed up in one word—"Patronage!" It is the effect of undue patronage that the Board of Admiralty should be constituted, not of naval officers, as might naturally be concluded, but of a majority of landsmen comparatively ignorant of the nature of the momentous affairs confided to their direction. We have had, before now, a General in the army sitting as First Lord, and a Cornet of Dragoons filling the place which ought to have been held by an experienced Admiral! The two naval officers at present attached to the Board (and more efficient men could not have been selected) are obliged, for want of professional colleagues, to devote the whole of their time to levees and other occasions which peremptorily demand their personal attendance in London. This being the case, let us ask how the numerous duties *out* of London, equally essential with the above, are to be discharged, particularly as in none of our sea-ports is there any establishment whose functions partake of the authority of head-quarters? To speak plainer, there is no branch-administration; no local body of professional men invested with power to examine into the condition of our ships, and to originate, if necessary, any measure which might tend to remedy an abuse, or to introduce an essential improvement. For, be it observed, that the power of the port-admirals, and commissioners of dock-yards, do not partake of this nature. As it would obviously be quite useless to send the *unprofessional* lords on such service, the inquiring reader will naturally ask what are the duties discharged by these gentlemen? The only answer to be given to this is, that they sign letters, present to the House of Commons once a year the Navy Estimates (a duty which, by the by, ought to be performed by the secretary), and last, though by no means least, it is expected of them that they take the trouble to provide their juvenile friends with situations afloat—a thing highly necessary, inasmuch as it would seem utterly inconsistent with the practice of well-regulated states to let the slightest opportunity of this kind fall into the hands of old officers, who, being

quite toil-worn and weather-beaten by long service, are incompetent to the exercise of such discretionary power. Still, however meritorious the services of these "shore-going" Lords of the Admiralty might be, in appointing and promoting their own connexions for the good of the service, let us for a moment cast a glance at the other duties which the innocent public might think they ought to discharge. For instance, suppose Sir George C\*\*\*\* and Lord C\*\*\*\*\* were despatched to Portsmouth or Plymouth to investigate any local circumstances connected with the service, such as the patent triangular stay-sails of Sir Henry Heathcote, to what conclusion could either of these gentlemen arrive at as to the merits or demerits of the proposed invention? The former, from his well-known predilection for old usages (as the patrons of the *Ancient Music* might satisfactorily testify), would, in all probability, reject Sir Henry's plan because it was not a hundred years old; just as the works of Haydn are not allowed to be performed in the orchestra, or to be admitted into the reverend and dusty library of the institution! And this exclusion is not because Haydn's symphonies are not far better than those of his predecessors, but because they do not bear the stamp of age! On the other hand, the juvenile lord might be inclined to regard the new stay-sails with contempt, because, in demonstrating their utility, Sir Henry might demonstrate also a *wristband* not authorised by the oracles of fashion.

But the *whole* of our naval administration is not confined to the Admiralty. The Navy Board have under their jurisdiction all matters relating to ship-building, and every thing (excepting the ordnance) belonging to the fitting-out of a vessel of war. But in this body, as Admiral Penrose very justly remarks, there is a pernicious adherence to old customs merely because they are old. With this body the cry is, and ever has been, "No innovation!" as if *improvement* was not innovation. "Where the judgment is weak, the prejudice is strong." There is nothing which marks the infirmity of age so unequivocally as fear of alteration, and irrational resistance to improvement because it is change. "I was very much struck," says the Admiral, "by one remarkable instance of obstinate adherence to our old system on the part of the Navy Board. The *Foudroyant*, of eighty guns, had been taken from the French in 1758, and was universally considered, during the whole of the American war, the finest two-decker in the British service; but no persuasion could induce the surveyors of the navy to imitate so desirable a ship; and it was not until 1793, *thirty-five years* after she had been in our possession, that the first eighty-gun ship on two decks was launched from a British dock-yard!" This is a fact, though it seems incredible; but it is well known to professional men that the Admiralty have been too long controlled by the "Comptroller of the Navy." To illustrate this assertion:—The Admiralty permit naval architects to construct a certain number of experimental vessels, and accordingly Captain Hayes, Captain Symonds, and Professor Inman, build ships of a certain class; but, instead of being allowed the full exercise of their scientific acquirements, are so "cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in" by the Navy Board, as to render their efforts any thing but *experimental*. Let us refer, on this head, to the pertinent observations of our author.

"The first great mistake committed, appeared to me to be in limiting the constructors unnecessarily as to the dimensions, and more especially as to the breadth of their ships, by insisting that they were not to exceed a certain prescribed ton-



nage. Now it should have been well known at the Admiralty that tonnage, as taken by the old rule of admeasurement, neither expresses accurately either the displacement or capacity of a ship; and although I perfectly agree with them in thinking that the constructors should have been obliged to build their ships nearly of the same size, yet my opinion was, that the great object being to obtain as perfect a specimen of each class as possible, the restriction should have been on the length only, and that they should on this occasion have had a *carte blanche* as to their model in all other respects: and this was the more necessary in the present case, because the besetting sin of our naval constructors having been hitherto an invincible unwillingness to give sufficient breadth, and the consequence a failure in point of stability in most of our ships, it became of more importance to prevent the surveyors of the navy, by insisting on a restriction of this nature, from bringing down all the other ships to the level of their own.

"What was the result? Captain Hayes, contrary to his own judgment, but not choosing to sacrifice length, built both his ships considerably narrower than he otherwise would have done: and the consequence was they *failed* in stability.

"Professor Inman, fully aware of the advantage of breadth, gave up a part of the usual length of ships of that class to obtain it. Captain Symonds followed his example, and, as might and ought to have been foreseen, both the *Sapphire* and *Colombine*, although possessing many excellent qualities, and very superior to most ships of their respective classes, were still much inferior to what might have been expected, if their ingenious constructors had been left to the uncontrolled exercise of their own judgment."

This is truly lamentable; and the wonder is how, under such circumstances, our Navy should have maintained its pre-eminence. But let the government look to it in the event of a future war. Pursuing the subject, Sir Charles says, "What, however, was the result of that which actually took place? In the first trials, the ships built by Professor Inman, Captains Hayes and Symonds, although, for the reasons I have already stated, far inferior to what they might have been, were superior to those built by the Surveyors of the navy: *one of the latter, the Tyne of twenty-eight guns, was actually sent back to Portsmouth as totally unfit to compete with the remainder*; and although, after various expensive alterations, they were all considerably improved, especially the two corvettes (which I understand were pretty close imitations of the *Champion* and *Orestes*, and very unlike the *Pylades*), yet it was quite clear that our *official naval architecture* ought no longer to be implicitly relied on." And yet the head surveyor has been designated by high authority "the Heaven-born architect!" In justice, however, to the present Board, we may state (if there be any consolation in the thought), that their predecessors were as backward to be instructed as themselves. In a letter dated 1792, from Admiral Patten to Sir Charles Middleton (afterwards Lord Barham), the following passage occurred: "In this country, the study of the theories of floating bodies, and resistance of fluids, has been *totally neglected*. In France the very contrary has been the case; men of real genius and observation have employed their talents in improving this science, and have brought it to a considerable degree of perfection. What was known in France, near a century ago, to every person who pleased to make it any part of his study, is not at this moment known in England to many of those who, as professional men, fill the first department in their line under government." And yet we call ourselves a maritime nation and a thinking people!

After alluding to abundant instances of mortifying failures, as well in contests with French as with American vessels of the same class, but of superior force in men and metal, all which failures were "attributable

to the unwise and impolitic conduct of our naval administration during the preceding peace, and to the inferior description of ships which we had persisted in building," the Admiral goes on to say,

"The war with the United States had but too clearly developed the system of naval policy on which our new rival for maritime superiority was successfully acting. Their three principal classes of ships, although nominally of the same force as our own, were really nearly one-third superior in size, calibre of guns, and number of men; and various unsuccessful actions had but too clearly proved that neither professional skill nor the most brilliant personal courage and exertions could compensate for this great disproportion of force.

"I had therefore felt perfectly confident that, when we began to turn our thoughts seriously towards rebuilding our navy, a measure which at the termination of the war had become one of inevitable necessity,—the greater part of our ships, and especially the smaller classes, being in a very decaying state,—the considerations to which I have referred would have their due weight; and that in determining the dimensions and force of our new ships, we should, instead of adhering servilely to old models and classes, be very careful to build such only as might be fully capable of opposing at least an equal force to that which we were to encounter: and this was the more necessary, because it very soon became universally known that the success of the American navy had produced a deep impression throughout Europe, and that France especially, as well as several minor maritime powers, were following the example of that system which had been attended with such beneficial results.

"I saw with much pleasure that, with respect to our ships of the line, we were very judiciously abandoning our old-fashioned and heavy-sailing second-rates, and determining to build in future no three-deckers smaller than the *Caledonia*; and that our new two-deckers were to be powerful eighty-four-gun ships, carrying twenty-four-pounders on the main deck, and therefore, in my opinion, not materially inferior even to the Americans. But here, alas! my satisfaction ended; and what was my disappointment when I saw between forty and fifty new frigates laid down in our different dock-yards, all, except eight, built on old French models, carrying eighteen-pounders only on the main deck; all, in short, of the force of the unfortunate *Java* and *Guerrière*, possessing all the defects of these ships, their want of room and stowage; and that we were consequently replacing our frigates on the same footing of comparative inferiority which I had hoped it would have been our first study to avoid! I should have thought that instead of incurring such an immense expense\* in building frigates of an inferior description, it would have been better economy and wiser policy to have contented ourselves with a smaller number, but of a superior class, following rather the model of the *Pomone* and the twenty-four-pound frigates built after that beautiful ship, one of which, the *Endymion*,† proved in her action with the *President*, the largest of the American frigates, that those of this class are very little, if at all, inferior to any single-decked ship.

"It will hardly, therefore, appear credible, that while we have been building at such an expense so large a number of small frigates, we have not since the peace laid down a single one on the model of the *Pomone* or *Endymion*; a class which excel the former as much in good qualities of sailing and stowage, as in the more important point of superior force."

The capture of the *Java* calls forth reflections which we can with difficulty suppress. We only regret that we dare not safely quote the last words of her dying commander, the heroic Captain Lambert.

\* Probably nearly two millions, taking the old calculation of 1000*l.* per gun.

† The *President* was captured by a squadron, but engaged by the *Endymion* only. The loss in killed and wounded stood thus:—

|           | K. | W. | Total. |
|-----------|----|----|--------|
| President | 35 | 70 | 105    |
| Endymion  | 11 | 14 | 25     |



In alluding to those impotent vessels, brigs of ten guns, our experienced author says,

"With respect to the ten-gun brigs, of which we appear to be so fond, and on which, during the last ten years, such large sums must have been laid out, I can only say that in my judgment they are entirely unfit for every purpose of war, as they sail indifferently, and are in point of force inferior to most privateers. I would therefore almost pledge my existence not one of them is seen on the sea in *six months after the commencement of hostilities*. How those who have lavished the public money on this most useless class of vessels will then be able to justify themselves, I do not presume to conjecture.

"I see, by referring to the list of the navy, that we have now above forty of these brigs afloat or building, all except one or two laid down since the peace, besides twenty-eight more employed as packets; for which service experience has now fully proved them to be less calculated, and from their construction more unsafe than any other description of vessel which could possibly have been selected."

We perfectly acquiesce in these remarks. A gallant marquis, not more distinguished for his equestrian than his aquatic accomplishments, has been heard to assert that, "if he ever accepted the office of First Lord of the Admiralty, his primary measure would be to break up these worse than useless vessels, and sell their remains for fire-wood." As regards the multiplication of small vessels, the Americans are wiser than we, as our author exemplifies.

"With respect to the American navy, says Admiral Penrose, the comparative size of their ships of the line, frigates, and corvettes, is now so universally known, that I shall content myself with two short extracts from a work just published by a very intelligent naval officer on this subject, (*Travels in North America*, by Captain Basil Hall, R.N.) in 1827, 1828.

"At the navy-yard (at Gosport) there was a line-of-battle ship, the *New York*, (called a seventy-four) of ninety guns, and the *St. Lawrence*, (called forty-four) of sixty guns: the frigate is round-sterned, and they are both built exclusively of live oak, in a compact and apparently skilful manner.

"It occurred to me, when looking at these large ships, that there was no good policy in building such an expensive class of vessels; for other nations would of course profit by past experience, and avoid unequal matches in future.

"That is very true," said an American naval officer, who was present when I made this observation; "but we calculate in this way: in the event of a war with you or France, for instance, it may happen that our enemy will have many times our number of ships such as these, but he will have a still greater proportion of smaller ships. If one of our frigates should chance to meet with one of yours of the same class, she must of course take her chance, and we trust she will play her part as becomes her; but as the greater number of your ships are smaller ones of the old sort, the chances are more in favour of our meeting them; and if we do, the balance will tell on our side: thus, in either way, we hope to preserve the advantage we have already gained."—Vol. iii. p. 83.

The conversation between Captain Hall and the American officer speaks volumes. But the disparity of size in hostile vessels under the same denomination did not originate with the Americans. In the commencement of the revolutionary war, the French built larger and heavier frigates than we did *even at its close*. *La Forte* mounted twenty-four pounders on the main deck; *La Pomone* and *La Prudente* were of equal dimensions; and *L'Egyptienne* was built on the scantling of a line-of-battle ship. These examples, however, were lost at home.

But if the reader is struck with astonishment at these multiplied instances of inefficiency in the direction of our naval affairs, his wonder will

be increased when he learns that the practice of our gunnery afloat is equally neglected.

“Another most important point,” says the Admiral, “to which too little attention has been paid since the peace of 1815, is our artillery practice. There can be no doubt that our reverses during the American war are to be attributed, not only to the great superiority of the ships we engaged, but to the imperfect manner in which our officers and men had been trained to the use of their guns. It will, perhaps, hardly be credited hereafter, that there was at that time no regular system of exercise established by authority in the British navy, but that each ship had its own particular plan and method, varying of course according to the experience and degree of information possessed by the captain, as well as to the degree of importance which he attached to the subject. I need not detail the fatal negligence which too often prevailed, and which became only known in its full extent by its unfortunate results. At the conclusion of the peace, however, the officers of the navy were unanimous and urgent for the immediate adoption of a better system, and various suggestions were offered to the Admiralty as to the best method of proceeding. Assuming, as appeared most probable, that our ships would be almost entirely in port, some recommended an exercising ground at each naval arsenal, in which the crews of the guard-ships, &c., might be regularly trained; others preferred a ship fitted for this purpose; but all concurred in the necessity of establishing some uniform practice. In 1817 Sir H. Douglas, an officer who combines an hereditary interest in the welfare of that service which owes so much to his father with all that science and experience in war can afford, laid before the Board of Admiralty a most valuable work, containing a series of suggestions on this subject, which, if they had been properly attended to and acted upon, must have placed our system of artillery exercise on a very different footing from that on which it at present stands. It does not however appear that between 1817, when he first offered his manuscript work to the Board of Admiralty, and 1819, when he requested their permission to publish it, any attention was paid to the valuable suggestions with which it abounds, beyond issuing by authority a sort of uniform manual exercise for the great guns; and, until 1827, when His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence became Lord High Admiral of England, I was not able to observe that any effectual steps were taken to introduce or enforce such a regular system of artillery practice, especially amongst our ships on the home stations, as might enable us to keep pace with the improvements rapidly introducing amongst our maritime rivals.

“During his royal highness’s short administration, much was undoubtedly accomplished by his own frequent personal inspections of the ships in commission, and the attention he paid to every thing which respected their artillery; but he was unfortunately too short a time in office to establish any material or permanent improvements in this part of our system; and I cannot therefore do better than give my readers in this place, and as nearly as possible in Sir H. Douglas’s own words, a sketch of the plan which he, twelve years ago, suggested to the Admiralty—which at the moment appears to have been received with entire approbation—but which since that time has not (as far as I can learn) been thought worthy of further consideration.

“When the navies of Europe, opposed to us in the late war, had been swept from the face of the ocean by the gallant achievements of the British marine, a period of triumphant, undisputed dominion ensued, during which our seamen were not in general sufficiently practised in the exercise of those weapons by which that dominion had been gained; but, in the pride and ease of conquest, were suffered, in many instances, to lose much of that proficiency in warlike practice which had been acquired in a long series of arduous service. No one seemed to doubt that the decided superiority which we had displayed in every action with a marine generally esteemed expert in gunnery was owing to a degree of permanent perfection in our own system, which, animated by the well-known gallantry of our officers and seamen, would always ensure us victory over the vessels of any other state, even in conflicts with superior force. Relying with too great confidence on this persuasion, we were led to despise expected foes



whom we only rated on a level with those we had uniformly beaten, and to engage rashly in very unequal contests with the ships of a power whose practice we have since found is not of that character which should render us satisfied with the condition, or indifferent about the improvement, of our own."

In pursuance of this subject, we may ourselves state that the want of proper exercise at the guns is not to be charged against the commanding officers of ships, but is attributable to the scanty allowance of ammunition by the Board of Ordnance; so that, if a captain feel it imperatively necessary to exercise his men at a mark, he must account for the consumption of powder by a false entry in the *expense-books*. For example, he will direct the gunner to state officially that fifty or a hundred shots have been expended in bringing vessels to, and so many barrels of powder consumed in salutes and signals, when perhaps for these purposes not a grain of powder had been actually consumed. Thus a zealous officer is reduced to the following annoying dilemma; namely, that he must either neglect a part of discipline, the want of which might be fatal to the ship confided by his country to his care, or else he must tell a lie, and run the risk of losing his commission, by false expenditure of his majesty's stores. If one half the powder wasted in absurd salutes, and in more foolish commemorations, such as the observance of the anniversary of Gunpowder Plot, (which has no other effect than to produce laughter in little boys, and to cause annoyance to the sick and ailing of his majesty's subjects) were devoted to practice in naval artillery, the service in general would be essentially benefited, and actions at sea more speedily decided.

We might say more on this subject, had we either time or space; however, what has been developed, we trust, will call general attention to the Admiral's pamphlet. Sir Charles Penrose has indeed done a great service to his country; for we hold it to be utterly impossible that his remarks should fail to work some reform, if not a complete one, in the system of Naval administration. His complaints and suggestions are the result of a long life; and the ability with which he has condensed his whole experience into a few pithy pages cannot be too highly estimated. He not only points out the disease, but prescribes the remedy, as the following passage will show:

"If I am asked what practical suggestions I have to offer, and by what mean I would propose to remedy the defects I complain of, (without incurring an expense which the national finances cannot at this moment conveniently bear), I reply that I can only recommend our discontinuing, without loss of time, all further expenditure on any of those classes of ships which I consider so useless and objectionable; to suspend in a great degree the construction of ships of the line; (except perhaps one of the new class now in progress of ninety guns on two decks, for the purpose of ascertaining their qualities by actual experiment before any larger number are laid down,) and to turn our thoughts chiefly towards those classes of ships to which I have principally alluded in the course of these observations. I should recommend our satisfying ourselves, by full and careful trial, whether the first and second classes of frigates, such as the *Barham* and *Southampton*, are in all respects equal to the expectations entertained of them; especially whether the *razéed* seventy-fours answer so well as to justify the expense incurred in altering them. From these experiments certain rules may be laid down for their stowage, trim, armament, &c. &c. and prevent that general uncertainty on these points, which must inevitably prevail, if they were hastily fitted out by officers unacquainted with their peculiarities, who could only try experiments which might or might not succeed, and would, in the latter case, occasion much disappointment and delay."—But we shall return to this very interesting subject in our next.

## NEWFOUNDLAND ADVENTURES.

DURING the time I was engaged in the Newfoundland fishery, I happened to accompany the admiral of the station in one of his usual coasting voyages of *surveillance*, which, in his capacity of governor of the island, he performs at stated periods.

It was about the end of July that we cast anchor at the isle of Toulanguet, on the northern coast, where we heard that a considerable sensation had been created by the unprovoked murder of a planter,\* and plunder of his stock of cod, as it lay drying on the scaffolds, by the Esquimaux, during one of their flying visits from the mainland.

These Esquimaux are a very singular people. They are truly savages. Every attempt on the part of the settlers to conciliate and civilize them has hitherto proved abortive. Distrust seems to be a constitutional characteristic of the race, to an extent unknown amongst other North American Indians. They also possess a full share of the love of war and the love of theft, unmitigated by any feelings of pity for the pains they inflict, and undisturbed by any metaphysical considerations of the difference between *meum* and *tuum*.

“For why? because the good old rule  
Suffices them,—the simple plan,  
That they should take who have the power,  
And they should *kill* who can!”

In common with other Esquimaux tribes, hunting and fishing are their only means of subsistence. Indeed, the soil and climate offer few temptations to engage in agriculture; especially to a people who never remain a week in one place if they can help it, and to whom the restriction of a settled residence would be felt an intolerable evil. In short, they present as complete a specimen of savage life as could be found in any quarter of the globe.

The constant feeling of insecurity of life and property, which the settlers on the coast endured from these people's vindictive and predatory habits, tended much to retard attempts to improve the interior. At last, the local government determined to take measures to lessen the evil. The most effectual seemed to be, the civilization of a few natives to an extent that would render them capable of communicating between their countrymen and the European settlers, to interpret the desire of the latter to open regular trading houses for their accommodation, and render them every assistance they might require, in the hope of ultimately establishing a friendly intercourse.

The murder of the planter seemed a very inauspicious prelude to this project, but the admiral did not despair. He summoned a meeting of the neighbouring inhabitants, and went on shore himself to see what could be done. As I had always a great curiosity to learn any thing relating to these Arabs of the snows, I begged leave to accompany him.

The meeting took place at the house of Mr. English, episcopal minister of the islands of Fogo and Toulanguet. He was an intelligent, well-educated young man, evidently much respected by the admiral and the assembled company. He was very anxious that a party should be

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\* A resident on shore, employed in curing and packing fish, &c.



formed (of which he offered to be one), to proceed in search of the natives, to bear them presents, and by the language of signs (well understood over the continent of North America) to explain our good wishes and intentions to permanently contribute to their comforts, if they would consider ours. "And, perhaps," said he, "we may induce one or two to return with us, through whom we may, by kind treatment, eventually establish a satisfactory intercourse with the wild tribes, and convert them from dangerous enemies into useful friends."

"'Tis only throwing away time to think of it," said an old weather-beaten fisher, who held a fine boy by the hand; "the ugly devils are incapable of civilization. When I was whaler on the Hudson's Bay station, I saw hundreds of these Esquimaux for years together, and know them well. They were brutish and wild enough, God knows; but of all the animals on two legs that I ever saw or heard of, these islanders are the lowest and worst. By their fruits ye may know them."

"Granted!" said the benevolent minister; "but surely, Simon, they only stand in more need of our assistance and instruction. If we had commenced our works of kindness a year ago, probably, your son would not have been thus savagely murdered. Bad as they are, we should feel for them. They have at least souls to be saved."

"Souls to be saved!" re-echoed Simon in scornful surprise; "d—n their souls! I read my Bible constantly, but I never saw a word in it about these Esquimaux, or could learn that the raw-flesh-eating\* vagabonds had souls in their stinking carcasses, though they wear their beards, and call themselves † *men*. A black wolf has ten times more sagacity than any of them, and when he dies, his skin is worth a dollar. My dog Cabot has as much flesh on his bones, and as much brains in his skull, and is much more likely to have a soul to be saved. I'll tell you what he did one day, and then judge for yourselves. As we were at anchor fishing in the Ditch ‡——"

"Avast, Simon!" said the admiral, "we'll listen to that story another time; we've other fish to catch now!"

"Ay! Ay!" replied the rough old fisher in a grumbling undertone, "haul away! Unlucky hookfulls you'll have of them! and glad enough you'll be to throw your stinging stinking fish overboard again! Fish, indeed! They're neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring!"

A number of the company seemed to coincide with Simon, that the savages were a bad speculation to meddle with, and that the safer mode of treatment was to keep them at a distance, like wild beasts: but the admiral was not so easily disconcerted. "Simon," said he, "I always heard a good account of you, as an obliging fellow, and as a man of courage too. Now I want to trap a few of these rough unsavoury fellows, that you despise so heartily; but if you stand aback, you'll make cowards of all the crew. Your fishing season is fairly over now,—your scaffolds are full,—the cod is drying briskly; and if you and your comrades will join Mr. English in a hunt after the natives, you sha'n't lose your labour. I'll give 100*l.* for every one that you bring to Fort

\* Esquimaux is derived from Esquimantsic, in the Albinaquis language, importing, "Eaters of raw flesh." Many tribes are still quite ignorant of the art of cookery.

† Keraliti, i. e. men.

‡ The deepest soundings, near the centre of the Great Bank.

Townshend a year hence, able to speak either English or French, and interpret between us and their countrymen."

"Bless your heart!" said Simon, "that's a noble bounty, and would bring mermaids from Norway. We'll hook the lubbers for you, though they hide like otters, and snap like sharks. But the parson here must undertake for the lingo, and a tough spell he'll have of it. They are as sulky as bears in their winter lodge. Ah! cut a shark's meat ever so nice, you'll never teach him to chew like a Christian."

"Grandada," said the boy in an earnest whisper, "let me go with you to hunt the savages! Paul will lend me his carbine, and we'll bring Cabot."

"No! no! child," replied the old man, "'twas enough for them to kill your father. I must not lose you, as I did my poor Ben, by the arrows of these wild brutes. Stay at home, my dear Sebastian, for a little while. You'll get fighting enough, I promise you, as you go through the world."

It was finally arranged, that Simon should man a small sail-boat with a few steady men of his own choice, and run along the coast the very next day, with Mr. English, in search of the native Esquimaux; bearing as presents some trinkets and utensils which they value highly, a fortnight's provisions for themselves, and, to guard against the worst, arms and ammunition. I had never yet seen these natives, and as I had always loved adventures where sociality and danger went hand in hand, I requested, and readily received, permission to accompany the party. Mr. English gave me a bed in his house, and the sun at its rising next morning found us seated beside old Simon in his smack, with the helm in his hand, Cabot between his legs, and his long duck-gun behind him, steering right before the wind into the Bay of Exploits. His crew consisted of six jovial fishers, prepared for any adventure; their guns and pistols safe in a chest, and their tobacco-pipes sociably displayed in their mouths, puffing away care, and enjoying hundreds of pounds sterling in all the moral certainty of lively anticipation. You and I once heard a matter-of-fact person deny the power of the human mind to forestall future pleasure and pain to any real extent; but this lubber had never dreamt of jumping ashore into the arms of expecting friends, whilst becalmed amidst the fogs of Newfoundland, and lulled to sleep by the loud billows that break above its Banks; or never fancied himself in a sinking ship in the midst of the Atlantic, while the cries of agonized companions assail his ears with horrible fidelity. For my part, I find my share of solid material happiness so very trifling, that I am determined through life to enjoy as much of it as possible in prospect, and look at the bright side of things wherever my course is bound.

There was little of brightness or beauty to be seen in the shores along which we were passing. Farmer's Island lay on our right, the mainland on our left; both bordered with cold, rugged, gloomy rocks; here quite barren, there crowned with juniper, heath, or wild spruce, which formed the only objects that relieved the waste of waters. A few detached, tall, naked crags stood forth among the waves in picturesque array; but the general aspect of still life here is sombre and repulsive; so I turned in self-defence to enjoy animated nature beside me.

"What a noble animal this Cabot is!" said I to his master; "you were interrupted yesterday in an interesting anecdote of his sagacity."

"Ay!" said the old man proudly, "'tis he that needn't be ashamed



to hear his doings spoken of. He knows every word I say, and would speak if he could. I reared him from his cradle, and fed and christened him myself. I love him like a child, and he respects me like a father. Well, as I was saying, my poor boy Ben and I were fishing on the Bank one day, as usual, and Cabot was on board. I like to bring him with me, for he has a pretty notion of the weather, and always takes his watch with me, and keeps me warm in my berth when we turn in together—(that's if he's not too wet, for then he has the decency to lie alone). When on deck, he keeps a good look out for squalls, and barks right in the wind's eye till they strike us: but if he spies a sleeping whale, he's as mute as a mouse. He can see an iceberg through a fog, or feel the freezing blast from it, as well as any Christian. He's like a Christian in every thing—eating his fish boiled or broiled, as we can give it to him—not bolting it raw like the unclean savages (who only know the use of fire to show them light), except when he takes a fancy to eat a cod's tongue from my hand, or to munch a flounder, that he amuses himself finding with his feet in the shallow water on shore, and chasing till he catches them.

“Well, as I was saying, we were pulling up the fish by hundreds. The sea was alive with cod. 'Twas only the end of May, and we had our ten thousand for the bounty already caught. Every man of us was alive and jumping; Cabot wishing he had hands to help us, and avoiding the hooks like an old seaman. All of a sudden, a hook on the line that I was paying out caught the riband of my seals, and whipt the watch out of my fob!—a beautiful little double-cased, gold, flat, French thing, that went as regular as the gulf-stream. The riband tore half through in the jerk, and away flew the *montre d'or* clean off the hook! ‘O my watch! my watch!’ said I. Cabot saw the salmon-leap it made over the gunwale, heard my outcry, and instantly plunged in head foremost after the shining bait. ‘Ah! poor Cabot,’ thought I, ‘gold sinks faster than you can dive, and the bottom is out of your depth here. I pray Heaven he does not hook himself.’ Well, it wasn't long till he popped his head up like an otter with a fine cod splashing about in his mouth. ‘Well done, Cabot,’ said I, ‘you thought I bid you go fish for me, as often you did before.’ Ben helped him and the cod into the boat, and up the side of the vessel. ‘You deserve the tongue for yourself, my fine fellow,’ said I, as I cut it out for him, and threw the fish to the gutter. Cabot wouldn't have it, but jumped after his prize. Ben and I went on at our work as before, when presently we heard him barking furiously, and saw the gutter threatening him with his knife. ‘What's all this about, Cabot?’ said I,—‘silence, sir!’ but he made more noise than ever.—‘How dare you insult the dog?’ said Ben.—‘Upon my oath I didn't touch him,’ replied the gutter trembling.—‘You lie,’ said Ben, seizing the fellow by the arm; ‘he never barks at any one for nothing, and to mend the matter you turn your knife on him!’ Cabot, the instant that Ben caught the fellow's knife-arm (he never meddles with edge tools), sprung on the rogue's breast, tore open his waistcoat, and down dropped my watch and seals on deck. Cabot seized them, handed them safe to me, and jumped for joy. We all kissed him, and Ben kicked the dirty gut-plucker; and Cabot barked him out of the vessel. I examined his fish afterwards, and found that he had caught it by the tail, most likely as it was trying the hard bellyful it had swallowed too hastily, and was shaking it out,

head-downwards as usual; for (saving your presence) they puke as natural as an alderman. I got the watch cleaned at St. John's;—here it is, and it goes better than ever; but when fishing, I always wear my seals inside. Ay! you see Cabot knows what we are talking of," continued he, as the sagacious animal caught the riband playfully in his mouth, and looked proudly at his master; "and he has heard as much French spoken while he was with me at Cape St. John, that he understands a good deal of that language too."

"I'll try him now," said I, "and turning to Mr. English observed, *"Le ciel promet l'orage contre le vent! Y a-t-il de l'apparence des raffles aujourd'hui?"*

Cabot jumped up earnestly, laid his paws on the gunwale, snuffed the breeze, and looked along the sky over Farmer's Island in very seaman-like style; then after peeping in all our careless faces, seemed to settle himself down into an opinion (as he yawned and nestled again between Simon's legs, with some contempt in his countenance) that there was no danger of squalls. "I'll try him again," said I, and continued to Simon, *"Y a-t-il sur ce côté des bons endroits pour prendre terre?"* The dog's eyes instinctively turned coastwards, but he seemed to await his master's reply.

*"Oh non! Mais au-delà de la pointe prochaine la terre est plus unie, et nous pouvons débarquer de tems en tems chercher pour ces gros pilauds les Esquimaux!"*

Simon (who had much of the vivacity of gesture which seems an indispensable part of the language he was speaking) could not help pointing significantly at the headland he was about to weather, and infusing an extra degree of scorn into his brief notice of the poor natives. Cabot evidently observed both, and stood upon the alert, as if he had received an "order of the day" to hold himself in readiness for actual service. His curiosity was effectually roused, and he ran about the vessel with his eyes fixed on the rock that concealed the promised land of his master's hereditary foes.

"The word Esquimaux," said Mr. English, "has a great effect on him. I think he shares in his master's antipathies. It started him angrily on his feet just now, as the cry of *Neunook!*\* rouses an Esquimaux dog."

The old man seemed rather affronted by the illustration. "What resemblance is there," said he, "between that noble fellow and any of their howling, thievish, half-starved, quarrelsome curs?—a cross between wolves and foxes!—just kept alive by offal, and by shell-fish of their own finding; and, when in harness, requiring a skelp, and a curse every minute, to prevent them running riot, and choking themselves with each other's wool! Cabot never needs a blow, and wouldn't bear it. He can run as fast as I can with two hundred weight of wood or fish in his own little sleigh when the snow is hard, and, once to oblige me (indeed I lent him a hand myself), drew twice that weight. He wouldn't live on the raw garbage that they do, for he always eats with me.—My lads, get breakfast!—He never hurted a dog in his life, unless it first attacked him. By the by, now you remind me, he was set upon by four savage curs in an Esquimaux sledge one day, that turned out of their track on the Hudson Bay ice to fall foul of him. The driver had been shouting

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\* A bear.



*Neunook!* as if there were a bear in sight, to spirit them on their journey, when all at once they turned on Cabot, pretending to mistake *him* for a bear. 'A joke's a joke!' said I, 'but this is too bad!' so I levelled my gun to quash the fight; but the little woolly devils were over and under him so often, that I couldn't fire without hurting him. He just gave all their legs a chop a piece (that's his way of fighting), and left them lame and howling. During the fight, their driver poised his fish-spear, and would have shivered Cabot, if I hadn't fired my charge of duck-shot across him, and blew the harpoon-head off: it was only tied on with a single thong in the middle of it, as usual (to let it turn into a cross-barb in the fish or flesh it penetrated, as the case might be); so he got it again after the fray, in two of his dogs' mouths, that were fighting for its fresh seal-skin thong. But, would you believe it? the savage was so intent on slaughter that he didn't mind my shot, but darted the headless handle at Cabot, who, in return, seized the ugly devil by the leg like the rest—(small blame to him)—and pulled three boots off. I had great work to untangle them. Well, when the battle was ended, and I was giving the greasy driver a drop of brandy, he saw that poor Cabot had got fast to his fishing-line by a hook stuck through the web between his toes: the fellow seized the paw roughly to recover his property, and was going to tear it out, as if it had only been in a cod's jaw. Cabot winced, and was about to bite him again, so I knocked the fellow down for peace-sake, to teach him gentleness, as words would be thrown away on him. I cut the line and drew out the hook backward, to Cabot's admiration, who was in despair at the awkward grapple he had made, and expected to part with some of his precious toes, at least, before he got clear. Well, sir! when we went home, and fully six months after, one day as I came to shore to unload a cargo of fish at Ben's scaffold, Cabot came swimming and barking alongside to congratulate me, and play with Sebastian as usual. He was anxious to attract my attention, but I didn't speak to him for a long time, as I was busy on board, keeping a tally of the fish. At last he howled mournfully: 'twas the first time I had ever heard him howl—the Esquimaux brutes can do nothing else). And as little Sebastian kept interrupting me, I looked steadily to see what was the matter. Then I perceived he had another dog at the water's edge along with him, very lame;—and as he kept running about the poor brute—then towards me—then back again to him, I thought there must be some meaning in it (for Cabot has no nonsense about him); so I stepped ashore and looked at the lame dog's foot. And there, fast anchored in the flesh, stuck an ugly cod-hook. I took it out, as I had done before for Cabot, and jerked it into the water, as I thought, sinking it with a hearty curse to the bottom of the sea: but it fell short! When, what do you think Cabot did?—The considerate brute ran after it—picked it up—let it drop fairly in the water—then returned to his companion, and away they both scampered, barking with delight. The dog's worth his weight in dollars! He has a great heart, tender bowels, and no spleen, bile, gall, or venom, in his nature. I'll bet my year's fishing he has a soul to be saved! Now, lads, to breakfast!"

A substantial breakfast was spread around the mast. Our stores consisted of green and dry cod, herrings, salmon, and eels, salt beef, gannets and their eggs from the Bird Islands, biscuits, and brandy. The last was a present from the stores of the admiral, who knew the general poverty of diet of the fishers, and wished to infuse some spirit into their

proceedings through the medium of their stomachs. Cabot sat beside his master, took politely whatever was given him, and behaved himself, as Simon would say, "very like a Christian."

By the time breakfast was ended, we had doubled the little cape, and then ran alongside a low beach for some time till we found a favourable spot to land at. We jumped ashore, and ascended the most elevated rock contiguous; but the telescope could show us nothing of the human race: so we continued our course along the shore, as near as we safely could venture, till we reached the southern extremity of the bay where it receives the River of Exploits; occasionally turning into little creeks and coves of still water, where we could land without risk, and get a view inland. But as yet no natives appeared.

A sail-boat is a fine place for listening to stories. You have no rowing to tire you; sailors have always something strange to tell, and you may believe as much as you please. Wrapped up in your cloak, the breeze in your ear only makes you arrange it more comfortably to catch the long "yarn" as it comes spinning out amidst spray and sail-flap, creaking of the astonished mast, and rattling of rival ropes.

"This is a strange mainsail of yours," said I; "how came the picture of this great fish on it?—What claw-like fins!—and what a set of teeth!—Which of your sea-devils is it?"

"That's a grampus," replied the old man, "the whale's greatest enemy. One of these fellows (with sometimes the help of a thresher, or a sword-fish, or a sea-unicorn,) will drive a poor whale ashore in shallow water, kill him, and eat him after. They're all great poachers and injure the whale-fishing very much. Yet they're sociable animals in their own way, not very unlike the white wolves, in their mode of life, that I have seen in a long string like a crescent on the plains of Labrador, chasing an elk in the midst of them over a precipice, and then quietly descending to pick his bones together. I'll tell you how the fish came to be painted there.

"When I was mate of a Nantucket whaler, and we were running south heavy laden from Hudson's Bay, an ugly wind from sou'-sou'-west ahead blew us back as we were entering the straits of Belle-isle, and sent us coasting round Newfoundland through the fogs. We doubled Cape Bauld by close shaving, then stood well out from the shore till the storm abated, and just passed Toulinguet, when the wind died away, and the fog came down on us like a casting net. There we were for three days, that we never saw the sun, yawing about, till the tide carried us one night right on a sharp ledge of sunken rocks. Then (when the mischief was done) a gale set in at sunrise from the north, the fog was cleared up like a mainsail in a squall, and we found our stout ship breaking her back on the ledge as the tide fell, within a bow shot of Round Head, the northern point of the isle of Fogo. What was to be done? The gale was increasing; the breakers boiled furiously about us, and the surf on the shore would swamp a life-boat. It had been a spring-tide, d'ye see; the vessel now lay high on the ledge: every wave ran up the rock like a wild bull, tossing up the stern, and letting it fall again. The thumps she gave as the keel struck the bottom were felt like the shocks of an earthquake in the Mississippi! We all expected by full ebb that the good ship *Grampus* would be in shivers, with all of us afloat, to be dashed on the Round Head among our barrels of blubber!

"A crowd of people on the island had assembled at the mouth of a



little cove, just a mere gap in the rocks, where in fair weather a boat might put in, or a dog swim ashore. A thought struck me. I called Cabot, showed him the cove, and bid him swim with a line to the people there. He would have taken it in his mouth; but I persuaded him to wait till I made it fast to him like the traces of his own sleigh, and then off he jumped with it, rowing through the surge in gallant style. We all gave three cheers for Cabot as we beheld him pushing on undauntedly, with all our lives depending on the rope that he bore so well, and which every minute grew heavier. I paid it out myself, lest he should be held back, or lest more might go than was needful, and mayhap catch on the coral bottom. Now he approached the surf on shore. Again we cheered him on. The islanders had caught a sight of him amidst the tumbling spray, and re-echoed our shouts as he neared them. The captain stood beside me watching every stroke of the dog through his glass, and giving us hope and comfort. I could only mind the rope. I recollect I knocked my son Ben upside down for treading on it—(that poor fellow who was murdered t'other day!) 'Now,' said the captain, 'he enters the breakers! No, he stops! No wonder; that surf would make splinters of a porpoise. Ah! he sinks,—he's lost!—and we're lost!' He dropt the glass, and fell on his knees on my coil. 'Get off the line, you cowardly lubber,' said I, capsizing him. 'I'll bet a guinea now he's diving under it. What should ail him?' The captain jumped up like a new man, and soon we saw the waving of hats, as Cabot swam cleverly in!

"We now sent a strong rope ashore, and along with it a cable, which they made fast round a high rock. On this we swung a chair (well braced together with cord, like a cage), that slid along by an iron ring. One by one the crew went safe ashore in this easy chair with the help of the islanders, who pulled it cheerily to land every time by the second rope; and those who remained on board hauled it back again. Every one made much of Cabot when he landed, but he minded none but our friend Paul there beside you, who had waded into the water to meet him and take off the line, and give him a biscuit after his swim. He barked with delight as each of the crew were hauled through the surf to the rock, and spun about like a trundling mop when he saw me in the cage setting off from the ship with little Sebastian in my arms; for we were the last except the captain. The *Grampus* soon was bumped to pieces, and the casks of blubber came rolling in. As the wind abated, we saved most of them, and some of the ship's sails and timbers, by guiding them into the little cove. Ben and I were given the charge of them till they could be disposed of. We found kind people in these islands, and liked our quarters so well that here we have staid ever since, and given up the harpoon for the cod hooks. The captain gave me a foresail that I saved: Ben cut it up into what you see, and painted that Grampus on it, that we might never forget our whaling days."

We now entered the River of Exploits, and landed to climb a rocky hill at a little distance, from the top of which we might hope to get a pretty extensive view. And here, after a sharp look out, to our great delight we caught a sight of the Equimaux. About a dozen single canoes were lying a mile off, up a bend of the river, hauled into a rushy creek: a rude tent of skins thrown across a few poles stood near them in a clump of juniper, and their owners were huddled together at a little distance on the overhanging heathy bank; very much resembling a

group of young white bears on the watch for fish. We had scarcely discovered them, when their keen eyes perceived us also, and up they started in haste, pulled down their tent in a minute, rolled up their little furniture in the skins in the most expeditious and workmanlike style, and ran with their property to the canoes.

"We alarm them," said I. "They may escape us if we don't hasten up in the boat."

"No! no!" replied Simon, "they mistake us for a land party, and take to the water for safety. So far, so well. Let them tie the bearskins fast on their canoes, and cram their own blubberly selves into the deck-holes, and then we have them on our own element. The wind is with us, and we'll soon run them down."

'Twas just as Simon foretold. The Esquimaux hastily paddled from shore, each tied up in his water-proof seat; but having gained the centre of the river, they seemed to await our further movements to regulate theirs. We now hastened down to the boat, which as yet lay hid by the hill from their sight, and made all sail to come up with them. As soon as they espied us on the water, they were seized with consternation. They speedily paddled back to land again, and untied their packages as quickly as they had tied them on before, stowed them away into the holes they had sat in, and marched off inland with their boats and baggage on their heads;—a curious sight to me. During this operation, we were fast approaching them, and getting ready our presents. Mr. English and Paul (who both knew something of their manners) undertook to bear them; and, to excite less apprehension, left their guns behind.

"Nevertheless," said Simon, "take each of you a pair of pistols in your pockets. These savages are treacherous at best. And if you find them in a bad humour don't close with them, but keep out of the reach of their arrows and spears. And all the rest of you, put by your pipes, and look to your priming. The messengers may need our help yet."

We laid the boat close in to the bank, and made her fast to an old spruce fir that grew near. Our ambassadors now hastened to overtake the loaded natives, who, as soon as they perceived themselves followed, divided into two parties, and pursued separate paths. Mr. English took the course of the party to the right, and Paul endeavoured to come up with that to the left. As the ground was tolerably clear and level, we had a fair view of all their proceedings from the river-side.

When the savages saw they were pursued in this manner, first one party, then the other, laid down their canoes, and held a consultation amongst themselves. "I'm sorry now that Paul went," said Simon to me; "he's drest exactly as my poor Ben was the day he was killed. They were comrades, and cut their jackets from the same piece, and their caps out of the same seal-skin. He was present at that skirmish, and helped us to rescue our fish. I wounded one of the natives, and he wounded another. If these fellows were of that party, he runs a great risk. Ha! they are threatening him. Paul, stop! call him, somebody that can shout. The wind baffles my voice. That fellow in front is springing his fingers!\*—and now they string their bows, and fit their arrows; and the booby's picking his steps, and doesn't see it. Paul, I say! Lads, get your guns!"

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\* To spring the fingers at any one, as if sprinkling water, in the language of signs, indicates the discharge of missiles, and the threat, "I will kill you if——"



At our repeated shouts, the messenger turned round, and at that moment, the party to which he had been advancing, discharged their arrows at him. He was struck—ran a little way towards us, staggered, and fell. The Esquimaux rushed towards him with loud shouts; and Mr. English, well knowing the fate that awaited the poor fellow, if they reached him, ran courageously to his aid, and discharged his pistols at the assailants. They returned his fire by several arrows shot in succession, and so well aimed, that if he had not watched narrowly, and jumped actively aside, each shaft would have transfixed him. I was struck with admiration at the intrepid presence of mind and quickness displayed in this dangerous moment by a quiet young man, whose exercises had hitherto been of so different a cast. The old Peruvian gymnasts, who stood as marks on their pedestals,\* could not have evaded the hostile missiles more dexterously. The secret of his safety, I believe, lay in the calm, observant mood which was constitutional in him, and now enabled him to look danger steadily in the face—to correctly estimate its tendency—and, thus collected and forewarned, to move the requisite step in ease and safety.

The party to the right now made ready to assist their companions. Our crew also ran towards the scene of action. "Stop, lads! and fire quickly and steadily," cried Simon; "'tis the only chance to save them!" Each of our men shot in turn, but so hurriedly, from the agitation they felt at the sight of their fallen comrade in the clutches of savages, that they all missed their marks. Simon and I had not yet fired. Some of the fishers stood in my way, so I discharged my piece (which was loaded with swan drops), at the second party, who were now advancing with shouts of defiance, and with good effect, for they instantly retreated, took up their canoes, and we soon lost sight of them. The others had now surrounded their hapless victim; and one of them (the fellow who first threatened Paul) was in the act of plucking out the arrow he had shot him with, when Simon, resting his long duck-gun on a branch of the withered spruce that our boat was tied to, fired and shot him dead. On his fall, and our approach, his companions speedily retraced their steps, with the exception of one who remained bent in anguish over his body; but, such is the force of habit, ere they fled they could not resist the temptation of snatching their own particular arrows out of the body of the dying man. They also found time to plunder him of the ill-fated presents.

As our crew hastened up to their bleeding comrade, the remaining savage fled also. Two of the fishers, who had re-loaded, again presented their pieces with steady, vengeful aim, but Simon arrested their fire by exclaiming, "Hold, lads! 'tis a woman! I see the peak of her head-dress; with its beads and feathers. I'll stop her without gunpowder. Here, Cabot! seize her, boy; catch her by the long cloak, and hold her fast!"

The dog waited for no more, but stretched away after the waddling bundle of skins which his master's sharp eye had recognized as the dress of a female Esquimaux. He soon came up with her, and effectually arrested her flight by laying firm hold of the ample bear-skin robe. Hoping still to escape, she untied it at the collar, left it in his grasp, and fled again. Again the dog pursued, caught her by the tail of her jacket, and held her securely without further violence. The savage, thus tram-

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\* Vide Marmontel's Incas.

melled, uttered screams of rage and despair. She turned furiously on the dog with her drawn knife, and plunged it furiously into his throat and breast several times. The noble animal retained his hold to the last; but as the life-blood flowed from the wound, she shook herself free, and again ran towards her tribe, now far distant. The old man, during the struggles, had gained fast on her, and, boiling over with wrath, at last overtook and knocked her down with the butt of his gun. Again her screams of rage were heard, and rose on the air at intervals. I ran up to save her life, as I feared Simon was inclined to take ample vengeance on his prisoner; but I perceived he was only binding her feet together, and her hands behind her back. He then hastily returned to his faithful dumb friend, who lay bleeding and shuddering on the spot where he had fallen beneath her knife.

I aided Simon's endeavours to bind up the deep wounds which the enraged savage had made in his breast and neck; but it was plain, from the quantity of blood that had gushed from them ere we arrived, and now lay streaming around him, that the noble animal was past our help. The old man's voice faltered, and I saw a tear on his rough cheek, as he said, "'Tis all over; Cabot will never swim again; and there's not such a dog alive. God forgive me! 'twas I that sent him to be killed!" Cabot still knew his voice; and with eyes that were fast assuming the glossy lustre of death, acknowledged the grateful sympathy of his master. He raised his head for an instant, and attempted to lick the hand that patted it; but the vital stream gushed from his mouth, and the effort was unavailing. It was his last—expressive of the master feeling of his noble nature, and Simon fully appreciated it. "My faithful dog!" he exclaimed, "where shall I find such a friend? I would share half the remaining years of my life with you if I could. But it pleases God to take you to himself, and leave me to struggle on alone with storms and savages." So saying, and sighing heavily, he rose from the clotted gore in which he had been unconsciously kneeling, and returned with me to the spot where the crew were assembled round the wounded fisher and the dead Esquimaux.

As we approached, they beckoned Simon to hasten, and we both ran forward. Paul lay on his face on the ground, weltering in blood. One arrow was yet sticking firmly in his neck, the last remaining of four which had pierced him as he turned to ask the meaning of our shouts.

The fishers and Mr. English were endeavouring to stanch the widespread wounds by bandages when we arrived; but all their handkerchiefs and neckcloths were soon soaked through, and his life was fast flowing away. He motioned Simon to stoop down to him, as he could not raise or turn his head, and he groaned with horror as his comrades proposed to remove the arrow. "Simon," said he, faintly and at intervals, "I am dying. This arrow is too deep. Don't touch it! Let me die! These are the fellows that killed Ben. Wear this cap for my sake. Let Sebastian have my carbine: the boy was fond of me. Tell Mary I pardon all her cruelty. Give her the little moss-rose tree again; perhaps she will think of Paul as she wears its flowers. Give my watch and every thing else to my mother, and say my last thoughts were of her."—"I will, my dear fellow," replied Simon; "God help her and me too!" A pause ensued. His breathing was yet audible, and all were silent in deep commiseration. Again his feeble voice was heard, as if a sudden thought occurred. "Tell her, lest she should lose time in searching,



that I hid the key of my chest over the door, and that I put her strong shoes up the chimney to dry." He would have said more, but the barbed weapon now irritated his throat beyond endurance, and he coughed violently : the blood gushed afresh everywhere, and when the fit ceased from exhaustion, he breathed no more : life terminated in that universal convulsion.

All stood sadly gazing on the piteous sight, till Simon, with an anxiety we could not comprehend the cause of, withdrew from his friend's neck the fourth and last shaft which the savage had been endeavouring to regain when he received his death-shot. "He is quite dead!" said the old fisher, "he winces not! 'twould have roused life if a feeling remained. Ay!" continued he, as he closely examined the carving of the bone arrow-head, and compared it with those in its owner's quiver, and with one which he drew from his own pocket, "ay! 'tis as I thought. The same hand that shot Paul drew the bow before to murder my poor Ben : these arrow-heads were cut from the same bone, and notched by the same hand, and now it lies cold and stiff there beside Paul's. I'm satisfied. And see how the wild butcher still grasps his knife in death! 'Tis plunged into the earth as he made his last spiteful stab at Paul with it. Lads, bear your comrade's body to the boat : we'll take it home to his poor mother. And bring me the anchor and boat-axe : I've a grave to dig here."

The crew lifted Paul's cold and stiffening body on their guns, and slowly moved from the scene of blood ; while Simon, accompanied by Mr. English and me, returned to the spot where Cabot expired. At a little distance his prisoner lay bound on the earth, exhausted by her fit of rage, and now awaiting her fate in sullen silence. As he gazed mournfully on the body, he exclaimed, "What shall I say to the child?" "'Tis his grandson, Sebastian, that he speaks of," whispered Mr. English ; "Cabot and he were inseparable. 'Twould have delighted you to have seen the noble dog swimming in the sea with his little friend on his back. He'll take his loss very much to heart."

"Ay!" said Simon to himself, as if in an act of devotion ; "through my fault!—through *my* fault!—through *my most grievous* fault! I sent him on the fatal errand. I bid him hold her fast, and he did so with the sacrifice of his life. If I had left him to stop and turn her at his own discretion, she never could have mangled him thus."

I could not help smiling at the high opinion the old man entertained of his dog's capacity, as I walked with Mr. English towards the female prisoner. "I am surprised," said he, "that Simon does not take Cabot home also, and bury him in consecrated ground. But let us bring this poor woman to the boat."

Her features now exhibited extreme fear. The Esquimaux are never shown the least mercy by their neighbours, the Canadian Indians, wherever they meet, even when no recent quarrel had occurred ; and, therefore, they shun the warlike red-men with instinctive antipathy : but from *enemies* of any nation they dread destruction as a matter of course ; and now the captive evidently expected nothing less than death as the return for that which she had inflicted. We untied her feet, but leaving her hands still bound, led her to the boat. I got to the windward of her as soon as possible, for the rank effluvia of train oil emitted from her dress and her breath, struck on my nerves so forcibly, that it gave me a headach, and other unmentionable symptoms. She was clad in skins,

The large cloak which the dog had first seized her by was of bear-skin, worn with the hair inwards, wrapped about the breast, and descending to the middle of the leg. It had also a large falling hood attached, and seemed rather a cumbrous pelisse for July wear. Perhaps there was something of the pride of display connected with the burden; perhaps mere prudence; for if it were left at home, (or, more correctly speaking, buried near any of their thousand extempore encampments), their dogs might scratch it up and eat it. Besides, as the owner camped out in all weathers, it served for bed, umbrella, tent, tarpaulin, and also, as we afterwards learned, for a nursery. This did not strike us at the time, as the wearer was destitute of the Esquimaux nurse's cradle-boots, hooped inside with whalebone; a great convenience, which she had probably left behind to hold the child. She now wore a kind of sandals tied on in the Italian mode, but with a greater liberality of skin, serving both for shoes and stockings.

Her inner dress was a jacket and drawers of seal-skin, with the fur outwards; the former tastefully fashioned with two broad tails which hung one behind and one before, in the shape of the shields that surround the old broadside of *Magna Charta*. Instead of ancient blazonry, she had decorated them with insertion work coinciding with the curve of the outline. Similar braiding was worked along the outer seam of the arm, and a keepsake of scarlet cloth, one inch square, was stitched on the left shoulder. A curiously cut and embroidered pocket of fox-skin hung by a thong round her neck. Her cap was all of a piece in pattern and substance with the jacket: it was, in fact, a continuation of it, terminating in a point on the top of the head, fancifully stuck over with feathers, and strung with beads of glass and bone. The man's dress was somewhat different. He wore a capuchin coat (a kind of close smock-frock with a hood) of seal-skin, which doubly defended him against the cold, by a lining of feathers within. This garment descended to the middle of the thigh. Beneath, trousers, and five pair of boots (all of seal-skin), defended his lower extremities. Inside all, he wore a kind of shirt, made, as Mr. English told me, of bladders of sea-calf, stitched together with threads formed of the fine nerves of some animal, which the natives expertly ply in their needles of bone. Both the savages were of a middling stature, robust, and of a brownish colour: their ages nearly the same, about thirty. Their complexions had a greasy sallowness that savoured much of the oil of seal and porpoise which they use so liberally. Their heads were large, their faces broad,—their lips thick,—teeth strong and white,—cheek-bones high, and noses flat; their hair was long, black, and lank; their shoulders large, and feet uncommonly small. The woman was much the comelier of the two. Her eyes were black, small, and sparkling, and most unsettled, as if continually meditating means of escape. She submitted to her fate with a very bad grace, and became so unquiet in the boat that it was necessary to tie her feet again.

Simon had contrived to dig a deep grave in which he laid the remains of his faithful follower, and had commenced filling in the earth and stones as Mr. English and I returned to the spot. Suddenly he threw away his tools, and dragged up the body of Cabot again. Grief had effectually checked his loquacity, and we were obliged to ask the meaning of this movement before he afforded us any explanation. "I cannot part with him entirely," said the old man. "I'll bring home his skin



to Sebastian for a keepsake. 'Twill make a *couvrelit* for the poor lonely child." He took a sharp knife from his pocket, and commenced the operation of skinning by an incision along the breast, but speedily exclaimed, "I can't do it; I feel as if I was slaughtering him! Let some of you take the knife; who don't feel as I do."

Two of his comrades, who were standing by, undertook the work, and Simon looked on for a while with mournful interest. At length, he came close to Mr. English, and asked in a low but earnest tone, "Sir, don't you think 'twould be decent and fitting to say a word of prayer over poor Cabot, before we leave him for ever?"

Mr. English was somewhat startled; but after a little time, replied, "There is no form of prayer prescribed for brute animals, Simon."

"Well! what signifies that?" said the fisher in a matter-of-fact tone. "I have heard you pray on occasion without book, for fellows that were not worth a cod's head, that eat like cormorants and drank like fishes, and died like boobies, knocked down by death for want of sense to get out of his way!" I, however, prevailed on him to postpone his petition till he arrived at home. He did not quite forgive Mr. English, for on a hint from him of the propriety of affording burial to the body of the savage that lay beside us, he replied roughly, "Let it lie there! His fellows will return, I'll engage, for the sake of his boots, and they may eat him if they will, for what I care." So saying, he threw Cabot's skin over his shoulder, and having seen his body fairly interred, and a large stone rolled over his grave, he gathered up the bow and arrows of the slain Esquimaux, and returned to the boat.

These were the only remaining trophies; for the routed party had contrived to carry off the two empty canoes. They were very small compared to similar weapons of the red tribes of North America. The islanders have little choice of woods for their purpose. The bow was composed of a species of fir (probably larch or spruce), in three pieces; not on the principle of compensation well known to the old English archers, who glued together entire lengths of yew and lance-wood, to balance elasticity by toughness; but simply to make up the requisite length of the weapon, as if their knowledge of carpentry did not enable them to cut out a single piece of the proper size. The parts were attached by thongs made out of the sinews of the deer, which had been cut up fresh, and bound on tightly over the entire bow: these in drying had shrunk exceedingly, and imparted to the wretched sticks a degree of strength and spring that made the weapon tolerably effective.

Our crew had evidently lost much of their zeal for the civilization project, by the melancholy death of their comrade. After a short consultation, it was determined to steer homewards, to inter the body of Paul, and secure their prisoner. Accordingly, we hoisted sail, and descended the river, placing the prisoner and her cloak as much to leeward as possible. As we retraced our course along the bay, I was struck with the great alteration of tempers and manners in my companions; so different from what they had been as we entered these wild scenes. Then all was hope and gaiety: not even the habitual economy of the pipe (prompting the propriety of smoking continuously once it was lighted) could restrain their lively narratives and repartees. Simon had been particularly vivacious. Now he, as well as they, sat smoking in sober sadness, occasionally turning their eyes towards the corpse that lay at their feet, and turning away their noses in unconcealed disgust,

whenever a whiffing wind came back from the poor prisoner. Were it not for the promised bounty, and the presence of Mr. English and myself, I am inclined to think that she would at least have been tossed overboard like many an odd-fish-looking creature that boded bad luck to affrighted fishermen, as they laboured in their vocation with all the superstition and ignorance incident to its solitude and danger; caring little what loss science might sustain, so they ward off ill-luck themselves. My friend English and I had the conversation all to ourselves, and I recollect that even we spoke in whispers; so infectious is melancholy: the shores looked more bleak and barren, the breeze and surf chilled us as we sat listlessly beneath their influence, and the breakers seemed to strike more sharply against the rocks, as our open ears unconsciously admitted their ill-omened burthen. At last our thoughts received a sudden turn by Simon starting up and exclaiming in anger, "Where's Cabot's skin? I brought it into the boat. Who has dared to throw it out?"

"It's all safe," said one of the fishers. "I stowed it away snug in the bear-skin cloak there."

"Damn your eyes!" cried Simon fiercely. "How dare you roll *up* his skin in that carrion hide, which is enough to rot the plank it lies on? Shake it out, you lubber, and hang it to air, if you wouldn't rouse him out of his grave to chop your head off!"

"No offence!" said the fisher, "I meant all in kindness. I didn't think the skin was so touchy."

Nothing further occurred to check our voyage home. The female was by common consent given in care to Mr. English, who gladly undertook to teach her whatever was possible, and provide for her maintenance. He had her disgusting apparel immediately removed, and replaced with the usual dress of respectable females of the island. I beheld her thus attired next day, when she was presented to the admiral, and recollect thinking her very much humanized, and almost comely: such alteration does dress make; but her dark eyes were very wild and unsettled.

The admiral attended the funeral of Paul, along with our little crew, and a number of islanders, who knew and regretted him. At the head of the procession, Simon led his little grandson in one hand, and Paul's weeping mother in the other. As the ceremony concluded, I overheard Sebastian say to the old man, "I hope the ugly savage woman that murdered Cabot is to be killed and buried too. I'm sure she deserves it."

"Ay, boy!" replied Simon, "but the admiral gives no bounty for dead vermin."

"I fear," said I, as I shook hands with Mr. English at parting, "the civilization of the natives will go on but slowly. You can't expect any aid from these people. If I don't visit you next season, pray write me word how you succeed with this poor woman." He promised he would, and the admiral's barge soon after brought me back to the ship.

In the winter I left Newfoundland for St. Heliers, with three cargoes of cod for the French market. There I had the satisfaction to receive a letter from my friend English, dated nearly a year after my departure.

"Toulinguet, 4th August, 1818.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Your prediction is correct. The civilization of the natives goes on



very slowly. Our people speak of their researches in the interior as 'an unlucky kind of fishing,' and won't repeat them. My female pupil would wear out the patience of the seven sages. She will attend to nothing : in fact, she is still a savage. I need not assure you that she is treated kindly (indeed more like one of my family than a stranger), but nothing seems to efface the memory of the scene she witnessed on the bank of the River of Exploits. I sometimes endeavour to interest her on that subject, but though I am confident she understands our language to a considerable extent, I cannot yet prevail on her to speak a word of it. She is shrewd and observing at times, but wants either the will or the power of fixing her mind on any subject requiring continued attention. It seems that the Esquimaux shot by Simon was a chief, and her husband ; that she has left a child with her tribe ; and that they recognized Paul as a former enemy by his dress. Ursa (the name given to her in jest by a young midshipman of the admiral's party, and since universally adopted by the fishers, who don't trouble their brains about derivations,) has a most powerful propensity to steal ; but her thefts are confined to materials of dress or minor articles of apparel, which, when discovered in her possession, are always found transformed into baby-clothes. She understood something of sewing when taken prisoner, and it continues to be her only occupation when she thinks she is unobserved. Her bear-skin cloak with the cradle-hood is still stretched on a frame in one of my rooms, which it has completely taken possession of, for none of us can tolerate the effluvia it still retains and dispenses, though the room is well ventilated, and a year has elapsed since the airing process was begun. She evinces a strange apathy to music. The finest airs have been delightfully played and sung in her presence, but she appears as if she heard them not ; though the howling of a dog will attract her attention at any time, for she is quick enough in her perceptions of things that have *habitually* interested her. When left to herself she is at times lively in her motions ; if interrupted, very irritable ; indeed she seems incapable of either long concealing or long entertaining the feeling of anger ; and all her fits of passion generally terminate in a prolonged lamentation for herself or her absent child.

"Our threats availed nothing to check the petty thefts that Ursa's maternal feelings continually prompted, so we brought her one day to see a thief flogged in the market-place, and to explain the cause of his punishment. She screamed violently, and in the course of the next week made an attempt to escape, evidently anxious to avoid a similar infliction, which she seems conscious of meriting ; but watchful Simon caught her, and brought her back. He frequently inquires after her proficiency, and is astonished to hear that she does not know her alphabet yet. He recommends me to start her with a rope's end, once or twice a day, and is affronted because I will neither employ it myself nor allow him to use it. He says I am like the dog in the manger. He has never forgotten our difference of opinion respecting Cabot's soul, and shortly after your departure joined the congregation of a rival of mine, a methodist preacher who was formerly a Jersey agent on the island, and is now also a fisher and a schoolmaster. I find it impossible to induce my poor parishioners to pay cheerfully my stipulated fee of one shilling per head per annum ; and as I don't admire quarrelling, I shall very likely make an exchange of parishes shortly ; but not before I do all that is possible for Simon

and his comrades by fair means, to render their prize worthy of the admiral's premium. As yet she is altogether ungovernable and useless.

"My rival manages his congregation admirably. He prays and preaches gratuitously, but makes a respectable charge per head for teaching the little sinners their A, B, C. His flag is flying while I write, to summon the elect to his class meeting; and I see Simon and Sebastian moving on with the rest to luxuriate in his outpourings. He and Simon have struck an average of opinions on the subject of our schism. He admitted, that 'if it pleased Heaven, Cabot *might have had* a soul:' but Simon insists on this version—'Cabot *may have* a soul, if it pleases Heaven;' and the preacher thinks it prudent to acquiesce in the amendment.

"I am informed that two more Esquimaux women have lately been caught by another exploring party in the interior, and are now under the admiral's care at St. John's."

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Home business still prevented my return to Newfoundland, but our Jersey fishers at last brought me the following letter from Mr. English, dated two years after his first communication.

"Toulinguet, 12th August, 1820.

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"The admiral visited us during his rounds last month, and appeared much disappointed at the continued intractability of my pupil Ursa. Excepting her increased knowledge of the English language, she is very little altered for the better. He observed that she possesses the same air of distrust, anxiety, and occasional abstraction, which marked the wandering character of her mind when first captured, and which is also common to her two countrywomen. They are to be sent back to the interior (well furnished with proofs of British liberality) on his return to St. John's.

"He endeavoured to interest Ursa respecting the condition of her own people, for whom he had brought presents of some value, and which she was to be intrusted with; but whatever kindly feelings his generosity excited, were still shrouded beneath the same restless uneasiness, indicative of some powerful train of feelings whose source lay in the past, and which engrossed her whole being. Fear and sorrow were evidently uppermost, and are almost the only emotions she has of late exhibited. Once, and but once, I beheld her moved to sympathy. 'Twas by the sight of an infant in the arms of an Irish lady who came on a visit at the house. She gazed on the child with an absorbing earnestness, that moved the anxiety of the mother for its safety: but there was nothing to fear. Ursa with tears in her eyes explained to her in broken English, that she had left an infant of a similar age with her tribe when she was captured, for whom she had never ceased to grieve.

"On the first of this month, I embarked with Simon and his five comrades to convey this poor creature to the district where we had found her three years ago, and where we hoped to fall in with some of her countrymen, on whom the sight of her wealth, and the account she could give of her good treatment, might produce their natural effect on a race so needy, and at the same time so distrustful, as the Esquimaux. Her cloak was now delivered to her along with the admiral's gifts; and even her baby-clothes were restored, that no unfavourable impression might remain on her memory. The greater part of the voyage she was obsti-



nately silent, and seemed under the influence of recollections that agitated her violently. I endeavoured to cheer her, but she shook her head and answered not. I asked if she were ill? if she were sorry to return to her tribe? if I could yet do any thing for her comfort? She at last replied, in a tone of fearful energy, 'Nothing! nothing!' indicative of such determined self-reliance or self-abandonment, that I gave up the attempt in utter hopelessness.

"At last we entered the River of Exploits, and put ashore at the same little rushy harbour near where the fight had occurred. I thought it imprudent to excite her feelings by taking her thither again; but a general feeling of curiosity, in which she strongly participated, and our anxiety to discover any late tracks of the wandering natives, with whom we might now hope to open an intercourse under more favourable circumstances, led us on to the very ground where we left her husband unburied three years ago. Nothing now remained of the slain Esquimaux, but the spot was well marked by nature in the luxuriant herbage that sprung from earth which had imbibed the life-blood of two human beings. A small rock lay beside it, and further on a second, on Cabot's grave. The moment Ursa reached that little patch of verdure in the midst of barrenness, she became convulsed with feelings whose intensity was too great for endurance. She struggled for utterance, and, bursting into a loud and piteous scream, fell to the earth amongst us. We hastily raised her, and supported her on the large stone, while one of the men ran back for some water, which he brought in his hat; but she could not sit, she could not speak, she could not breathe!—that piercing cry was the last sound she uttered. We felt her pulse, but not a single beat was found: the cold water dashed in her face did not send one throb back to her heart; it was cold and motionless too, and we saw with dismay that we held a corpse in our arms! Simon stood aghast! 'D——tion!' he exclaimed; 'the bounty's lost with her! All's gone! Ben, Paul, Cabot,—and all through these infernal savages!' He cocked his gun, stepped up hastily on the rock, and looked long and steadily around him, as if for some object on which to wreak his vengeance, or by which to retrieve his loss: but nothing appeared in the distance; and declining to give us any further aid, he went and sat in silence on the stone of Cabot's grave.

"We bore the body back to the boat, and soon after Simon slowly joined us. We returned hither immediately, and next day deposited poor Ursa's remains in the churchyard, in a grave which happened to be dug close to the spot where we laid those of Ben and Paul three years ago. Simon exclaimed strenuously against the profanation of burying a heathen like her in consecrated ground, and beside *them*, the victims of her husband's ferocity. I tried the argument of christian charity with him:—in vain. He said that Ursa was 'neither a christian or a neighbour,' and was positive she had no claim to charity from us. A hint, however, of the probability of the admiral's displeasure, and the total withdrawal of the bounty in consequence, silenced him at last.

"Immediately on my return, I wrote to St. John's, and received in answer from the admiral a singular account of the termination of the expedition to restore to their tribes the two native women who had been educated under his own eye. On reaching the place in their route across the island where they had both been taken prisoners about two years ago, one of them fell dead! (what a strange coincidence!) and the other ob-

stinately refused to proceed, and finally returned with the escort. She will explain nothing further than that she is afraid her tribe would kill her!

"The admiral's opinion now is, that the hereditary antipathy of the Esquimaux to the European settlers is such, that they forbid any intercourse with them under pain of death. If this be the case, our labour is fruitless." \* \* \* \* \*

It was in autumn, two years after the date of this letter, that I had an opportunity of again visiting Newfoundland. A Jersey trader brought me to St. John's, and a coaster carried me thence to Toulanguet, where I had some business to transact. I found that my friend English had left this parish, and had been appointed to one in New Brunswick. Here I saw old Simon as active and loquacious as ever, and Sebastian, now grown a fine stout lad and a daring fowler: The first thing his grandfather showed me was Cabot's skin still lying on Sebastian's bed. It had been most carefully preserved, and retained the beautiful black hair, whose glossy curl I had so much admired years ago. Two more Esquimaux bows and quivers decorated the walls of their hut, which, on my inquiry, the young fellow told me, in rather a chuff way, he had got last winter from a native party off Strait Coast.

"Did they give them to you?" said I.

"No," replied the boy carelessly as he left the room, "I got them in exchange for powder and shot."

Five years had made a surprising difference in his stature, look, and voice. He spoke little, but most energetically. His eyes were dark, and deep-set beneath heavy over-hanging brows; and these were surmounted by a beetling forehead. His head was remarkably broad between the ears, which stood boldly forward, full in view, as if to catch the slightest sound that was uttered in his presence. His whole aspect was stern and ardent, and left an impression on me that I did not easily forget. Its expression was of that cast which indicated conscious power and readiness to compare, determine, and speedily execute whatever was resolved on. There was also a contempt of trifling, and a capability of remembering injuries, too strongly marked to be overlooked or mistaken. His grandfather assured me that it took up the greatest part of his time to watch over him, to keep him out of danger, and restrain his impetuosity. I had remarked three deep scars on the boy's forehead, and one on his cheek: these Simon told me he had received from the gannets of Magdalen Islands last year in lightening the rocks of a boat-load of eggs. "Twas well I was there," said he, "for the blood blinded him, and he missed his footing and fell into the sea about twenty feet below. The spiteful screaming things still darted at him in the water, as if they'd pick his bones; and I had to shoot some of them before they'd let me haul him out. He's going again in the Grampus in a day or two, and I must go with him too, or they won't leave an eye in his head."

"Tis fortunate," said I, "that our courses lie together. I have particular business at Prince Edward's Island, and will be glad to accompany you, and see your method of fowling on the rocks."

Simon cheerfully engaged to take me by his usual northern route, and we appointed the next morning but one (wind and weather permitting) for the voyage. Accordingly, having despatched my business in the interim, I once more took my seat at break of day beneath the



Grampus that still fluttered grimly in the old mainsail, with store of powder and shot, and an excellent detonating double-barrelled fowling-piece that I had brought from Jersey. Simon took it up as he came on board, in the way that a trumpeter of the heavy dragoons might vouchsafe to handle a child's penny whistle—condescendingly laid it alongside his old duck gun—and shook his head most hopelessly as he discovered by actual admeasurement that both my barrels taken together would only equal the length of his! I was rather piqued at the old fellow's inference, and entered into a statement of some late experiments in England on the various ranges of barrels, and their disproportionate ranges. Simon shook his head still more incredulously at the new-fangled notions of the old-world sportsmen; and at last clearly convinced me that he was too old to admit a new idea, and that in his case I must be contented with the exhibition of the very opposite state of the human intellect—that which gratifies itself with pouring out all the notions it had acquired previous to the age of forty.

He and Sebastian formed my only companions. The old man explained the cause in a whisper, as the boy shook out the jib, and made ready for sea. "When I was a young fellow, I always found that my playfellows led me into danger that I wouldn't have faced without company; so I persuade Sebastian that 'tis more courageous and profitable to go alone: for he and I are all one. Ah!" continued he with a sigh, "Cabot's qualities are only granted to him in part as yet. He has got all his courage without his caution. He'd fight a shark in the water with a diver's toothpick\* if I'd let him, out of downright carelessness of life. So I go to keep watch on him, now that Cabot's gone."

We had a fine easterly breeze that morning, before which we scudded along at a delightful rate. We soon doubled Cape St. John, where the French coast commences. Headland after headland was passed in quick succession; and thinly scattered fishing-huts peeped out here and there, from creeks and coves, like out-posts of civilization thrown on land to secure the wealth of ocean. The tall scaffolds—some forty feet high—stood in picturesque array beside the cottages in many places, rising like watch-towers high above the perpendicular rocks on which they were erected, when the scanty strand below did not allow the careful planters room to dry their fish in safety there. The day passed away before my eyes were tired of the wild scenery presented to them along this coast, which was quite new to me, and appeared strangely savage after having feasted my sight for the last five years on the luxuriant shores, and splendid castles, towns, and villas of the English Channel. The sun set, and still the steady gale swelled the sails, and displayed the picturesque Grampus in the moonlight as the orb rose trembling over the waves. The weather was so fine, and the wind so favourable, that we agreed to stand out well from shore, and take rest alternately as well as we could. The old man was prevailed on to "turn in" to his boat-cloak and take the first nap, while Sebastian and I kept watch: he soon snored soundly.

"Is there any hope alive," said I to the lad, "of still civilizing these wild natives?"

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\* A short stick, sharp at both ends—the weapon by which the pearl-fishers in California baffle their powerful enemy in his own element. As the shark opens his mouth to bite, the diver thrusts the stick in perpendicularly, holding it by the middle: the jaws close on the points, and the man withdraws his hand in safety and triumph.

"No! no!" replied he; "not on our side of the island, at least. We have suffered dearly by them; and if ever I forget or forgive!"—

"Mr. English had great patience with that poor woman."

"Mr. English was a great fool to think to change a crab into a flying fish! He took three years to find out what any one might have known in three days, and what even I (child as I was) became certain of in three weeks—that she was a mere savage, and that no good could be expected of her by fair means. My grandfather might have known it too, if his hope of a share of the 100*l.* hadn't blinded his judgment. If I had had the care of her, I would have starved her into obedience; or, if she had continued obstinate to the month's end, shot her to save time."

"Would you have murdered the poor creature?" said I in astonishment.

"Yes!" said he calmly, "if my grandfather had let me, as readily as I would a shark or a polecat. I don't know what any of these pestilent vermin are good for, except to destroy fish and game, and devour them raw."

"And pray what good do you do in the world? What right would *you* plead to your life, if her tribe displayed a similar readiness to take it?"

"Let them take it when they can!" replied he with a fierce short laugh of derision. "I value not my life, and I value not theirs. Whilst I am above the waves, I live to comfort that old man, and to revenge my father!"

"Revenge is not a Christian frame of mind, young man."——

"I get enough of preaching on the island," said he, cutting me short; and as I did not foresee any beneficial result from proceeding in this strain, I did not renew it. "What a task a preacher must have," thought I, "to make his sermon work for good on one of the hundreds who *appear* to listen to it, ignorant as he must be of the under-current of their thoughts! This young scapegrace thinks vengeance a virtue; and may I be hanged instead of him, if I know how to 'put in' an argument that will touch him."

Early the next day we doubled Cape Bauld, and stood into the Straits of Belle-isle. Here we fell in with a magnificent iceberg, glittering in the morning sunshine, and glowing with all the hues of the rainbow. The ice was brightly crystalline, and the side next to us freshly broken. It was the fragment of a huge floating mountain from Davis Strait, which had been wrecked and shattered in the dangerous embrace of some gigantic nymph of the North Pole, as they sported on the azure fields of ocean, and yielded with irresistible impetus to the seductive influence of each other's accumulated attractions. Darwin has sung "*The Loves of the Plants*," Moore "*The Loves of the Angels*," Canning "*The Loves of the Triangles*:" Sir Walter sings,

"Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,  
And men below and saints above;"

but it yet remains for some mightier poet to do justice to the chaste yet melting Loves of the Icebergs.

It floated by, a pile of picturesque beauty, strongly resembling a Gothic cathedral. The pointed caverns, worn by the dashing waves below, yawned like portals and archways around the base; shattered splinters stood like buttresses to guard the front and sides, and their points



bristled up into pinnacles: more dense and elevated masses rose into towers, lanterns, and steeples; whilst the precipitous and glassy walls shone with brilliant reflexions that completed the architectural similitude. All at once this splendid floating mountain stood firm as a rock (grounded in water whose depth must have been double its immense height); and as the resounding billows now beat louder against its fretted base, I almost fancied I could hear the swelling murmur of thousands, whose voices joined in some measured psalmody, while at times the groaning organ drowned "the busy hum of men" in its stormy burthen.

I watched this ocean palace with unceasing interest as we rounded Cape Norman, while the increasing distance heightened the illusion. The sunless side now came gradually in view, and I was admiring the shadows which strongly marked each deep recess between the towering buttresses, when my "fancy's sketch" was hastily dispelled by the eager and almost imploring tone of Sebastian, who was at the helm:—"O! dear grandfather! there they are! now remember your promise!"

Right ahead appeared seven Esquimaux in canoes of the exact description we had encountered on the River of Exploits five years before. They had just put out of Boat Harbour, at the northern extremity of the old Indian path, and seemed taking advantage of a fair wind to paddle across the strait to either Green or Red Bay on the Labrador shore. "Stay, child," said Simon; "don't be rash! You need not cross them. You can stand into shore out of their way. You ought to be well satisfied. Remember the two who fell last winter!"

"No, no!" replied the boy earnestly; "they were only slain in my own defence. Paul and Cabot are but half avenged. And my father! my father!—he still haunts my dreams unappeased."

"Nay, be cautious!" said the old fisher as he undid the sealskin cover of his gunlock. "Our passenger here may be brought into danger. Yet 'tis no harm to be prepared."

"If you fear their arrows," said Sebastian to me, "lie down in the bottom of the boat, and we'll spread the cloaks over you."

"Are you going to attack them unprovoked?" said I to Simon.

"No," replied he, "not without provocation. We received sufficient at their hands five years ago to prevent us forgetting it so soon. This boy lost his father by them, my only son; and you saw our double loss afterwards, on the river side, as we went to offer the murderers the right hand of fellowship. Yet, dear boy, not for their sakes, but your own, avoid this needless danger. Mark how wildly they toss their paddles, and shout to each other, and gather into a squadron!"

"It appears to me," said I, "that they recognize the boat and its mainsail. Perhaps these are some of the party that you encountered twice before?"

"If they be," exclaimed Simon, losing sight of all his prudential advice, "let *them* look to it. Bear down on them, my boy!"

"Will you help us?" asked Sebastian joyfully.

"Certainly, if need be, if they attack us," I replied, putting a couple of detonating caps on my fowling-piece. We were now close upon their little fleet, which lay to as if to receive us, with their prows sharp in the wind, yet all formed in line (as if preparing to attack a sleeping whale), so as to enable them to get a full view and fair aim at us as we held on our course, and at the same time to paddle free of each other.

Simon sat in the stern of the boat, with his gun cocked in his hand, frowning sternly as he gazed on their hostile array. The fixed expression of his features, as he came within their view, was scornful and severe; reminding me of the unalterable bearing of some figure-head of a triton, the carved beau-ideal of ocean heroism, engrafted so long since on my memory that I forget how or where. 'Twas the undisguised portrait of defiance—deriving not a little of its formidable aspect from the black sealskin cap he wore. That instant I remembered 'twas Paul's cap! his keepsake as he lay bleeding to death! That very instant an Esquimaux seemed to recognize it also. He shouted, in a voice hurried by fear and rage, some jargon, in which his fellows joined as he pointed at the unlucky cap. All at once each loosened his harpoon from the deck, and grasped it with the dexterity of a man accustomed to strike his game at a moment's notice. We were on the alert. Sebastian instantly changed his course, steered right on the end of their line of battle (which broke up as if struck by a black squall), and at that moment, while they shook their weapons to hurl at us, we fired at those nearest with steady aim. Sebastian mortally wounded his man. The dart dropped from his hand, his head sank on his shoulder, his body drooped to one side, and the canoe in which he was tied turned with it, and thus quickly drowned him despite his struggles. Both my barrels took effect; but being loaded with shot, the charges spread, shattered two canoes, and disabled their owners. The skins with which these boats were covered were pierced through and through in front; the water poured in; the prows in which their feet were stowed sank; but the after-part of each, still buoyant with air, floated, and sustained the wounded savages. Simon's duck-gun had done equal execution. He had levelled at two enemies whom he took in file: one fell on his face on the deck of his canoe, whilst his arms sank helplessly into the water on each side of it; the other appeared stunned and motionless, and his canoe slowly sinking. An Esquimaux, who had not been near enough to discharge his harpoon, was seen, as the smoke dispersed, paddling back to land with all his might; whilst the seventh and last who had escaped our shot was found endeavouring to extricate his harpoon, which had stuck in the gunwale as he flung it at me from behind, and from mere habit had left it attached by the running line to his reel on deck. Sebastian, who spied him first, seized the boat-axe to cut him down; but the dexterous Esquimaux instantly paddled backward, cut the line, and escaped after his comrade towards the shore.

All this passed so rapidly, that we had not time to exchange a word. A glance suffices to gather in a scene which it takes pages to describe. Simon and I had been engaged in recharging our guns, and he was now endeavouring to get a fair shot at the last of the fugitives. The man who had been stunned by his first fire now gradually revived, as the oozing water filled his ruined canoe; and as it slowly sank under the bow of the *Grampus*, he lifted his spear against his destroyer with all the energy of hatred and despair. I called out to Simon, "Look ahead!" in a tone of voice that I thought would have been sufficient to rouse him to stare his danger in the face. But all his faculties were at that moment absorbed in pulling the trigger at his distant, flying foe. Simon dropped his gun, and fell back with a faint cry, more of surprise than pain. Sebastian started forward to encounter the unexpected enemy; but nothing was now to be seen above the water except his grim and death-like visage,



and the upraised hand that had thrown the harpoon ; and ere the furious boy could hurl his axe, the wave closed over both for ever.

Simon lay insensible. The spear had fallen out, and he now bled profusely. On removing the unfortunate cap, we saw that the weapon had cut deep. We bound up the wound, but I had no hope of his recovery. "Now," said his grandson, putting about the helm, and standing into shore after the fugitive canoe, "now to finish our work !"

"I will not fire at another man, unless in immediate self-defence," I replied firmly. "If you are determined to commit murder, you must do it alone."

"And thank God," said he, with a laugh of savage joy, "I am able to do it alone !" So saying, he put on Simon's blood-stained cap with an air of defiance that bespoke eternal hostility to the nation of the slayers of his fathers.

And now our swelling sails gained fast on the wearied paddler. Sebastian, meantime, had loaded both his guns with ball. I kept mine in readiness, watching the event, and really dreading my companion in his vengeful mood far more than the poor savage who fled before us. It was evidently Sebastian's object to get between the canoe and the shore ; and lest the sinewy arm of the Esquimaux should attain shallow water first, he fired the long duck-gun at its greatest range. The ball took effect ; the poor fellow started in his seat, and the canoe fell over to the left. A swing of the paddle in his right hand brought both him and the canoe erect again, and with that hand alone he feebly urged his skiff to the beach. We approached him rapidly, and I could discern blood streaming from his left shoulder. Sebastian's second shot now struck him : the paddle dropped from his grasp for ever ; the drifting canoe was shaken into the trough of the wave, and, no longer balanced by the alternate lively dip of the paddle, combining steadiness with swiftness, soon upset with its freight.—No further struggle was visible ; and by the time we came alongside, it floated bottom upwards.

"I'll take his weapons from the deck," said the exulting conqueror, "to hang up at home with the two bows and quivers," seizing the boat-hook, and dragging the canoe (in which the body was tied, like all the others) into its former upright position ; when, to my astonishment and horror, I saw that it only held a bleeding headless trunk, and in another minute a white shark rose to the surface, and kept playing around, expecting the remainder of its banquet.

"Are you satisfied?" said I to the boy, as he stood silently gazing on the sickening sight.

"Satisfied !" repeated he. "The darts and harpoon are lost. What more remains for me to do?"

"Nothing," I replied sternly, "unless to join your blood-thirsty fellow-playmate there in the feast you have prepared."

The boy stared at me, then at the weltering corse—again encountered my stedfast frown ; finally he sat down abashed, and resumed the helm in silence. We reached Prince Edward's Island late that night, and next day saw Simon's remains deposited in the grave—"ashes to ashes, dust to dust!"

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## REDUCTION OF TAXES—INCREASE OF CONSUMPTION AND REVENUE.

Sir Henry Parnell, in his valuable work on Financial Reform, recommends such a revision and reform of taxes and of commercial regulations, as shall remove all existing obstructions in the way of extending industry and national wealth ; so that the *sources* of war taxes may be increased as much as possible, and the natural capacity of the nation be thereby prepared for meeting in the most effectual manner whatever difficulties may occur. He justly asserts that while the adopting of these measures cannot but be attended with every kind of advantage in time of peace, the postponing of them will be nothing short of exposing the British empire to the most formidable difficulties, and to the greatest disasters. He gives various instances proving that a reduction of duties has been productive of an increase of revenue ; and that, on the other hand, an increase of duty has frequently caused a considerable falling off in the amount collected.

Sir Henry particularly refers to the fourth report of the Finance Committee to prove the extraordinary effect of repealing taxes in making the remainder more productive ; and we consider the facts he adduces to be of the highest importance, as exposing the futility of the commonplace plea, "that the financial circumstances of the nation do not admit of the reduction of any more taxes," and as giving to those persons who now argue in favour of revision and reduction, a right to say, that a very large portion of the revenue which would appear, on a strict calculation, as likely to be lost, *would be made good* by the increased productiveness of the taxes which would remain.\* If an increase of consumption and of revenue has been the effect of a reduction of taxation on articles of luxury—some of them injurious in a high degree to the health and morals of the people—or on articles of necessity, where there was no extraordinary injustice in the comparative degree of taxation previously existing, how much more desirable and consistent with sound financial policy would it have been to have reduced the duty on an article upon which, up to the present moment, a most unjust and injurious war duty is still continued,—one, moreover, the extended consumption of which would not only add very materially to the comfort of all classes of the community in this country, but which, were the duty reduced, would give room for considerable extension of our foreign trade ! "Sugar," says a contemporary periodical, "is an article combining in itself the properties of a luxury and of a necessary of life ; and it is also one which, by entering into the composition or preparation of many taxable commodities, materially influences the extent of their consumption, and the consequent increase or diminution of the revenue derived from them. As a luxury, its extensive use so far from being injurious to the health or morals of the people, (like ardent spirits, and many others,) is eminently calculated to add to the domestic comfort and enjoyment of all classes. As a necessary, its nutritious and medicinal properties are well known ; and were it placed within the reach of the lower orders, it would tend to wean them from those vicious and riotous indulgences, which undermine their health and strength, and corrupt their morals."

In regard to the injustice of continuing this tax at the present heavy

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\* Colonial Reform, p. 98.



rate, we may observe that although a certain degree of relief has, since the peace, been granted to almost every class of the community—the West Indians have in vain solicited that the *war duty* on their staple commodity should at least be abated; but whether it was, that the late ministry were influenced by an anticolonial party, (by whose advice some few millions of the public money have been wasted), or it now is, that the present ministers have not yet discovered the difference between a sword and a soup ladle—no advantage has hitherto been taken of those sound financial principles, which, if they had been adopted, in regard to sugar, would not only have added to the comforts of the people, and insured a permanent additional revenue from extended consumption of this article, and a certain resource against future difficulties at home, but would also have left room for an extension of foreign trade by the more free disposal of our manufactures in exchange for other sugars, especially for those of India, and of such foreign countries as may actually and truly abstain from a continuance of the traffic in slaves.

The absurdity of the colonial acts of 1822 and 1825, which were to have given freedom to the trade of the West Indies, has now been fully demonstrated; for, in consequence of imports being restricted to “the most favoured nations,” and then only allowed *subject to the payment of heavy duties*, (fish continuing to be entirely excluded), the colonists find themselves as much bound down by the old exclusive system as ever they were; and so long as a larger quantity of sugar is brought, from our own colonies, to this country than can be consumed here, the undue monopoly which the West Indians are alleged to possess of the home market is of very little benefit to them.—Because, so long as they are obliged to take the whole of their supplies from home at a great enhancement of price, or under heavy duties from foreigners; and there is a large annual surplus of sugar which must be exported to the continent, the rate in these markets must always govern the price here; and, of course, under this equalization of prices, their monopoly falls to the ground. This surplus is annually accumulating, and markets have, in consequence, declined until the planter cannot, upon three-fourths of his sugars, receive any thing like a remunerating price, and under these circumstances new and more efficient regulations have become essentially necessary. Independent of these considerations, sugar has now become an article of such moment in the trade of the world, and other nations are extending its cultivation so rapidly, that it behoves a commercial nation like this to lose none of the advantages derivable from dealings in so important a commodity.

Before proceeding to consider to what extent its consumption might, by moderate and equitable duties, so as to induce steady low prices, be carried, we would premise, that it seems to have been cultivated in the eastern world during the earliest periods. It is said to have first been made known in the west, by the conquests of Alexander the Great. Strabo (lib. xv.) relates that Nearchus found it in India, in the 325th year before Christ. Varro, who lived A. C. 68, describes it as a fluid, pressed from large reeds, sweeter than honey. Dioscorides mentions it as a kind of honey called *Saccharon*, found in India and Arabia Felix; and describes its medicinal properties. Galen often prescribed it as a medicine. Marco Polo found it abundant in Bengal in 1250. Vasco de Gama (1497) mentions it as a considerable article of commerce in the kingdom of Calicut. Osbeck found

it in China in 1751. Thornberg in his *Flora Japonica* (pub. 1784) describes it as indigenous in Japan. Mr. Bruce found it in Upper Egypt. There is reason to believe it was introduced into Europe in the time of the Crusades.—Albertus Acquensis mentions that the christian soldiers in the Holy Land frequently derived nourishment from sucking the canes during a scarcity of provisions.

It also flourished in Rhodes and Malta. Lafitau the jesuit, mentions that in 1166, William II. of Sicily made a grant to the monastery of St. Bennet (in Malta?) of a mill for grinding cane, with all its rights and members. From Malta it was probably transplanted to Sicily, where it still flourishes. From thence it was probably carried to Spain, and to Madeira, the Canaries, and Cape de Verd islands, soon after their discovery in the 15th century. There is an account of a shipment at Venice for England in 1319, of 100,000lbs. of sugar, and 10,000lbs. of sugar candy, which was said to have come from the Levant. The sugar cane may have been carried to the West Indies and South America by the Spaniards and Portuguese; yet Peter Martyr, in the third book of his first decade, composed during the second voyage of Columbus, which commenced in 1493 and ended in 1495, says that it was known in Hispaniola at that time.

Thomas Gage, an Englishman, enumerates sugar canes among other provisions supplied to his ship by the Caribs of Guadaloupe, in 1625. And Labat asserts that it must have been indigenous, for the Spaniards are not supposed to have cultivated an inch of ground in the smaller Antilles, and the natives were probably too indolent.

On the whole the probability is, that the sugar cane is indigenous to the West Indies, but that the Spaniards and Portuguese first practised the art, there, of manufacturing it into sugar.

The duty on this article, in England, commenced with the reign of Charles II. and had reached the amount of 3*s.* 5*d.* per hundred weight in the reign of Queen Anne. By small additions in the reign of Geo. II. and up to the 19th of Geo. III. it amounted to about 6*s.* 8*d.* In 1781 a large increase took place, and with a trifling subsequent addition it amounted in the 27th Geo. III. to 12*s.* 4*d.* In 1791 it became 15*s.*: in 1797 it was raised to 17*s.* 6*d.*; and, as in the annexed table, it was, in 1799, finally fixed at 20*s.* on the cwt. Soon after the breaking out of the French war in 1803, three successive acts of parliament for granting additional duties to his majesty “during the present war, and until the ratification of a definitive treaty of peace” were passed, whereby fifty per cent. was added to the former duty of 20*s.*

|   |           |      |
|---|-----------|------|
| The consumption in 1700 amounted to about ..... | 200,000   | cwt. |
| 1710 .....                                      | 280,000   | „    |
| 1734 .....                                      | 840,000   | „    |
| 1754 .....                                      | 1,065,400 | „    |
| 1770 to 1775, it averaged.....                  | 1,450,000 | „    |
| 1786 to 1790 .....                              | 1,620,000 | „    |

From that period the progressive increase of consumption, with the corresponding duty, average price (as nearly as can be calculated), and the annual revenue derived from it, may be seen by the annexed table.



The quantity of Sugar retained for home consumption (exclusive of Ireland) with the duty, average price, and nett revenue, in each year, since 1789, is as follows:—

| Year. | Duty.               | Price including Duty.              | Quantity consumed. | Nett Revenue. |
|-------|---------------------|------------------------------------|--------------------|---------------|
|       | s. d.               | s. d.                              | Cwts.              | £             |
| 1789  | 12 0                | .....                              | 1,547,109          | 862,632       |
| 1790  |                     | .....                              | 1,536,232          | 908,954       |
| 1791  |                     | .....                              | 1,403,211          | 1,074,903     |
| 1792  |                     | 72 3 $\frac{3}{4}$                 | 1,361,592          | 1,012,538     |
| 1793  | 15 0                | 71 1                               | 1,677,097          | 1,316,502     |
| 1794  |                     | 59 9 $\frac{1}{2}$                 | 1,489,392          | 1,031,492     |
| 1795  |                     | 68 5 $\frac{1}{2}$                 | 1,336,230          | 949,961       |
| 1796  |                     | 80 1 $\frac{3}{4}$                 | 1,544,062          | 1,225,213     |
| 1797  | 17 6                | 82 6 $\frac{1}{2}$                 | 1,273,722          | 1,299,744     |
| 1798  | 19 0                | 88 7                               | 1,476,552          | 1,794,990     |
| 1799  | 20 0                | 87 1 $\frac{3}{4}$                 | 2,772,438          | 2,321,935     |
| 1800  |                     | 81 3                               | 1,506,921          | 1,835,112     |
| 1801  |                     | 85 4 $\frac{1}{2}$                 | 2,773,795          | 2,782,232     |
| 1802  |                     | 59 9 $\frac{1}{2}$                 | 2,250,311          | 2,210,801     |
| 1803  | 24 0                | 67 0                               | 1,492,565          | 1,551,457     |
| 1804  | 26 6                | 76 5 $\frac{1}{4}$                 | 2,144,369          | 2,458,124     |
| 1805  | 27 0                | 80 2 $\frac{1}{4}$                 | 2,076,103          | 2,439,795     |
| 1806  |                     | 72 3 $\frac{3}{4}$                 | 2,801,747          | 3,097,590     |
| 1807  |                     | 63 11                              | 2,277,665          | 3,150,753     |
| 1808  |                     | 63 0 $\frac{3}{4}$                 | 2,842,813          | 4,177,916     |
| 1809  | 28 6 }<br>average } | 76 10 $\frac{1}{2}$                | 2,504,507          | 3,273,995     |
| 1810  |                     | 78 4 $\frac{1}{2}$                 | 3,489,312          | 3,117,330     |
| 1811  |                     | 67 4 $\frac{1}{2}$                 | 3,226,757          | 3,339,218     |
| 1812  |                     | 69 5 $\frac{1}{4}$                 | 2,604,019          | 3,939,939     |
| 1813  | 27 0                | 89 7 $\frac{1}{2}$                 | 2,209,063          | 3,447,560     |
| 1814  |                     | 96 5 $\frac{1}{2}$                 | 1,997,999          | 3,276,513     |
| 1815  |                     | 98 2 $\frac{1}{2}$                 | 1,888,965          | 2,957,403     |
| 1816  |                     | 80 5                               | 2,228,156          | 3,166,851     |
| 1817  | 30 0                | 76 0 $\frac{1}{4}$                 | 2,960,794          | 3,967,154     |
| 1818  |                     | 78 6                               | 1,457,707          | 2,331,472     |
| 1819  |                     | 72 9                               | 2,474,738          | 3,507,844     |
| 1820  |                     | 62 10                              | 2,581,256          | 3,477,770     |
| 1821  | 27 0                | 61 3                               | 2,676,274          | 3,660,567     |
| 1822  |                     | 57 1 $\frac{1}{2}$                 | 2,618,490          | 3,579,412     |
| 1823  |                     | 59 11 $\frac{1}{4}$                | 2,842,676          | 4,022,782     |
| 1824  |                     | 59 4                               | 2,957,261          | 4,223,240     |
| 1825  | 27 0                | 61 5 $\frac{1}{2}$                 | 2,655,959          | 3,756,654     |
| 1826  |                     | 61 1 $\frac{1}{2}$                 | 3,255,075          | 4,518,690     |
| 1827  |                     | .....                              | 3,021,191          | 4,218,623     |
| 1828  |                     | 58 10                              | 3,285,843          | 4,576,287     |
| 1829  |                     | { 57 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ }<br>{ 51 0 } | 3,505,709          | 4,452,793     |

\* During these years sugar was used in the distilleries.

By an attentive examination of this table, it will be perceived that the price has, at various periods, had a very material effect in promoting or retarding consumption. For instance, in 1806, 1807, and 1808, during the prevalence of comparatively low prices, the consumption became greater than at any former period, being about 2,650,000 cwts. To assist the West India planter, who at that period of the war had enormous charges of freight, insurance, and for supplies, to pay, the use of sugar was allowed in the distilleries, the effect of which, and of the impulse given to consumption by the previous low prices, was to raise it to an average of nearly 3,000,000 cwts. (in 1810 it being actually 3,489,312 cwts.), but the price during 1813, 1814, and 1815, having been raised by speculation to nearly 100*s.*, the consumption, notwithstanding the continued use of sugar in the distilleries, fell off *more than one-third*, being in 1815, the year after it was excluded, only 1,888,965 cwts.

Since that period the price, it will be perceived, has been gradually lowering, while the quantity retained for consumption in the United Kingdom has risen to the unprecedented extent of 3,750,000 cwts.; and, notwithstanding the great distress of the West India planter, and the privations sustained during the last two years by the lower order of consumers, the government has continued to exact, during these years, the same rate of duty, amounting, on an average, to about five millions sterling on this article alone. Of this sum, Ireland, be it observed, with her numerous population, pays only about 400,000*l.* per annum—a twelfth! a sure proof that the price, of which the duty constitutes so serious a part, still keeps it out of the reach of the middling and lower orders there.

When we further state, that, at the peace of 1814, the planter was receiving an average price (exclusive of the duty) of 60*s.* to 65*s.* for sugar which he is now obliged to sell for 23*s.* or 24*s.*, the difference of his situation, and the extent of his difficulties, will be more intelligibly understood. Out of this trifling sum he has to pay 8*s.* or 10*s.* for freight, commission, and other charges on the sale, so that he is only receiving for sugars of middling quality, such as are-retailed for 6*d.* or 7*d.* the lb., about *three halfpence the pound*, and on the lowest qualities scarcely *one penny*, whilst the government continue to exact on all sorts, even that which is of the lowest quality, 27*s.* per cwt. The colonist is thus doomed to see his property and means yearly diminishing, whilst, at the same time, he is taunted with enjoying *a monopoly* of the home market, and told that this country pays him about a million and a half to keep up the system of slavery, a sum, by the by, nearly as great as that which he receives altogether for the whole value of his sugar! Can the gross injustice of this system of unmitigated taxation be more clearly manifested?

But, it is not the planter alone that suffers by this state of our West India colonies; many annuitants, minors, and others, who depend upon these possessions for the means of subsistence, are reduced to poverty and great distress by this situation of affairs; while numerous mortgagees, trustees, executors, and others, are placed in situations of great difficulty and embarrassment.

The British planter, while he has the mortification to see himself approximating to a state of ruin, contrasts his situation with that of the planter in the United States, in Cuba, and in Brazil! He sees them rapidly increasing the cultivation of their sugar estates, enjoying all the



advantages of cheap labour, open markets, and unrestricted intercourse. That orders for their produce, with ample supplies of stores, are sent from the best markets of Europe and America, while he is forced to compete with them under restrictions imposed by the mother country, which cannot be estimated, at an enhancement upon the cost of producing sugar, at less than 6s. or 8s. upon every hundred weight. Persons not thoroughly acquainted with the subject may suppose that this is an exaggerated statement; but we have good reason to believe, that it is one that can, and will, on investigation, be fully substantiated. Under these circumstances is it surprising that the colonist should loudly complain of the system that has brought him into this distressing situation, and that he should demand a fair investigation of his situation, with a view to measures of relief? We perceive that Ministers have, for the present, evaded the desire of the West Indians to bring their situation before Parliament, by giving a pledge to take it into serious consideration during the summer. But, in the mean time, it seems absolutely necessary to afford immediate relief by a reduction of the duty, so as to promote consumption, in order, in the first place, to absorb the surplus stock of British plantation sugars presently in the home market, and pave the way for such general measures as may hereafter be deemed necessary to meet the new circumstances in which political changes in other countries have placed our colonies.

The West Indians urge that, by the consumption of our colonial produce by our own people, who pay for it by manufactures and home produce, we raise a sure revenue, capable of being extended, in a case of emergency, and not liable to be affected by the caprice, hostility, or cupidity of foreigners; and that a considerable reduction of the sugar duties would so increase consumption, that eventually the revenue derived from it would, instead of falling off, be very considerably augmented.

This view of the subject seems to be fully corroborated by the effect which a considerable reduction of duty has had on the consumption of other articles, of which we give the following examples:

QUANTITIES OF COFFEE RETAINED FOR HOME CONSUMPTION IN  
GREAT BRITAIN.

| Years.                          | Lbs.       | Duty.   | Nett Revenue. |
|---------------------------------|------------|---|---------------|
| 1789<br>to<br>1808<br>Averages. | 918,308    | { B.P. 10 $\frac{5}{8}$ d. to 1s. 8d.<br>E.I. 2s. @ 3s. } | £ 86,700      |
| 1809<br>to<br>1820<br>Averages. | 6,540,215  | { B.P. 7d. @ 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ d.<br>E.I. 10d. @ 1s. }      | 252,727       |
| 1820<br>to<br>1825              | 7,566,011  | { B.P. 1s.<br>E.I. 1s. 6d. }                              | 395,988       |
| 1825                            | 10,766,112 |   | 307,204       |
| 1826                            | 12,724,139 | { B.P. 6d.<br>F.P. 9d. }                                  | 324,667       |
| 1827                            | 14,974,378 |   | 384,994       |
| 1828                            | 16,522,423 |   | 425,389       |

|   |                |
|---|----------------|
| The consumption for the year 1829 (ending 5th January, 1830) was, |                |
| of British plantation . . . . .                                   | 18,495,407lbs. |
| East India and foreign . . . . .                                  | 980,773        |

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19,476,180

being above twenty times more than the average consumption of the twenty years preceding the reduction of duty.

It has been alleged that coffee, previously to 1808, was not an article which was consumed by the middling and lower orders; and, consequently, that it forms no criterion by which to judge of the effect of a reduction of the duty of sugar, which is said to be already in general use. But we maintain that, during particular periods, and even at the present hour, the great mass of the lower orders of the manufacturing and labouring population of the British empire seldom taste sugar; and that a considerable reduction of duty, and steady low prices, would have a proportional effect in increasing the general consumption, not only among the lower, but also by the middling and higher classes; and we are borne out in this opinion by the great increase which the present low prices have induced.

The effect of a reduction of duty in promoting the use of commodities amongst even the upper ranks of consumers is strongly manifested also in the case of wines. By an official return (No. 271) recently issued, it appears that the average consumption of all sorts during the three years preceding the reduction of duty in 1825, was only 4,918,972 imperial gallons; but the average for the five years since the duty was lowered is 7,062,931. The reduction of duty on French wines was from 13s. 9d. to 7s. 3d. the *imperial* gallon; on Cape from 3s.  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. to 2s. 5d., and on other sorts about one half. The consumption since that reduction has been nearly doubled.

But the operation of moderate duties in promoting consumption and at the same time adding to the revenue, is still more forcibly illustrated by the following facts.

The consumption of British spirits in England for three years preceding 1827, (when the duty was lowered *nearly one-half*), viz:—

|   | Gallons.  | £   |
|---|---|---|
| In $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 1824 \\ 1825 \\ 1826 \end{array} \right\}$ the average was | $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 3,677,457 \end{array} \right\}$ | $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{and the duty at} \\ 12s. 7\frac{2}{3}d. \text{ per} \\ \text{gall., averaged} \end{array} \right\} 2,281,526$ |
| In $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 1827 \\ 1828 \\ 1829 \end{array} \right\}$ ... Ditto ...   | $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 7,279,483 \end{array} \right\}$ | $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{and the duty} \\ \text{being reduced} \\ \text{to } 7s. \text{ averaged} \end{array} \right\} 2,547,819$      |

The consumption of the year (ending 5 Jan. 1830) was 7,700,766 gallons, the duty 2,695,268l. 2s. being an increase, at 7s. per gallon duty, of 4,023,309 gallons in the quantity consumed, and of 413,742l. to the revenue, over the average of the three years when the duty was 12s. 8d.!

In Scotland the average consumption was as follows:—

|   | Gallons.  | £  |
|---|---|--|
| In $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 1821 \\ 1822 \\ 1823 \end{array} \right\}$ the average was | $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 2,017,011 \end{array} \right\}$ | $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{and the revenue at} \\ 6s. 7\frac{2}{3}d. \text{ per gallon} \\ \text{duty, averaged ....} \end{array} \right\} 751,063$             |
| In $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 1824 \\ 1825 \\ 1826 \end{array} \right\}$ ... Ditto ...   | $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 4,188,192 \end{array} \right\}$ | $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{and the revenue at} \\ \text{the reduced duty of} \\ 2s. 4\frac{3}{4} + \frac{5}{3}d. \text{ averaged} \end{array} \right\} 601,031$ |



|  | Gallons. |  | £       |
|--|----------|--|---------|
| In { 1827 } the average { and the revenue at { |          |  |         |
| 1828 } was { 5,415,220 { the advanced duty {   |          |  |         |
| 1829 } { of 2s. 10d. averaged {                |          |  | 767,156 |

During the last-mentioned year the duty amounted to ..... 818,448

It appears by the above statement that although the sudden reduction of duty from 6s. 8d. to 2s. 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. caused a slight diminution of revenue in the first instance, it gave such an impulse to consumption, that in 1827, 1828, and 1829, when the duty was 2s. 10d. (only about one-third of the old duty of 6s. 8d.)—the average revenue was considerably augmented, and in the last-mentioned year (1829) it exceeded at 2s. 10d.—the revenue at 6s. 8d.—by 66,385l.

In Ireland a reduction of duty was still more remarkable, viz.:—

|  | Gallons. | Duty. | £         |
|--|----------|-------|-----------|
| In { 1821 } the con-                                 |          |       |           |
| 1822 } sumption { 2,539,092 at 6 s. d. { average re- |          |       |           |
| 1823 } was { 7 $\frac{2}{3}$ d. { venue {            |          |       | 889,731   |
| In { 1824 } it was { 6,433,854 at 2 5 { and pro-     |          |       |           |
| 1825 } { duced {                                     |          |       | 846,597   |
| 1826 } {   |          |       |           |
| In { 1827 } it was { 9,136,930 at 2 10 { and pro-    |          |       |           |
| 1828 } { duced {                                     |          |       | 1,294,389 |
| 1829 } {   |          |       |           |

And the duty received during the last-mentioned year was ..... £1,305,064 18 6

It thus appears that the diminution of revenue in Ireland, after the duty was lowered from 6s. 8d. to 2s. 5d. was only about 43,000l.; and that such an impulse was given to the consumption of spirits legally distilled, that the average revenue during 1827, 1828, and 1829, when the duty was 2s. 10d., exceeded the revenue at 6s. 8d.—by no less a sum than 404,658l. sterling!!

We consider it unnecessary to adduce any further proofs in illustration of the probable result of a reduction of the sugar duty.—We think it must be manifest to every one who has paid common attention to the subject, that a reduction, provided it be to a sufficient extent, would give such an impulse to the consumption of sugar as to clear the market of the total produce, not only of our West India colonies, the Mauritius, and the usual quantity from India, but also, under a fair and equitable adjustment of duties, give greater facilities to the trade in foreign sugar than have ever yet been enjoyed, thereby enlarging the channels of trade, and creating an additional demand for our manufactures and produce.

The total quantity of sugar imported during the year ending on the 5th January last was—of the British plantations ..... 4,152,815 cwts.

|                           |           |
|---------------------------|-----------|
| Mauritius .....           | 297,958   |
| East Indies .....         | 206,052   |
|                           | <hr/>     |
|                           | 4,656,825 |
| Foreign Plantations ..... | 199,568   |

Total 4,856,393 cwts.

The average revenue derived from the duty on sugar during thirty-four years, up to 1822 inclusive, and including that during the years in

which it was admitted for distillation, does not, for Great Britain and Ireland, amount annually to quite ..... £3,400,000

The quantity of sugar consumed, or entered for home consumption in the year ending 5 Jan. 1830 was ..... 3,750,328 cwts.

Which being deducted from that supplied from British possessions (including India) would leave a surplus for exportation of ..... 906,497

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4,656,825

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Now, if, instead of being obliged to export this surplus, a sufficient reduction of duty were to take place, we have no doubt the whole would be required for home use, and at a duty of 15s. per cwt. it would produce a revenue of..... £3,492,621

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Leaving an excess for deductions and contingencies beyond the average revenue for the thirty-four years previous to 1822, when the low prices began to prevail, of ..... £92,621

We have no doubt that this increase of consumption would be realized before the expiry of the ensuing year; and our opinions on that subject seem fully warranted by the fact—that the quantity issued during the first quarter of the present year has been greater than at any former period, and up to the 1st of May last it exceeded the issues during the same period of 1829 by 203,000 cwts.

Government cannot reasonably expect, nor would they be justifiable on any principle of sound policy, to continue to exact the present amount of revenue from sugar, looking at the great distress and certain ruin which it and other onerous imposts and restrictions are bringing upon our West India colonies.

In the event of a reduction to the extent pointed out, we do think that the increased consumption of sugar would give such an impulse to that of tea, coffee, and other commodities paying heavy duties, as would go far to make up any deficiency of revenue, even in the first instance.

The trifling consumption of sugar in Ireland, at the present day, compared with the extent of its population, is a striking proof of the effects of over-taxation.—In 1800 and 1803 the average was above 570,000 cwts.—The quantity on which duty was paid in 1829 was 254,300 cwts., or about 28,500,000lbs.;—the net duty 443,448/. sterling.

The quantity thus appears to have decreased within the last thirty years above one half, and, taking the population at 9,000,000, does not give more than about 3½lbs. to each person, or a *seventh* part of the average quantity consumed by each of the people of England and Scotland.

It is curious to observe, that were the inhabitants of Ireland to use sugar in the same proportion to those in Great Britain, a duty of 5s. the cwt. on the quantity would produce a greater revenue than the present prohibitory duty of 27s.!

The recently proposed alteration of the duty on British spirits, a measure which seems equally justifiable on the score of finance, and as



necessary for checking that enormous and increasing consumption of gin and corn spirits, which is gradually undermining the health and destroying the morals of the working classes—has, as was no doubt anticipated, called forth the strenuous opposition of the distillers, especially those of Scotland and Ireland, who, with their usual industry, have succeeded in raising an outcry that—“the agricultural interest is in danger, and will by this trifling addition of duty be ruined!”—We have often heard of the plausibility and perseverance of the Haigs, the Steins, and the Dunlops of Scotland. We believe it was a remark of the late Mr. Pitt that nothing puzzled him more than how to devise effectual measures for the regulation of the Scotch distilleries, and we were for some time at a loss to know what great interest the latter had in this question, seeing that in Scotland and Ireland the duty is at present *only one third* of that which is paid by the people of England. We could not see how two-pence the imperial gallon was to have any serious effect on their trade. On referring lately to official documents, however, the mystery is solved! By these it appears that the Scotch and Irish distillers have not only a monopoly in the supply of their own markets, but that they furnish also the greater part of the spirit which is consumed in England; and, consequently, have an interest with our distillers in opposing the proposed additional *English* duty of 1s. the gallon. By official documents, it appears that *the whole* quantity of British spirits furnished for home consumption, during the year ending on the 5th January, 1830, was .....

Of which the English distillers

|                             |           |              |
|-----------------------------|-----------|--------------|
| supplied only.....          | 3,860,542 | } 22,718,150 |
| The Scotch distillers ..... | 9,649,070 |              |
| The Irish distillers.....   | 9,208,538 |              |

It appears that while the quantity of corn spirit consumed in England, last year, was 7,700,766 gallons; the English distiller only supplied 3,860,542 gallons! We must express our surprise that the English agriculturists, distillers, and people, who pay a triple duty, do not, instead of aiding these interlopers in their interested outcry, rather join in repelling their encroachments, and in keeping them on the north side of the Tweed.

The altered condition of the landed proprietors since the peace, has, without doubt, rendered that class very sore on every point likely to create further depression; and to this feeling, artfully aggravated by the distillers, who are generally in close connexion with a few of the leading agriculturists, may be attributed the present clamour, rather than to any general feeling of danger on their part. For it must be evident that the great benefit which the agriculturist must shortly derive, from the additional consumption of beer, will far outweigh any trifling diminution of demand for barley in the use of the distilleries, that may arise from the proposed addition to the present duty on British gin and whisky.

The West Indians have for many years complained of the unfair manner in which rum has been excluded from general consumption by an extra and very onerous duty. There has been no want of urgency in their representations to government on this subject; but as they have not, like the British distillers, been backed by a host of clamorous agriculturists, the justice of their claims has, hitherto, been borne down by the ponderous weight and artful opposition of their rivals.

The manner in which this extra duty on rum operates, may be seen at one glance by a reference to the following official statement of the re-

lative quantities of British spirits and rum consumed in the United Kingdom during 1829, and the difference of duty levied on each :

| <i>British Spirits.</i> |                 |           |           | <i>Rum.</i> |                 |           |           |
|-------------------------|-----------------|-----------|-----------|-------------|-----------------|-----------|-----------|
|                         | <i>Gallons.</i> | <i>s.</i> | <i>d.</i> |             | <i>Gallons.</i> | <i>s.</i> | <i>d.</i> |
| In England . . .        | 7,700,766       | at        | 7 0       | duty        | 3,302,143       | at        | 8 6       |
| Scotland . . .          | 5,777,280       |           | 2 10      |             | 152,461         |           | 8 6       |
| Ireland . . .           | 9,212,223       |           | 2 10      |             | 21,262          |           | 8 6       |

It thus appears, that the effect of a triple duty on rum in the latter countries, has been to prevent its consumption almost entirely ! The *gross injustice* of this regulation at a time when, owing to the restrictions imposed by the mother country, no other efficient market is open, is too palpable to require any comment. The supply of these liquors for consumption in the United Kingdom during the said year, would, if divided into 100 equal parts, be

|   |
|---|
| 22,718,150 galls. by the United Kingdom, equal to 85.75 parts |
| 3,775,866 do. Rum by the Colonies, do. 14.25                  |

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Total 26,494,016 gallons . . . . . equal to 100 parts

It thus appears that the quantity of rum consumed in the United Kingdom, *including the whole supply to the navy*, is not a *sixth* part of the spirits furnished by the British and Irish distillers. The latter complain that they cannot produce proof spirit on the same terms as the West Indians ; and that the proposed regulation of duty, whereby corn spirit would pay 8s. in England, and 3s. the gallon in Scotland and Ireland, whilst rum remained at a duty of 8s. 6d.,—the additional 6d. paid on the latter is not a sufficient protection to the British distiller.

The West Indians, on the other hand, assert that they are subject to the expense of a cask for every 100 gallons ; and to heavy freight, leakage, and charges equal to about 1s. 2d. the gallon, all which is saved to the distillers of the United Kingdom ; and that rum with all the expenses that attach to it before it can be offered for sale in the British market, costs more than British spirits—*ergo*, that *no* protective duty for the latter is necessary !

The British distiller further complains of the regulations imposed upon them by the excise laws. But when we look back to the manœuvres practised for the last thirty or forty years, we can scarcely sympathise with them. We have even heard, some years ago, of talented officers of excise, who, contrary to their pecuniary interests, solicited to be employed at a distance from a large distillery, on the plea that their health was not adequate to the constant vigilance and anxiety necessary for the protection of the revenue. Were we asked what disposition on the part of the distillers rendered the task so difficult ? we would refer to the excise records, and to some of our northern friends, for a solution of the question !

We have been a good deal amused by the inflated vituperation, and ignorance of their own interests, displayed by the Irish demagogues and writers on this question. Do these gentlemen know, that against the trifling quantity of 21,000 gallons of rum, for which, taking it at 1s. 6d. the gallon, they pay the West Indians the enormous sum of about 1825*l.* the latter take in return, Irish beef, pork, butter, and hams to the extent of two or three hundred thousand pounds, and linens to the value of about one hundred and thirty thousand pounds annually ? And that the whole foreign exports of Ireland last year amounted to 763,000*l.*, *three-fifths* of which, viz. to the value of 428,000*l.* went direct to the British West



Indies? yet these orators of the Irish agriculturists join in the cry against the West Indians!!

We would ask the agriculturists of Ireland, whether their interests would suffer more by the introduction of a few thousand gallons of rum in opposition to corn spirits, or by the cessation of demand from the West Indies, for the beef, pork, butter, and linen of Ireland?

The conduct of the Irish agriculturists, as manifested in their petitions and orations, is too absurd for serious discussion; and we certainly think their Scotch coadjutors must laugh at their ignorance; and that government, from these specimens, must entertain a very poor opinion of either their sincerity, or political discernment.

We have heard that an increased consumption of raw sugar has been, by some of the refiners, considered contrary to their interests, as tending to lessen that choice of sugars which a dull overstocked market affords to them. But, this appears to us to be taking a very narrow view of the question. To lower the duties would not only increase the consumption of raw, but also of refined sugars, and, consequently, would serve to extend very considerably their home trade. These gentlemen cannot but know that the continental refiners, protected by fiscal regulations, are gradually excluding them from the continental markets; and that many of their best workmen are emigrating to the United States of America. 'Tis true that, occasionally, they may profit by purchasing sugars in an extremely depressed market, but on the whole their true interests cannot be for one moment separated from those of the British sugar grower; besides, every measure calculated to render the British market more attractive must give them an additional choice of sugars for refining.

With regard to the admission of foreign sugar for home consumption, without any distinctive duty between it and British plantation sugar, we have to remark, that putting aside the sound principle hitherto uniformly acted upon, namely, that of giving a preference to the produce of our own possessions—if the West Indians can show that by *restrictive regulations imposed by the legislative enactments of the mother country*, the expense of producing sugar in the British colonies is greater by 8s. or 10s. the cwt., or *any other sum*—than in the foreign colonies, it is necessary, in common justice, that either these restrictions be removed, or some other countervailing advantages be given, to place the British planter on a fair footing of equality, to meet his competitors in the home market and elsewhere.

This proposition surely cannot for one moment be disputed; and it only remains for the West Indians to establish, clearly, the average extent of additional costs to which they are subjected, to entitle them to a countervailing advantage, either in the shape of a bounty on sugars exported, or in some other form.

We trust in the meantime that His Majesty's ministers will give some immediate relief by at least a partial reduction of the sugar duties, until they are able to decide upon general measures for redressing the grievances of our suffering colonists. The uncertainty in which the government is at present unhappily placed should rather induce ministers to hasten all measures calculated to benefit the community, than by a shuffling policy to omit the good they can do, and leave it to be inferred that they want wisdom to discern, and firmness to decide, points which involve the present ruin, or future prosperity, of our West India possessions, and the many millions of property which they contain.

## TALES OF A TAR.\*

WE have not only been much amused at the humour with which this work abounds, but we have received from it much valuable information relative to one of the important crises in the annals of our history, the mutiny of the fleets in 1797. That the information is authentic there can be no doubt; the facts have been skilfully collected by the author, who has communicated with the veterans now easily basking away the remainder of their lives in Greenwich Hospital, and who once were the principal actors in a scene unparalleled, as it was momentous. If any thing could prove how little truth is to be found in history, it would be the serious contradictions given by this volume to all the records which have been penned by those whose literary talents would entitle them to be considered by posterity as correct historians of the time. That secret springs of action should seldom be disclosed, or be misrepresented, is no fault in man, as there is but One to whom "all hearts are open;" but that particulars should be collected in so slovenly a manner, as is evinced in the records of the mutiny, and should be so eagerly received, without any endeavour to ascertain their truth, is a melancholy proof of the doubt and error in which we are fated to remain during our pilgrimage on earth. As a record of history, this work is valuable, and on some future day will be referred to, and will correct the historian, upon several points connected with a remarkable, we may say, solitary instance, wherein power, in the hands of the oppressed, was used with firmness and moderation.

Where, in the annals of the world, have we read of such noble-minded conduct? Show us in all the records of sacred and profane history one instance where uneducated and oppressed men, fully aware of the terrible power which they possessed, not only abstained from bloodshed, but from even the slightest individual retaliation; and, separating their own claims from the welfare of their country, declared themselves ready to chastise its enemies if they had the temerity to approach its shores, and then return and renew their demands for justice. We exalt the patriotism of individuals in the histories of Greece and Rome; why, here were 40,000 heroes, 40,000 real patriots, such as no other country ever did produce. We consider that the character of English sailors stands higher in estimation from their conduct during the mutiny, than even from all the splendid victories by which they have raised their country to its envied pre-eminence.

There is another point in which we consider this work valuable. It is a glossary of the naval idiom; for, being ourselves nautical, we believe that there is hardly an expression in use which the author has not embodied in his book. Captain Glascock seems to have made it his peculiar study, and we think that no one but Captain Glascock could have so perfectly succeeded. True it is that he has laid his phrases on rather thick, and that few sailors talk so wholly in trope and figure. Nevertheless, the expressions are most correctly nautical, and must constantly have met the ears of seafaring people.

Without entering into a disputation upon naval phraseology, we must observe that it cannot be considered as *slang*—which implies certain expressions used to conceal the real meaning from any other persons than

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\* Colburn and Bentley, 1 vol. post 8vo.



those who belong to the specific class in which the words or phrases were first invented. These words have often no meaning in themselves ; for instance, in the slang of Paul Clifford, so frequently adopted by Mr. Bulwer : quid, a guinea ; bob, a shilling ; sice, a sixpence ; tape, liquor ; lagged, transported ; and many others.

Now we conceive the difference between slang and idiom to be, that in the one the *unde derivatur* is generally wanting, in the other, seldom, if ever ; and such will be found to be the case in the language adopted by seamen. Cooped up and isolated from the world during the greater part of their lives, their images are naturally drawn from the few objects presented to them. But it will be found on close examination, that even the apparently barbarous and incomprehensible names applied to different parts of the ship and furniture, have a radical meaning, although many of them are lost from time.

We might prove this, if our space would permit ; but we will select one of the most *far-fetched* expressions we can find in this work as a single example. Who would ever imagine that “to cut your stick,” implied to “walk off?” But a sailor preparing himself for a journey on foot will naturally provide himself with a good walking stick out of the first hedge ;—hence the origin of the expression. We must add, that in all cases of naval idiom, the *multum in parvo* is strictly adhered to.

We cannot, however, quit this subject without referring to the partiality shown by the sailor to what is termed the *prosopopœia*, or substitution of the person for the thing, the animation of insensible objects, in which they so constantly indulge. This arises from their peculiar life—their seclusion from the world, by which their affections cannot be bestowed upon their kind, and which, bursting forth, are lavished upon whatever may be in contact. Every thing is with them of the feminine gender, at least every thing that they have the least affection for :—the neuter is obsolete on board of a ship. We ourselves were once much amused by a sailor, who was on his knees scrubbing away most emphatically at an old pair of trousers, apostrophizing them as follows :—“You won’t come clean, you tarry old sons of — won’t you? Now here’s have at you again. It’s no use being obstinate, I tell you, for I’m *detarmined*.” In this instance, it is to be observed, that he made them masculine, and plural, we presume, because they consisted of two legs joined together, like the Siamese youths, at the middle.

The chief part of this volume is taken up with the “Breeze at Spit-head.” The following extract of the opening of the mutiny is well and characteristically described by Tailor, an old Greenwich pensioner.

“There was little more done that day than to broach the business.”

“How?”

“Why, by three thund’ring cheers, led by the lazy Charlotte, and followed by every ship in the fleet as fast as they could rig their roarers. Never, no, never since the fall o’ man was known such a hullabaloo. Why, the very air rung wi’ the roar, and the ships at their anchors shook for all the world like the shock of an earthquake. I was alongside the Charlotte at the time—for you see I was coxon o’ the cutter, as only a little afore left the frigate to fetch our carpenter aboard, as went to look at the model of a new-fashion way o’ fishing a taup-sail yard. Well, pea from pan never popped faster nor did Bill from the boat at the sound o’ the Charlotte’s cheer ; ‘for,’ says I to myself, ‘the breeze’ began.’ Afore you could well crack a biscuit I stood on her starboard gangway. There were the leaftennants, mates, midshipmen, purser, surgeon, warrant-officers, and all, flyin’ up the ladders, and must’ring helter-skelter on deck, like men

as was fairly mazed. The second leaftennant had charge o' the ship, for the first was ashore, and the captain, in course, was seldom aboard. One Mister W——n was second-leaftennant, and a finer fellow, they said, never took trumpet in hand. I'll never forget, no, never, as long as breath's in the body o' Bill, the look o' the man when he first tumbles up from below.—'What's the matter?—what's the matter?' says he, lookin' up in the crowded riggin', with his eyes starin' out of his head—for the riggin' was reg'larly manned, and there was more, ay, more nor *seven* hundred souls in the shrouds.—'Oh God!' says he, flingin' himself down on his knees, and heavin' up his arms aloft—'oh!' says he, 'is it comed to *this*? Shoot me—shoot me!' says he—'blow out my brains at once, for I never can live to hear it said, that whilst I,' said he, with the blood biling up in his face, 'whilst I had charge o' the ship, a disturbance broke out aboard!—'We'll not hurt a hair o' your head,' sings out a couple o' hands, fast hurryin' down from the larboard main-riggin'.—'No, not a hair,' says Uddlestone, one of the Charlotte's quarter gunners, as was made one of her delicacies.—'Not a hair,' says Bob Glyn, the other as belonged to the folksel—for I knew the pair on 'em well.—'Not a hair,' says Bob, stepping up to the man on his knees. 'Get up, sir—up, sir,' says Uddlestone.—'Rise, Mister W——n.'—'Rise, sir,' says Glyn, 'you've always behaved like a man,' says Bob, as he and Uddlestone lends the poor gemman a fist to get on his pins.—'We've nothing to say, no, not a word against *you*, Mister W——n, nor officer aboard.'—'No,' says Uddlestone, 'we wants no more nor our grievances granted,—and it's not the leaftennants, nor yet the captains, in the fleet as can *now* do what we wants.'

'Well, you know, the whole fleet a followin' the Charlotte's cheer, showed the officers at once 'twas a reg'lar blow-up, and not confined to one or two such dissatisfied ships as ourselves—so, in course, they tries to palaver over the Charlottes, and advises them to return to their reg'lar duty like men. 'So we *will*,' says Glyn, 'when treated like men, but never afore. And moreover,' says he, 'the fleet,' says Bob, 'have made up their minds not to put breast to bar, or lift an anchor, till our wrongs are reg'larly righted.'—'But mind,' says one Bill Williams, a Welchman born—as fine a young fellow as ever you seed—he stood six feet two in his stockin'-feet—'mind ye,' says he, steppin' for'ard in front o' the officers—'ay, and let it be clapt in the *log*,' says he, slappin' his thigh to give weight to his words, for Bill, they said, was a capital scholard, and could spout by the fathom wi' the best benchier aboard.—'mind, gemmen,' says he, 'if so be as the enemy's fleet puts to sea, we'll first give the ships up to the officers—follow and fight 'em—ay, and beat 'em in the bargain; for d—— it' says he, 'it never shall be said we shy'd Mister Crappo, or hadn't the same nat'ral likin' to lick him as ever. And then,' says he, with a flourish of his fist, 'we'll come back to Spithead in the *triumph*,' (though I don know why he should fix upon *she*, for she wasn't altogether one of the staunchest)—'and repeat,' says he, 'our complaints till we makes every lord in the land shake in his shoes.'

It would not be easy, by detached quotations, to give an adequate idea of this very curious and interesting narrative; but we may do something to "stay" the anxiety which we are certain our readers must feel regarding the only genuine account yet given of one of the most startling events in our annals, during the existence of which, the safety of the state hung as on a cobweb. The following is an illustrative incident. A lieutenant of the London is tried by the delegates for shooting a seaman of that ship; his conduct is defended by Fleming, one of the principal delegates, an educated seaman.

'Well, when, after some discussion, I perceived that the delegates felt themselves compelled, as it were, to sacrifice the lieutenant's life to the fury of the fleet, I rose from my seat, I must say somewhat excited, for it was an exciting subject.

"'Good God!' said I, 'are we men, or the mere *tools* of men? Do we come here to use or abuse the reason the good Almighty has given us? Is it,' said I, 'after proving yourselves to be the most temperate, and rational minded men



that ever conducted so momentous a matter, that now you betray such deficiency in firmness as to listen to the dictates of men *incapable* of judging for themselves?

"Well, I was here interrupted, but Joice, the humane Joice, obtained me a hearing—

"'How are we to know,' I continued, 'whether, in these fourteen pieces of packed paper, the voice of the fleet is contained? Who are *we*? 'We of the Mars'—'We of the Marlborough,' &c. Are any of the delegates *present* included in that *we*? How are we to know whether the *we* of each ship is not like the *we* of the newspaper, a solitary individual!'

"Well, I was again interrupted, but again permitted to proceed.

"'You appear,' said I, 'to understand little of the relative position between the delegates of the fleet and the seamen of the fleet. By whom are we deputed, and *here* placed, to conduct the councils of the common cause? Are we self-constituted, or elected by the crews of our respective ships? Have we not been individually and collectively chosen by the latter to guide and govern them;—but now—*now*?' said I, with considerable warmth, 'you prefer to let *them* guide and govern you.'

"'You said no more than right, John—for if you're to be listning,' said Turner, 'to every fellow's prate when the ship's ashore, I'm —— if you ever gets her off.'

"'A line-of-battle ship,' muttered Fleming, 'had been easier got off than the lieutenant.'

"Well, at this moment a letter, which had been addressed to the London's ship's company by the lieutenant whose life was pending on the delegates' decision, and which the committee-men of that ship had promptly despatched to St. Helen's, was handed in and read aloud.

"It was a manly and spirited appeal, asserting that he did no more than his duty, in promptly complying with the orders of his superior—that no individual could possibly deplore so much as himself the life lost; and that if the delegates deprived him of *his*, they would deprive a *good mother* and *two amiable sisters* of their only *protector*."

"You may depend on't, a better man never breathed," ejaculated Fleming's shipmate.

"You may depend on't," echoed Miller, "it's always a sign of a good man, when he *'lots* to his mother. No man can do wrong that does that—for though a fellow can't always swear to his father, he's *mostly* sure of his mother."

Smiling at Miller's maxim, the once able-bodied, but still able-minded seaman proceeded.

"This letter called forth from many, remarks which did credit to their head and heart. Nor shall I ever forget the sound reasoning, manly and feeling comments, which fell from one of the delegates of the Royal Sovereign."

"'Aye, I can tell ye,' cried Miller, 'we'd some long-headed fellows in the old Suvran. I doesn't say they were chaps much given to larnin', or the likes o' that—but they were *these* sort o' chaps,—when there was a general sarvin'-out o' brains, they comed in for *double* allowance—I axes your pardon, John, but, as it was the first time I hears the old Suvran's name, I thought 'twas no harm to lend you a hand.'

"Well, notwithstanding the impression the perusal of this letter made upon the minds of many of the delegates, still the majority could not divest themselves of the idea, or, more strictly speaking, of apprehensions which induced the idea that it was their 'bounden duty to comply with the wishes of the fleet.' The lieutenant's fate was sealed—his *death* was decided."

"'On board of what ship must the lieutenant suffer?' asked Joice, who was president for the day.—'On board of his *own*,' replied two or three voices at the bottom of the table. 'By what authority,' said I, 'do you mean to carry the sentence into execution?—for I am sure,' I continued, 'none *here* are desirous to commit an illegal act.'—'Nor, I am sure,' said Joice, 'that, now their anger is subsided, the London's ship's company will never consent to the measure.'—'They *must*,' was the brief remark. 'Where is your *authority*?' I again asked.

'The delegates' order is enough!'—'Not so,' I returned—'the order should assume the form and character of a DEATH WARRANT, so that every man may know for what he has to answer.'—Well, none were acquainted with the form. I affected to know something of the matter, and immediately commenced to commit it to paper.

"'What, you, *you*, John, volunteer to write the order for the lieutenant's death!' loudly ejaculated the astonished Turner, whose short absence from the group had lost him a portion of the previous account.

"'I did—and moreover I don't hesitate to say that the recollection of that voluntary deed has often consoled me in a solitary hour.'

"'Well, ev'ry one to his likin'.—But see here, John—may I be——' asseverated Turner, again bringing his bamboo in an awkward collision with some of senseless legs of the circle—'but afore I'd a drawn out the warrant, I'd regularly been drawn and quartered myself.'

"'We are on the opposite tacks,' said Fleming. 'I'd a motive for doing as I did. It was a dangerous experiment, I grant—but what will we not risk in cases of life and death?—and I have often thought,' continued the hoary-headed veteran, assuming a solemnity of tone, '(nor do I say it profanely) that the great God above, looking down on our evil deeds, must then have endowed me with an intuitive command of language; for in the composition of the death-warrant, every word seemed to point *premeditated murder* to him who had the hardihood to sign it! Well, when completed, I gave it to Joice, observing that it was necessary the warrant should be signed by all the delegates assembled. Joice cast his eye over it, handed it to next on his left, and said, in a most impressive manner, 'Will *you* be bold enough to put your name to *that*?' 'No,' was the decided answer, as soon as the paper was perused, and in the same manner it passed round the table by all unsigned—for when it came to the point, that heart which never failed in a *just* cause, failed then to follow the cruel dictates of the rash head.'

"'Hurrah!' cheered Turner, brandishing his stick in the air. 'Damme—Jack was never intended to be a *Jack* Ketch—but go on, old boy, for you're a regular blue!'"

We are sorry to relate, that in the following remarks of the seamen there is but too much truth, even in the present day. Military men hold places under government, are governors of colonies, and, indeed, have the monopoly of every situation that requires the services of an officer. Now, with all due submission to our rulers, we cannot but consider it an act of positive injustice that these advantages are not fairly divided between the two services. The naval officers of rank are as highly gifted and capable men as those of the army; and they have laid as many laurels at the feet of their country. Now that the want of employment has inclined so many of both services to resort to the pen, it will be a fair criterion of their respective qualifications to judge them by the works which have appeared from the press. Let the public decide between their respective merits.

"'But, you know, John,' said Jones, 'it's always the case—from first to last, the sogers have always been *favour'd* men. Look at the beginning o' the war; no sooner Mister Crappo *expends* his king, and we battles the watch wi' him for spilling royal blood on the block, nor *long-headed Billy*\* gives the lobsters a lift, and increases their pay and prog; but look how it was with *we*.—The same allowance in wages and wittels as was given, ay, for years and years afore the *Billy*† was built, remains unraised till we better ourselves by the breeze; though grog and grub, and gear, and all the necessaries o' life to support our families ashore, was more, ay, more nor treble in price. So, see here (and it's no more nor the nat'ral truth) the sogers have always found favor, when far *better* men have been always forgot.'

\* The late Mr. Pitt.

† The *Royal William*.



“ ‘As to *better* men, I say nothing,’ said Fleming, ‘because in their respective situations the soldier and the sailor are equally good.’

“ ‘Why, John, d’ye think a fellow’s a fool? does the one sarve a time to a *trade*? Take a chap from the plough, or a chap from the loom—brace up his body,—steady his step,—teach him to march,—manage his musket,—ship and unship his bagnet,—pipe-clay his breeks, and burnish his buttons; and, in a very few months, you’ll turn out a reg’lar-built soger. But see the time as it takes to make a thoro’ bred seamen; it’s a right *good* man as larns his trade in seven or eight years. So, say what you will, *Bill* says something more should be *made* of the man that’s hardest to *make*. But, no; it’s quite t’other way; look at your Waterloo work: every chap as was, ay, perhaps no more, ay, nor in *sight* o’ the fray, slings to a button on his breast a medal as big as a dollar; whilst, such chaps as *we* have no other token to show for our work for the *war*, but—damme—a gashed cheek, or a lopped limb.’

“ ‘At this moment a ‘walking-tap,’ as it was termed, happening ‘to heave in sight,’ the excited tar rose from his seat, and departed to wet his whistle.”

But we must be brief “KIND INQUIRIES,” and “COMMAND OF MIND,” are excellent; and so indeed are all the short narratives which are to be found in this amusing volume. We must make one short extract from “Sailor Sal,” a young woman who follows her sweetheart on board of a man-of-war, and does her duty as a foremast-man. She is brought up to the gangway for punishment.

“ ‘Well, my lad, says the skipper—for as I said before, he was a good man, and couldn’t abide the use o’ the cat: but in course he’d to *do* his duty, as well as another—‘well, my lad,’ says he, ‘what ‘ave you to say for yourself? You see, now, the dangerous consequence of look-out men falling asleep on their watch. I’m sorry to punish you,’ says the skipper, ‘for I believe you to be a willing lad: but this is too seris an offence to look over—so *strip*,’ says the skipper.—‘I axes your pardon, sir,’ says Jem, steppin’ for’ard in front o’ the people—for you see, the skipper looked for all the world as if he was only waiting for some of the officers or petty officers to come for’ard and speak a good word for unfortunate Sam.—‘I axes your pardon, sir,’ says Jem, ‘I hopes you’ll allow me to say a word in favor o’ the prisoner.—‘By all means,’ says the skipper, Sal all the time pretending to ungrind the granny,\* as tied her handkerchief, was fumbling away with her fingers to gain time. ‘You may depend, sir,’ says Jem, ‘the young man’s not well in his *mind*: he was drowsy and stupid the whole day long; and moreover,’ says Jem, ‘as another of his messmates, Farley, the main-top-man can tell, he wouldn’t break bisket the whole a’ternoon, or touch a drop of his allowance o’ grog.’ ‘Then he should have gone to the doctor,’ said the captain. ‘Well, sir,’ says Jem, ‘I knows it’s a seris offence: and as I suppose you *must* make a sample o’ some one aboard, if it’s all the same to you, sir,’ says Jem, stripping, and heaving his jacket at Sal’s feet, I’ll take the punishment *myself*, for I’m sure the lad can’t stand the lash!’ Well, at this, Sal, first heavin’ a look at Jem—the fellow *look* I never seed afore or since—and givin’ a guggle in her throat, as if goin’ to choak, she fell flat in a faint at his feet, for she stands it all very well till she sees Jem strippin’ to take her place. Well, the hands were then piped-down—Sal carried to the cockpit, and the murder out in a minute.

“ ‘Now *that*’s what *I* calls behavin’ like a *woman*,’ concluded Farley, rising from the group round the hatchway, and retiring to relieve the look-out man at the lee cat-head.”

We shall be glad to meet Captain Glascock again. He is one of those writers who come to the point at once, without pretence or circumlocution—a rare quality in these *wordy* times.

\* A lubber’s knot, so designated by seamen.

## BRITISH INDIA, AND THE RENEWAL OF THE COMPANY'S CHARTER.

WHEN a subject, vast in its extent, embracing an infinitude of details, and extremely difficult of comprehension, as a whole, even by those to whom many of those details are habitually familiar, is to be rendered intelligible to general readers, the time is very far from wasted which is employed in opening a vista for the full and free range of the mental vision over the field of discussion. The sand that Belzoni and his brother travellers found piled against the front of the great temple of Abou Samboul, and which covered the very head-gear of the gigantic statues standing as sentinels over the portal, is but a feeble type of the obstructions that oppose themselves to the inquirer, who comes, if it be possible, without prepossession or prejudice, to seek for information with regard to the condition of the native population of our oriental dominions, and the nature of the government under which they live. But as it is obvious that any attempt at elucidation would be labour thrown away, unless the questions at issue be disencumbered of the difficulties in which misrepresentation and paradox have conspired to envelope them, we shall devote a few pages to the task of beating down the mounds which have been so industriously thrown up between the public and the real facts of the case, partly, we must conclude, to serve the purposes of party, but principally, as far, at least, as Mr. Rickards is concerned, from motives of a less questionable character. It may be, however, that he will not thank us for this charitable construction, for we confess that we cannot pay a compliment to the purity of his intentions, except at the expense of his intellectual powers. Where premises, in a variety of instances, are incorrectly stated, authorities enormously strained, and deductions, which the goddess of sophistry herself would blush at, are solemnly announced as demonstrated, and are laid down, accordingly, as stepping-stones to ulterior conclusions of a damnable nature, either the moral principles or the mental faculties *must* bear the blame. We shall have abundant opportunities, in the course of the series of papers which we contemplate, to prove that we have dealt Mr. Rickards no hard measure; but our business is more at present with general features, than the characteristics of an individual author.

The first great fallacy is this:—an absolute standard is erected for the measurement and appreciation of the government of British India, by the servants of the Company, without any allowance for the peculiarities of situation, the difficulties against which they have had to struggle, and the resistance of circumstances over which they could not possibly possess any control whatever. This institution is bad, objects one critic, for it militates against general principles of jurisprudence. That source of revenue is polluted, cries a second, for it was not only derived from Mahomedan tyrants and extortioners; but it displays most, if not all, of the diagnostics which political economists agree in describing as indicative of a bad tax. You have done nothing for the country which has been fifty years under your sway, vehemently asseverates a third appraiser. Where are your canals, your roads, your bridges? Where is agricultural capital, and an improved system of husbandry? Where is much that you confessedly have not even attempted to do? Wherefore is it that your actual achievements should fall so lamentably short of our estimate of possible improvement. Crime, urges another, is still rife, and heinous in its character. In the Lower Provinces, gang-robbery



is unsuppressed to this day, and it obtains to the greatest extent in those districts which are nearest to the seat of government, and where its power of suppressing violence ought to be most easily exercised. In the same quarter, the manufactory of salt, which is carried on by forced labour,\* and in the pestilential climate of the Sunderbuns, is productive of the most intense misery. Alligators, tigers, and dysentery, contend for the privilege of destroying those whom the Company sacrifice to the Moloch of monopoly. The Upper Provinces, on the other hand, manifest equally infallible symptoms of anarchy, misgovernment, and disaffection. The mob shouted in the streets of Dehli that the rule of the Company was at an end†. There exists a class of hereditary highway murderers. The people showed great anxiety pending the siege of Bhurtpore, and expressed themselves mortified at its capture. In short, enough may be gathered from the admissions of the government itself, and the reports of its subordinate functionaries, to prove, beyond question, the existence of vice, and misery, and discontent, to a degree quite inconsistent with the notions entertained by these philanthropists of "the eternal fitness of things," and the possible perfectability of human laws and institutions.

We are unable to lay before our readers more than brief and partial abridgments of the charges that have been brought against an administration, which has been compelled to contend for the last twenty years,—that is, since its relief from external pressure threatening its very being, with moral obstacles, greater, perhaps, and more perplexing than the rulers of any nation have ever been called upon to face and overcome. That they have never quailed at the difficulties of their situation, that they have manfully set their shoulders to the wheel, without calling upon Hercules for assistance, we shall prove to the satisfaction of the most sceptical, if they be open to conviction, before we bring the subject to a close. But our object at this moment is to expose the ungenerous sophistry of the writers, who have endeavoured to betray the public into forming an estimate of the merits of those who have been deputed to govern our magnificent empire in the East, not only without taking into account all that they have actually effected towards the establishment of good government, in the widest sense of the term, but also without reference to the circumstances inherent in the nature of the task, and the quality of the subject matter, which have arrayed themselves to prevent more rapid progress, or to qualify success. Both the one and the other have been sedulously kept out of sight, whilst their failures, their slow and painful, and, it may be, sometimes imperceptible advance, and their occasional errors and oversights, have been dwelt upon, as if they were entirely without counterpoise, as if the ser-

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\* This allegation (which may be found in Mr. Rickards' work, pages 644 and 647) happens to be *absolutely* untrue, but the use of all weapons is permitted "ad delendam Carthaginem." The statement regarding climate is also *relatively unfounded*; for the salt manufacturers are the natives of those parts of the country in which their operations are carried on, and are surely no more to be pitied on that score than the fen-men of Ely or Lincolnshire, or the inhabitants of the oozy shores of Holland and Flanders. However deadly the climate of the Sunderbuns may be, the present Governor-General is now parcelling out its swamps and wilds to English and half-caste capitalists, who must clear the forest by native labour. The island of Sangur, which is situated at one of the most remote and desolate extremities of the tract in question, has been already brought into cultivation by the same agency. We hope that Mr. Rickards will not fail to inform the public what *force* was used to gather and keep together the gangs of workmen by whom those operations were conducted.

† Quarterly Review, vol. xxxvi, Article on Russian Missions to Bokhara, &c.

vants of the Company had a perverse pleasure in misrule and gratuitous oppression.

No man in possession of his reason would attribute blame to a traveller toiling over the defiles of Mount Caucasus, or even ploughing his way through the sands of Prussia, for not proceeding with the same rapid regularity as the Bristol mail. Still less would the commander of the fastest and best appointed frigate in the British navy be brought to a court-martial for not sailing within two points of the wind. Why, in the name of all that is fair and candid, should the rule of estimation cease to be considerate as soon as it is applied to moral exertions, and moral hindrances? Why, but because pseudo-philosophers cannot spare time or acuteness to calculate with any nicety the quantum of resistance that has been overcome, and the consequent power and value of the machinery, that has carried on its operations, however slowly and imperfectly, in despite of such opposition. Or, because they have drawn, in their own imaginations, a formal and inflexible line of demarcation between that which is good and that which is evil in legislation and the administration of the laws, in matters of police and taxation, and all the thousand points at which an absolute government comes in contact with the people, with utter ignorance or disregard of those facts and circumstances which often make that relatively good, which partakes, in an absolute sense, more or less largely of the opposite principle.

A single example will suffice, perhaps, to explain our meaning. Mr. Rickards has devoted a section, at page 263 of his second volume, to the consideration of the crime of gang-robbery in Bengal, which he attempts, with his usual felicity, to trace to the system of land-revenue. "It seems," he says, "to have been unsuccessfully prosecuted, and almost with impunity, till the year 1808." "In 1808, this tremendous evil was somewhat checked," but there are "numerous complaints on record, of the continued existence" of the crime. "So late as the 20th October, 1824, the Court of Directors, in their letter to the Bengal government, express themselves sorry to find that heinous crimes had been committed in the Lower Provinces, in 1819, to a greater extent than in 1818. The number of decoities, (gang-robberies), they add, attended with torture or wounding, increased from 48 to 84; and the total number of decoities from 217 to 336. There was also a great increase of robberies and thefts of various kinds, attended with murder and wounding."

Mr. Rickards proceeds, "Down, therefore, to the period here mentioned, we have recorded proof of the continued existence of decoity in the royal provinces, to a *most distressing extent, notwithstanding all the measures and expedients which had been resorted to for twenty preceding years to suppress it.*"

Now it is certainly an evil greatly to be deplored that gang-robbery should exist at all, that 336 crimes of such enormity, attended, as they too frequently are, with the most horrible aggravations of torture and cruelty, should be perpetrated in one year. But who would not conclude from the language in which Mr. Rickards speaks of the continued existence of decoity, notwithstanding the efforts of twenty years for its suppression, that the offence still prevailed with little less than pristine intensity; that the midnight marauder carried on his bloody trade, under the tacit encouragement afforded by a system of police utterly inefficient; and that the peaceable inhabitants still suffer under a scourge little less severe than that to which they were subjected in 1808? This most assuredly is the impression that it is calculated—we trust not in-



tended to produce. But how stand the facts? those “stubborn chiefs,” as Burns sings, which “winna ding, and canna’ be disputed?” The subjoined table will answer.

*Number of gang-robberies committed in the Lower Provinces from 1803 to 1825 inclusive, divided into five periods.*

|   |      |
|---|------|
| Average of each year, from 1803 to 1807 inclusive | 1481 |
| Ditto of ditto, from 1808 to 1812 inclusive       | 927  |
| Ditto of ditto, from 1813 to 1817 inclusive       | 339  |
| Ditto of ditto, from 1818 to 1822 inclusive*      | 234  |
| Ditto of ditto, from 1823 to 1825 inclusive†      | 186  |

If this be not sufficient to expose the fallacy of Mr. Rickards’ statements, and their thorough unfitness to be used as premises from which any conclusions may safely be drawn, with regard to the state of crime and police in that part of the country to which they refer, we may state, that in the year 1808, no less than 329 gang-robberies were committed in the single district of Nuddea,‡ being ninety-five more than the average for the whole of the Lower Provinces, from 1818 to 1822; and 143 more than the average of the term, from 1823 to 1825. Yet Mr. Rickards is one of the especial guides who has undertaken to conduct the public mind to a right understanding with respect to the condition of the native inhabitants of British India; and he fills, we understand, the office of crammer to one of the most talented and intelligent members of a certain noble committee.

But we have not quite done with Mr. Rickards’ notice of gang-robberies. He remarks the increase which took place in 1819, as compared with the preceding year, without the most distant allusion to the fact, which may be substantiated by reference to page 8, of the very volume of selections, which he quotes at page 11. That the local government of Bengal had placed upon record their anticipation of such a temporary increase of crime, as the necessary consequence of a regulation passed in 1818, appointing a commission to visit the several district gaols, and release as many of the persons confined as notorious gang-robbers,—until they should give security for their good behaviour, as might be at all consistent with the preservation of the public peace. We find accordingly, that no less than 336 persons who were in custody, under the circumstances specified above, were released from the gaol of Nuddea alone, between the date of the regulation in question, and the close of 1819. The result was, that gang-robbery increased in that jurisdiction as under:

1817—4. 1818—7. 1819—23. 1820—28.

This deterioration, however, called forth immediate and energetic measures on the part of the officers of police, and the calendars of the four following years show the following returns.

1821—11. 1822—12. 1823—11. 1824—10.

Before the end of 1822, eighty-six more notorious offenders had been set free, leaving only fifty in detention; and in 1823, those, also, would seem to have been allowed to go at large; nevertheless there was no further increase of crime.

\* This period of course includes the year 1819, in which the increase took place to which Mr. Rickards makes his ostentatious reference.

† We have no later records at hand for immediate reference.

‡ Nuddea, or Rishennugger, a district about seventy miles from Calcutta. The Lower Provinces contain twenty-five or thirty other districts of equal extent.

It appears, then, that from 1803 to 1812 inclusive, 1204 gang-robberies were committed, upon the average, every year; whilst from 1818 to 1825 inclusive, the average return was 210. And yet Mr. Rickards asserts, that the crime in question still continues "to rear its terrific head, in spite of all the expedients and contrivances set on foot to suppress it:"\* a charge, it may be, abstractedly true, because the calendars are still far from blank under this head; but who would suppose from the language in which it is couched, that the evil denounced in such dragon-like metaphor had lost five-sixths of its intensity?

It would be easy to multiply specimens to any extent, of the manner in which vague and general terms have been employed to mislead and baffle inquiry, with respect to the management of India by the servants of the Company. Because vice and crime still flourish to a very lamentable extent, that circumstance is loudly insisted upon; and those who have not succeeded in strangling the monsters, are denounced as little better than accomplices. But the great progress that has been made towards the attainment of the objects in view; the almost regular yearly diminution of offences of the more heinous description against life and property; and the silent alteration which a determined but humane system of policy is most assuredly working in the habits of the people; and their modes, if not their principles, of action, are carefully kept out of sight. When gentlemen, who have served in India, and whose names, like that of Sir Henry Strachey, carry great weight with them, express their opinions with regard to any part of the machine of government, or any branch of the system, in terms of disparagement or reprobation; the philosophers of the school to which we allude quote and echo their words, give them an interpretation far more general than they were intended to bear, and press them into their service as crutches for their own limping theories. But when Sir Henry Strachey, speaking of our operations as a whole, says, "we did establish our system, and imperfect as it is in practice, no law or institution, no measure of any sovereign, in any age or country, perhaps, ever produced so much benefit; its advantages are beyond all price†." The candid adversaries of the Company became suddenly "nigh gravel blind," and cannot read the testimony. They have adopted the same principle of quotation from the reports and public despatches of functionaries in active employment, who are under solemn obligations to tell no smooth tales, and to hide no sores or blotches from the government which they serve. Those documents have been searched with the most painful industry for matter of vilification, and this is made use of exclusively under a tacit assumption, that

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\* Vol. ii. page 213.

† Judicial Selections, vol. ii. p. 60. There is much more to the same purport, e. g. "The eastern people have had wise kings and just judges. We have heard, no doubt, of particular acts of signal equity, and of great skill in detecting injustice among them; but never had they a consistent uniform judicial system—a set of tribunals to which the people might resort, and without regard to the personal character of the judge or ruler, depend upon obtaining justice."

"This great blessing may be said, with strict truth, to have been unknown in India till conferred upon it by the English East India Company."—Ibid. p. 59. "With respect to the disadvantages of the system, I do not think it necessary to add much to what I have already stated. These disadvantages have, I think, been exaggerated. Some I have heard mentioned as such, which, perhaps, have no existence. Of these defects, part may be ascribed to human infirmity, and to our peculiar circumstances."—Ibid. p. 65. "But on the whole, the balance of good is greatly in favour of our system of government. Without hesitation, I affirm, that the people derive benefit from it; and the best part of it I conceive to be our judicial system."—Ibid. p. 66.



the whole truth, "as well as nothing but the truth," has been told. It was Burke, we think, who illustrated the candour of such mangled references, by offering to prove from Scripture itself, that "there is no God," if he were but permitted to suppress the preamble, "the fool has said in his heart."

We need scarcely say what sort of verisimilitude a picture so painted possesses. It has not even the poor merit of a gross caricature; for it fails to make one laugh. By dwelling on the prevalence of crime, the delays of the law, partial and temporary instances of over-taxation, and drawbacks and evils of every description, to the rigid exclusion of the preponderating contents of the opposite scale; they have succeeded in laying before the public a delineation of the condition of the people of British India, about as faithful as would be afforded by any painter of English morals and manners who should obstinately refuse to employ any colours but those which he might derive from the Newgate Calendar, the reports of crim. con. and seduction cases, and the adventures of Tom and Jerry. We can only call to mind, at this moment, one writer who is worthy to be placed upon a level with our philosophers in this department,—to wit, Pillet, the French prisoner of war, who generalized so liberally upon the habits and demeanour of the dames and damsels with whom it was his happy lot to associate during his sojourn here, as to conclude and publish that all English women drank gin, and gave each other black eyes.

But these are not the only arts that have been practised to mystify the subject. The goal from which the rulers of British India started, for the establishment of social order, and a regular system of government, has been either altogether concealed, or stated to be other than it really was. It never seems to occur to the adversaries of the Company, that it might be a difficult task to grapple with the giant vices of many millions of heathens, of a people sunk in most degrading superstition, and bound down for countless centuries under the double yoke of political and spiritual bondage. By a process similar to that which has helped him to his vain triumph over Sir Thomas Munro, with regard to the demand of India for British manufactures, Mr. Rickards having laboriously proved that the domination of caste is not quite absolute or universal, proceeds to treat it altogether as a bugbear. It forms, he seems to think, no real obstacle to the amelioration of the condition of Indian society, it is a mere non-entity, which owes its imaginary existence solely to the anxiety of the monopolists, to throw this flimsy covering over the chains which they themselves have forged for the minds of their subjects, or to account for the small improvement which their institutions have effected. There are not four pure tribes, as the theory of division supposes; *therefore*, the prejudices of caste have no influence at all towards retarding the march of civilization: there are no genuine Cshatryas, Vaisyas, or Sudras, remaining; *therefore*, those who have spoken of "the artificial and unnatural division of the people into distinct classes," and have called it a "misshapen structure of society," did so with the intention of imposing upon the public. We shall shortly see it proved, that there are no Hindoos in existence, as our fellow subjects, at least, because their numbers have been egregiously overrated by those who have tickled the imaginations of the manufacturers of Manchester and Glasgow with a long numerical array of their possible customers. We have not so studied logic as to suppose, that because a proposition may be overstated through prejudice or interest, the reverse is to be considered as necessarily demonstrated.

Whatever the causes of depravation, however (and doubtless many

have concurred), folios of proof might be adduced, that when the company assumed the reins of government in India, crime and licence of every description had attained a height unparalleled in the annals of mankind. There were whole nations of avowed and unblushing robbers: there were associated thousands who never pretended to subsist otherwise than by plunder; who neither tilled the earth, nor engaged in any trade or manufacture, but swept the country periodically, committing atrocities which it curdles the very blood even to think upon—and of which simple torture and rape were literally the mildest forms. Besides these, the northern provinces swarmed with cozaks, or mounted highwaymen; and every road was beset by kings, or phanseegars, as they are called in different parts of the Peninsula, who practised murder as a regular calling. To this hour, the skeletons of their victims are frequently found, to the numbers of six, eight, or ten, whenever an old well by the way-side is cleaned out. Affrays of the most sanguinary character were of almost daily occurrence; every man wore arms, and avenged his own quarrel; perjury and subornation were employed with equal freedom, when circumstances rendered such weapons preferable for the destruction of a victim; and whilst the rapine and cruelty of invading armies were, of course, utterly uncontrollable, the only check upon crime of a more domestic character was a system of justice so irregular and capricious, as often to inflict in its very execution more grievous wrong than that which it professed to redress. Physical misery followed hard upon the heels of that which demons in the shape of men inflicted more immediately upon their fellow-creatures. When the Mahratta or Pindarry horsemen were ravaging a province, the wretched inhabitants fled before them, to escape from outrage more intolerable than death; leaving their fields unsown, or their standing crops to forage the horses of the invaders, and famine was the necessary consequence.\* Then hundreds, with that apathetic patience for which the race is so remarkable, laid them down to die from starvation; and parents sold their children into slavery, to preserve both themselves and their offspring from a more miserable fate. But we pause here, not, assuredly, because we have exhausted the theme, but because we would not dwell upon a picture of the degradation of our species so hideous and revolting, longer than is absolutely necessary for the development of our argument.†

Who will undertake to say, that it was an easy task to stem a tide so violent as that which we have feebly attempted to describe; to impose an effectual curb upon the licence which long indulgence had rendered habitual; to awe the bold, to give confidence to the timid, to find

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\* There is a fact, which, though far from novel, speaks volumes with regard to the habitual sufferings of the people of Southern India from this cause. They have a word “wulsah,” signifying that which, probably, no other people could render intelligible without a long periphrasis—the flight of a whole village community into the jungles before an invading army. Colonel Wilks assures us, that the “wulsah” never goes forth when a British army, unaccompanied by native allies, is advancing.

† One circumstance may be mentioned as peculiarly characteristic of the state of society at the period in question, though it be far less disgusting than many other features of the portrait which we have been compelled to draw. In all the large towns, but in Delhi and Benares, we believe, more particularly, there was a class of men called “Bankas,” (“younger brothers,” like Poins, and “proper men of their hands”), who lived by bullying and insolence, plundering the grain shops for their daily bread, when they could find no Master Stephen to treat them.



means for protecting every man from his neighbour, without co-operation or assistance from any? For it was not merely that the elements of evil were widely disseminated, that the restless and turbulent formed a large body, nor that a large majority were positively bad subjects, both with regard to the ruling power, and their reciprocal relations as fellow citizens; but that there existed no leaven of an opposite character to correct and sweeten the mass. In this want the main difficulty consisted. Soldiers might be had in superabundance, and the obligation of the military engagement seemed to possess a strange hold upon the minds of the classes which followed arms as a profession, than any other feeling of responsibility; but fitting instruments of civil government, according to European notions, there were absolutely none. There was not a man from the Indus to the Burrampooter, from Cape Comorin to Hurdwar, whose word or oath could be relied upon, if the veriest trifle were to be gained by perjury or deceit; there was not a person within the same limits capable of forming even an abstract idea of incorruptibility. There was no fulcrum for the moral lever; their perceptions of religious duty did not extend beyond the observance of rites and penances, which tended only to inflame the pride of the individual devotee, and to shut his heart against his mind; and whilst the feebleness of races throughout the Peninsula were bowed down to the very earth in unresisting abjectness, Bishop Heber, in speaking of the Rajpoot tribes, who have never been subjected to our dominion, has justly characterised the fiercer races as men with all "the vices of slaves, added to those of robbers."

These are strong colours, but we throw down the gauntlet with confidence, and will freely and gladly enter the lists with any writer who will undertake to prove that we have overcharged the picture. The only difficulty which we should find in supporting our statement, would be to clothe the overflowing details of vice and crime which are at our command, in such a dress as to render them barely endurable by English readers. How far the torrent has been checked we do not intend to inquire at this moment, reserving it for future investigation; but be the success more or less, this we say, that those who have given to the world their estimate of its degree, without reference to the counteracting principles which were so deeply rooted in an abominable idolatry, and the alternate slavery and anarchy of centuries, have been guilty of a sophism, the absurdity of which is only to be rivalled by the unfairness of a "suppressio veri" so enormous. If they have wilfully kept out of view the difficulties against which the government of British India have had to contend, their conduct has been dishonest; if they have overlooked their existence, their purblindness utterly disqualifies them for the office which they have exercised with such an arrogant assumption of superiority in political knowledge.

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## VEGETATIVE VERSES,

BY A FELLOW OF THE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

SABINE, father of the fêtes,  
 Chief of Chiswick, rural seer,  
 Deep in daisies and in dates,  
 Prince of bulbs and breakfasts, hear!  
 Hark the note of sad distress—  
 Who would be an F.H.S.?

Ruin seizes every root;  
 Buried berries daily rot.  
 You and I may go and shoot—  
 For the drooping shrubs will not.  
 We are in a pretty mess—  
 Who would be an F.H.S.?

Once we sate with *otium cum*  
*Dignitate* in our view;  
 Now we are not worth a plum—  
 Turnham-green is turning blue.  
 Science is a game at chess—  
 Who would be an F.H.S.?

Horticulture hath its bumps:  
 Currants are a current joke;  
 Spades are now no longer trumps;  
 Crocuses have made us croak;  
 Mustard's gone, and so is cress—  
 Who would be an F.H.S.?

Stocks are selling off too cheap;  
 We and heartsease soon must part;  
 O'er a lettuce let us weep;  
 Artichokes have choked the art.  
 Chiswick's quite a wilderness—  
 Who would be an F.H.S.?

See misfortune's chilling airs  
 Sweep our bark from off the beech;  
 Sorrows ever come in pears;  
 Peaches will our plans impeach;  
 Cats'-heads kitten less and less—  
 Who would be an F.H.S.?

Gravel walks with marble slabs,  
 Tombstones, we shall shortly show;  
 Since, though in an age of cabs,  
 Cabbages are not the go.  
 Botany has ceased to bless—  
 Who would be an F.H.S.?

Oaks have proved a hoax at last;  
 Young men see the elder die;  
 Leaves, not sloe-leaves, perish fast;  
 We for cypress press a sigh;  
 Posies pose us to excess—  
 Who would be an F.H.S.?



Meddlers, though on trees we've none,  
 Now about our funds inquire ;  
 Sun-flow'rs die without a son ;  
 Hyacinths will grow no higher.  
 These are facts we can't suppress—  
 Who would be an F.H.S.?

Useless 'tis to see afar  
 How the other gardens do ;  
 How the winds at Windsor are,  
 How they mind their peas at Kew.  
 How *we* managed few can guess—  
 Who would be an F.H.S.?

Oh ! the rainy, rural rout,  
 When, half-starved amidst the shower.  
 Dandy lions walked about  
 Seeking what they might devour,  
 Painted ladies, blue belles, press—  
 Who would be an F.H.S.?

Thyme is fled, and o'er the scene  
 Cots and chimneys will be found ;  
 Beans are things that once have been ;  
 Groundsel gone, we'll sell the ground.  
 What is Robins's address?—  
 Who would be an F.H.S.?

All is alter'd—not a bough  
 (Save the gardener's) marks the spot ;  
 O'er the cowslips slips a cow—  
 Winds may blow there, flowers will not.  
 Fashion, Honour, and Success,  
 Once were meant by F.H.S. !

But another tale they tell  
 Since we fell so deep in debt—  
 All our celery to sell,  
 All our lettuces to let.  
 Folly, Hubbub, Sorrow—yes,  
 These are meant by F.H.S. !

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## THEATRICAL MATTERS.

At this season, benefits chiefly occupy the theatres ; and they are said to have been in general productive to a degree which altogether contradicts the idea of a falling off in the public fondness for the stage. Farren's benefit is stated at upwards of six hundred pounds ; and Harley's at an equal sum. The benefits of four of the popular actresses have been highly lucrative. All this argues that, if good performances are given, large audiences will collect to see them.

Mr. Anderson has announced his intention of trying the public opinion by a benefit ; and Madame Vestris has declared that she will have the most prodigious house that ever assembled to pour its liberality into the lap of an actress. Her very bill of the performance is intended to exceed by from six to sixty feet every other bill of the season. We only hope that she and Mr. Anderson will not have their benefits on the *same* evening.

Fawcett took leave of the stage on the 20th, with a speech which has prodigiously perplexed the critics of "farewell eloquence ;" some pronouncing it the perfection of jocularly, others equally strenuous in insisting that it was only a bad imitation of a bad speech in a bad farce. But, as Johnsons says, "In the reputation of a dead poet, who can feel the interest of pleasure or pain?" So say we, of the glory of a retired actor. Fawcett is gone where he can be hissed no more. Happy the actor who can say as much ; and careless may he be of the criticism which can give him but one parting lash, and then falls short of him until it comes to criticise his epitaph ! Fawcett was attended on the stage, in "his *extremity*," by many of the actors of both theatres, and he has since received some newspaper panegyrics on his popular qualities in his profession. But, let the truth be told. He was a good actor, for he had judgment, and seldom played parts to which his powers were evidently unfitted. But his manners to his professional brethren were less those of an equal than of a *manager* (and the word is expressive), and nothing but his fidelity could excuse his harshness of temper and violence of phrase.

The season has formidably tried Kean's popularity. He played some of his former characters, and succeeded tolerably ; but his appearances were rare, and he was frequently and for long intervals indisposed. He attempted but one new part, Henry the Fifth ; and in it verified the prediction of every one who had seen any of his performances during the last two years. He totally lost his memory, struggled for a while against this overwhelming difficulty, at length gave way, and was hissed from the stage. This would have been cruel, if the audience had known that mere debility was the cause. His constitution, naturally of no peculiar strength, has rapidly sunk under the combined influence of excess, imprudent reliance on himself, and imprudent efforts to regain his place in public favour. None can exult over the fall of a man of ability ; and we hope that, among his crowd of former admirers, Kean may still find some friends, who will point out to him the advantages of a temporary retirement, and the higher advantages to be derived from a return to the duty which he owes an unhappy wife and a deserted son. He may rely upon it, that the public knowledge of a man's private misconduct, even though that man be an actor of ability, has an evil effect, which will display itself upon the first reverse of his successes. The love, "honour, and troops



off friends" fly off and abandon him in his premature old age, the worst of old-ages; and the multitude, disgusted at their sudden disappointment, mercilessly set themselves to discover every thing a fault where they had once as hastily determined on discovering every thing a perfection. Kean's only hope is in the virtue of retirement. He is still comparatively young; his capacity as an actor may be revived; and a manly resolution to change all his foolish and offensive habits for the studies and manners that belong to a wise sense of public opinion, might yet make him an ornament to his profession. But the task is one of supreme difficulty.

Miss Kemble has gone through a list of performances, which must have required singular diligence, and in which, to have *not* failed is no trivial praise. Isabella, Euphrasia, Belvidera, and Portia, each require peculiar powers; and it is but justice to the actress to say that, but for her, in all probability, the theatre must have been undone. One of her latest and most studied performances was the "Gamester." The play is a frightful exhibition of the frightful excesses of vice and despair. But Siddons's marvellous powers gave it dignity. No living actress will ever do so again. Its displays are miserably coarse, its language is abrupt and vulgar, and its characters are among the heaviest and roughest sketches on the stage. Miss Kemble cannot be said to have failed in Mrs. Beverly, for with her theatrical skill she can never undergo a decided failure; but the character adds nothing to her celebrity, shows no additional attraction in her performance, and should only warn her that, at least for a time, her peculiar province is that of youthful tenderness and the first developments of feminine feeling. Her Juliet is the best upon the stage, and better than any that we remember; better than Miss O'Neil's, whose person was too mature for the idea of Shakspeare's heroine; and her passion too open, violent, and clamorous for the fine and timid susceptibility of that love whose picturing is the most exquisite work of the most exquisite master of feeling that the world ever saw.

Miss Kemble's chief deficiency is in voice. It has sweetness, and a tone in that sweetness which carries with it a resistless recommendation, for it reminds us of Siddons: but it wants force and emphasis: it perpetually falls into a whisper in the most important expressions of the scene; and passages on which the audience have habitually hung with breathless delight, are hurried over in a mingling of sound, sweet, but unintelligible as the murmuring of midnight waters.

We annex no blame to her choice of performances. The stage has but a narrow routine for a young tragedian; and with the exception of Shakspeare's heroines, which are all inimitable, there is not a heroine of British tragedy worthy of the talents of a true actress. The true opportunity for Miss Kemble's powers must be delayed, until the revival of the stage, until a new race of authors shall arise to fill the stage with new forms of ideal interest and loveliness, and until the Belvideras and Euphrasias are consigned to the oblivion, from which nothing but the emergencies of the stage could ever have redeemed them.

The affairs of Drury Lane have come at last to the crisis which had been long anticipated. The expenses had so far exceeded the income for a considerable period, that the manager had been compelled to give up his contract, and the committee were compelled to look out for a new lessee. We regret this ill success on Price's part, for he appears to have been an active and intelligent manager. We of course speak only of what has come before the public. The direct source of his loss is to be

found in the common evil of modern theatres, the deficiency of modern authorship. A manager was once reported to have said, in the triumph of a pantomime or some such foolery of canvass and carpentry, "D—mn authorship, give me the scene-painter and the machinist!" If this absurdity was ever uttered, it has been dearly revenged on all his successors to this hour. The machinist and the scene-painter have been the two "daughters of the horse-leech, crying, 'Give, give;'" and their suction of the theatrical purse has reduced it to the thinness of a vapour. Since Price's announcement as manager of the theatre, it is remarkable that scarcely one *original* performance has been produced; if we except Miss Mitford's *Rienzi*, which, though clever for a female, was not fitted for longevity; and Lord Glengall's *Follies of Fashion*; which, though clever for a lord, had more of folly than fashion, and was an open plunder from *The School for Scandal*, with all the characters castrated, and all the wit washed away.

Price had a whole fry of French translations, the white bait of the theatrical feast, and very pretty little things in general to toy with, but altogether unfit to appear before the solid demands of an English appetite. The consequence has been the gradual withdrawing of public interest from the stage, and finally the fall of a manager who was perhaps as well qualified for his general duties as any other man of his day.

Price's notorious circumstances made a change in the management necessary. The theatre was offered to the highest bidder. A number of tenders were received from individuals desperately determined on the glorious risk. Actors singly, and in couples and triplets; singers, of all theatres and of none; Jew merchants, champagne dealers, all sent in their proposals for a speculation which has hitherto ruined every body. Such is the trust of man in fortune! At last the lease has been assigned for three years, at 9000*l.* a year, to Lee, the singer and composer, who is understood to be conjoined with another Jew Absalom, and both of whom are, in all probability, sustained by the Jewish purse of powerful individuals, who are in the habit of trying all conduits for profit on their principal. It is said that Braham was among the original proposers for the lease; and if so, it is to be regretted that he did not obtain it; as, independently of his theatrical distinctions, he is a man at once of intelligence and liberality, who would have taken the best financial means of supporting the theatre, and would have secured the best performances.

But we will not sentence the new lessee before he has been tried. He may be as able as any other manager, and abler than any that this unlucky theatre has had. We shall be glad to see him reverse its destinies; but, one thing he must take as his maxim; that the old system *must* be changed in every point, otherwise the old consequences will follow. He must look out for able writers: he must find, as the late Harris did, half-a-dozen writers able to sustain the dramatic interest of his theatre. He must place his strength, not in farce, and of things in foreign farce, but in comedy, and that English comedy, or still more in tragedy; for the English taste is tragedy, and a work of genius, if we have still genius enough among us to produce a great tragedy, will carry away popularity from every other effort of the drama.

But if he pursue the course of former managers, he must, like them, be undone. Melo-dramas and mummery have had their day; the world is weary of them; they succeed for a night, and are then useless for ever.



But a new manager will be found ; a new lessee will embark in the theatre ; new melo-dramas will succeed and be useless ; a new comedy from Lord Glengall will be represented and be incontinently d-m-n-d ; and in two years of similar expedients and successes the committee will be called together again, and informed by Mr. Calcraft, that the lease is at their service, the manager in a state of affliction, the treasury in a state of deliquescence, and that a burning is the only next catastrophe which can clear them or the theatre.

The oratorios as usual at Easter were performed on alternate nights at both theatres, and had but slight success at either. The cause is like that of the unpopularity of the plays,—a want of novelty. The singers were all those whom we had either heard before until we were tired of them, or whom, hearing for the first time, we never desired to hear again. Some of our principal singers were not engaged. Braham, Sinclair, and Sapio, were unemployed. The music was in the same circumstances. It was old, and of course in a great degree exhausted, or it was new, and perfectly trifling. Handel will live for ever, but he cannot be listened to for ever with the same delight : and the mob of modern composers, who fill the desks of the boarding-school pianos, and the advertising columns of the newspapers ; whose genius flutters from a concerto to a quadrille, and who are equally eminent in both, can never be listened to with any delight at all.

Hawes, the director of the oratorios, is an active manager and a good musician, but all his activity had not been fortunate enough to procure any one new performance that had a right to attract the public. Beethoven's *Battle of Vittoria* once sustained the oratorios through a season ; for it had spirit, science, and novelty ; and nothing less than the three together will secure popularity. There has been, too, a remarkable deficiency of instrumental excellence this season, as unluckily there is now among our present English musicians ; no great violinist, nor fluteplayer, nor harpist, nor even any brilliant public pianist, for Cramer's style was never brilliant, and even of Cramer we hear nothing. All the distinguished performers are foreigners, and of these there are none now among us. With such *Lenten* entertainment, the public would not patronize the oratorios, to hear obsolete music, or yesterday's ballad drawled out by the green pupils of a singing-school ; nor even to hear a fragment of a wire-drawn flourish from Lindley's bow, or the groan that Dragonetti's iron hand extorts from the trembling bowels of his tortured double bass. Why are not the director's energies extended to France or Germany, where there are abundant solo-players of admirable skill ? or why has he not tried whether Paganini could not hazard himself in the hearing of John Bull ? The truth is, that unless a director does some of those things, he must fail : novelty and effect are essential to him ; he should bring something new and something admirable, or he throws away his time and his expenditure. There may be risk or difficulty in these matters, but there is no risk so fatal as the losing certainty of a management which is satisfied with letting affairs drag on in the old way, and linger into sluggish ruin.

The burning of the Lyceum had driven the French company to the Haymarket, where they succeeded, because they have little plays which to us are new, and actors whose skill is just adequate to their little plays. The Frenchman wants force on the stage, but so does his

part: he has dexterity, neatness, and *naïveté*, and his part requires no more. No French comedy, since the days of Molière, ventures on strength of character—that depth and vigour of human nature which makes the stage the true picture of human passion. The French comedy is a five-act farce; while the French farce is a *jeu d'esprit*, a lucky thought, a fragment of adventure, with a shadow of wit. But it answers its purpose. *Natio comæda est.* It makes a farce-loving nation lounge night after night to the theatre, and relieves the *ennui* of a fireside without a fire, and a family dying of each other and of nothing to do. For a people whose motto is, A house without a home, the vaudeville was the happiest discovery in the national annals, and was fairly entitled to all the honours of Sancho Panza's panegyric on eating and drinking; "being the best employment under the sun for those who are idle, hungry, or were born to do nothing else in the wide world." The neighbourhood of Tottenham-street is enlightened by an English vaudeville theatre exhibiting some very ingenious performances; but until the manager shall rely more upon his own resources than on the exhausted dramas of the other theatres, he must be content to have the fate of borrowers. His company is chiefly formed of the actors disengaged during the recess of the Haymarket, and comprehends some popular favourites.

The King's Theatre lingered long in that expectant state in which the audience are left to expect every thing. Monsieur Laporte expected the arrival of some of those Pastas and Malibrans which were to cover his stage with glory; and the public reluctantly expected the natural consequences of paying twelve thousand pounds a year for the profits of the King's Theatre, with such singers as Curioni for their Apollo, and Blasis for their Euphrosyne. The new ballet of William Tell was clever, so far as having some good dances, some very showy uniforms, and every thing but an effective story. M. Deshayes may rely upon it that it is next to impossible to manage a conspiracy and a war in a ballet. Love, whether among men or fairies; magic; and the manœuvring of maidens in the various saltatory states of maiden perplexity, art, or passion; romantic adventures, bewildered knights, palaces turned into grottoes, and grottoes blazoned into palaces, by the flourish of a wand; the hunting of stags, wild as their mountain breezes, across a mighty plain thirty feet by sixty; and the joyous sound of the horn of Adonis or Acteon through the depths of a forest reckoning from ten to a dozen trees, are the native subjects of the ballet. Let M. Deshayes look to this field of glory, and then triumph. But let him beware of the nodosities of courts, the indescribable wiliness of a tyrant's heart, the horribly grim and undramatic physiognomy of William Tell, and the abhorrent colour of even the very short petticoats of even the very pretty Mademoiselle de Varennes.

The Covent Garden Theatrical Fund had a grand display in the due season. The Duke of Clarence in the chair, embellished with a whole galaxy of noble contributors.

The Royal Duke sustained his troublesome distinction with great patience, many speeches, and much applause. Mathews, as usual, sang a capital song, which he, as usual, confined to the ears of the ducal circle; for, three yards beyond, not a syllable of it could be distinguished from the "Epsom Races" or the "Nightingale Club." The song was *encored*, in the vain hope of hearing through the hall a little of what it meant; but the second attempt was, if possible, more cloudy than the first; and Mathews sat down under cover of his early laurels, and surrounded with



an atmosphere of applause on the strength of his past reputation. Fawcett concluded the business-part of the night by a speech, sensible and sulky, as usual, and which, abating the grimness, ought to furnish a model to every charitable institution.

For, after all, the *orators* on these occasions make speeches prodigiously alike; all agreeing in steering widely of the mark; and having but the one merit, like that of the new opera-hats, of fitting every occasion equally, and of being equally unfit to have any connexion with the skull of a man who values the opinion of society as to the soundness of his understanding. Fawcett's detail of the actual objects, prospects, and state of the institution, ought to supersede the whole brood of the *orations*. The collection was immense; nearly 1300*l*. Drury Lane followed, and tried, with nearly equal success, its powers of melting noble hearts into sovereigns and shillings.

The unequivocal decline of dramatic writing in England has at length attracted the notice of individuals who are likely to offer the only hope of its restoration. Though genius is not to be created by human expedients, it is perfectly true, that genius may be thwarted by human obstacles to such a degree that it throws up the struggle, and retires in contempt or despair.

It is impossible to believe that England is destitute of dramatic genius, or that it is more destitute than it was during the last half century; or that, with its various and active vigour of mind, it cannot supply the general demands of any species of literature.

The cause of our failure in the drama must be looked for in the circumstances of theatres themselves. In the first place, fifty years ago our winter theatres were comparatively small buildings, in which the chief attraction must be the finished style of the acting, or the dramatic interest of the play. Within the last fifty years, this system was changed, the small theatre was distended into an enormous building, and the direct results of the change were, theatrical debts for the building, increased expenses for the nightly performance, and the necessity of pageants to attract the audience to houses where, from the size, the pleasures of the ear must be replaced by those of the eye. This change has been charged on the late John Kemble. But he must be relieved from the charge; for Drury Lane Theatre had been built by Holland before Kemble had the remodelling of Covent Garden after the fire, and Holland's theatre was more colossal than Kemble's.

In England debt is always the first element of ruin. The formidable expenses of the theatre soon compelled every species of temporary contrivance, to escape utter bankruptcy. To fill the enormous house for the moment, the most extravagant anticipations of the future revenue were made; and popular actors were engaged for short periods at inordinate salaries; spectacle and pageantry became the managerial resource; and upon a few leading favourites, and a pantomime or melodrame, was lavished the revenue which once had under wiser management been spread over the season.

As the immediate consequence of the whole system, authorship was neglected. The manager's demand was for spectacle, which cost little in the authorship, and required scarcely an effort of the pen; but which cost a vast deal in painting and processions, and amply engrossed the carpenters and dancers, and other mere supernumeraries of the drama.

Dramatic writing is singularly difficult, and comparatively the work

of a rare and peculiar kind of talent. So far, it must be stimulated by finding that its labours are sufficiently remunerated. But of all public writing, a play is the most liable to be undone by the commonest contingency: the failure of an actor in his part, a popular prejudice against the writer or the subject, or any one of the common impulses that may urge the multitude to injustice or absurdity, will totally destroy the labours of months in an hour. In fact, dramatic writing, from its peculiarity and from its extreme precariousness, ought to have the prospect of larger emolument, in case of success, than any other exertion of general literature. There is as little doubt, also, that if it were adequately encouraged by managers, its productiveness would rapidly reward their largest remuneration to the writer.

But in the present state of the case, managers expend on a monkey or a pretty puppet, on a dancer or a droll, those resources which would enable them to sustain a succession of original and able plays on the stage. The whole secret of managerial success lies in the power of obtaining the assistance of able dramatists. Where that is neglected, not all the skill of all the scene-painters and spectacle-contrivers on earth can redeem the theatre from ruin.

The course has been run before our eyes a dozen times within a dozen years. Every theatre in London and round London has been plunged in desperate difficulties, and the sponge has been in general the only discharge of the manager.

The nature of property in plays also operates as a formidable obstacle to exertion. It contradicts all the rules of literary property. If an author produce a book, he has his right in it for life, and it is available for a certain period after his decease; and this on the plain reason that the labour of the mind deserves protection as much as the labour of the hands. But the dramatic writer has no such protection. If his play be performed at one London theatre, it may be seized on by every theatre in England, and be turned into a source of profit, no part of which reaches the man most entitled to it. To take the instance of Colman's *John Bull*. For this it is true that he received what was considered at the time a very liberal remuneration, about 1000*l.*; but Harris the manager declared that his theatre cleared by that play 12,000*l.*, and, from its long popularity in the country theatres, the probable produce was not less than 50,000*l.*! If Colman's work had been called a *Novel*, this interfering upon his property would have been arrested by the arm of the law!

But the case is not less unjustifiable when the author chooses to publish his play before its performance. From this moment any theatre may seize upon it, not merely without any remuneration to the writer, but in despite of him; nay, where he had never intended his play for representation. Managers, too, may not merely seize it wholly, but mutilate it, and make it ridiculous in any way they please. This outrage has been so long exclaimed against, that an attempt is likely to be made in the next session to put the dramatist on a footing with other writers, and secure to him the right which every man ought to possess in his own efforts, whether bodily or intellectual.

In France regulations have been long since enacted, by which the author of a successful play is entitled to a tenth of the actual receipts at the door of every theatre throughout the kingdom, as long as it continues to be represented: none can be a fairer arrangement, for the provincial



theatres will not perform the piece longer than they find it worth their while.

In Russia a similar arrangement has been lately enacted. It now remains for the friends of the drama in England to adopt the principle, and by it lay a basis for the revival of the literature of the stage. To the common argument, that the little trifling translations from the French are overpaid already, and that the law needs not take the trouble of making fortunes for the translators, we answer, that those translations have been encouraged only by the dearth of original writing, and that the revival of original writing would rapidly extinguish them, and will be the only thing that can.

The most natural consequence of a law protecting dramatic writing, would be to turn the efforts of men of ability to it as a regular pursuit; the only mode in which great skill in stage-authorship can be attained, or the stage can be supplied with a constant succession of performances adequate to attract a manly popularity. Though Shakspeare and Sheridan are gone, human nature is not fallow for ever; public attention to the rising talent of the stage is a stimulant which has never failed; and we might in the course of a few years see the deserted walls of our theatres crowded by the first personages of the empire, to witness the young genius of men that are in their day to remind us of the imperishable vigour of the British mind.

To the possible objection, that, notwithstanding the French law, the national drama has gone down in France, and the theatres are suffering under serious embarrassments; we are entitled to reply, that no encouragement of law can alter the nature of a people, that the French are by nature *farceurs*, and that they seem incapable of either the sublime or beautiful, the higher tragedy or the higher comedy. Their farces are in general excellent: failing in point of force, they perfectly succeed in the light touches of character, in dexterity of intrigue, and in neatness of phrase. Their dialogue wants point, strength, and peculiarity. But the Frenchman in a farce scarcely requires dialogue. He makes up for the want of wit in words by wit in pantomime: his tongue is scarcely required when he can make free use of his limbs: from the eyebrows to the feet he is all busy with telling his meaning: he wears persuasion in the eternal shrug of his shoulders, and declaims alike with his hand or his heel. So, the French theatres of farce are flourishing; and the *Théâtre de Madame*, in which Scribe produces all his *farceur* spoil from every stage of the earth—German, Spanish, English, Polish, Russian—is the most productive mint within the realm of half the sovereigns of the northern hemisphere.

The public business of Parliament prevented the attempt to make any serious impression on the legislature in behalf of this natural right of authorship. But we rely upon the effect of the universal public conviction that some effort ought to be made to protect one of the very finest triumphs of the human mind. What, at this hour, constitutes the chief glory of Greece, in the eyes of scholarship, but the Greek tragedies? What shines as the central jewel in the coronet of England's intellectual supremacy?—the living glory of Shakspeare's drama. To excite the vigour of the English mind to follow this splendour, would be among the noblest national services, and, for such, the authorship of the stage has a right to call on the highest zeal and energy of the legislature.

## SPECIMENS OF GREAT POETS.

"In my opinion, this song is one of the most capital productions of the author's pen. And in saying thus much, I fairly put it at the head of all poems of the century. It is fuller of raillery than Rogers; more jocose than Jekyll; more butterflyish than Bailey; more mellow than Moore; and more Scottish than Scott. On those grounds, *imprimatur*—"

(Signed) "THE PRO-DEPUTY LICENSER."

## THE ROASTED SOVEREIGN.

COME, all ye gallant gentlemen, who live by being witty,  
Who dandyize in Bond-street, or lounge it in the City;  
Who're sure to gain a livelihood while man can live by lying,  
Come, hear the famous history of a Spanish monarch's frying.

A famous warrior once there was of potentates the paragon;  
His holy law was etiquette, his kingdom it was Arragon.  
Some twenty wives this monarch had, whom in his cups he toasted,  
And next to ruby lips, the Don loved Spanish chesnuts roasted.

One evening all his courtiers stood around him sleek and musky,  
Says he, "I'm tired of state affairs, and drinking makes me husky;  
I'm sick of talking gallantry, my women lately snub me,  
Nay, I'm not sure my best-belov'd some fine day may not drub me.

"So as I'm sick of Parliament, both lower house and upper,  
I think, my lords, my royal will is now to have some supper.  
My father died of mushrooms, and my grandfather of mutton,  
But chesnuts are no poison'd dish, so let the nuts be put on."

The nuts were brought upon the spot, the Monarch's chair was set  
Before the grate, in Spanish state, 't was all by etiquette:  
But while his gaze upon the blaze was gravely ruminating,  
Outstole Whitewand, Goldstick, Blackrod, and all the lords in waiting.

The fire grew hot, the Monarch thought, "the rascals mean to sweat me.  
I'll move my chair, and get some air; no! etiquette won't let me.  
Lord Chamberlain, come back," he roars, "this devilish blaze will melt me.  
The chesnuts, rebel-scoundrels too, have just begun to melt me."

The King thus bored, still danced and roar'd, the fire still kept on blazing,  
At every puff that scorch'd his buff, his voice more loudly raising.  
The flame scorched soon, coat, pantaloons, the blaze soon shaved his beard off;  
But still, to move his chair himself—the thing was never heard of.

The chesnuts did their duty well, the King was cannonaded,  
But not a lord before the blaze his noble face paraded.  
The King was cooking, and if *cook'd*, yet etiquette ne'er hinders  
A king in Spain to roast himself, whene'er he will, to cinders.

But while their monarch roasting sat, the high and mighty lords  
Were all too busy tying on their bag-wigs and their swords;  
Till deck'd in every star and string of which their office boasted,  
They all march'd in to see how look'd a Spanish Sovereign roasted.

First came my Lord High Chancellor, a very hook-nos'd justice,  
With whom the conscience of the King by Spanish law in trust is;  
A peacock in his stride, his brains, his vanity, and train,  
He march'd to give his grave advice, and then—march'd out again.

Then came my Lord the President, with chalkstones in his toes,  
Then Privy Seal with all his blush concentrated in his nose,  
Then Lord Field Marshal Fuggleston, an orator and fighter,  
Whose breath was sulphur, and his eye a two ounce ball of nitre.

They found the King of Arragon still sitting by the fire,  
He neither bade his lords advance, nor bade his lords retire.  
The chesnuts and the King were *done*! Their speeches were in vain:  
They ate the nuts, they left the skins, and then—march'd out again.



## NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

THE state of His Majesty's health still excites the strongest anxiety. The bulletins have alternately raised and depressed the public hopes, until their language seems to have lost every thing in the shape of public confidence. Last week, the effect of an operation seemed to have given the King considerable ease. But later reports speak of the original symptoms returning. The mere length of the illness, now upwards of a month, is alarming. His Majesty's strength of constitution was always remarkable. But time, confinement, and pain, are formidable trials. We still hope the best; for we desire to see no change upon the throne. But why is not Sir Astley Cooper, the most skilful surgeon in the empire, called in? We believe that the King is the only sufferer in England who would not be glad of the assistance of that very able individual.

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We wish that some philanthropist a little more honest than Mr. Hume and a little less prosing than Mr. Goulburn would make a memoir on the number of people annually drowned in the metropolis and its environs by the Commissioners of Woods and Forests. Not that we charge little Lord Lowther with any direct activity in this wholesale havoc, nor believe that a man of his pleasantry would wish to stop any other man's jest by cold affusion in a canal. But if the maxim *qui facit per alium facit per se* is good law, little Lord Lowther is the culprit as much as if he stood and plunged the unwitting into any of the hundred and one contrivances for drowning, which he suffers to exist in full convenience and in the face of day.

A young man employed by the commissioners for watering Hyde Park was nearly drowned a few days ago, in the Serpentine River, the horse having got out of his depth while he was giving it some water. It was found impossible to save the horse, which was valued at forty guineas.

This is the very tenderest case on the subject. And no doubt the lamentation at the office would be that the scales of fate were not changed, and that the horse was the substitute for the man. But there is actually so singular a neglect of life in those matters, that we shall be doing Lord Lowther and his well-paid board a kindness in reminding them that the Serpentine River does not exhibit the most trivial prevention to any one's running headlong into twenty-fathom water; whether the individual be blind, or a child, or an idiot, or drunk, or benighted. A great thoroughfare from Oxford-street to Knightsbridge runs along the edge of a slope, down which if a man tumbles, and a mere trip of the feet will do it, he has no alternative but to roll until he rests at the bottom of the river, when he will probably roll no more. To scramble up against the side wall is out of the question. There is nothing more for him, but to lie quiet and wait the coroner's inquest to be held after he first fishing party on the river.

The reservoir in the Green Park is in precisely the same condition. The banks are walls ten feet high, as smooth as the chisel can make them. The bed provided for the patient is a slope of forty-five degrees, beginning with seven feet of spring water, and ending in a central channel of twenty feet of slough. There a slip is as certain a quietus as if the individual had slipped off the temporary stage in sight of St. Sepulchre's.

The chief mortality of the park ponds is, we will admit, reserved for

Christmas, if we happen to have a frost luckily followed by a rapid thaw; for then gather the skaters, and down they go. Why those ponds should be twenty feet or fathom deep, instead of as many inches, is to be of course accounted for on the Malthusian principle, that the population is surcharged, and the fewer mouths the more bread. But we have a capital exit at all seasons of the year in the canals. London is fairly surrounded with them; and no citizen can visit a tea-house out of the smoke of Moorfields, no milliner's maid take a walk with her admirer, and no disappointed candidate for the common council can rove along their smooth and slippery banks, without finding a single step—a step from the sublime to the ridiculous—enough to set him at his ease in all matters respecting this world for the next thousand years. We call Lord Lowther's attention to the subject, and we rely on his humanity to his own character.

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One circumstance of prodigious national import has occurred since our last publication; Mr. Peel is no more!—Not that he has changed his nature, but he has changed his name. He has had a legacy which we suppose would be of peculiar value to him: he is now Sir Robert Peel, a name which for almost a century designated a very respectable man.

The late Sir Robert Peel began life in the humblest circumstances; no dishonour to him in a country where so many other men have risen to eminence by the labour of their heads and hands.

In 1773 the cotton manufacture started into vigour by the wonderful inventions of Arkwright; and Peel, then twenty-three years old, having been employed in weaving from his infancy, commenced his speculation by a small manufactory in partnership with Yates, a weaver, whose daughter he in a few years after married.

Fourteen years of well-judged speculation produced wealth. Nor should it be omitted that success was attended by a proportionate care of those by whose labour his fortunes were increased. No less than fifteen thousand persons were at one period in his employment. He limited the hours of work, that the growth of the children might not be injured by labour; he provided for those children means of improvement; and he brought a bill into Parliament for the regulation of other establishments, in order to the preservation of the health and morals of the work-people.

In 1797, Peel and his partner subscribed *ten thousand pounds* to the voluntary contributions: he mainly contributed to forming and supporting the Lancashire Fencibles and the Tamworth Armed Association, and raised amongst his own artificers six companies, the Bury Loyal Volunteers, of which he was Lieutenant-Colonel.

Those exertions and his great opulence recommended him to the Government, by which in 1800 he was created a Baronet. He now made his way into Parliament, and took some part in questions relative to trade and manufactures; questions on which practical men, as they are called, are proverbially prejudiced, partial, and absurd; the cotton-manufacturer, of course, looking upon all other trades as public ruin, the pillars of the Constitution as founded on packs, and the world as altogether composed of cotton. The wool-grower is an equal advocate for the necessity of our swallowing nothing but wool; and doubtless Mr. Baring, at least till he is a lord, will persevere in his opinion that the Stock Exchange is the true head and heart of the British Empire. But old Sir Robert, if he



was inveterate in his zeal for cotton, was an honest man, and rational on other points: he gave away a good deal of money in subscriptions and things of that kind, and, having finished his 81st year, died.

There was some nonsense in the papers last year about his having disinherited his *meritorious* son Mr. Robert Peel for his *apostacy*! But this was beyond the calibre of the old weaver. He was doubtless displeased, particularly as he had a few years before given him a handsome draft for a speech on the Protestant side, full promises, pledges, and determinations to live and die, "for the Protestant Constitution, scorn for the blindness of any man who could not see in it the only safety of the state," and horror for the "principles of the miserable man who having once pledged himself to that highest of human causes could waver, much more change!" The old man subsequently found that this was so much money thrown away, and was indignant to the amount of his loss: but even a weaver may be tickled by ambition; and as the worthy speaker was not turned out of his place, he softened to him without delay, and they say was in traffic for a peerage, which he would have got, except that his son Robert, calculating man as he is, did not choose to be forced up into the peers on his demise, where Wellington would not have suffered him to open his lips; that greatest of great orators carrying all the debate on his own shoulders, and having the due opinion of Mr. Peel. But the old man is gone at last; the young man has his purse; and we hope to live to see the day when we shall be supplicated to reinforce it with a penny, in the hands of a broken-down statesman, plying, broom in hand, at the crossing of *Whitehall*!

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There is now a fine opportunity for an architectural entrance to London. The Bank of England has lent £100,000 to the Corporation of the city, to complete the new bridge and its approaches, which is to be repaid on or before July 5, 1858. The bridge will now, of course, go on *swimmingly*, as Alderman Waithman pleasantly pronounces; and the only consideration is, to make the most of its approaches. The entrance by Hyde Park has been totally spoiled as an architectural ornament to the metropolis, by the substitution of two poor performances at the sides for one great portico or arch across the centre of the road. But if the purpose be to give an impression of the grandeur of London to foreigners, London Bridge is the spot, for it is by that way that nine-tenths of the foreigners come. There actually ought to be some attention to this matter in this place, unless we are determined to keep up our old luckless distinction of having the most repulsive entrances of any capital of Europe, and in general of having every thing of the worst kind in architecture, and paying the dearest for it.

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Though Napoleon is now as quiet as his forefathers, yet all that relates to him belongs to the most stirring period of modern history, and his crimes and qualities will form the topic and the lesson of many a generation to come. De Bourrienne's Memoirs of him are undoubtedly the most curious book that has yet appeared relative to this wonder of the nineteenth century. How much of it is exaggeration, or direct falsehood, rests with the writer; though we can readily conceive that De Bourrienne, who himself was a partaker in the crimes and profits of the Napoleon time, must have suppressed a great deal, and *embellished* a great deal more. But where his story tells *against* the hero of his idolatry, we

may believe him ; for there he is a reluctant witness, and his fancy is forced to succumb to his facts. The horrid murder of the Duc d'Enghien has been denied and doubted, and flung from Talleyrand to Savary, and from Savary on half a dozen heads besides. But De Bourrienne fixes it directly on Napoleon, by the fact, that the unfortunate Bourbon's grave was dug before his trial, and almost at the moment of his arrival in Paris!

"On the evening of the day before yesterday, when the prince arrived, I was asked whether I had a room to lodge a prisoner in; I replied, no—that there were only my room and the council-chamber. I was told to prepare instantly an apartment in which a prisoner could sleep who was to arrive that evening. I was also desired to dig a pit in the court-yard. I replied that that could not be easily done, as the court-yard was paved. The moat was then fixed upon, and there the pit was dug. The prince arrived at seven o'clock in the evening ; he was perishing with cold and hunger. He did not appear dispirited. He said he wanted something to eat, and to go to bed afterwards. His apartment not being yet sufficiently warmed, I took him into my own, and sent into the village for some refreshment. The prince sat down to table, and invited me to eat with him. He then asked me a number of questions respecting Vincennes—what was going on there, and other particulars. He told me that he had been brought up in the neighbourhood of the castle, and spoke to me with great freedom and kindness. 'What do they want with me?' he said. 'What do they mean to do with me?' But these questions betrayed no uneasiness or anxiety. My wife, who is ill, was lying in the same room in an alcove closed by a railing. She heard, without being perceived, all our conversation, and she was exceedingly agitated, for she recognized the prince, whose foster-sister she was, and the royal family had given her a pension before the revolution. The prince hastened to bed ; but before he could have fallen asleep, the judges sent to request his presence in the council-chamber. I was not present at his examination ; but when it was concluded he returned to his chambers, and when they came to read his sentence to him he was in a profound sleep. In a few moments after he was led out for execution. He had so little suspicion of the fate that awaited him, that on descending the staircase leading to the moat, he asked where they were taking him. He received no answer. I went before the prince with a lantern. Feeling the cold air which came up the staircase, he pressed my arm, and said, 'Are they going to put me into a dungeon?'—The rest is known."

This was the declaration which Harrel, one of the culprits, made to De Bourrienne. How then can we regret the retributive justice that cast down the murderer, and sent him to die a death of disgrace and imprisonment in the midst of the ocean ! that extinguished his dynasty, broke down the royalty of his family, flung them out as wanderers through the earth, and has imprinted an eternal brand upon the name, that but a few years ago shook the European world to its centre !

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One of the papers thus observes on the attempt to enclose Hampstead Heath.

"*Hampstead Heath saved.*—As good cockneys, our hearts are rejoiced to find that the attempt to deface that beautiful spot, Hampstead Heath, by covering it with bricks and mortar, is again defeated. The



bill, which was first introduced last year, and rejected, has been again thrown out by the House of Lords. It is not every selfish and contemptible scheme that can obtain the sanction of Parliament."

Without being good cockneys, we share in the rejoicing that this miserable and selfish project has been scouted. The name of Thomas Maryon Wilson may not have reached the ears of many of his majesty's subjects; but if, instead of a pair of Christian names, he had a dozen, we exult in seeing his paltry contrivance for putting money in his already over-charged pocket utterly and contemptuously defeated. We rejoice when avarice is exposed and put to scorn; and we trust that if this man shall make any further attempts of the kind, they will be as carefully watched by the people, and as promptly and disdainfully put down by the legislature. The enclosure of the few heaths and open spaces about London ought to be resisted by more than the individuals immediately resident on the spot. The health of every great city depends much on the opportunities of fresh air and exercise afforded to the people. It depends, too, in a great degree on their cheerfulness and the innocence of their amusements. And who shall make a comparison in any of those points between a people cramped up in the streets and alleys of a mighty province of brick, and a people with the opportunities of enjoying the open country, breathing air unpolluted by city smoke, and refreshing their eyes, and their feelings too, by the pure and almost sacred aspect of nature? Government has been faulty in its neglect of providing public walks and rural recreations for the population of London. The most petty city on the continent has more cheerful promenades, and pleasanter excitements for out-of-doors' exercise, than the opulent city of London. We will allow that something has been done of late years. The Regent's Park is undoubtedly a fine improvement; though, from its being locked up, the people can only indulge themselves with the sight of verdure. St. James's Park also has undergone a change. But somehow or other there is a heaviness about all those places, that makes them less like the great resort of a wealthy and healthy population than the walks of an hospital.

There is a vast deal of nonsense talked every session about the revenues of the clergy. On the motion in the House of Lords for the second reading of the bill for enabling the Bishop of London to grant leases, the Bishop himself took occasion to advert to Mr. Baring's statements in the House of Commons on the amount of church revenues. His own income had been alluded to as approaching to £100,000. He begged to state that the fixed revenues of the see did not amount to one fourteenth, nor did it, with all casualties and contingencies amount to one seventh of the sum in question. Here the statement of Mr. Baring is flatly contradicted. Yet we are to suppose that this patriotic passer of bank-notes feels himself quite as honest and trustworthy a person, as if he had not been detected in talking without any kind of knowledge on the subject. But is it a public crime that a man whose profession implies learning (and in the present instance it is learning of no trivial degree), peculiar attention to morals, public decorum, general benevolence, and religious duty, should have £20,000 a year, or more? Or is it a crime that a man should have this money who is guilty of wearing a black coat? Let it be remembered who make the bishops: if they are not universally the men they ought to be, the blame must fall on the government which

chooses them; for there can be no doubt, that among the British clergy, able, learned, and virtuous men are to be found for all the higher situations. But let us suppose that a bishopric placed the disposal of 100,000*l.* a year in the hands of an able and virtuous man, would it be a worse distribution for the public than if it were placed in the hands of some booby squire? In the former case, we are nearly sure that some portion of it will be turned to the public good; that orphans will feel it in their education, widows and the helpless in their support; morals in their countenance by such an authority; and learning, not simply in its direct patronage, but in its still more ample and honourable excitement by the mere proof that it is capable of rising to such estimation and public power. But what is this money in the hands of a squire, or any of those to whom property falls by inheritance? On those men there is no necessity for spending a shilling with a view to character. The 100,000*l.* goes loose through the common and unclean conduits of foolish expenditure. Yet no one blames the prodigal. We see no upturned eyes against one noble lord who lives behind the scenes of the Opera-house; nor against another, who idles away his years, and scatters his money abroad in the vices and absurdities of continental life. Who inquires into the empty fooleries, for instance, of a noble lord who transports himself and his forty thousand a year to Rome, and lavishes upon the worn-out mummerly of the place the money that should be spent in generous hospitality among his English neighbours, or in encouraging the honest tenantry by whom this empty fellow is kept above the necessity of working for his daily bread? But the noble Lord wears a blue coat, and does *not* wear a wig; and therefore no man will say that the noble Lord is doing what it should disgrace the possessor of property to do: and as he has come to his possessions by the accident of being the nephew of an old lord as useless and empty as himself, and not by being known for any one accomplishment or attainment, science or manly and intellectual distinction under the sun, therefore every body must acknowledge that he has the most perfect moral right to honour and distinction. Far be it from us to doubt all this, or to believe that there should be any human way to opulence or rank in society but by the accident of being the son or nephew of some old cumberer of the ground; or that absenteeism, or prodigality, or brute superstition, or lumpish idiotism, are not all praiseworthy where they are to be found in a blue coat without a wig, and uncoupled with a pretence to serve the public in any way whatsoever.

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The ministry of the King's Theatre is, like the ministry of the King's Cabinet, at this moment over head and ears in perplexity. Consultations and couriers succeed each other with an alarming rapidity, and every post letter dropt at the stage-door produces a general despatch of summonses to all the grand functionaries of the *menus plaisirs* for fifty miles round London.

“It is said that Taglioni, Montessu, and Paul will be restrained from selling their *pedefactures* of pas and pirouettes in England this year; and it is even feared that Coulon and Varennes may be recalled. Laporte intends in the first instance to petition the Comte de la Rochefoucault against the issuing of so harsh an injunction; and, should he fail of success in that quarter, he will move the *Court* (as the lawyers say) to have it dissolved. This will indeed be a test of the sincerity of princes,



of the gratitude of the Bourbons; for *les dieux de la danse* are the very household gods of the Parisians; and in spite of the Duchess of Angoulême, they would rather give up a host of *heels* than one of these their penates."

But Field Marshal First Lord of the Treasury Laporte tells a very different story, goes round the printing world with an indefatigable smile, and pledges his laurels that Taglioni and the other Parisian *brilliant*s are already enlisted with him, and that they shall and will *con-*  
*descend* to delight and dazzle the John Bull eye before the sun has gone another sign down the zodiac.

Our lovers of liberty exclaim furiously against the restraints laid by the French government on those opera people. But "our withers are unwrung;" we have no tears for the fetters which compel a figurante to limit the display of her figure to Paris, and keep herself, her antics, and her vices, a couple of hundred miles from the plunder of London. When we recollect what a set opera people are, the notorious habits of their lives, and the results upon English society, we should feel no incurable anguish if the whole establishment were prohibited from ever setting foot in England.

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One of our English absurdities is the sudden importance that a man assumes in society by deserving total exclusion from it. The wretch who lives by thieving or housebreaking is, of course, looked on as he deserves, while he happens to be *out* of jail. But the moment of his detection erects him into a public object. The sentimental make speeches about him, and the lovers of Magna Charta discover that liberty and property are violated in every restraint on his volition.

At a meeting of the Middlesex Magistrates, Sir George Hampson proposed that refractory convicts in the House of Correction should have their hair cut off, for not conforming to the prison discipline. The motion was lost, but another to the same effect as regards females was carried. It is hinted that a celebrated perruquier means to contract with the visiting magistrates for the *crop*, as false fronts are now much used by the haut ton. The forensic wig-makers will give any price for grey locks, as the gentlemen of the gown have abjured powder.

Some of our contemporaries instantly exclaimed against the horrors of cutting off a felon's hair. Yet except so far as it might impair his beauty, we see no great harm done. That it may be a more painful operation than flogging, or more embarrassing to the bodily frame than chains, or more toilsome than a month's hard labour, we have not heard; though we do not mean to dispute the statement when we shall have heard it. But in our plain style of thinking, as prisons were made for keeping felons in order, we cannot see the serious injury of making them orderly, even by means of such melancholy severity as cutting off the flowing honours of their brows. The infliction appears to have been exercised upon the females, who might be supposed to care more about their ringlets; and yet we have had neither a petition to parliament nor a rebellion in the prison; and in this opinion we shall be likely to remain, until shaving is declared contrary to the Rights of Man!

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O'Connell is making an ass of himself. The fact is beyond all denial. His brawling does very well in the Corn Exchange, where he has a mob

of his own holy patriots to echo him ; or in taverns when the human intellect is invigorated by the third bottle. But in St. Stephen's he "will not do ;" that is the verdict of the sagacious in those matters. They can endure a good deal of brawling, but he overdoes all their sufferance : they can listen to a certain number of gross exaggerations, or saucy taunts, or dashing defiance, but they cannot listen to a man who gives them nothing else. In short O'Connell is undone, so far as St. Stephen's is concerned ; a lost patriot, an extravasated man of the "gem of the sea." His exhibition on the Doherty case a few nights ago was the winding up of his parliamentary career. Doherty threw down the gauntlet in the style of one who knew the temper of the house. "He," (O'Connell) said Doherty, "has unsparingly brought charges against me in taverns, in the street, before the rabble—before those amongst whom I go, not as a volunteer, but as the delegate of the Lord Lieutenant, with important and sacred duties to perform, which I trust I do perform faithfully, fearlessly, and, notwithstanding the assertion of the learned gentleman, mercifully. (*Cheers.*) I trust that, whenever the learned gentleman shall find *courage* to bring forward his motion, I shall be able to prove the *utter falsehood* of his daily and ordinary *slanders* !" (*Loud cheers.*)

O'Connell, in reply, talked *ore rotundo* about the necessity of discharging what he deemed his duty.—"I will not be deterred from doing my duty fearlessly by any man, however he may be supported. In saying fearlessly, I allude not to that species of courage which is recognized in a court of honour, and of which I know nothing. There is blood upon this hand—I regret it deeply—and he knows it. He knows that I have a vow in heaven, else he would not have ventured to address me in such language, or to presume that insolence should go unpunished. [*Loud cries of "Oh !" "Order !" and laughter.*] He knows it ; and there is not one man in the circle of our acquaintance but knows it also, and knows, at the same time, that but for that vow he dares not address me as he has done. [*Very loud cries of "Order" from all parts of the House.*] I retract."

Fine employment this for the "collective !" Valuable occupation of the time and talents of that *gifted race* whom we have sent "to bear the weight of Monarchies," and talk Wisdom for us and our posterity ! But a speech in the style of O'Connell's must be considered by any man of even half his shrewdness as the last dying speech of his oratorical glories, in any house short of the Corn Exchange itself. The "blood on the hand," the "vow in heaven,"—that voluntary vow, which suffers every thing to go forth that the man's mind can prompt and his tongue utter, while it secures him from fear of *re-action*—are fine figures of speech, but they are not well received in English society ; and the general opinion is, that an orator who will not run the natural risk of this flourishing style should not indulge in the luxury of delivering his opinions so much at his ease. He does not start fair with the world. He tells his story without any notion of being called to account for it ; and in English society "the counsellor's" latitude of tongue, we once more say, "will not do !" He had better go home again, and figure in the Corn Exchange.

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It would seem that the allusion made in his late speech, by Mr. Brougham, to his having refused office, relates not to the office of Lord



Chancellor, but to that of Chief Baron, which was offered to him, by Mr. Canning, and refused.

So say the wise: but they do not add what they ought, that Brougham was willing enough to take employment under Canning, if he could get the place he wanted: this was the Mastership of the Rolls, a handsome affair of 8,000*l.* a year, and a sinecure, while old Eldon sat in the Chancery; though it is a very different thing, now that a very different lawyer sits there. But Leach, who tantalized him with four physicians at a time, and pretended to be for half a dozen months at Death's door, is now a keen, quick, vivid, old official; struts about the parks with his old gaiety; *looks in* at the Opera with his old gallantry, and ten to one will yet see Brougham's exit from this disappointing world.

*Old Books.*—At the sale of the library of the late William Simonds Higgs, esq. F.A.S., under the hammer of Messrs. Sotheby and Son, many of the books brought extraordinary prices. We subjoin a few specimens.

|  | £  | s. |   | £  | s. |
|--|----|----|---|----|----|
| Davis's Secrets of Angling; a few leaves (no date) . . . . . | 12 | 0  | A Booke of the Hoole Lyf of Jason; Caxton, 1475 . . . . .                             | 87 | 3  |
| Walton's Angler; first edition, 1653                         | 11 | 0  | The Golden Legende; Wynkyn de Worde, 1527 . . . . .                                   | 26 | 0  |
| Walton and Cotton's Angler Illustrated (no date) . . . . .   | 63 | 0  | Shyp of Folyes; Rycharde Pynson, 1509 . . . . .                                       | 21 | 0  |
| Cronicles of England; Caxton, 1480                           | 73 | 10 | The Grete Herball; Lanrens Andrewes, 1527 . . . . .                                   | 29 | 8  |
| Discription of Bretagne; Caxton, 1480 . . . . .              | 27 | 6  | Liber Precum; a Missal executed for Charles VII. King of France, about 1430 . . . . . | 94 | 10 |
| Cronycle of England; Julian Notary, 1515 . . . . .           | 43 | 10 |   |    |    |
| Dives et Pauper; Rycharde Pynson, 1498 . . . . .             | 30 | 9  |   |    |    |

Now, what can be more culpable, short of direct robbery, than this? Here are about 500*l.* thrown away in the purchase of a dozen books; not one of them intrinsically worth sixpence. We thus have 12*l.* given for what?—Davis's Secrets of Angling, important production! and of that even only a few leaves. How justly the purchaser must hug himself on the possession of such a treasure! We have 73*l.* given for the "Cronicles of England," not worth half the number of farthings. But then it has had the merit of being printed four hundred years ago, and having escaped the teeth of mice and time. The possessor must therefore think his money incomparably expended: he may survey it upon his shelves, rejoice in its dust, and luxuriate over the consciousness that if there are fools like himself in the world, ready to buy every abortion of printing, they must lay out their money on some other fragment of a volume.

What prompts this silliness? It is not love of literature; for the buyers of those rags and patches would see living literature expire, before they would give a shilling to keep it alive. It is not admiration of the first struggles of a noble art, for they are in general ignorant of every thing on the subject but what they learn from the auctioneer. It is the ridiculous ambition of having what men of sense would despise, and men of learning throw away. But it is theirs exclusively; they have what nobody else may have; and they thus realise, outside the walls of St. Luke's, the melancholy burlesque within—rejoice in their clay diamonds and their straw crowns.

But is there not a stern responsibility laid upon the possessors of wealth? Are they not accountable for its use to a higher tribunal than

their own grasping or invidious propensities? Would not those five hundred pounds have been like a change from death to life to almost as many hundred human beings? Are there not the hungry to be fed, and the houseless to be sheltered, and the struggling to be helped, and the wounds of the broken heart to be healed? But what good can be done to man by throwing away this sum for miserable shreds and patches of mongrel and obsolete volumes? We know that personal indulgence may claim the first share of our opulence, and that a man of wealth is not required to think in the first instance of the suffering multitudes round him. But still, needless expenditure is a crime, the waste of money on a jealous and capricious propensity is a crime, the purchase of useless books for the mere purpose of exclusive possession is a crime, ay, and as great a one as if we flung the money of the poor and orphan into the sea.

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A few nights ago a polished-looking person presented himself as a visiter to Lady Strong (the whipper-in's wife). From his appearance the servant took him for one of those gentlemen who are in the habit of discussing arrangements of all kinds, public and private, with the whipper-in. The name assumed, too, was fond and familiar to the lackey's ear; it was *Grant*, a "parliamentary grant" of course; and as nothing under that engaging title could be capable of a repulse, the gentleman was ushered in. He called for a pen and ink, to send up what the footman may have conjectured to be his opinion on the present state of majorities; and on his being left alone, vanished with a saltspoon; thus depriving the excellent whipper-in of his whole service of plate. We hope that so meritorious a public servant will not be left to sink under a loss, which may be said to have been incurred on public grounds!

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Colonel Berkeley, a gentleman so perfectly well known that we are hopeless of adding to his fame, is now struggling for a peerage. His success will add to the ornaments of the house, already ornamented as it is; and we only hope that Lord Ellenborough will not be jealous of a man so calculated to rival his distinctions.

The Lords have had some sittings as a Committee of Privileges on the subject of the Berkeley peerage. The peculiarity of this case is, that the claim is vested in the foundation of a tenure of land; Colonel Berkeley relying, in support of his claim, solely on his having the freehold in his possession, and the castle and barony of Berkeley, the possessors of which had, in very early times, been, in virtue of their tenure, called by summons to attend the King in his Council and Parliament.

Titles of this kind are not uncommon in France, and are every-day-work in Italy. There the man who cleans boots or curls wigs to-day may to-morrow figure before mankind as the Baron of Thundertentrunk, or my Lord Duke of Dunderhead. A marriage to some old widow or enamoured maiden of seventy, or the disposal of the wages of a lucky speculation in human hair, may erect the most miserable devil on earth into My Lord! But *here* such things have not been hitherto; and we confess that our admiration for the personal character of the gallant and *galant* colonel is not exactly of that height which makes us anxious to see the change commence in his person.

Lord Eldon is clearly against the claim; and the objections which have started up in the sagacious mind of that first of lawyers are too striking to be easily set aside. They are a very curious specimen of



strength and acuteness combined. "It was plain that the claim rested on tenure: but what was the nature or kind of the tenure? Was it tenure in fee? If it was, did the claim depend on the legal estate? or did it extend to the equitable?—Suppose he (Lord Eldon) were tenant in fee of the castle and barony of Berkeley, would he be Lord Berkeley?—Suppose the tenant having the legal estate should mortgage it, and the mortgagee were in possession, would the mortgagee, as having the legal estate, be Lord Berkeley? or would the mortgagor be Lord Berkeley, as having the equitable estate? or would both of them be Lords Berkeley?—Did the peerage belong to the tenant in tail, or the tenant for life, as well as to the tenant in fee? It must be made out that it did; for this was only a tenure for life.—Suppose the estate were sold, would the peerage pass along with it?—Suppose the tenant became insolvent, and the estate should be sold by the Insolvent Debtors' Court, could the peerage be sold along with it? The estate for life, too, in this case, was subject to a term for years. Suppose the termor in possession, would the tenant for life be a peer notwithstanding?"

Here are six suppositions, any one of which might be branched into ten times the number, and of which the tenth part might be fatal to the claim. On the whole, we think that the colonel, at the head of 30,000*l.* a-year—a colonel, too, though of militia, a capital fox-hunter, a conductor of theatres, a first figure at balls, and prodigiously sought in matrimony by all the match-making mammas in Gloucestershire—may think himself well off as he is. Why should he want the peerage? we are perfectly assured that the peerage does not want him!

A capital work has just been produced by Mr. Burke, which will complete all that was wanting to the public acquaintance with our official ranks, and personages of all kinds. His "*Heraldic Dictionary of the Peerage and Baronetage*" has already become a standard volume, and deserves it, for accuracy and knowledge. The present work is entitled—" *The Official Kalender for 1830; or a detail of the public institutions, public functionaries, of army, church, and state, of the colonies, &c., of the sovereigns, and royal families of Europe, &c.*" In fact, of every thing that a man who wants to know any thing about public appointments in the British empire and its connexions might look for in a dozen other volumes, and look for in vain. We wish that Mr. Burke had annexed the *salaries* of our *officials*, and of our *sinecurists* too! but the work, as it stands, is excellent, and must be as popular as it is undoubtedly useful, clever, and well-informed.

## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

*Bourienne's Memoirs of Napoleon*, 4 vols. 8vo.—Few persons could ever have had such facilities for observing Napoleon as Bourienne. He was his schoolfellow at Brienne, his correspondent when apart, and in the early period of the revolution, while neither had any thing to do, roamed the streets of Paris with him from café to café. At Leoben, the very day in which preliminaries of peace were signed, he joined the conqueror of Italy no longer as a comrade and equal, but as private secretary, in which capacity he acted without interruption through succeeding events till the consular appointment of Napoleon for life, enjoying, if not always his open confidence, at least the most unbounded opportunities for observing his conduct and detecting his motives of action. From that period his personal intercourse with him ceased; he saw Napoleon only once more; but held an office of political importance at Hamburgh for the last five or six years of the imperial power.

But opportunity is not all that is requisite for correct communications and just estimates—fairness, freedom from prejudice, exemption from private bias, and moreover competency of intelligence and soundness of judgment, are equally essential. With want of what is vaguely termed common honesty, Bourienne is perhaps scarcely chargeable; but that he is so with what amounts in effect to the same thing, almost every page of his voluminous performance will prove. He makes frequent pretensions to ingenuousness, which, by the way, the translator always writes *ingenious*, probably as the more appropriate word. The man manifestly thinks himself, in all but military matters, a cleverer fellow than his master; and while writing himself the agent of his manœuvres and mendacities, takes credit for repressing violence and intercepting injustice, all in the tone of a man of the purest sentiments and most unsullied honour. While professing admiration, scarcely is a fact produced which does not tend to depreciate his friend and patron. These facts—we are not alluding merely to political matters—we do not question generally; we have no doubt Napoleon was very much of a charlatan, as many or most great men have proved, the more closely they have been scanned, and we are by all fair means for reducing every man to his proper level: but the attempt before us does not come gracefully from one who, though suffering from caprice or mistake, owed every thing to him; nor does it come acceptably from one who knows the showing up of the old master is the way to please the new one. Bourienne manifestly writes under the fear or favour of the reigning dynasty. The impression left by the perusal of Bourienne's book, if we lose sight of the author and his views, is one of loathing for Napoleon. Our admiration of ability and vigour is swallowed

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up in disgust at the absence of honourable feeling, and the quackery of the braggart. We forget the talent in the trickery of the man. This is too much. Moore has, without doubt, sunk both Sheridan and Byron considerably in the estimation of the world; but that is because he will tell all; while Bourienne will tell only the bad, or, if he reports the good, does it with a twist. Sir Walter Scott's life of Napoleon is the object of Bourienne's especial vituperation; it is with him a mere romance, a lying chronicle, prompted by national hatred and a calumnious spirit: when all the while the source of this abuse is, that Scott gives Napoleon credit where credit is due; and upon the whole leaves a more agreeable, and we doubt not a juster impression, than is suitable to his views. He contradicts him point blank in scores of places, but generally on insignificant points, and certainly such as call not for the vehemence and bitterness he displays against him. Sir Walter's novels are histories, and his histories novels. "I have been assured," he says, "that Marshal MacDonald having offered to introduce him to some generals, who could have furnished him with the most accurate information respecting military events, the glory of which they had shared, Sir W. replied, I thank you, but I shall collect my information from popular report." Alluding to the plague which broke out with new virulence in the French army after the siege of Jaffa, Sir Walter says—rhetorically of course—"Heaven sent this pestilence among them to avenge the massacre of Jaffa. This is double silliness, replies Bourienne. In the first place, *it would have been better for Heaven to have prevented the massacre*; in the next, Kleber's division caught the seeds of the malady at Damietta." This reminds us of Count de Narbonne. Some stupid prefect, in an address to Napoleon, said 'God made Bonaparte, and rested.' It would have been well, remarked De Narbonne, had he rested a little sooner. Narbonne was not *then* in the imperial service.

Bourienne deals about his censures pretty liberally. The Duke of Rovigo, in his estimate, seems entitled to no credit at all. He will neither refute his assertions, nor correct his errors—for they are voluntary.

It is too evident, he observes, that endowed with a posthumous zeal, perhaps unexampled, he has made his memoirs nothing else than a long panegyric on every thing done by Bonaparte, many of whose actions were, without doubt, grand, immense, even generous, such as make a great show in history; but he committed others from the odium of which he cannot be absolved, and among these I include, without hesitation, but not without reflection, the death of Pichegru. On this, no more than on other points, do I feel inclined to credit the assertions made by Bonaparte at St. Helena.

This is a fair specimen of the tone of the whole work.



Bourienne's magnanimous retort upon some receiving personal insult is perfectly amusing. Upon some occasion Bonaparte was in high wrath, and, on Bourienne's attempting to soothe him, flung the door in his face.

He accompanied this action, says Bourienne, which was almost convulsive, with an appellation not to be borne; he exclaimed, in the presence of M. de Talleyrand, Leave me alone; you are a — fool. At an insult so atrocious, I confess that anger, which had already mastered the first consul, suddenly seized on me. I thrust the door forward with as much impetuosity as he had used in attempting to close it; and scarcely knowing what I said, exclaimed, You are a hundred times a greater fool than I am!

On some other occasion, when urged by a messenger from Bonaparte for an answer on some disagreeable subject, Bourienne bade the man tell Napoleon he might go to the devil!

One little anecdote of Bonaparte, immediately after being appointed consul.

Before taking possession of the Tuilleries, we had frequently gone there to see that the repairs, or rather the plastering, which Bonaparte had directed to be done, was executed. On our first visit, seeing a number of red caps of liberty painted on the walls, he said to Le Comte, at that time the architect of the Tuilleries, *Brush all these things out: I do not like to see such rubbish.*

*Traits of Scottish Life, and Pictures of Scenes and Character*; 3 vols. 12mo.—So familiar have we been made of late years with the dialect of Scotland, and the peculiarities of the wilder natives of the country, that we seem now almost to the "manners born," and as much at home with them (perhaps more) as with those of many districts of England, and especially of Wales. They come to us of the south recommended by all the graces of description, and our acquaintance with them is wholly through books; they are stripped of all the coarseness of reality, and produce none of the disgust which attends the encounter and contact with the rudeness of our own rough peasantry. The writer of these volumes is a new volunteer in the old field, well qualified by close acquaintance with the country to cope with his predecessors; but he must sharpen his manner and quicken the pace of his incidents, if he hopes to come up and keep abreast with them. He is far too prosing for narrative: he claims at the outset, it is true, the privilege of digressing as he pleases, but that is not the same thing with the claims being allowed; and, besides, it is not of digressing we complain, but of stretching and wire-drawing. He keeps sufficiently to the point, but he does not despatch—he trusts nothing to the reader's imagination, who, while he would gladly give him full credit for the power of multiplying phrases, is compelled to leap over page after page of moralizing. The principal tale, occupying one whole volume, is the most intolerable in this respect—it almost completely smothers

the little interest the story might otherwise possess. It is entitled *The Secret Marriage*. A Scotch clergyman, a gentleman in manner, and a scholar in acquirement, is living on terms of great intimacy with a family in his neighbourhood who have two beautiful daughters: in the education and conduct of both he is deeply interested, especially the eldest. The narrator and a young friend meet the old minister and visit his manse, where they are struck by the extraordinary symptoms of affection on the part of the old gentleman towards the young lady, and particularly with her resemblance to a picture in the manse. With this charming girl the narrator's friend becomes enamoured, and their mutual attachment is warmly promoted by the minister, when he at length is taken suddenly and dangerously ill, and a discovery takes place. The young lady is his own daughter, and she all at once finds herself thrown into new relations, with the loss of those she had cherished in ignorance. The ground of this concealment?—a very addled one. The minister had married the daughter of a man of family, to whose brother as well as herself he had been tutor—a dangerous position, by the way, for a young man always. The enraged father renounced his daughter for her degenerate taste, and she, unhappily, died of her first child. The bereaved husband was paralyzed, and his establishment was falling to ruin, when an old friend came to console him, whose own wife had just lost a new-born child. Arrangements were made for his friend's wife to take his little orphan, and himself to reside in the neighbourhood. There he obtained the living, and superintended his child's education, without disclosing his parental relationship, for one motive or another, till his deathbed, &c. The "Death of the Laird of Craigwold" is a mixture of second-sight with a little diablerie. The laird, a hard master and a griping landlord, finally meets with his deserts by being plunged down a precipice in his carriage, conducted to the fatal spot by an apparition visible only to the coachman, and foreseen or dreamed of by an old woman who had still less to do with the laird's guilt than the coachman.

The family of Glenhowan consists of an unlicked laird and his two unmarried sisters. The laird suddenly marries, to the great annoyance of the old maids, who harass the poor wife till she is compelled to take flight. The young cub of an heir is humorously described. Some of the smaller pieces in the third volume are well sketched, particularly Glenmannow, a tenant on the Duke of Queensbury's estate a century ago, remarkable for his herculean proportions and strength. Attacked by a party of six troopers, sent by the duke for the fun of the thing, he laid hold of one of them, and made use of him as a club to batter down the rest with. *The Rock of the Dead* is a painful tale of two brothers, who were rivals, one of whom in a fit of jealous rage strikes the other to the

death, &c. A considerable sprinkling of poetry is scattered over the volumes: it requires patience to work through it.

*Family Library.—Dramatic Series, vol. I., Plays of Massinger.*—Well, we do not like mutilations of this kind, nor can the motives alleged for making them reconcile us to them. They tend to the ruin of individual characteristics, to confusion, and of course to erroneous estimates in literary history. We shall by degrees, if the principle of excision goes on—*alii alias causas interserentes*—not be able to recognise old acquaintance, nor distinguish the features of one age from another. If Massinger be too coarse to be read, let him be forgotten; which abstaining from re-publication will effectually do for him. Be the motive—we shall not call it the pretence—ever so pure and desirable, the execution of the scheme will defeat its own object; it will awaken a curiosity, that would otherwise have remained dormant, to see what it is that has been cut out, and the poison will thus circulate wider than before. The common pride of intellect, especially of *young* intellect, is piqued at not being allowed to judge for itself; and no wonder—for who, young or old, likes restriction? to have that withheld from them which others possess? or will patiently bear to be told, There is more, but it is not fit for *you* to read? If the young acquiesce, it will often be with the resolution of indemnifying themselves the first favourable opportunity. The intention is to publish Massinger, Beaumont, Fletcher, Ford, Shirley, Webster, Middleton, and others, omitting all such scenes and passages as are inconsistent with the delicacy and refinement of modern taste and manners. Whenever it is possible, the play will be printed entire; but when there is a radical evil in the groundwork of the play, only a single act or a few scenes will be given; but in such cases, it seems, care will be taken to preserve the interest of an entire and connected story. Our objection is, it will not be Massinger.

Of Massinger the poet, nothing is certainly known, but that he lived, wrote, and died; and the editor is obliged to eke out a few pages in visionary conjectures, on which he himself says thinking is literally a waste of thought. A little stage-talk fills out a few more, as to the state of things when theatres were first built in Elizabeth's reign. The first was in 1569; it is supposed somewhere in Blackfriars. The editor establishes the contested fact of painted and moveable scenes in the days of Shakspeare.

*Excerpta Historica, or Illustrations of English History, Part I., March, 1830.*—Among the multitude of books now publishing periodically, this is one that well deserves encouragement, but one which from lack of popular topics stands a good chance of being pretty generally overlooked. It relates wholly to times gone by; has nothing to do with current facts, nor indulges in any glowing or

gloomy anticipations of the future. Its purpose is the publication of cotemporary documents relative to English history; not merely political instruments, like Rymer's *Fœdera*, &c. but antiquarian information in a liberal sense; articles of private and even domestic interest, illustrative, at the same time, of morals, manners, customs, literature, and arts. Any thing like order and arrangement will not, of course, be aimed at; it is miscellaneous in its nature. It offers a register for curious matter at present buried in dust; and little anticipation of particulars can be made. The expectation of the editor is sanguine; and certainly the British Museum contains masses of unexamined materials, or at least unexamined with the views of the publishers. Among the literary articles of this first portion, is a poem on the Assault of Massoura, in the crusade headed by Louis, written in French, but evidently by an Englishman, or a person filled with English feelings. The most interesting particulars are relative to the valour and death of Wm. de Longespee, whose father was the natural son of Henry II. by the fair Rosamond. A translation is printed with the Poem, very ably executed; and the introductory matter is written in good taste, without any parade. The original is written in a cotemporary hand, and is preserved in the Cottonian MS. Julius A. v. in the British Museum, being preceded in that volume by a copy of Peter de Langtoft's Chronicle in French, and other pieces of the 13th century. This, however, is not enough to identify it as Langtoft's, as the editor seems inclined to do. The extracts from Henry VII.'s privy purse expenses exhibit some curious items, little to have been expected from that stern and close-fisted monarch. The papers relative to the building of Eton are curious—the warrants for impressing workmen, the grant of relics, and especially the grant of arms, with the hidden meaning of its heraldry, probably new to Etonians.

*Chronicles of a School-room, by Mrs. S. C. Hall.*—These are interesting little sketches, given as the recollections of a venerable lady, a retired schoolmistress, who had for some thirty or forty years kept a kind of select and *finishing* establishment for young ladies at Little Hampton. The good lady, of course, was none of your routine performers in this way; she was an original and inventive artist; she knew how to handle her tools and materials; estimating qualities shrewdly and correctly, and turning all to valuable purposes; full of expedient, and all but converting black into white, or wholly so, if, indeed, she could make the perverse amiable, and the spiteful kind and candid. Her success was wonderful, and she had often awkward subjects to deal with. One an Irish girl, "tall, of twelve years old, with rough red hair, prominent features, remarkable for want of expression, and large development, added to a painful deficiency of



every thing like grace of motion; her voice was loud and discordant, and her brogue of the most vulgar tone; a map of defects," &c. But even this lump of deformity was speedily licked into shape, and turned out one of the most amiable and effective members of society; conflicting bravely, and of course successfully, with difficulties; governing, marrying, and finally benefiting her husband's "comfortable tenantry, bodies and souls, more than all the thousand and one writers for and against Catholic emancipation ever did (she dare not venture to say *ever could*) effect." A story of two Indian girls—not half-castes, though one of them is something of the brownest, but the daughters of an English merchant with a Dutch name, and a French lady—betrays a lack of acquaintance with the circumstances of Indian society, and is mixed up with another of a black sheep which had crept into the school, a young lady of *nineteen*, who comes among them a perfect esprit fort, and sets systematically about enlightening the younger pupils. The examination of the delinquent, when detected, before the parson of the parish, throws an air of ridicule over the whole, full before of unlikelihoods. Another tale of two sisters, one perfectly blind, the other as perfectly deaf, is still more improbable. The deaf girl is not congenitally deaf, so that she is not also dumb; though the narrator occasionally forgets her own statements, and makes sad confusion in her intercourse with the poor girl. The blind girl is, what never blind girl was, lovely and graceful: she had not the mirror by which alone the one can be preserved and the other acquired. Beethoven was deaf (we do not know that he was stone deaf), or we should have said no girl could *play*, as the other does, without ears. In spite of these impediments, the girls both marry, have families, and bring up their children "according to the best system of education, *example*." Mrs. Hall has the enviable power of throwing interest upon nothings.

*Life of a Lawyer.*—The tone of this imaginary history is far too like that of a solemn piece of biography to be popular. The hero of the tale is the architect of his own fortune, and, commencing as country-attorney's errand-boy, advances through a conveyancer's office to the bar, and, rising step by step, each leading to the next, ultimately arrives at the woolsack. The career is traced with great intelligence by a person familiar with the general business of life, as well as that of the lawyer. But under cover of this *plain* narrative, the author introduces his views of reform, legal, judicial, and ecclesiastical; and matters are represented in actual operation, the accomplishment of which the most thorough-going reformers contemplate as yet at a distance. This assumption takes miserably from the ease and the charm of the narrative. All probability vanishes, because things are not

exhibited as they are known to be, however we may heartily wish they were so. Thus the first opportunity for distinction on the circuit is by an *address to the jury* in defence of a charge of murder. While solicitor-general the hero introduces a bill for the amendment of process and pleadings in the superior courts of common law, with a speech as sweeping and as eloquent, but not quite so interminable, as one of Brougham's, and carries it; as chancellor, he brings about a thorough reform in his own court; while the crowning act of his official reign is ecclesiastical reform, consisting of an equalization of the episcopal revenues, and the salarizing of incumbents, the tithes being collected by the crown, that is, all titheable property being made taxable to the average value of the tithes. To this the author—no unintelligent observer—plainly thinks we shall come at last; nor do we see what there is in all this so terrible for churchmen to contemplate. Such an arrangement, if really desirable, might be quietly conducted, and would certainly cut away one source of dissension between incumbents and parishioners. Patronage might and of course would be still in the same hands, and the same opportunities for bargain and sale and corruption still remain. Patrons might still act as they now do, and aspirants for preferment find livings as *easy* of access as now.

*Original Letters of Locke, Algernon Sidney, and Lord Shaftesbury, author of The Characteristics, edited by T. Forster, M.B., &c.*—Though fussing about these letters as the editor does, and even dissertating at the rate of a hundred good pages or more on Locke's religious and metaphysical opinions, and those of some others from Plato to Priestley and even Lady Mary Shepherd, he very honestly, and in a manner creditable to his own discernment and candour, "declares, for his part, and as far as his opinion goes, the circumstance of these letters being the production of men so well known and respected in the literary world constitutes *their principal claim to notice*." This frank declaration, which the editor applies to all the letters, is however fairly applicable only to those of Locke and Sidney, which are indeed of no earthly value, and only prove, what did not require proof, that men of great name could twaddle as well as meaner folks. The most notable passages in Locke are where he says, with great levity, "If you had asked me where the best chocolate is to be got in London, I should answer, where the devil had the friar—even where you could find it; but to Joanna and Rachael you must say that I had formerly a friend there, that made it very well and just as I directed; but now she is dead, I could no more tell where to find the best than the greatest stranger there." Sidney's letters are relative to mere matters of business, but show, at least, he was careful to make the most of his property: but Shaftesbury's letters are of some historical import-

ance, especially those written during the last years of William's reign, and the first of Anne's. Shaftesbury was a zealous revolutionist, and, like other whigs, was not well pleased with William's strong leaning to the Tories. What makes the editor say Shaftesbury's Letters relate to *ancient* affairs? Some few of them are addressed to a young man for whose welfare he was interested; and among other prudential advice is some which indicates to the editor a state of religious feeling that takes him out of the class of sceptics. Of the authenticity of the letters no doubt exists. They were, nearly all, to a Dutch merchant of Rotterdam, at whose death they came into the hands of the editor's grandfather, and so through his father to himself. The editor has also in his possession what he believes to be the *original manuscript* of Locke's Essay, of which we shall never hear the last.

*Encyclopædia Britannica. Seventh Edition.*—The merits of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* are too generally acknowledged by the sale of six considerable editions to render any details necessary. But the new edition comes recommended by such fresh advantages as claim at least a slight notice. Cheapness and compression distinguish it. The whole will be comprised in twenty volumes, at 36s. each including the supplement—the well-known, and, it must be allowed, well-commended supplement—the articles of which will be inserted, each *suo loco*, in the one general alphabetical series. The publication is going on at the rate of two volumes a year; but the whole, it is promised, will be printed long before the expiration of the ten years, dating from its commencement, and may be had at the option of the subscribers. The dissertations left unfinished by Messrs. Stewart and Playfair will be completed, it seems, Mr. Stewart's by Sir James Macintosh, and Mr. Playfair's by Professor Leslie. By the way, has not Sir James M. more upon his hands than *he* is ever likely to accomplish? Arts, sciences, geography, history, statistics, will, of course, be adjusted to the state of facts at the period of publication.

*The Descent into Hell, a Poem, 1830.*—The subject of this poem is succinctly included, the author tells us, in the Apostles' Creed, by the words "he descended into hell." Authorities for the doctrine, he adds, are profusely scattered over the Scriptures, for such as are capable of discerning them, especially in the Psalms and the Prophets; but the most explicit testimony occurs in 1 Peter, iii. 18, 21. Bishop Horsley has written, he informs us; so beautiful a sermon upon the subject! The author therefore makes the subject not only a theme for poetical declamation, but insists upon it as a point of faith. As he refers to one sermon, we may also refer to another—one of Dr. Parr's, which will be found buried, fathoms deep, in the recent collection of his works in eight octavo volumes of at least 700 pages each. In the

very teeth of an "article," Dr. Parr denies the doctrine *in toto*, as in effect Dr. Clarke did long ago, though not so explicitly. Mr. Pyle, the well-known and well-received interpreter, says, Christ did not himself preach, but through the Spirit, and then subjoins a paraphrase by somebody else, upon which interpretation and paraphrase, plainly adopting both, Dr. Parr thus acutely discriminates:

"Here, then, you have an immediate *agent*, different from that which is supposed in the common and erroneous interpretation of St. Peter; for it is the Spirit which preached, not Christ personally. You have a different *time*, for it was in the age of Noah, not during the three days when Christ lay in the grave. You have a different *place*, for it was not Hell, but the country in which Noah lived. You have different *persons*, for they to whom the Spirit preached were not the accursed inhabitants of Hell, but the cotemporaries of Noah. You have a different *purpose*; for there is no resemblance between the Spirit which preached unto the unrighteous cotemporaries of Noah to check their ungodliness, lest they should be destroyed by the flood, and the preaching of Christ to wicked Spirits, who were already suffering in the fire of Gehenna, and of whom we do not learn that even *one* was so influenced by the instruction of Christ as to be reformed from wickedness and released from torment."

Of the poem, elaborately written in *terzarima*, the less we say, the less, like prudent folks, we commit ourselves, though we have no doubts. A single specimen, and that taken from the very beginning of the poem, will, we think, enable the reader to measure the poet's calibre—certainly that of his taste and execution—the delicacy of his musical ear, and his conception of metrical harmony.

Lift up, O Hell! thy diuturnal gate,  
But not eternal; finite,—it began.  
On the huge hinge harsh thunders hoarsely grate:  
—Chaos afar shook where their echoes ran.  
The swink't Damned shriek, "a change!"—of lot  
no change,  
If change of suffering, for fiend or man:  
Still it may soothe.

Yet passages occur of extraordinary energy, but all in the strangest taste imaginable; wild as a wilderness, and the poet himself as mad as a March hare.

Death speaks:

A home in air have I. Winds hear my voice,  
The four winds answer it with all their breath.—  
—Lo! the tornado doth aloud rejoice  
In his ubiquity, and cometh out  
With sudden and exaggerated noise;  
Scattering his hurtling arrows all about  
Amid the sky, the while his iron shoon  
Cottage and palace trample; with a shout  
Then whirls him in his dusty car aboon,  
As with the ruin he would blot out Heaven,  
And quench the glorious sun,—as I shall soon.  
And men are hurled into the clouds, and driven  
As in a witch-dance, round, and eye around,  
And perish in the flashes of the leven;  
I swoop, and strangle them in that dire swound,  
For sport;—and thus I gambol merrily.

My way is on the waters. Of the drowned  
The last spasm makes the globe, wherewith I  
Take innocent delight, and think when this  
Strong hand shall, with the same facility,  
Confound in one disruption, one abyss,



A bubble and a universe. I dance  
Around the circles of the vortices,  
And see the ship go down in a strong trance,  
And hear the shriek,—one, yet how manifold!  
There, where the steeds o' the tempest foam and  
prance,

Am I;—their wild manes o'er wild ocean roll'd,  
Like fire-flakes, wreath the billows, and their  
neigh

Doth chide the clarion-clang of ocean old.

I dash amidst them, eager for the fray;  
Doth plunge my charger with me; he doth swim,  
Wild in his fierceness, through the flashing spray;  
As if a lightning-stroke had blinded him,  
And darted phrenzy to his brain, and he  
Were maddened with the torture in each limb,  
And sweat' and shrieked in sightless agony,  
And made huge havoc in his maniac might,  
'Till his heart burst. Then on the exhausted sea  
The waves drop down, and, in the dull twilight,  
Lay sluggishly about the riven hulk,  
O'er which the day rose sunless as the night,  
Or glared portentous on the sail-less bulk  
With a red eye and fiery. Lo, I  
Chafe ocean, that he waken from his sulk  
Awhile, and blow a gale though wearily  
And brief;—yet unto me the billows spring,  
Wild playmates, and a low-breathed harmony  
We utter round the hopeless bark, and sing  
A doleful and predestinating dirge.

*Resources of the United Kingdom, or, The present Distresses considered, and their Causes and Remedies pointed out, &c. by Capt. Pettman, R. N.*—Captain Pettman's remedy for the existing evils of the country is at the bottom a National Bank, by the agency of which the Government shall have the power to increase its expenditure at will, which will be limited by the number of unemployed persons. As soon as all are employed, it is to suspend its issues. Captain Pettman seems to apprehend nothing whatever from the corruption of governments. Supposing, for a moment, the creations of paper not forthwith to depreciate—not to be in a short time, in spite of all imaginable securities, mere French assignats—is it nothing to arm a government with a power to command all classes, great and small? So that money gets into circulation and employment, to Capt. P. it matters nothing by what means. It matters nothing who spends it. He would as lieve it should be laid out and distributed by legions of troops or of pensioners. To get money spent is all in all, the remedy for all evils, for the source of them is the want of employment and high wages. Employ the labourers, and at high wages, and every other class will proportionally prosper. Therefore, no matter how they are first got into employment, at whose loss or at whose gain, in the outset, for ultimately all will be gainers. If we again misunderstand Capt. Pettman, it is his fault; he should make himself clearer. We have endeavoured to catch his meaning, and we sometimes think we have done so, but as often that we have not—so paradoxical does he often appear, and we have little doubt really is. We do not ourselves believe the currency is the sole source of national evil, but only one of many. The whole nation is

not in distress. There are too many poor, and too many rich: the enormous inequalities of property is the predominant, is the one, if all must be referred to some one, great evil that lies at the root of all. These gross inequalities have been brought about largely by our financial arrangements; by speculations in the funds; by the facilities of credit; by accumulations of capital and machinery; by the doctrines of economists, urging the landlords to throw small farms into the gulf of large ones, and convert men from free labourers into brute beasts: and the remedy, the sole one probably, is, treading back some of our steps as fast as we can—flinging the burden of the state, for the present, wholly upon the rich—destroying half the machinery—breaking down new enclosures, and passing something of an agrarian law—or adopting Mr. Wilmot Horton's sagacious scheme of banishing two or three millions of labourers, stopping, at the same time, all further importations from the modern officina gentium, Ireland.

*Tales of the Colonies, by John Howison, author of Sketches of Upper Canada, 2 vols. 12mo.*—These tales are more unequal, in point of interest, than is usual in tales proceeding from the same source of invention, though only two of them strictly answer to the general title. The first is the story of a half-pay lieutenant of the navy, condemned to vegetate on some lone spot on the Irish coast, and dying of ennui, wearying of existence, and panting for excitement. In this state of feeling, approaching to one of despair, luckily a stranger, of most mysterious bearing, lands on the coast, who by degrees makes his acquaintance, and finally gives him his confidence. He proves to be the last of a crew of buccaneers, who had long plundered the Mexican shores, and in a solitary isle off the coast, along with other spoil equally precious, had buried a mass of church-plate. This valuable booty the old man proposes to the lieutenant to go in pursuit of—he himself renouncing all claim, and professing only now to be preparing for the grave. The lieutenant of course accedes, as much for the sake of the adventure as of the plunder, and, receiving the necessary information, starts forthwith. His adventures in securing the prize constitute the staple of the tale, which is full of improbabilities, and presents little inducement to the reader to try the next. The next, however, is considerably better—the incidents are more stirring and striking, leaving the impression of actual reality, though of a very singular cast. The scene is placed in the heart of Antigua, remote from other plantations, where the worst passions might be indulged, unchecked by the awe of a neighbourhood. But the third tale takes by far the strongest hold of the feelings. A young man of good family, who, having wasted a very considerable property of his own, and much of his mother's, is, in a moment of perplexity, precipitated

into an act of forgery, to relieve the parent he has so deeply injured. He is sentenced to Botany Bay, whither he is conveyed, mixed up with the lowest of the human race. The scene opens at Sydney. He is quickly assigned as a labourer on a farm, in the interior, where he finds some relief in being separated from his odious companions. He resolves to make the best of his condition, and conciliate the good will of his master by diligence and usefulness. Unluckily he has a most untractable animal to deal with. The colonist was one of the middle class of English farmers—honest, but rough and uncultivated—just enough, but coarse and prejudiced. He made no distinctions; a convict was a felon, and he knew nothing of the early history of his slave, and cared nothing. His family consisted of a sister and a niece, both of them comparatively civilized; the young lady, especially, seemed, in that lonely spot, one of the loveliest of human beings. By degrees the youth contrives to make some of the accomplishments of his superior condition known to the ladies, and is beginning to excite at least something like sympathy, when the jealousy and vengeance of a female convict, whose overtures to closer acquaintance he had rejected, infuses some suspicion into the farmer, and he, in the rage of the moment, loads him with abuse, and accompanies it with a blow. This is not to be borne: the young man flies from the house, and takes refuge among the bushmen, with whom, a few weeks before, he had had an accidental encounter. In a few days the gang propose to levy contributions on the farmer. The youth, for the sake of the ladies, warns the farmer of the approaching attack; a kindness which he repays by betraying him to his associates. From the indignation of these desperadoes he narrowly escapes by darting into the woods, and eluding pursuit. In his forlorn condition, he joins a small party of the natives, and again, from some misunderstanding with them, he with difficulty escapes being speared. After roaming for some time in the woods, exposed to a variety of perils, he is suddenly arrested by a party of soldiers in search of an outlaw, and by them conducted to Sydney, where he finds his mother, who had procured his *emancipation*. With her he continues for some time at Sydney, and is by the liberal party admitted into society. Here he encounters again his old master's niece, whose affections he speedily wins, and is finally prevailed upon to visit the uncle, and endeavour to propitiate him. The attempt is attended with fatal consequences. He proved inflexible, and was that very night murdered by a bushman—a fact which threw suspicion upon his visitor. Though not convicted of the crime, in the course of the trial, his flight from his master and intercourse with the bushmen became known, and he was in consequence doomed to the public works at Paramatta. Reduced to a more deplorable condition than ever, he joined a party in an attempt to seize a sloop and escape; they were pursued, and in the

conflict the miserable youth was shot. The tale is entitled the *False Step*, and the purpose of the writer is to trace its irretrievable consequences. The moral is good in principle, but it must of course fail in exact proportion to the excessive rigour with which it is pursued.

*The Island Bride, in Six Cantos, by the Rev. Hobart Counter, B. D.*—A little romantic tale, with few incidents, and those chiefly of the decisive kind, but abundance of gentle sentiment and charming scenery. It is a poem to be read only at leisure and at ease, by the young, by those whose imaginations are still in the clouds, and not yet brought down to the grovelling realities of life. Almost in any part of the volume a favourable specimen might be taken at random; what we give, sweet as it is, is not above the general run of the piece.

Here Bertha dwelt for heaven, and all was rest  
Within a bosom not yet warped by guile;  
The very throbbings of her gentle breast  
Were peace's lullaby; and, when the smile  
Played round her lips, it seemed as if the while  
The sunlight of her soul was beaming there  
Its God's bright reflex. How should guilt defile  
A thing so pure?—and yet was she as fair  
As she was good—oh! that like her all women were!

There was a sweet unconsciousness about her,  
An utter absence of all pride, all art:  
Who heard her clear soft tones could never doubt  
her,

They were the echoes of a guileless heart.  
Truth hung upon her lips, whence brightly dart  
Its rays divine: so seraph-like her air,  
That her pure frame seemed of her soul a part—  
Fit casket for a work so passing rare,  
For innocence had fixed its fairest impress there.

Within the circle of her native glen  
She passed, without a care, the live-long day:  
No wish was hers to join the "hum of men,"  
Who while in sensual dreams their lives away.  
With the young rustics at their evening play  
She'd mix, partaker of their merry glee,  
And oft-times join the artless roundelay,  
Or thread the dance, with footstep light and free,—  
Her life, without its din, one constant jubilee.

*The National Portrait Gallery, XII. Nos.*—This can scarcely fail of proving a very popular publication. It is got up with great care and elegance. The portraits, the main feature of the work, are all of them excellent, and many of them very striking specimens of the correctness with which a likeness is transferred from canvas to copper: the art of engraving surely can no further go. The accompanying memoirs are of course all of the laudatory cast; they are done by Mr. Jerdan, and under the restrictions imposed, indispensable, we suppose, in cases of this kind, very respectably "done." We do not understand the principles which guide the publishers in their selection, unless a National Gallery is meant to express an Omnium, Gatherum. The Duke of Beaufort, Lord Grantham, and the Marquis of Ormonde can have no particular claim to distinction,



we presume, beyond that of mere rank. Lady G. Agar Ellis's very handsome but somewhat inexpressive features eminently qualify her for figuring among the beauties of *La Belle Assemblée*; and Mr. Archdeacon Wrangham, though doubtless a very respectable ecclesiastic, is not precisely the person, looking we mean to his features and figure in the portrait, whom *we* should suppose, as Mr. Jerdan says he is, *the very beau ideal of a church dignitary*. Mr. Perceval's strange physiognomy is also probably a piece of the editor's beau idealism. He had the fortune to be present when that respectable person was shot by Bellingham, and so desirous is he of communicating all the possible advantages derivable from personal knowledge, that he favours us with a diagram marking the relative positions of the parties at the fatal moment, and a portrait of the pistol, as large as life.

*Paul Clifford*, 3 vols. 12mo.—Mr. Bulmer's new hero is a highwayman of the last century, before enclosures broke up the profession. That, we believe, is the current theory which accounts for the decadence of the Turpins; and his prime object in selecting so unpropitious a personage is, pretty obviously, to supply occasions for the indulgence of his irresistible bent to political satire. Fingering the public purse is, of course, the business alike of the placeman and the robber, and the materials for illustration are, in our days, at least, rich and felicitous. An ambitious and profligate lawyer contributes also admirably to the same delectable purpose of swelling the already flooding streams that must ultimately sweep away all *existing* institutions. What advantages can be anticipated from this intemperate course? Subversion will not prove to be reformation. The whole system of society is, and so long as men have human passions, must be, a conflict of interests. This flinging of indiscriminate contempt upon public men, which tickles Mr. B., if it will not utterly extinguish public virtue, will unquestionably annihilate all *belief* in it. Cant we abominate; but we are not sure that a little shrouding, call it hypocrisy, if you will, is not better than avowals would be that entirely threw off the mask. Nothing we allow can well be more revolting than the pretensions to party which we see every day made in the very teeth of the most grasping pursuits; and to this contradiction of words and deeds is fairly attributable much of the general distrust towards public men, which Mr. B. labours with the zeal of a proselyte to spread in his novels. His graver political essays recently published, in one of our cotemporaries, are quite of another character, and what will seem scarcely credible, not even readable.

Brandon is the younger son of a good family, well educated, and bred to the bar, and early matured in the arts of advancement. Unluckily a beautiful girl crossed

his path, and his impetuous and fervid temperament plunged him into an indiscreet marriage. Cooling upon enjoyment, he was ready for any desperate measure to rid himself of the incumbance, and he finally pandered to a noble lord, who carried her off, and patronised the wittol in return in his profession. A short time reduces the miserable lady to the lowest degradation, and she dies at a flash house, the mistress of which adopts her child, a boy about three or four years old. A troop of housebreakers had assisted the mother in wrenching him from his father's hands. This is young Paul, who was thus brought up under the wings of one of the coarsest of her caste, and graduates among rogues, pugilists, and vagabonds. Among the visitors of the house is the editor of the *Asinæum*, and he is engaged at the rate of half a crown a week to put the finishing stroke to master Paul's literary acquirements of spelling and pot-hooking. He grows up the meanwhile a very handsome fellow, and quickly extends the circle of his acquaintance, and the scale of his expense. His frequent demands upon mother Lob's purse occasion quarrels, and the youth is soon too mighty to brook further restraint. Thrown thus, in a moment of passion, upon his own reserves, he applies to his old tutor, the editor of the *Asinæum*, and being fit apparently for nothing else, turns reviewer—an employment, which, though he turns out a capital hand in the slashing line, will not keep him from starving, and soon wearies him. While panting for some more profitable, as well as more active pursuit, he accidentally meets with an old acquaintance of the flash-house, now quite a 'swell,' and accompanies him to the theatre. In the next box sits Brandon; now a rising lawyer, with his niece, a beautiful girl, or rather a child of thirteen or fourteen. On leaving the house, Paul's companion 'grabs' the lawyer's watch, and Paul is seized and committed to Bridewell, as the companion of the undoubted thief. This completes Paul's education for his future profession. With other desperadoes he breaks out of prison, and forthwith joins a gang of highwaymen, among whom he soon became conspicuous by his activity and daring spirit. In some plundering expedition, he came in contact with Brandon's lovely niece, and left a very favourable impression of himself upon both her and her father. Pursuing his vocation some five or six years with a reputation second only to Turpin himself, and encountering a variety of adventures, he at last, in company with two other dashing fellows, one of whom had also been a *reviewer*, and was still a *philosopher*, proceeds to Bath, the scene of all others in those days for fortune hunters, to pick up a rich widow or heiress. Here Paul meets again with Miss Brandon, to whom he is introduced by the master of the ceremonies as Capt. Clifford, and soon makes a rapid progress in winning that charming girl's affections. She is with her father, on

a visit to her uncle, and the uncle is scheming to marry her to Lord Manleverer, his old accommodating friend—a very fine and fastidious peer; but her growing attachment to Capt. Clifford excites the jealousy of my lord, and it soon becomes unsafe for Capt. Clifford to remain longer in Bath. So notorious had Paul by this time become, and so perilous of course was his situation, that he prudently resolves, the next success he meets with, to abandon his profession, and enter into some foreign service, in the hope too that he might win a name and fortune to entitle him to claim Miss Brandon's hand. As fate would have it, Lord Manleverer is the person the gang next plunder. His share of the spoil is amply sufficient for Paul's settled purpose; and the party betake themselves for the night to the old cave, when the cook, who is no other than the old editor of the *Asinæum*, broils them a steak, and the next morning betrays them into the hands of some police officers. Escaping from their clutches by his activity and resolution, Paul hastens to London, and instead of flying from the kingdom forthwith, he must have an interview with Miss Brandon, just to tell her he is utterly unworthy of her, and shall see her no more. Accomplishing this hazardous attempt, he must needs be chivalrous enough to rescue his companions; and this also he accomplishes, but in the act receives a shot in his side, which disables him, and he is forthwith clapt up in prison. Now comes on the pathos and the intensity of the piece. Brandon is now a judge, and to his lot it falls to try the prisoner. In the course of the trial he discovers him to be the son he had so long anxiously been in search of; but in spite of his appalled and almost crushing feelings, he goes through with his task and pronounces sentence of death upon him. The effort, however, conspiring with some previous disease, was too much for him, and in a few hours after he was found dead in his carriage. The relationship becomes known, and Miss Brandon visits her cousin in the prison. His punishment is commuted for transportation. Within a few months the young lady becomes her own mistress, with immense property. Paul escapes; Miss B. joins him, and they fly to America; where twenty years after Mr. Clifford is distinguished among the first and ablest of her citizens. The moral the author would enforce is, Wilkes's maxim, the very worst use to which you can put a man is to hang him.

Of Mr. B.'s merits it is superfluous to speak; he is at the head of his class; his knowledge is large, his conceptions vigorous, his imagination intense, his fancy fertile, his language apt and exciting, and his range of subjects especially attractive and adapted to the age. No man catches better the tone of the day, or is more capable of speeding the career of literature.

*The Waverley Novels. Vols. IX., X., XI., and XII.*—Sir Walter Scott continues *M.M. New Series.*—Vol. IX. No. 54.

his pleasant revellings. The leading characters of his tales are most of them sketches from life; and however singular the features of many of them are, faithful copies it seems of the originals, which either fell under his own eye, or are communicated by his numerous friends, his own ready tact detected at a glance the presentable peculiarities. The *Black Dwarf* is a close copy of one David Ritchie, a poor man of the hideous form and features the author so graphically represents him. He was brought up a brush-maker at Edinburgh, and after roaming to a variety of places in quest of a livelihood, finally fled from the shouts and mockery excited by his strange deformities, to a sequestered spot in Peebleshire, where, on the moorland, with his own hands he built himself a cottage, and lived on the contributions bestowed by the fears or the charities of the neighbourhood. His Timonism was of the most exasperated and enduring cast; but though hating his kind, and children especially, he was, if not without compensations, not without enjoyments. He loved and felt the charms of nature. He cultivated a little garden sedulously, and took an evident pride in exhibiting its fruits and flowers. He delighted in contemplating the softer beauties around him—the soft sweep of the green hill, the bubbling of a clear fountain, &c. The same love of reposing scenes found a corresponding indulgence in perusing Shensstone's Pastorals, and some of the descriptive morsels of Milton. Sir Walter heard his hoarse voice repeat Milton's description of paradise, which he evidently felt, though the feeling could not soften his raven-croaking. Of course he was occasionally the subject of prying visits. Once a lady who had known him from infancy, accompanied by another lady, went into his garden, and happening to step near some cabbages covered with caterpillars, one of them smiled. His savage and scowling aspect was instantly resumed, and rushing among the cabbages, he dashed them to pieces:—"I hate the worms, for they mock me." Very unintentional offence was given by another lady, throwing back his jealous glance as he was ushering her into his garden, he fancied he observed her spit, and exclaimed with great ferocity, "Am I a toad, woman! that ye spit at me—that ye spit at me?" and without listening to any answer or excuse, drove her out of his garden with imprecations and insult.

*Old Mortality*, also, the author saw, just as he has described him, at Dunnattar, occupied in repairing or adorning the tombs of the Cameronian martyrs. A regular biography of this singular person is given from a communication made to Sir Walter, and taken from the mouth of a son of the old man. His name was Robert Pattison. He had been in husbandry-service, and afterwards occupied a patch of ground somewhere on the Duke of Queensbury's estate. When the Highlanders were returning from England on the route to Glasgow in 1745-6, they



plundered Pattison's house and carried him prisoner some distance, for exclaiming, "they might have foreseen their retreat, supporting, as they were, the wicked and bloody House of Stuart and the abominations of Rome." Devoted to the doctrines and preachings of the Cameronians, he frequently left his home to attend their conventicles in Galloway, and occasionally took with him small grave-stones from the quarry on his little farm to cover the dust of the righteous, till finally he abandoned his family altogether, and on the back of a little poney rode from place to place, wholly absorbed in his occupation.

The *Heart of Mid Lothian* was framed from a few incidents communicated by a lady of the name of Goldie, the wife of the Commissary of Dumfries. Helen Walker had been left an orphan, with the charge of a sister considerably younger than herself. This sister was unhappily proved guilty of child-murder, and principally by the evidence of Hannah. Though deeply distressed, she refused to equivocate. But the very day of her sister's condemnation, she got a petition drawn up, expressive of some peculiar circumstances in the case, and that same night set out on foot for London, and getting into the presence of the Duke of Argyll, had the good fortune to procure her sister's pardon. This seems to have taken place about 1738. Helen died in 1791, and had been seen by Mrs. Goldie. Her rescued sister was married by the seducer, and lived happily the greater part of a century. Out of these slender and naked materials, Sir Walter constructed the beautiful tale of Jeanie Deans.

*Cabinet Cyclopædia*, vol. VI.; *Lawyers*, by H. Roscoe, Esq.—In the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, which proceeds with unusual punctuality, nobody, we observe, writes. Dr. Lardner "conducts," and others "assist," in conducting of course. His assistant in the sixth volume is Mr. Henry Roscoe, a younger son of the venerable historian of the De Medici; and we presume he has executed the task assigned him according to the terms of his commission: but what guided Dr. Lardner or his assistant in their selection of lawyers we cannot divine. We can account neither for their concluding with Romilly, nor for their commencing with Coke. None of any mark it is true have died since Romilly but Lords Ellenborough and Redesdale; yet either of them was perhaps as deserving of notice as some of those who have actually had the honour. Several lawyers of eminence occur before Coke; and numbers again between him and Romilly of more importance than Wilmot, for instance, who, except in the memorable case of general warrants, was remarkable for nothing but his singular good fortune, and perhaps his gentlemanly bearing on the bench. Dunning again was more of a politician, and Sir William Jones of a scholar, or a linguist, than a lawyer; and certainly both might have been made to give way to such men as

Coventry, Finch, Holt, Foster, Raymond, Yorke, Kenyon, &c. If fourteen lawyers only were to be set forth, surely the fourteen most distinguished should have been selected; and certainly Jefferies was not entitled to figure as one of that unaccountable number, of whom Mr. Roscoe himself observes—"his acquirements as a lawyer were of a mean order"—concurring also, as he does, in Mr. Justice Foster's censure, "as the worst judge that ever disgraced Westminster-hall."—Lord Guilford again has left no memorial, and would have been utterly forgotten but for his very clever but spiteful younger brother. The truth probably is, the fourteen names, whose biography actually occupies the volume, were found upon the whole to be most accessible, and despatch was the prime object. But it is lamentable that a mere accident should for the most part have decided in so important a point. What *is* done, however, is well done for the popular purpose, in good taste, and generally with sound judgment in all things but the selection.

Mr. Hallam, in his *Constitutional History*, describes Coke as a "flatterer and tool of the court till he obtained his ends." This was said apparently on a hasty view of Coke's character, or rather a partial one, with nothing in view indeed but Coke's asperity towards Essex and Raleigh. Mr. Roscoe thinks it difficult to say upon what particular action of Coke's life this censure of Mr. Hallam's is founded, and softens his own refutation by complimenting Mr. H. as a man who seldom makes an assertion without a competent authority to sustain it. This is true, remarkably so, of particular facts: it is in his generalities that Mr. H. ventures beyond his authorities; and in his desperate pursuit of a point he is ready almost to sacrifice anything that stands in his way. Mr. Roscoe defends Coke chivalrously enough, but not altogether judiciously—in the trials of Essex and Raleigh, he forgets, Coke *was* attorney-general, and certainly promoted the views of the court, and apparently his own interests.

Baxter tells us that Selden would not have Hobbes in his chamber while he was dying, calling out "No atheists." We were glad to observe that Mr. R. recollected Mr. D'Israeli's statement from Aubrey's papers, that Hobbes actually stood by the bedside of his dying friend. Baxter was at all times too heated and hurried to weigh the credibility of reports, especially where they accorded with his own feelings.

Somers, as is well known, wrote a pamphlet in defence of grand juries, on the occasion of the London jury ignoring the bill against Shaftesbury. "In one instance," remarks Mr. Roscoe, "he appears to have pushed his doctrine to a faulty excess, when he insists that grand juries are not to be guided by probabilities only, since in fact all evidence is reducible to a mere probability, as the testimony of an eye-witness must depend upon the probability of his speaking the

truth; a probability into which it is frequently necessary to inquire." Somers obviously meant the same thing as Mr. Roscoe, though he did not state the matter quite so metaphysically.

Wilmot's health compelled him to resign his seat in the Common Pleas, when about sixty-two. "I would much rather," he writes to his brother, "resign without any remuneration at all. The plus or the minus of sufficiency lies only in my own breast. I hate and detest pensions, and hanging upon the public like an almsman!" A pension, however, he took, at the particular request of the king, because, it seems, "he thought it would be vanity and affectation to refuse." Vanity and affectation! Of course he best knew the state of his own feelings. No doubt, he meant the refusal would wear the appearance of vanity and affectation; but surely a man of common nerve might have very well borne such an imputation.

We do not remember to have seen the following anecdote of Blackstone; it bespeaks more independence than usually he has credit for. It is in Halliday's *Life of Lord Mansfield*. He had been recommended to the Duke of Newcastle to fill the chair of civil law at Oxford, and accordingly the duke sent for him to sound his political principles. "I presume, Mr. B., in case of any political agitation, your exertions in behalf of government may be relied upon?" "Your grace may be assured that I will discharge my duty in giving law-lectures to the best of my poor ability." "And your duty in the other branch too?" added his grace. Mr. B. merely bowed in answer, and a few days after *Dr. Jenner* was appointed to the vacant chair.

Mr. Roscoe's estimate of Thurlow is worth quoting.

His language, his manners, and his demeanour, constituted the principal ingredients of the character attributed to him by his contemporaries. In his haughty contempt of the opinions of others lay the wisdom and value of his own; in the dogmatical and peremptory tone of his judgments resided a great part of their profundity and learning; and in his rude and repulsive manners might be discovered the secret of his supposed honesty. But deprived of these adventitious colourings, his character is seen under a very different aspect; and when no longer awed by the terrors of his aspect, we are astonished to discover how small was the spirit which dwelt within him. To the qualities of a statesman he had no pretensions; and by the sullen indifference with which he regarded the proceedings of the cabinet, he seems to have admitted his incapacity. During the course of a long official life, he does not appear to have originated any one great measure for the benefit of his country. The strongest political feeling which he exhibited was an attachment to the person of his sovereign; and yet we have seen how easily that sentiment yielded to apprehensions for the safety of his own interests, &c.

*Satan, a Poem, by R. Montgomery; 1830.*—Thank our stars, Mr. Satan Montgomery has given himself his quietus. We shall hear no more of him. *Actum est!*

The very maidens pious, and dowagers devout, must find their patience oozing at every pore; and even the very bishops, whom he has so devoutly courted, must think him fitter for straw and a blanket than the gown and band, to which it seems he aspires. Such a piece of extravagance—such tearing and ranting—such a splitting of the ears of the groundlings—such a tumult and crashing of words—we never witnessed before! Blackmore's clatter was a whisper to it! Not a scantling of common-sense or simplicity gleams across any line of any page of it; and one-half of it, as the school-boys say, won't construe. The poem, as the title-page has it, consists of one long soliloquy of Satan's—recently visiting the earth—perched on Mount Morea, with all the kingdoms of the world, as he says, "Before me, like a *panorama*, spread."

It matters not where we dip for a few lines—the roar of the language is the same, and perfectly stunning. Satan invokes the thunder—it comes:—

Lo! how it glooms, and what a fiery gash  
Deal the red lightnings through yon darkened  
sky—  
All echo with the chorus of her (nature) clouds!  
And well Earth answers to the voice of Heaven.  
Hark to the crash of riven forest-boughs  
In yonder waste, the home of hurricanes,  
That catch the howlings of the caverned brutes,  
And wuig them onwards to Arabia's wild,  
O'ercanopied with flying waves of sand,  
Like a dread Ocean whirling thro' the skies!  
But thou, alone eternally sublime,  
Thou rolling mystery of might and power!  
Rocking the tempest on thy breast of waves,  
Or spread in breezy rapture to the sun—  
Thou daring ocean, that couldst deluge worlds,  
And yet rush on—I hear thy swell of wrath  
In liquid thunder laughing at the winds  
Resoundingly, and from afar behold  
Thine armed billows, heaving as they roar,  
And the wing'd sea-foam shiver on the gales.  
Swell on, ye waves, and whirlwinds, sweep along,  
&c.

Satan is exceedingly smitten with Switzerland:—

Sprinkled with mountains, and with cloud-topp'd  
hills,  
Helvetia swells majestic on my view,  
In her primeval glory. Free-soul'd land!  
Summer and winter for thy smile content;  
Witching thy prospects into fairy pomp  
With beautiful abruptness; meadow'd, green,  
And glowingly, thy undulating vales  
Extend, while fawning vines the hills embrace,  
And landscapes, laughing o'er the clouds, may hear  
The tempest-howl in cavern gloom below.  
And winter hath his triumph; let the rush  
And roar of cataracts, the darksome lakes,  
Convulsive rolling in the midnight storm,  
The glaciers, billow'd into craggy ice,  
And, chief o'er all, the silent Alp-king, rear'd  
Like something risen from eternity!—  
Let these declare thee for a land sublime,  
Home of the dauntless! on thy patriot soul  
While sternness of simplicity can breathe  
A Roman vigour, and the name of Tell  
4 Y 2



Haunts, like a hallowing spirit, every vale  
And mountain-hollow, Time shall honour thee,  
When many an empire shall have pass'd away,  
And forests wave where capitals are seen!

One scrap more—one that, if possible,  
out-herods Herod! We do not know what  
it is about—but no matter:—

Go, tell the fortress of the brave and free,  
How beautiful her patriotic roar  
Of Vict'ry, shouting o'er the new-made dead,  
Like Madness, when she hoots a murderous joy;  
So shall a war-fame flourish ever green,  
And laurel'd History be trumpet-throated,  
To fire Ambition with a bloody thirst,  
And keep the world a slaughter-house for man!!!

*Reflections on the Decline of Science in England, and on some of its Causes, by Charles Babbage, Esq. 8vo. Fellowes.*—It is with feelings of no ordinary pride that we have perused this volume. Deservedly great as is the sensation it has produced, by bringing into one point of view the various abuses which have tarnished the scientific character of England, and entirely destroyed that of the Royal Society, yet our readers will find that in this journal we have anticipated whatever Mr. Babbage has brought forward, from those most questionable pendulum experiments of Captain Sabine, which we were the first to denounce, down to that practical satire on the Royal, the Medico-Botanical Society. The novel way of reducing the Greenwich observations, videlicet, to pasteboard—the jobbing in the medals, in the appointments to the Board of Longitude, in the adviserships to the Admiralty, must be familiar to the readers of our magazine; and if we have occasionally endeavoured to extract amusement from some proceedings at Cambridge, the justly high terms in which Mr. Babbage speaks of that university strictly convey our own sentiments, and no one can entertain a more exalted opinion than ourselves of the eminent professor, one of whose papers appeared in these pages, so whimsically versified by an ingenious correspondent.

We are not surprised at the style in which this book is written; it is the language of a philosopher, indignant at the quackeries of those who have assumed to disgrace the name; yet exposure would have sufficed for the ends of justice; the affairs are too gross, disgusting and palpable. The following is a specimen of the work.

"Surely, if knowledge is valuable, it can never be good policy, in a country far wealthier than Tuscany, to allow a genius like Mr. Dalton's to be employed in the drudgery of elementary instruction. I utter these sentiments from no feelings of private friendship to that estimable philosopher, to whom it is my regret to be almost unknown, and whose modest and retiring merit, I may, perhaps, have the misfortune to offend by these remarks. But Mr. Dalton was of no party; had he ever moved in that vortex, which has brought discredit, and almost ruin, on the Royal Society of England; had he taken part with those who vote to each other medals; and, affecting to be tired of the fatigues of office, make to each other requisitions to retain places they would be most reluctant to quit; his great and splendid discovery would long since have

been represented to Government. Expectant mediocrity would have urged on its claims to remuneration, and those who covered their selfish purposes with the cloak of science, would have hastened to shelter themselves in the mantle of his glory. But the philosopher may find consolation for the tardy approbation of that Society in the applause of Europe. If he was insulted by their medal, he escaped the pain of seeing his name connected with their proceedings."—P. 20.

As Mr. Babbage has withheld the names of the culprits, we shall treat them with the same forbearance. In another place we find

"It is the custom to attach certain letters to the names of those who belong to different societies, and these marks of ownership are by many considered the only valuable part of their purchase on entry. The following is a list of some of these societies. The second column gives the ready-money prices of the tail pieces indicated in the third. (*We omit the table.*) Thus, those who are ambitious of scientific distinction may, according to their fancy, render their name a kind of comet, carrying with it a tail of upwards of forty letters, at the average cost of 10*l.* 9*s.* 3*d.* per letter."—P. 42.

Cometary tails, indeed!—much more like pig-tails. A Chinaman is disgraced when his tail is cut off, an Englishman when he retains it. Concerning the Medico-Botanical Society, we find

"It would be at once a judicious and a dignified course, if those lovers of science, who have been so grievously deceived in this Society, were to enrol upon the latest pages of its history its highest claim to public approbation, and, by signing its dissolution, offer the only atonement in their power to the insulted science of their country. As with a singular inversion of principle, the Society contrived to render *expulsion* the highest *honour* it could confer; so it remains for it to exemplify, in *suicide*, the sublimest *virtue* of which it is capable."—P. 49.

The irony of the following passage is unique.

"Doubtless, the president, in making that appointment, (of Mr. Brande, a chemist, we believe, to the secretaryship of the Royal Society,) looked most anxiously over the list of the Royal Society. He, doubtless, knew that the Academies of Sweden, of Denmark, of Scotland, of Russia, of Hanover, and of France, derived honour from the discoveries of their secretaries; that they prided themselves in the names of Berzelius, of Oersted, of Brewster, of Eneke, of Gauss, and of Cuvier. Doubtless the president must have been ambitious that England should contribute to this galaxy of glory, that the Royal Society should restore the lost Pleiad\* to the admiring science of Europe. But he could discover no kindred name among the ranks of his supporters, and forgot, for a moment, the interest of the Society in an amiable consideration for the feelings of his surrounding friends. For had the president chosen a brighter star, the lustre of his other officers might have been overpowered by its splendour; but, relieved from the pain of such a contrast, he may still retain the hope, that, by their united brightness, these suns of his little system shall yet afford sufficient light to be together visible to distant nations, as a faint *nebula* in the obscure horizon of English science."—P. 97.

\* "Pleiades, an assemblage of seven stars in the neck of the constellation Taurus. There are now only six of them visible to the naked eye."—*Hutton's Dictionary*—Art. Pleiades.

There is one subject on which we regret that Mr. Babbage should have been almost silent, it is the *you tickle me I tickle you* system carried on between this country and the continent, in the interchange of medals, and the reciprocal pigtailed appendages by the philosophers of France and England. For example, if B., an official member of the Royal Society, will obtain for C., a member of the Institute of France, or for his nominee, a Copley medal, let us say, or the caudal appendage of F. R. S., C. will obtain for B., or for his nominee, the Lalande, we will suppose, in return, or the dignity of Foreign Associate of the Academy of Sciences, F. A. A. S. let us call it. We refrain from enlarging upon this subject; they whom it concerns will see that we understand it.

Great dissatisfaction has been expressed by the troop of *médiocre* men, who now engross and degrade every situation misnamed a scientific appointment, that their qualifications and proceedings should be the object of anonymous criticism. The writer who ar-

gues upon facts, avowed and acknowledged to be such, need not append his name to his reasonings, they must stand or fall by their own intrinsic merit; and it is not every one who is in a situation to brave the malicious vengeance of official vermin, wriggling in and battenning on the corruption they produce. Mr. Babbage can venture to stand forward, and he has done so: the worthy occupant of the chair which Newton held, conferring equal honour to that which he receives, he has added the authority of his name to censures of which the severity is not equal to the justice. If the coterie, or cabal, or whatever it is to be called whose malpractices have rendered necessary the work before us, should attempt to reply to it, let us hope that these abhorers of anonymous criticism will not practise what they condemn. Their little names will compensate by numbers their deficiency of weight; and they can supply by assurance what they want in capacity.

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## FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS.

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### EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

LIKE the rest of the world, we have seen the sixty-second exhibition of the Royal Academy; and we will confess at once, as the world would do if it had a little more sincerity in it, that we are infinitely more displeased than delighted. We are aware that it is a custom with critics of all sorts to take the good things of this academy for granted. It is the fashion (and a very convenient one it is) to open a catalogue, to mark all the great names, and to pour out praises upon them in exact proportion to their popularity. We are in the habit of being told, a week or two previous to the annual opening, that somebody has performed prodigies of painting; and that somebody else is to illumine all the town with the brilliancy of his pencil; that one academican has surpassed all the world, and that a second has surpassed himself; in short, that Titian has out-Titianed every body, and that Correggio has displayed his usual Correggioscity. The consequence of this is, that for six weeks every year the entire contents of the respective parishes of St. James and St. Giles are poured promiscuously into Somerset-house; until fashion grows almost ashamed of its folly, and surrenders itself up to fatigue—criticism takes place of cant—the Vandyckes turn out to be nothing but Jacksons, and the fifty superlative pictures dwindle down to five; the “eleven buckram men” relapse again into the Prince and Pains. In the meantime, however, artists and the academy pocket prodigious sums, and the arts are said to be flourishing because its professors are; which is about as true as that the Argyle-rooms flourished on fire, because Chabert did. Wherever we meet with this spirit of puffing and pretension, we de-

spise it; but we detest it most especially in art, because from long standing it has acquired something like a sacred and exclusive character. Artists in general are at least a day behind the rest of the world. While others have been looking into the current, they have watched only the ripples on the surface. Instead of tracing out events, and observing the progress of moral enlightenment and opinion, they have marked only the changes of manners; and have been for the most part too much occupied in copying an expression to think about the emotion that produced it, or to judge of the mysteries and marvels that were working in the human mind. They look about for the picturesque, but they have no conception of the earthquake that has occasioned it. In short they are a conventional set of people, who have enveloped themselves in modes and systems till they hardly understand the meaning of them; and who have confined the expression of their ideas to set phrases and terms of art until they have half forgotten the common language of society. We are speaking of them *en masse*; there are among them many, very many, accomplished and intellectual men. But Arcadia, we are told, was at one time celebrated for its asses as well as its poetical associations; and we think this Arcadian mixture of obstinacy and dullness in a region of poetry and romance, this determination not to go on where there is so much to attract and to urge it to advancement, presents with tolerable accuracy a picture of nine-tenths of the exhibitors that have this year figured in the Royal Academy.

These remarks are not out of season; for a new era in art may be said to have commenced. This is the first exhibition of the reign of a new president, and the last that



will be graced by the productions of Lawrence. We are anxious therefore to tell the truth at the outset. We are convinced, from the pictures we have just seen (we knew it before, but we feel it with a deeper certainty now), that the loss of this extraordinary man is an irreparable one. Nor can we entertain any strong hope that this loss will be alleviated by the appointment to the presidency of a person, who, like Mr. Shee, aims at the artificial instead of the natural, sneers at some of the grandest works of antiquity, and thinks the Elgin Marbles an imposture. There is but too much reason to fear that the sound views of art which characterized Sir Thomas Lawrence,—that grand principle which led him to encourage whatever was pure and exalted in art, and that fine taste that invariably directed him in the search of it—will have little influence in the future government of the academy. But we hate predictions, particularly when they are gloomy; and we earnestly hope that Mr. Shee and the rest of the R.A.'s will disappoint us.

We will now offer a remark or two upon some of the pictures, taking the names as they stand in the catalogue, and commencing with

**PHILLIPS.** This artist, who is at the head of the "usual excellence" school, should never paint below the third button-hole. His heads are remarkable for broad handling, and occasionally for simplicity and purity of colour; but he seems to scorn the nicer arts by which Lawrence attained his peculiar delicacy of expression. This is more especially evident in his female figures, which are almost invariably coarse, vulgar, and overcharged. They have no refinement of feeling—they are mere faces without the poetry of spirit. His Nos. 1 and 36 are both good; but the full length No. 104, is stiff and studied. Every thing is so nice and new, that the gentleman seems as if he had been sitting to Mr. Stultz as well as Mr. Phillips.

**TURNER** seems resolved to puzzle both artist and amateur; but we must admit that he seldom fails to astonish. This he effects by a daring, that if it far oversteps the modesty of nature, succeeds in the extravagant; and atones by a dazzling and voluptuous glare for the want of the purer light of simplicity and truth. His landscapes are too much like "Lalla Rookh" to be perpetually pleasing—our love "falls asleep o'er their sameness of splendour." Yet they seem creations of the very genius of colour—"Palestrina" and "Calais sands," in the present exhibition, are examples. With regard to his picture of "Jessica," it may be called a brilliant blunder; for that something was meant we are willing to believe. The artist had no doubt some sublime intention or other, though he has forgotten what it was. There is a report abroad, to be sure, that it is the production of a young lady of thirteen, and that it was painted at a boarding-school at Clapham. Turner having an eye for yellow-ocre, was struck by the promise that it held

forth; and it being a fashion of the day for great men to lend their names to the productions of other people, he offered to place it in the academy as his own—and there it accordingly is, to the utter annihilation of a beautiful picture of Boxall's hung immediately over it. "Pilate washing his hands" is as a composition almost ludicrous. It is a mere sketch which should have been kept in his studio; and not have been suffered, from vanity or avarice, to have been the means of excluding better pictures and of destroying the effect of every thing around it. If Mr. Turner supposes that the public can be interested about such eccentricities, he insults them. Sir Walter Scott might as well publish his washing-bills embellished with engravings.

**CONSTABLE** almost justifies Fuseli's celebrated desire for an umbrella, when he was looking at one of this artist's landscapes; they are always wet, always smiling through a shower. He may be called the father of the umbrella-school of painting. In No. 19, a Dell-scene, there is a fine freshness of green, and a great deal of brilliant but not natural colour.

**BRIGGS** is not, we fear, advancing so fast as might be wished. In his "Ines De Castro," No. 20, which is in many respects exceedingly clever, there is a sad want of taste in the colour and costume. It looks like a picture painted for a green-room: his genius, like Stanfield's, may be said to have been nurtured in a theatre. His pictures are only stage-representations of history, or nature at second-hand.

**ETTY'S** mind appears so steeped in his recollections of the old Italian masters, and so wedded to the academy models, that his exquisite taste for colour becomes clogged by mechanical routine. We are rejoiced however to see that he adheres to large pictures; and we are glad that the Edinburgh Academy of painting, for whom his "Judith" in the present exhibition was painted, has had spirit enough to encourage such a style. This is the only picture in the collection that evinces a devoted feeling for historic art on a large scale: it is a noble production. It has been objected, that the head of the principal figure is turned away; but Etty, it must be recollected, cultivates what Sir Joshua Reynolds called the ornamental style; and he cares less therefore about the delicacies of expression, than picturesque attitude and splendid colouring. The Storm, No. 37, is admirable; a sublimity of effect is produced by the simplest means, the figures are exquisitely painted, and their expressions convey at once an entire history of the scene. The Dancer, 380, is a fine study for colour; and a still finer one will be found in the female figure in "Gyges exhibiting his wife to his friend." This subject has been selected for the opportunity of painting the principal figure; but the story is strangely told, and all the figures, we think, are somewhat out of drawing.

SIR WILLIAM BEECHEY has not disappointed us, for we have long since ceased to expect. We can assure him, however, that his reputation will not be injured by his present pictures, for they are at least as bad as the worst of his former productions. They exhibit the same amount of despicable drawing and still more despicable colouring. The Duke of Somerset, who figures in a fine frame, No. 47, is a very ill-used nobleman; and as for the "gentleman" whose picture is numbered 302, he would be justified in challenging Sir William, or at least in commencing an action for libel. They have made us laugh, however, and we will not be ungrateful.

JACKSON shines this year in the full blaze of his mediocrity; and if he gives us no great deal to censure, he gives us still less to admire. In his portrait of the Marquis of Chandos the point of sight is too low—it would be impossible to see the figure as it is placed. The back-ground is composed entirely of smoke and cloud; and the Marquis is made to appear like a gentleman *in nubibus*, or like Mr. Sadler just escaped from a balloon.

ROTHWELL. This artist will, we feel convinced, appear to infinitely greater advantage next year, when there are no pictures of Lawrence's to overshadow him. He has little to fear from others. The raptures that preceded his appearance must have done him considerable injury, by exciting expectations; and occasioning a feeling somewhat akin to disappointment. His 347 and 447 are perhaps his best pictures. His "Lord Downes" and "Col. D'Aguilar" are both good likenesses.

J. WARD's *Fall of Phaeton*, No. 53, is a weak imitation of Rubens. It is spirited, but not poetical. The picture should have been called "Astley's broke loose." Phaeton looks extremely like Mr. Ducrow flying after his stud. This artist's picture of "Venus rising from her Couch" is poor in all respects, but in colour especially. The Venus is worthy of attention on the score of originality; the artist has successfully got rid of the vulgar idea of grace and beauty that has been hitherto associated with his subject.

SHEE, though still inferior to many of his brethren in art, has taken great pains this year. Of his several pictures "Lavinia" is, perhaps, the worst. It is meagre in form and composition, impure in colour, and utterly destitute of natural grace and sweetness of expression. His portrait of Mr. Wynne is carefully finished; but he apparently cannot divest himself of a certain waxen appearance in his flesh. This is most evident in his female portraits, which generally look as if they had been copied from Mrs. Salmon's studies. He is too fond of touches of vermilion in his shadows—they tend to give a heated and unnatural effect to many of his pictures.

WILKIE's best picture this year is the *Gue-rilla's Return*. His portrait of the king has

disappointed us. There is no defined outline in this picture—the limbs are rounded off into air; the figure seems melting away in a Scotch mist. In "Holyrood" he has grappled a very difficult subject with much vigour and success. The principal figure, however, is painted in a very quizzical spirit. The effect of the colouring is somewhat injured, by a broad brown shade extending over the back ground; this should have been, as in nature, more grey in parts.

WESTALL is this year precisely where he was many years ago—there is no alteration, no acquirement of ease and freedom of style. In his portrait of the princess Victoria, he has tried to make a pleasing little girl look as much like a princess as possible; but the picture is, to our taste, lamentably ludicrous. His "Sister of Viola" is crude, hard, and singularly innocent of all pretension to character.

LAWRENCE. The pictures of this master of grace are hallowed—they are the last upon which his pencil was employed. The portraits of Miss Fry, Moore, and Lord Aberdeen are, we think, the finest—that of Angerstein the most finished. We shall see no more such portraits.

CALLCOTT's Italian composition *Morning* is, perhaps—we are saying a great deal—the very best that he has painted. It has all the quiet and sweetness of Claude—it is full of air. The gradations of tint from warm to cold are exquisite and imperceptible.

HOWARD's *May Morning* is a complete contradiction to the description; instead of "dancing from the east," it is a mere piece of still-life. His picture of "Shakespeare" has been called sublime—it is nearer to it than many may imagine; according to Napoleon, it is but a step off. Nothing can exceed the want of taste evinced in this composition; it is the work of an ambitious imagination that "falls on the other side."

EASTLAKE's *Una delivering the Red Cross Knight* is finished with great care; but there is a want of originality in it. The imaginative parts are the worst.

MULREADY is becoming a mannerist, and copies from himself. His "Dog of two minds" displays but little humour, and is far too hotly coloured.

DANIEL has a *Scene from the Red Rover*. The sky and sea are very well painted, and there is little else in the picture. The effect, however, is striking.

PICKERSGILL has nothing this year equal to his Jeremy Bentham in the last exhibition. We may say of Pickersgill that he never offends, and that he seems satisfied with merely pleasing. His females want the mental charm that all great pictures should possess. His portrait of Lockhart is a good likeness.

NEWTON is a wonderful example of what taste and feeling will do without much elementary knowledge of art. His "Shylock and Jessica" has less of this knowledge



than any picture in the exhibition; and it is the best in it for expression, character, and colour. His "Boniface" is almost equal to it. Yet Newton is not an R. A.!

COLLINS is the same as ever—rich in sea-side stories, and exquisite little touches of scenery and character.

STOTHARD'S *Frith of Clyde* is interesting—as it shows how wretchedly a clever man can paint if he chooses.

CLINT is improving in colour; but his "Love, Law, and Physic" is not equal to his "Charles XII." His portrait of Lord Suffield is a deplorable failure, and contrasts very curiously with

Mrs. CARPENTER'S portrait of H. Hoare, Esq. which is remarkable for its simplicity and freedom. In this picture there is no straining after effect—no vulgarity of taste.

STANFIELD'S *Mount St. Michael* is a

magnificent picture; the water is liquid, clear, and full of motion. While Turner is struggling to arrive at a point by poetical effect, Stanfield appears to arrive at it unconsciously, and almost without an effort.

EDWIN LANDSEER has two or three pictures; one containing portraits of the Duke of Atholl and others, is partly spoiled by the nature of its subject. The dogs and deer are admirably painted. This picture is in parts almost unrivalled for its lightness and elegance of touch.

LINTON has a tasteless and purple composition called "Zagarolo," very different in its style to one that hangs opposite it, *viz.*

LEE'S *Water Mill*, a bold, fresh, and finely coloured picture, full of nature, and aiming at nothing more.

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## MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

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WE have before remarked on the anomaly, and a remarkable one it is, that *malgré* the great distress actually existing in the country, all rural occupations are proceeding regularly, the land is fully tilled, though certainly not in the best and most advantageous manner, more corn, particularly wheat, has been sown than in any former year, and more cattle bred. Thus our distress and want, and predicted ruin, co-exist with the most exuberant and superabundant national stock of all the necessities, conveniences, and luxuries of life—money, that never fails to make "the mare to go," included. It would require a long and painful disquisition, for which here is no place, to solve this politico-economical riddle. The last year's wheat crop has proved even more defective than was apprehended before Christmas, by our most sensitive alarmists; and granting more abundance of other corn and pulse, their condition was such from the continued unfavourable state of the weather during the summer season, that whatever the farmer might have profited by large acreable quantity, was lost by depreciation on sale. No surer proof can be adduced of the great, and not of late years, paralleled deficiency of our wheat crop, than the paucity of British samples which has been so long exhibited at the Corn Exchange in London, and the immense number of foreign, the price, at the same time, to be considered high, with seldom any material declension, the demand also increasing in various parts of the country for foreign wheat. The circumstance particularly attracted our attention some time since, that fine foreign wheat was worth ninety-two per quarter, when the finest and best English would scarcely obtain eighty-two; a superiority of price in foreign wheat of which we have no previous recollection. In former days, English wheat, with very few and occasional exceptions, always yielded the highest price in our markets. Doubtless, the last unfortunate season, both with respect to corn and cattle, must have brought heavy losses on our whole farming interest, but it has been remarked, that one bad year alone could not ruin such a number of the tenantry. In all probability, the seeds of this distress had been previously sown. But how are we to reconcile this risk and loss on the tillage of the land, with the following information? Very lately, some small pieces of land at Devizes, Wilts, belonging to a public charity, were let at the enormous rent of seven and nine pounds per acre.

The last two months, bating about a fortnight in April, and the intervention of several changes to a north-eastern temperature, have been most propitious to all the growing crops. The fortnight of unfavourable weather much retarded the final preparations for seed, of heavy and wet lands. Thus though a favourable, this is not a very forward season, yet from the healthy and luxuriant appearance of the corn crops, should the summer solstice commence favourably, and the redoubtable St. Swithin prove auspicious, we may reasonably expect an early harvest. The wheats, with the exceptions formerly made, of poor, hungry soils, and of the late-sown and insufficiently tilled, exhibit universally a rich, healthy, and exuberant show of deep and shining verdure. The same verdict may be given of the Spring crops, both corn and pulse, particularly of the early sown, though those unavoidably deferred to the last have been committed to the ground under very favourable circumstances, and are springing up with the appearance of much health and vigour. Winter tares perhaps the worst crop of the year; those of the Spring will produce a heavy burden. The ground insects, wire-worm and grub, have thinned much of the poor land wheats. The early barley, generally flourishing, on some farms are thin sown; a circumstance generally attributed to

deficient quantity of seed. We incline to refer it to other causes. The best new beans and Spring tare seed are much in request. Broad clover seed which can be depended on, commands any price that can be asked. According to our late information, the wheats in the East Riding of Yorkshire have the least promising appearance of those in any other district. On forward soils, the chief occupation at present is preparing the land for turnip seed; more generally the completion of barley sowing and potatoe planting, which among the most backward will scarcely end with May.

A finer or more bulky appearance of the grasses natural and sown has scarcely appeared in any season, and the present warm and showery weather will still increase the bulk. In our country, hayset will commence with June. What is to be done with the stock of old hay, is yet a mystery; much of the ordinary sort however, has lately been sold for litter, as more easily obtained than straw, which is as scarce as hay is superabundant. It is said that grass lands in Scotland let readily at the old rents, with occasionally some advanced. As to live-stock, the fall of lambs, notwithstanding certain drawbacks, has been eminently successful, and they who possess the means, or the power of earning the means, need be under no apprehension of a want of either lamb or mutton. What a national disgrace it is that such numbers both able and willing to labour must inevitably be (shall we say?) defrauded of their fair share of this common good! Hence the horrible dissolution of morals, vengeance, destruction, incendiarism, by which we have been so long and constantly appalled! Store stock of all kinds have perhaps advanced from ten to fifteen per cent. at the great fairs, excepting those where the numbers have too far exceeded the demand; and as this has occurred somewhat frequently, it manifests the great extent of stock in the country. The graziers and feeders, sore and apprehensive from their ill success during the last year, purchase with trembling caution and little hope, and too many must do so on credit. Of horses, all we have to add is ditto long since and often repeated—the ordinary kinds, when they can be sold, persuade an ordinary price; the superior, all that can be demanded for them. Our Scottish farming brethren, in mockery of the distress of the times, have yet the spirit to part with, from thirty to forty and fifty pounds each, in exchange for good draught horses. The hops have had a visit from the fly during the intervals of north-eastern temperature, but are nevertheless strong and luxuriant in bine, and thus far of good promise. Little variation or no advance in price. It is the general opinion that there need be no apprehensions of the coming crop of apples equalling the superabundance of the last, from the damage received by the trees during the unfavourable months of the past summer; other fruits are of the highest promise, yet much destruction must have been made of the blossoms by the late storms of wind.

For novelties, his Grace the Primate has, with equal policy and patriotism, moved for the "Composition of Tithes:" the times are not yet ripe for their *abolition*! A new species of cattle food is under late recommendation—the *symphytum asperinum*, or prickly comfrey, for which we refer to the Farmer's Journal, May 17.—The produce is immensely bulky, and cattle must be accustomed to it, before they will take it readily; always the case in our country, so fruitful in natural grasses and the superior kinds of the artificial. Moreover, where the quantity superabounds, the quality seldom or never holds way with it. Mr. Lawrence, after the example of the late Mr. Young, took great pains to introduce the culture of Millelot, so extensively used on the Continent, but without success; our animals indeed, horses particularly, will eat it, but they have the good taste to prefer superior green food. Our brother scribes of Scotland continue decidedly *vermineous*, top-full of the fly-fancy, and from the Carse of Gowrie, as usual, smartly severe upon us *corruptionists*. Nevertheless and however, corruption ever precedes the generation of the *aphis*, and no corruption of blight, no *aphides*. Where the devil then are they in genial seasons, when those beautiful insects are neither seen, felt, heard, nor understood? But as our brethren seem so solicitous to obtain a new understanding of this winged subject, they doubtless further meditate a war of extermination against the flies, on the success of which we congratulate them *in prospectu*. From Chichester we learn that the buyers and sellers of corn have gone to loggerheads, on that most important subject the imperial measure. Surely the most rational and easy mode of settling the difference would be in the difference of price. Equally sure is the legislative absurdity of not making the rule equally imperative as imperial. The reader is requested to correct a press error in the last Report—*marygold* should be read *mangold* or beet.

*Smithfield*.—Beef, 3s. 2d. to 4s. 2d.—Mutton, 3s. 2d. to 4s. 4d.—Veal, 4s. 2d. to 5s. 4d. Pork, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 8d.—Lamb, 5s. 6d. to 6s. 9d.—Raw Fat, 2s. 1d.

*Corn Exchange*.—Wheat, 48s. to 80s.; foreign, 53s to 90s.—Barley, 24s. to 40s.—Oats, 19s. to 32s.—London fine 4-lb. loaf, 10½d.—Hay, 40s. to 100s. per load—Clover, ditto, 60s. to 105s.—Straw, 46s. to 55s.

Coals in the Pool, 27s. to 35s. 6d. per chaldron.

*Middlesex*, May 24.

M.M. New Series.—Vol. IX. No. 54.

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## MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

**SUGAR.**—The demand for sugar was general and extensive; the estimated sales of West India Muscovadoes were 3,300 hogsheads and tierces. Purchases of Mauritius exceeded 24,000 bags, all sold at full market prices. At the close of the market this afternoon, the estimated, of West India, were 900 hogsheads and tierces. A supply of refined continues inadequate to the demand: orders for crushed cold, not to be executed; there being none in the market. Shipping goods are nearly as scarce. Scarcely any advance of price were obtained. Lumps went off freely, fine double-refined bounty are much sought after. Grocery goods in steady request, full prices obtained; molasses are lower.—*Foreign Sugars.*—The yellow sold (fine) at 27s., low down to 24s., the fine white all taken in 42s. at 42s. 6d. low yellow. Havannah, by private contract, 24s. White Pernams, at former rates at public sale. 754 boxes, Havannah sugar: nearly the whole were yellow descriptions; a considerable proportion sold, 21s. for low yellow up to 25s. 6d. for the fine old soft white Havannah sold at 36s. 6d. and ordered to good brown, 17s. to 21s. 6d. The Bengal sugars, at the India House, sold 1s. above last sale prices. At public sales last week were brought forward 24,000 bags of Mauritius, the whole sold at full market prices. Six hundred and nine pacts, East India: the white sold at full market rates; strong lots rather higher. Siam sugar steadily at market prices.

**COFFEE.**—The Coffee market was dull last week; prices a shade lower. A proportion of Demerara and Berbice were taken. Jamaica at nearly the same decline: fine middling 70s. to 75s.; good middling 63s. to 66s. Cherilon and Sumatra 31s.; good old St. Domingo at 32s.; the Ceylon sold at 32s.; Mocha sold lower; Demerara and Jamaica sold freely at higher prices.

**RUM, BRANDY, HOLLANDS.**—There are no sales of rum worth reporting, they are confined to small of fine Jamaica. In brandy and Geneva there are no purchases.

**HEMP, FLAX, TALLOW.**—The tallow-market is more firm, on account of an advance at Petersburg. In Hemp and Flax there is no alteration worth reporting. The letters from St. Petersburg are dated the 30th ult. Exchange 10d. 13. 32. Tallow 95 rubles. Bought 1500 casks. London Tallow 34s. 6d. at 34s. 9d., ditto for arrival 36s.

*Course of Foreign Exchange.*—Amsterdam, 12. 7.—Rotterdam, 12. 7.—Antwerp, 12. 7.—Hamburg, 14. 1.—Paris, 0.—Bordeaux, 26. 0.—Frankfort, 10.—Petersburgh, 10.—Vienna, 10. 15.—Madrid, 36.—Cadiz, 36 0½.—Bilboa, 36. 0¾.—Barcelona, 35. 0¾.—Seville, 35. 0¾.—Gibraltar, 47. 0½.—Leghorn, 47. 0¼.—Genoa, 25. 90.—Venice, 47. 0½.—Malta, 48. 0½.—Naples, 39. 0¾.—Palermo, 118½.—Lisbon, 44.—Oporto, 43. 0¾.—Rio Janeiro, 21. 0½.—Bahia, 27½.—Dublin, 1. 0½.—Cork, 1. 0½.

*Bullion per Oz.*—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—Foreign Gold in Bars, £3. 17s. 9d.—New Doubleloons, £0. 4s. 9½d.—New Dollars, £0. 0s. 0d.—Silver in Bars (standard), £0. 0s. 0d.

*Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.*—Birmingham CANAL (½ sh.), 291l.—Coventry, 860l.—Ellesmere and Chester, 99l.—Grand Junction, 295l.—Kennet and Avon, 28l.—Leeds and Liverpool, 465l.—Oxford, 640l.—Regent's, 23l.—Trent and Mersey (¼ sh.), 780l.—Warwick and Birmingham, 270l.—London DOCKS (Stock), 80¾l.—West India (Stock), 193l.—East London WATER-WORKS, 123l.—Grand Junction, 0l.—West Middlesex, 80l.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 10l.—Globe, 0l.—Guardian, 26¾l.—Hope Life, 6½l.—Imperial Fire, 120l.—GAS-LIGHT Westminster chartered Company, 58¾l.—City, 190l.—British, 0l.—Leeds, 195l.

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

*Announced from April 22d to May 22d, 1830, in the London Gazette.*

## BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

L. Pecqueur, Paddington-street, upholsterer  
 E. Knibb, Liverpool, draper  
 J. Hayes, C. F. Hayes, and C. McCullum, Albury Mills, Surrey, paper manufacturers  
 M. and W. Wainwright, Leeds, warehousemen  
 J. Crompton, Rushcroft, fustian manufacturer  
 T. Moor, Leadenhall-street, woollen-draper

W. Clark, Leadenhall-street, woollen-draper  
 W. Cole and R. K. Vorley, Suffolk-lane, hop-merchants  
 J. Whitelock, Stranton New Mill, Durham, miller  
 J. Tarver, Wolverton, carpenter  
 M. George, Margate, draper  
 A. D. Swinton, Salisbury-square, medicine vender  
 J. Stevenson, Stafford, dealer

## BANKRUPTCIES.

[This Month 151.]

*Solicitors' Names are in parentheses.*

Archer, W. Pimlico, and Percy-street, boarding-house-keeper. (Goren and Co. Orchard-street)  
 Appleyard, J. Telford, miller. (Norris and Co. John-street; Barker, Horncastle)  
 Armstrong, T. Boroughbridge, corn-merchant. (Blakelock and Co. Serjeant's-inn; Richardson, Knarborough)  
 Austin, J. Shoreditch, grocer. (Jones, Size-lane)  
 Ainsley, T. Doncaster, cornfactor. (Perkins and Co. Gray's-inn; Clarke and Co. Barnsley)  
 Arkinstall, J. Birmingham, tea-dealer. (Tooke and Co. Bedford-row; Capper, Birmingham)  
 Bennett, J. Newtown, coal-dealer. (Bigg, Southampton-buildings; Marsh, Llanidloes)  
 Brownrigg, J. Keswick, woollen-manufacturer. (Addison, Gray's-inn; Lightfoot, Keswick)  
 Brooks, J. Spa-fields, Lincoln's-inn-fields, builder and bill-broker. (Thornbury, Chancery-lane)  
 Bishop, W. Lambeth, victualler. (Whitehouse, Castle-street, Holborn)  
 Burleigh, W. Toppesfield, tailor. (Preston and Co. St. Mildred's-court)  
 Brooks, G. E. Old Bond-street, auctioneer. (Raphael, Fitzroy-square)  
 Barringer, S. N. St. John-street, tavern-keeper. (Umney, Chancery-lane)  
 Baines, T. R. Chancery-lane, victualler. (Williams and Co. Lincoln's-inn-fields)  
 Bertles, P. jun. Rochdale, inn-keeper. (Milne and Co. Temple; Walker and Co. Manchester)  
 Benison, S. Stockport, ironmonger. (Tyler, Temple; Hunt and Co. Stockport)  
 Bell, C. Billiter-street, wine-merchant. (Miller, Ely-place)  
 Barber, R. Walsall, wine-merchant. (Austen and Co. Gray's-inn; Jesson, Walsall)  
 Barker, J. Tooley-street, bacon-factor. (Smithson and Co. New-inn)  
 Brackenbury, J. Tetford, shoemaker. (Norris and Co. Bedford-row; Barker, Horncastle)  
 Brown, G. East India-chambers, scrivener. (Norton, New-street)  
 Ball, R. J. Camberwell New-road, schoolmaster. (Carter and Co. Royal Exchange)  
 Barret, W. H. H. Rugby, wine-merchant. (Starling, Leicester-square)  
 Bond, S. jun. Honiton, coach-maker. (Rhodes and Co. Chancery-lane; Flood and Co. Honiton)  
 Brotherston, J. Liverpool, merchant. (Blackstock and Co. Temple; Pritt and Co. Liverpool)  
 Bulley, R. sen. Maldon, tailor. (Parker, Gray's-inn)  
 Back, R. Mitchell-street, backmaker. (Ewington, Finsbury-square)  
 Belton, W. Skinner-street, victualler. (Duncan, Lincoln's-inn-fields)  
 Brough, J. King's-street, victualler. (Bell and Co. Bow Churchyard)  
 Binns, W. Staly Bridge, cotton-spinner. (Clarke and Co. Lincoln's-inn; Higginbottom, Ashton-under-Lyne)  
 Cadby, S. Water-lane and Leicester-square, general agent and tailor. (Capes, Gray's-inn)  
 Cartwright, W. Oxford-street, horse-dealer. (Mills, Hatton-garden)  
 Clarke, W. Leadenhall-street, woollen-draper. (Clutton and Co. Temple)  
 Charles, R. and G. Liverpool, ship-chandlers. (Chester, Staple-inn; Ripley, Liverpool)

Clarke, W. and J. Moore, Leadenhall-street, woollen-drapers. (Wilde and Co. College-hill)  
 Cooper, W. Stoke-upon-Trent, inn-keeper. (Heming and Co. Lincoln's-inn-fields, Dent and Co. Stone)  
 Crooks, R. Cornhill, tailor. (Pasmore and Co. Sarnbrook-court)  
 Chervet, J. Hackney-road, coal-merchant. (Goren and Co. Orchard-street)  
 Cherry, E. Aldermanbury, livery-stable-keeper. (Watson and Co. Falcon-square)  
 Croucher, J. Change-alley, chronometer-maker. (Clutton and Co. Southwark)  
 Chambers, W. and W. Richardson, Milk-street, merchants. (Norton and Co. Gray's-inn)  
 Campbell, A. G. Fulham, apothecary. (Drawbridge, Arundel-street)  
 Dempster, J. Mitcham, schoolmaster. (Walton and Co. Warrford-court)  
 Doyle, H. Barbican, victualler. (Partou and Co. St. Mildred's-court)  
 Davis, N. St. Mary-Axe, wine-merchant. (Yates and Co. Bury-street)  
 Davies, D. Maesyccummer, grocer. (Smith and Co. Red Lion-square; Franklyn, Bristol)  
 Donnison, J. Liverpool, joiner. (Lowes, Temple; Leigh and Co. Liverpool)  
 Darke, W. St. Colomb, linendraper. (Coode, Guilford-street; Collins, St. Colomb)  
 Dalton, T. Carlisle, cattle-dealer. (Mounsey and Co. Staple-inn; Dixon, Calthwaite)  
 Davison, T. Birkenshaw, victualler. (Birkett and Co. Cloak-lane)  
 Dean, W. Manchester, stationer. (Adlington and Co. Bedford-row; Law and Co. Manchester)  
 Fawcett, J. York, builder. (Capes, Gray's-inn; Brook and Co. York)  
 Ford, W. Liverpool, builder. (Adlington and Co. Bedford-row; Whillers, Liverpool)  
 Fairbridge, A. South Audley-street, cabinet-maker. (Hill and Co. Welbeck-street)  
 Farrant, J. Strand, tailor. (Hutchinson and Co. Crown-court)  
 Grainger, J. S. Birmingham, iron-merchant. (Holme and Co. New-inn; Parker, Birmingham)  
 Goater, W. Chiddesden, corn-dealer. (Whiteley, Tokenhouse-yard)  
 Ginger, J. Bayswater, builder. (Carlton, High-st. Marylebone)  
 Gregson, J. T. Liverpool, victualler. (Blackstock and Co. Temple; Booth, Liverpool)  
 Giles, J. Leeds, stuff-merchant. (Battye and Co. Chancery-lane; Lee, Leeds)  
 Gagan, G. R. Commercial-road, builder. (Willey and Co. Lothbury)  
 Gittins, E. Exceall Park, Salop, farmer. (Clarke and Co. Lincoln's-inn-fields. Williams, Shrewsbury)  
 Hone, R. Winchester, boarding-school-keeper. (Crosby, Bucklersbury)  
 Hayley, W. Melcombe Regis, carpenter. (Bridges and Co. Red Lion-square; Arden, Weymouth)  
 Hawthorn, T. Hanley, victualler. (Walford, Grafton-street; Harding, Burslem)  
 Hyde, E. Manchester, victualler. (Hurd and Co. Temple; Wood, Manchester)  
 Hartwright, J. Cheltenham, woollen-draper. (King, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Packwood, Cheltenham)  
 Harrison, J. Bury, Lancashire, hardwareman. (Appleyby and Co. Gray's-inn; Woodcock, Bury)  
 Hummerstone, J. Pentonville, cheesemonger. (Lewis, Bernard-street)  
 Hudson, J. and T. Bushier, Spitalfields, silk-manufacturers. (Hudson, King-street, Cheapside)  
 Hardy, J. Sproughton, cattle-salesman. (Price and Co. St. John-square)



- Haslewood, G. D. Oldbury, apothecary. (Stanley, Gray's-inn; Cooper, Shrewsbury)
- Hawkins, J. Camberwell Newroad, builder. (Drew, Bermondsey-street)
- Hollings, J. Leeds, victualler. (Strangeways and Co. Barnard's-inn; Robinson, Leeds)
- Jones, J. Liverpool, merchant. (Chester, Staple-inn; Finlow, Liverpool)
- James, S. Everett-street, grocer. (Carlton, High-st. Marylebone)
- Johnston, R. New-street-square, brass-founder. (Potts and Son, Serjeant's-inn)
- James, S. Carlisle, mercer. (Addison, Gray's-inn; Wannop, Carlisle)
- Isaacs, W. H. Charles-street, Soho, bookseller. (Birkett and Co. Cloak-lane)
- Lineam, S. Bristol, mason. (Bridges and Co. Red Lion-square; Hare and Co. Bristol)
- Lawes, T. Basinghall-street, coach-proprietor. (G. Smith, Basinghall-street)
- Lawater, L. I. Camomile-street, merchant. (Heathcote, Coleman-street)
- Langdon, J. New Bridge-street, Blackfriars, upholder. (Hensman, Walbrook)
- Lees, J. jun. Nottingham, joiner. (Knowles, New-inn; Hurst, Nottingham)
- Lowe, W. Bishop's Sturtford, cattle-salesman. (Ford, Pall Mall)
- Lewis, W. Bath, silk-merc. (Fisher, Castle-st.)
- Meredith, J. Prescott, inn-keeper. (Chester, Staple-inn; Rowson, Prescott)
- Mason, T. Hereford, shoe-maker. (W. a'Beckett, Golden-square; Mathews, Gloucester)
- Moore, J. Leadenhall-street, woollen-draper. (Clutton and Co. Temple)
- Marshall, W. Huddersfield, shear-manufacturer. (Battye and Co. Chancery-lane; Allison, Huddersfield)
- Mayne, J. and F. A. Wilson, Picket-street, printers. (Yallop, Basinghall-street)
- Martindale, R. Philpot-lane, broker. (Swain and Co. Frederick-place)
- Miller, J. Wood-street, warehouseman. (Jones, Cornhill)
- Margetts, T. Kilsby, cattle-dealer. (Austen and Co. Gray's-inn; Burton, Daventry)
- Millar, J. Manchester, agent. (Hurd and Co. Temple; Hitchcock, Manchester)
- Myers, J. Leeds, malster. (Strangeways and Co. Barnard's-inn; Robinson, Leeds)
- M'Kenzie, W. Boshiers-court, Oxford-street, tea-dealer. (Amory and Co. Throgmorton-street)
- Newark, W. jun. Coventry, guinemaker. (Hall, St. James's-street; Marriott, Coventry)
- Nightingale, R. Octave-hill, Stafford, victualler. (Swain and Co. Frederick's-place; Foster, Wolverhampton)
- Nangle, W. Liverpool, seal-engraver. (Williamson, Liverpool)
- Oakes, W. Carnarvon, grocer. (Adlington and Co. Bedford-row; Frodsham, Liverpool)
- Orford, J. City-road, builder. (Roshier, Farnival's-inn)
- Power, C. Old City-chambers, underwriter. (Kelly, New-inn)
- Phillips, S. Abergavenny, dealer. (Battye and Co. Chancery-lane; Warborough and Co. Bristol)
- Pitts, R. T. Aylsham, grocer. (Austin, Gray's-inn; Barnard, Norwich)
- Parker, J. Lane-end, Stafford, farrier. (Barber, Fetter-lane; Young, Lane-end)
- Porter, J. Manchester, publican. (Makinson and Co. Temple; Markinson, Manchester)
- Peak, J. B. Keele, miller. (Smith, Lincoln's-inn; Dent, Hanley)
- Parry, W. and Co. Berry, Oxford-street, upholsterers. (Tribe, Clifford's-inn)
- Phillips, A. City-road, watch-manufacturer. (Yates and Co. St. Mary Axe)
- Perkins, Rev. S. W. Stockton, clerk, broker. (Burfoot, Temple; Heydon and Co. Warwick)
- Potter, W. and J. Lamb, Southwark, horse-dealers. (Hull, Charles-street)
- Parrott, H. Kennington, coal-merchant. (Tilson and Son, Coleman-street)
- Penning, J. Holles-street, cabinet-maker. (Sidebotham, Hatton-garden)
- Perry, W. Witham, coach-maker. (Bromleys, Gray's-inn)
- Prince, W. Liverpool, tailor. (Blackstock and Co. Temple; Murrow, Liverpool)
- Rowland, T. Bath, victualler. (Makinson and Co. Temple; Helliings, Bath)
- Reynolds, J. Mile End, carpenter. (Bowden and Co. Aldermanbury)
- Rollason, H. Birmingham, gilt-toy-maker. (Holme and Co. New-inn; Bartleet, Birmingham)
- Rider, D. Leeds, and J. Armitage, Huddersfield, woollen-cloth-merchants. (Dawson and Co. New Boswell-court; Scott and Co. Leeds)
- Rose, J. T. Witney, grocer. (Umney, Chancery-lane; Lee, Witney)
- Slade, J. Sherborne, maltster. (Warry, New-inn; Fooks, Sherborne)
- Seagood, J. J. Bread-street, table-linen-manufacturer. (Spencer, St. Mildred's-court)
- Southon, D. Shalford, corn-dealer. (Ayrton, Stepney)
- Standing, T. Gargrave, inn-keeper. (Beverley, Temple; Hartley and Co. Settle)
- Scott, J. Shoreditch, stationer. (Harrison, Walbrook)
- Sniale, T. and R. W. Aldgate, butchers. (Horsley, Berner-street, Commercial-road)
- Sutton, T. J. Scarborough, master-mariner. (Nind and Co. Throgmorton-street)
- Spear, J. Kepple-mews, job-smith. (Smith, Farnival's-inn)
- Sheppard, C. Chelsea, grocer. (Addison, Gray's-inn)
- Skyring, T. Primrose-street, carpenter. (Bennet, Copthall-buildings)
- Stevens, M. Richmond, painter. (Hume and Co. Great James-street)
- Snowden, W. F. Oxford-street, agricultural-implementation-maker. (Hamilton and Co. Berwick-st.)
- Sykes, L. George-street, merchant. (Spurr, Warrford-court)
- Spanton, J. York, bookseller. (Williamson, Gray's-inn; Blanchard and Co. York)
- Stieger, C. Spitalfields, sugar-refiner. (Williams and Co. Walbrook)
- Templeman, J.-West Coker, sailcloth-manufacturer. (Holme and Co. New-inn; Murly, Crewkerne)
- Tregenna, H. East Looe, draper. (Brooking and Co. Lombard-street; Elworthy, Devonport)
- Thomas, J. Birmingham, grocer. (Byrne, Lincoln's-inn; Mole and Son, Birmingham)
- Turner, R. Manchester, wine-merchant. (Michael, Red Lion-square; Booth and Co. Manchester)
- Tutt, J. Rye, cabinet-maker. (Bolton, Austin-friars)
- Wathen, H. Gloucester, shoe-maker. (W. a'Beckett, Golden-square; Mathews, Gloucester)
- Williams, J. Glyndwrwy, grocer. (Edey and Co. Clement's-inn; Edwards, Oswestry)
- Walker, T. Manchester, inn-keeper. (Adlington and Co. Bedford-row; Boardman, Bolton)
- Wayte, J. Newcastle-under-Lyne, brazier. (Walford, Grafton-street; Harding, Burslem)
- Wrighton, J. near Henley-in-Arden, paper-maker. (Kitchen and Son, Warwick and Barford)
- Wilkinson, J. Dudley, vice-maker. (Barber, Fetter-lane)
- Wills, W. Coventry, grocer. (Byrne, Lincoln's-inn; Carter and Co. Coventry)
- Whitehead, E. Salford, publican. (Adlington and Co. Bedford-row; Morris, Manchester)
- Were, J. E. Westminster, tanner. (Stephens, Bedford-row)
- Williams, W. Drury-court, victualler. (Whiteley, Tokenhouse-yard)

## ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. Dr. H. Hawes to the prebend of Grimston and Yatminster.—Rev. H. Moule to the Vicarage of Box, Wilts.—Rev. R. Sherson to the Rectory of Yaverland, Isle of Wight.—Rev. C. Holloway to the Rectory of Stanford Dingley, Berks.—Rev. C. Westeneys to the Rectory of Babworth, Notts.—Rev. J. Atkinson to be Chaplain to Lord Mexborough.—Rev. C. Hawkins to the Residentiaryship in York Cathedral.—Rev. J. Wilson to the Chancellorship of Leighlin.—Rev. A. Irvine to the Vicarage of St. Margaret's, Leicester.—Rev. W. Cooper to a Chaplainship in ordinary to the King.—Rev. J. W. Water to be Chaplain to the embassy at Copenhagen.—Rev. C. Oakes to the Rectory of Kemberton, with the Vicarage of Sutton Maddock annexed, Salop.—Rev. H. Roberson to the prebendal stall of Apescliffe, York.—Rev. J. E. Lance to the Rectory of Buckland St. Mary, Somerset.—Rev. J. Eddy to the Rectory of Friggleston St. Peter, with Bernerton annexed.—Rev. F. T. Bryans to be perpetual Curate of Farndon, Cheshire.—Rev. J. N. Shipton to the Rectory of Hinton Blewitt, Somerset.—Rev. E. Warneford to the Vicarage of Ashburnham and Penshurst, Sussex.—Rev. W. T. Eyer to the Vicarage of Padbury, Bucks.—Rev. R. Durnford to the Vicarage of Goodworth Clatford.—Rev. D. Wilson to the Rectory of Over Wooton, Oxford.—Rev. W. Harbur to be perpetual Curate of St. Mary Key, Ipswich.—Rev. N. Stonehouse to the Rectory of Eaton Bishop, Hereford.—Rev. T. W. Whittaker to the Rectory of Stanton by Bridge and Swarkestone, Derby.—Rev. H. B. Crewe to the Rectory of

Breadsall, Derby.—Rev. T. Haworth to the perpetual Curacy of Idle, near Bradford, York.—Rev. C. D. M. Drake to the Rectory of Dalham, Suffolk.—Rev. H. H. Morgan to the Chancellorship of Hereford Cathedral.—Rev. H. C. Morgan to the Vicarage of Goodrich, Hereford.—Rev. E. Money to the Prebend of Gorwell and Overbury, in Hereford Cathedral.—Rev. W. H. Smith to the Rectory of Hinderwell, York.—Rev. M. Ashworth to the Curacy of Farnsworth, Lancashire.—Rev. W. Key to be perpetual Curate of Kirkdale.—Rev. R. W. Sibthorpe to be chaplain to St. James's, Ryde, Isle of Wight.—Rev. E. Hay to the Vicarage of Broughton, York.—Rev. A. Browne to be chaplain to Merton College, Oxon.—Rev. E. Frowd to the Rectory of Upper Clatford, Hants.—Rev. J. T. Becher to be Vicar-general of Southwell, Notts.—Rev. J. K. Goldney to be chaplain to H. M.'s ship *Blonde*.—Rev. J. Nelson to the Rectory of Dunham Parva, Norfolk.—Rev. H. Heigham to the Rectory of Bradfield Combust, Norfolk.—Rev. P. Debary to the Rectory of Orwell, Cambridge.—Rev. B. Charlesworth to the Vicarage of Darfield, York.—Rev. G. J. A. Drake to be chaplain to Baroness De la Zouch.—Rev. W. Helps, jun. to the Vicarage of Ratcliffe on Soar, Notts.—Rev. E. B. Ramsay to be sole Clergyman of St. John the Evangelist, Edinburgh.—Rev. E. Strangways to the consolidated Rectories of Melbury Sampford and Melbury Osmond, Dorset.—Rev. P. Stubbs to the Vicarage of Well, York.—Rev. R. B. Scholefield to the Vicarage of Ganton, York.

## CHRONOLOGY, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, ETC.

## CHRONOLOGY.

April 29. Leave given in the House of Commons to bring in a bill to establish local jurisdictions in certain districts in England. Moved by Mr. Brougham.

30. The sum of 587,108*l.* voted in the House of Commons for defraying the expense of ordnance extraordinaries!\*

Annual meeting of governors, &c. of King's College. Report made, stating that the council had entered into contract for executing the shell of the

entire building for 63,812*l.*, and that the college would be opened on Oct. 1, 1831.

May 3. Bill for removing the Hay-market received the royal assent.

The Zoological Society held their annual meeting; their Report stated the receipts of the past year to be 16,347*l.* 12*s.* arising from subscriptions, admission fees of visitors, &c. 200,000 persons had visited the gardens last year, and that additional ground had been allotted the society from the commissioners of Woods and Forests.

4. Meeting of the Irish members held at the Thatched House Tavern, Sir J. Newport in the chair, when a series of resolutions were adopted for resisting the intended imposition of fresh taxes upon Ireland, of corn, spirits, stamps, &c.\*

Lord Mountcashel moved in the House of Lords for an inquiry, "if any and what abuses existed in

\* This vote gave rise to warm words on account of its extravagance in these "piping times of peace." Mr. Hume said, in alluding to (one of the items) the expenses of the Royal Academy at Woolwich (artillery), "The fact is that the public is saddled with this expense, in order to provide for certain favourites of the Master of the Ordnance, who are thus receiving a *pauper education*!" Sir H. Hardinge repelled the charge. Mr. Maberley said the country ought not to educate the sons of private gentlemen! Mr. Hume, "I call every Pensioner under the Crown, however unpleasant it may sound to courtly ears, a *pauper*, if he gives no value for his money; it is a common saying, that if a man is fit for nothing else, to put him into the Church or the Army!" Sir H. Hardinge: "I treat this language with the contempt it deserves!" Mr. Hume: "I have borne much, but I will not bear this!" Thus our Senators go to it ding, dong; but "Where there is abuse," says Burke, "there ought to be clamour! It is better to have our slumbers broken by the fire-bell than to perish in flames in our bed!"

\* One of the resolutions in favour of the Liberty of the Press is as follows: "That the increased duty on Newspapers and Advertisements, so far from adding to the revenue, cannot fail to occasion a considerable loss. That in its effect it will be fatal to the Irish Press, and will deprive many most deserving and industrious persons of the means of support—that it will check the progress of knowledge, and will diminish the means by which Public Opinion exercises a salutary and efficient control over Public Men and Public Measures, closing an organ through which the feelings and interests of the people of Ireland may be circulated and expressed!!!"



the Church of England," which was not even seconded!\*

5. Bill for enclosing Hampstead Heath thrown out of the House of Lords.

7. The new road in St. James's Park, leading from Storey's gate to the new entrance in James-street, Westminster, opened to the public.

8. Meeting held at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, concerning the propriety of petitioning Parliament on the subject of the East India Company's charter, when resolutions were entered into and a petition agreed on against renewing their charter.

10. Anniversary meeting of British and Foreign School Society, held at Freemasons's Hall, when it appeared by the report that at Malta, Malacca, Denmark, Sweden, and other parts, the news was very satisfactory; Spain, Portugal, and South America excepted, where political disquietudes retarded the progress of the schools.

12. Anniversary dinner of the Literary Fund Society held at Freemasons' Tavern, when about 500*l.* in donations were added to their funds.

13. Sons of the Clergy Anniversary held at St. Paul's; the total collections there and at the subsequent dinner at Merchant Taylor's Hall, 239*l.*

18. Petition presented to the House of Commons from Rochester, on the subject of an early abolition of the Tithes.† Same day a motion was made relative to the Irish First Fruits; 63 for a committee of inquiry—94 against it. Sir John Newport said, in his exordium, as ground for inquiry, "the Bishopric of Derry is valued at 250*l.* per annum, while it is notorious that its *real* value is 20,000*l.* per annum"!!!

\* Though this motion has proved abortive, the speech delivered by his lordship elicited many *facts* which are likely to have more effect out of the House than in it!—the abuses in the Ecclesiastical Law—clergymen being law-agents,—want of churches in Ireland—in 1263 benefices in Ireland, only 880 had their incumbents resident—advertisements in the daily papers for buying livings for the cure of souls—many residents did no duty, and others worse than no duty—many followed secular employments—many became insolvents and bankrupts, and were in the gazette—indeed, he said, he knew an archdeacon that kept foxhounds and twenty hunters and hunted regularly with them too—he knew another also whose means were not so large, but who had still his sporting establishment, and what was worse, upon Sundays, the *sporting parson* and his friends assembled round the Communion Table in the Church, and there made their sporting arrangements!!!!!! &c. &c. &c. "From these various facts," his lordship said, "he knew that there were many worthy Bishops upon the Bench, who would give him their assistance upon this occasion, and he hoped they would not disappoint him!!!!" However there was not one noble lord to be found either spiritual or temporal to second the motion.

† Mr. Thome on presenting the petition said, "the tithes alienated the people from the church—they were a greater enemy to the church than the Jews—the time had now arrived when it ought to be considered what the great part if not the whole of the security now given for the payment of the Clergy ought not to be dispensed with—the petitioners stated this opinion, and added there was no authority in Scripture, so far at least as they could discover, for having enormously paid archbishops and bishops, while the people at large were suffering all the miseries of poverty, privation and want." Out of 11,000 clergy, not more than 6,000 did their duty in person; all *sinecures* of the church ought to be abolished, as well as civil and military *sinecures*." Mr. Baring said, "although I have been wrong relative to the Bishop of London's revenue, yet no contradiction has been given to what I have said of the see of Winchester, and I believe that that produced 90,000*l.* the first year of the present Bishop's taking it"!!!

13. Sir James Mackintosh presented a petition from Edinburgh to the House of Commons for abolition of death in cases of forgery.\*

14. Motion made in the House of Commons "for an account of all salaries, profits, pay, fees and emoluments, whether civil or military, from Jan. 5, 1829, to Jan. 5, 1830, enjoyed by each of the members of the King's Privy Council, specifying with each name the total amount received by each individual, and distinguishing the various services from which the same is derived." Negated by 231 against 147. †

17. On the second reading of the bill in the House of Commons for emancipating the Jews, 165 votes were for, and 228 against it †

18. Motion in the House of Commons for a Select Committee to inquire into the distressed state of the West India Colonies put off, on the pledge of the Secretary of State, that government would investigate the matter so as to be able to bring forward the motion on the first week of the next Session of Parliament.

24. Message from His Majesty to the Houses of Lords and Commons, stating that owing to the illness under which His Majesty labours, it is inconvenient and painful for him to sign with his own hand instruments requiring the sign manual; he recommends Parliament to adopt measures for giving effect to such documents during his indisposition.

\* It was signed by about 700 persons of respectability, being all either bankers, merchants, magistrates, private gentlemen, or members of the Universities and learned professions. A great number of petitions have also been presented to the House from various towns on the same subject.

† Sir James Graham, who made the motion, had said (a few days preceding, May 10), "that the time was now come when the House ought to fly at higher game—at those *birds of prey* which are floating in the upper regions of the air"—this evening, May 14, he mentioned that there were 169 privy councillors, exclusive of the Royal Family; of these there were 113 in receipt of public monies annually amounting to 650,164*l.*; of this sum 86,103*l.* were for actual *sinecures*; 442,000*l.* for what was termed active service, and 121,650*l.* for pensions—69 of these privy councillors were members, or ministers, of that and the other house receiving public money, of whom 47 were peers, who received 378,840*l.* a year, or 8,069*l.* each; and 22 were members of the House of Commons receiving 90,849*l.*, or 4,130*l.* a year each!!!!

‡ Mr. Brougham said he did not wish to put this measure upon the footing of State necessity, nor of sound policy: he put it on the other, but not lower grounds; for he put it, as a *case of justice*, to an assembly of just men. He begged the house to consider, seriously, that men were not excluded from that house because they might be Quakers or Jews, heathens, infidels, or blasphemers, but because they happened to be devoid of that quintessence of Heathenry—*Hypocrisy*!—Let the Jew but come here and pledge himself to the contents of that oath by which he is excluded, and he will be at once received with open arms by that Chorus of Christians whom he had that night heard cheer, and roar, and howl, forth their applause of the most anti-christian doctrines and feelings, that had ever been uttered in a civilized country!!!! Did the gentlemen on the other side ever hear of Mr. Gibbon's having sat in that house—how, at a time that he was notoriously an opponent of Christianity, he came up to that table and took the entire array of oaths—of abjuration and against transubstantiation, &c. with all the gravity of a Christian? And yet he held, at that very time, the office of a Lord of Trade, and received its salary just as *orthodoxly* as the staunchest Churchmen! He did not, to be sure, exercise much authority in the house, for Gibbon's paganism was a little too evident, and a consciousness of its having been so, hindered him from exercising that influence which his talents and learning would have entitled him to. He never spoke—he had a

## MARRIAGES.

At Brighton, Sir R. H. C. Rycroft, baronet, to Charlotte Anne Josephina, eldest daughter of W. Tennant, esq., and niece to Lord Yarborough.—Capt. E. A. Perceval, (15th Hussars), youngest son of the late Right Hon. Spencer Perceval, to Beatrice, fourth daughter of Sir J. Trevelyan, bart.—Hon. T. Americus Erskine, eldest son of Lord Erskine, to Louisa, relict of T. Legh, esq.—Henry Petre, esq., son of Hon. G. Petre, to Adela, daughter of H. Howard, esq., of Corby Castle.—H. Kemble, esq., Camberwell, to Rachael Dobree, second daughter of P. Melvill, esq., late Lieut.-Governor of Pendennis Castle.—Sir E. Blackett, bart., to Miss Monck, daughter of Sir C. Monck, bart.—H. Arbutnot, esq., son of Right Hon. C. Arbutnot, to Lady Charlotte Rachael Scott, daughter of the Earl of Clonmell.—At Brighton, E. Wilmot, esq., to Lady Janet Jean Erskine, daughter of the late Earl of Mar.—Rev. W. Somerville, brother to Lord Somerville, to Charlotte, seventh daughter of Rev. W. Bagot.—At Petworth, R. Haslar, esq., to Miss Julia Wyndham, niece to Lord Egremont.—At Charlton House, Rev. A. Drummond, to Margareta Maria, sister to Sir T. M. Wilson, bart.—At the Duke of Beaufort's, Marquis of Cholmondeley, to Lady Susan Somerset, fourth daughter of the Duke of Beaufort.

## DEATHS.

In Pall Mall, Sir Scrope Bernard Morland, bart., M.P., 72.—Viscount Lifford, grandson of a former Lord Chancellor of Ireland.—In Grosvenor Square, Lord Grey, only son of the Earl and Countess of Wilton.—At Marlow, Vice-Admiral Sir J. N. Morris, K.C.B.—At Teignmouth, Capt. P. Tait, R.N., 97.—Lady Charlotte Micklethwaite.—Sir W. Parker, bart., Melford Hall.—In Grosvenor Square, the Marchioness of Bath.—At Cartlett, near Haverford West, Miss Ann Griffiths, of Solva, Pembrokeshire.—At Drayton Park, Sir Robert Peel, bart., 80.—At Guffond, Hon. Elizabeth Rowley.—At Newcastle, Miss Dorothy Collingwood, sister of the late Admiral Lord Collingwood.—In Craven-buildings, Drury-lane, John Ripkey, 108; he served in the war be-

tween the French and English in America, under General Wolfe in 1759; he subsequently distinguished himself in the American war, at Bunker's hill, at which time he was in the 13th reg.; he quitted the army in 1791, from which time he received his majesty's bounty as an out-pensioner at Chelsea Hospital, having 16 sabre wounds on his head.—Admiral Isaac Prescott, 98.—Lady Peake, relict of Sir Henry Peake, many years surveyor of the Navy.—T. Collins, esq., (95.), of Berner Street.—In Hampton-Court Palace, Lady Lavington.—At Overbury, Penelope, widow of James Martin, esq., formerly M.P. for Tewkesbury during 32 years, denominated "the Starling," for continually echoing "coalition, coalition, cursed coalition!" alluding to Lord North's and Charles Fox's apostacy and exploits in that way.—At Brixton, Isle of Wight, 75, Rev. N. Digby.—At Southampton, Miss Stuart, sister of Sir James Stuart, bart.

## MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At Berne, Sir J. Boswell, bart., to Jesse Jane, eldest daughter of Sir J. M. Cunningham, bart.—At Berne, at the English Minister's, Edward Romilly, esq., third son of the late Sir Samuel Romilly, to Sophia, youngest daughter of the late Dr. Mareet.

## DEATHS ABROAD.

At Rome, Marchioness of Northampton.—At Harquegnies, near Ath, in Hainault, Peter Van der Com, a farmer, nearly 121 years old, being born June 29, 1709; he retained his mental and bodily powers to the last.—In France, the Marquis Maximilian de l'Aubespine, a descendant from the celebrated Sully, minister of Henry IV.—At Bombay, Sir W. Seymour, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Judicature.—At the Cape of Good Hope, Lady Bradford, wife of General Sir T. Bradford.—At Brussels, Lord Elibank. His Lordship was son of Alexander, the 7th Lord, by Mary Clara de Montelieu, daughter of the Hon. Colonel Montelieu.—At Paris, Mr. F. A. Winsor, 68, the originator of the practical and useful application of gas lights.—At Chesne, near Geneva, Catherine, the lady of the Right Hon. Sir James Mackintosh.

## PATENTS.

To John M'Innes, of Auchentreech, and of Woodburn, in Scotland, esq., *for the manufacture or preparation of certain substances which he denominates the British Tapioca, and the cakes and flour to be made from the same.* 24th April, six months.

To Samuel Brown, of Billiter Square, London, commander in the royal navy, *for certain improvements in making or manufacturing bolts and chains.* 24th April, six months.

To Joseph Cochaux, of Fenchurch Street, London, merchant, *for an invention of an apparatus calculated to prevent or render less frequent the explosion of boilers in generating steam.* 24th April, six months.

weight, "a dead weight," upon him! He was afraid he should hear "Spoke! Spoke! Infidel! Infidel!" breaking on him from every side of the house. Did hon. gent. ever hear of Henry St. John, Lord Viscount Bolingbroke? He too was a noted infidel—he had attacked Christianity by his writings, but in that house had abjured, with all the zeal of true faith, the requisite dogmas! Yet he had been one of the most powerful orators and influential ministers that had ever sat in that house. No man ever exerted a greater power over Parliament, and he was as great a Secretary for Foreign Affairs, even as his successor, Lord Aberdeen; although he was not so good a christian by 10,000 degrees! So much for the success of a little *hypocrisy*! But, while we excluded the Jews so perti-

To Paul Descroizilles, of Fenchurch-street, London, Chemist, *for certain improvements in apparatus for economizing fuel, in heating water and air applicable to various purposes.* 24th April, six months.

To Thomas Cook, of Blackheath Road, Kent, Lieutenant in the royal navy, *for certain improvements in the construction and fitting up of boats of various descriptions.* 24th April, two months.

To James Perry, of Red Lion Square, Holborn, bookseller and stationer, *for an improvement or improvements in or on pens.* 24th April, six months.

To John Wilks, of Blue Anchor, Bermondsey, Surry, engineer, millwright, and machinist, *for an*

naciously from this house, how did they stand in other respects? A Jew could hold an adownson, and present it to a Minister! What became of his hostility of Christianity? A vestry could be composed of Jews, and he had the authority of Lord Eldon for saying, could elect the Clergyman who should expound the doctrines of Christianity! A Jew could be a Jurymen; they were constantly seen to perform that important office in our courts, and with remarkable fidelity and impartiality!!! He did not wish to counteract Divine Providence—let these people be scattered over the whole earth; but he asked Gentlemen to do what Providence commanded—namely, "to do unto others what they would have others do unto them!"



improvement or improvements in a part or parts of the apparatus for making paper by machinery. 24th April, six months.

To Thomas Petherick, of Penfullick, in the Parish of Tywardreath, Cornwall, mine agent, for certain machinery for separating copper, lead, and other ores, from earthy and other substances, with which they are or may be mixed, and which is more particularly intended to supersede what is commonly called jiggling. 28th April, six months.

To John Walker, of Weymouth-street, Middlesex, esq. for an improved cock for fluids. 4th May, two months.

To Henry Robert Salmon Devenoge, of Little Stanhope-street, May Fair, Middlesex, gentleman, for certain improvements of machinery for making bricks. 8th May, two months.

List of Patents which expire in the present month of June, 1830.

— William Shand, Villiers-street, Strand, artificial limb-maker, for improvements in the construction of artificial legs and feet.

— John Foulerton, Upper Bedford-place, Russell-square, esq. for improvements in buoys.

— Edward Light, Foley-place, professor of music, for improvements on the harp lute.

— John Burnett, Bristol, iron-founder, for his convolving iron axletree, for the reduction of friction.

— John Hawkins, Barton, Leicester-place, Goldsmith, for improvements on tea-urns, tea-pots, tea-boards, or tea-trays.

— James Ransome, Ipswich, ironmonger, for improvements on ploughs.

## MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

**YORKSHIRE.**—The expenditure of the West Riding accounts has increased from 29,484*l.* 2*s.* 7*½d.* in 1814 to 41,819*l.* 15*s.* 1*½d.* in 1829, and it is deeply to be regretted that nearly the whole of this increase is caused by the increase of crime!!! In 1814 the expense of prosecuting felons was 2,823*l.* 4*s.* 0*d.*; in 1829 it was 16,324*l.* 18*s.* 9*d.* including 2,530*l.* 0*s.* 5*d.* for the expense of conveyance—a charge now made separately.

An adjourned meeting of the inhabitants of Almondbury has lately taken place, when several resolutions were entered into, and a committee formed for establishing “a Political Union on the Metropolitan Principle, for restoring back to the People those privileges and rights which had been unlawfully taken from them.”

**WORCESTERSHIRE.**—It appears from a parliamentary document that the quantity of foreign gloves imported for home consumption, since the prohibition was taken off, was,—in 1827, 865,000 pairs; 1828, 1,189,000; 1829, 837,000!!! The kind thus imported were chiefly habit gloves.—*Barrow's Worcester Journal.*

**DORSETSHIRE.**—At Blandford Guild-hall a meeting has been held for petitioning Parliament against the Beer bill, when several resolutions were entered into and the petitions agreed on; one of the resolutions states, “That the repeal of the Malt Tax would be preferable to that on beer, as it would be an inducement to the poor and labouring man to brew his own beer at home at a less price, and be a stimulus to him to share it with his wife and family at home, instead of, as is too often the case, spending his time and money at the ale-house.”

So enormous a quantity of soles has been caught on our shores, within the past week, that they have been selling at 1*d.* per pair.—*Dorset Chronicle.*

**DERBYSHIRE.**—The members of Hognaston sick club lately assembled to celebrate the anniversary of the club, which had been established for half a century. In the morning they attended the church. Afterwards they dined together at the Bull's Head Inn, attended by the minister and medical attendants of the club. Four members were present, who entered at the first establishment; the oldest, eighty-six years of age, was chaired in the evening, attended by an excellent band of music.

**NORTHUMBERLAND.**—The table subjoined to the last report of the Northumberland, Durham, and Newcastle Infirmary for Diseases of the Eye, shows to what an extent this institution has been beneficial to the poor of the district during the last year. The number of fresh applications for relief has been 833, and 108 having remained from the former year, the number under treatment has amounted to 941; 768 patients have been cured, and 36 have derived less perfect relief. The total admitted since the commencement of the institution has been 6,262, and of these 5,814 have either been cured or materially benefited.

May 9, about a quarter past 8 o'clock, p. m. the *Durham Packet*, which was lying in Sunderland harbour loaded ready for sea, broke from her moorings in consequence of the heavy fresh which was running rapidly down the harbour. This ship was hurried with dreadful impetuosity against the next tier of ships, which were at once driven from their moorings; and in a few minutes every ship which was afloat on the south side of the Wear was drifting towards the sea. The vessels, however, stopped and formed a complete dam across the river for nearly half an hour, during which time the water rose several feet. At last a sloop situated about the centre of the fleet was forced out by the extreme violence of the flood, and immediately the whole of the ships drifted to the entrance of the harbour, where they grounded and stopped, the tide being out. The damage done was immense. It is calculated that at least from 65 to 75 ships have suffered more or less.

**WILTSHIRE.**—By the abstract of the account of the receipts and expenditure of Wilts county, from Hilary sessions 1829 to Hilary sessions 1830, it appears that the sum of 15,000*l.* was expended, upwards of 7,000*l.* of which was required for the criminal jurisprudence of the county, including gaols, bridewells, assizes, sessions, &c. &c.—for county bridges, 999*l.* 9*s.* 2*d.*—for apprehending and conveying vagrants, 1020*l.* 19*s.* 8*d.*

**HANTS.**—The town commissioners at Ryde (Isle of Wight) have commenced operations for the completion of the new market and the town hall; almost all the houses on the intended site are already down, and the first stone has been laid in grand ceremony, and the anniversary held of the improvement act receiving the royal assent.

**LANCASHIRE.**—By the last report of the Manchester and Salford Bank for Savings up to November 20, 1829, it appears there had been received 259,791*l.* 17*s.* 11*d.* from 14,265 depositors, as exhibited in the classification of single deposits.

**NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.**—The second exhibition of the Nottingham Florist and Horticultural Society for this season, lately attracted a very numerous company. The display of tulips was large, and of a transcendent quality, such as in the opinion of judges had never before been witnessed in Nottingham. There was also a considerable portion of green-house and stove plants exhibited in great perfection, and an excellent supply of fruits and vegetables; strawberries, in particular, were remarkably fine. The specimens produced of *keeping* apples excited particular attention—table fruit, in the Aromatic Pippin, being shown in as great perfection as in the summer or autumn.

**DEVONSHIRE.**—By the accounts of Plymouth workhouse for last year, (the particulars of which are left open for the inspection of every individual ratepayer) it appears that the sum of 11,516*l.* 16*s.* 5*d.* was expended.

**LINCOLNSHIRE.**—That rare bird the stork (*Ardea Ciconia*, Lin.) was shot, eight miles up the Trent, on the 6th of this month. The length of this specimen, from the point of its bill to the end of the tail, is three feet six inches; and its breadth, from tip to tip, is six feet four inches. The bill is of a fine red colour, and its length from the tip to the corners of the mouth is seven inches; the legs and bare part of the thighs are also of the same colour; the former below the knees measure ten inches, and the latter five. The plumage is of a dull white, except the quills, greater coverts, and some of the scapulars, which are black; the eyes are dark and full, the orbits bare of feathers, and of a dusky reddish hue; the feathers near the breast, like those of the heron, are long and pendulous. The above specimen is now in the possession of Mr. R. Dunn, Hull.—*Lincoln Mercury*.

**WARWICKSHIRE.**—The first grand public meeting of the Birmingham Political Union for Parliamentary Reform took place May 17. Not less than from 18 to 20,000 persons were assembled, marching two deep, headed by the members of the council; the sight was one of the most imposing that can be conceived; not less than 80,000 persons having witnessed the promenade. The Report was read which did not denounce a constitutional Reform, but merely a declaration advocating the propriety of demanding what the Law clearly acknowledged—Rights under which their forefathers were a powerful and happy people, and which it was not dangerous for them to enjoy, and laws which granted equal privileges and protection to the rich and poor, with the exception, indeed, of those grubs and caterpillars who now live and fatten upon the poverty of the people. The declaration was carried and several resolutions passed in consequence, and a vote of thanks to the Council. Notwithstanding the immense quantity of persons assembled, in half an hour after the business was over, the populace dispersed to their own houses, and the streets of Birmingham exhibited the same tranquillity as on any other day.

Grand entertainments have been given at Stratford-upon-Avon in honour of Shakespeare similar to the celebrated Jubilee displayed by Garrick in 1769: they were most numerously attended.

M. M. *New Series*.—Vol. IX. No. 54.

**CHESHIRE.**—We announced several weeks ago that a slight improvement in the silk trade was perceptible. But we were well aware how precarious was that gleam of comparative prosperity, and how doubtful was its continuance. We would direct attention to the subjoined table of the import of foreign wrought silk and silk goods, abstracted from the Custom House returns. The import will be found to amount to nearly *one quarter of a million sterling* in the short space of two months!

*Manufactured silk goods imported during the months of March and April, 1830.*

|                               | <i>l.</i>        | <i>s.</i> | <i>d.</i> |
|-------------------------------|------------------|-----------|-----------|
| Silk goods, <i>ad valorem</i> | 91,470           | 0         | 0         |
| India piece goods             | 17,780           | 0         | 0         |
| Bandannoes                    | 21,270           | 0         | 0         |
| Tulle lace                    | 2,877            | 0         | 0         |
| Thrown silk                   | 93,648           | 0         | 0         |
|                               | <b>1,227,045</b> | <b>0</b>  | <b>0</b>  |

*Macclesfield Courier and Herald, May 8.*

**NORFOLK.**—An address has been signed by the magistrates relative to the great inconvenience of holding the Lent assizes at Thetford, thus restricting the populous city of Norwich to *one* gaol delivery in the year. Copies of the address have been sent to the Lord Chancellor, the Secretary of State, and to each of the Judges. A petition on the same subject to the Lord Chancellor\* has been resolved on by the Common Council, and also a petition to the House of Commons, praying that the punishment of death may be remitted in all cases except murder, arson, burglaries, highway-robberies, and offences, attended with violence, and also praying such effectual ameliorations in the Laws, that the penalties for offences may be “in accordance with strict justice, worthy of a Christian country!”

**OXFORDSHIRE.**—An emigration committee has been formed at Bicester, for the purpose of enabling the poor of Bicester Market End to emigrate to North America. The following are the terms offered by the committee in their printed notice;—“The sum of 14*l.* will be given to a man, his wife, and six children; and the same proportion for a greater or lesser number; to a single man, 3*l.*; to a widower, having children, the same as a man, his wife, and family. The money will be paid as soon as the parties get on board at Liverpool, and every expense of conveyance and provision paid by the committee, from the time of their leaving Bicester until they shall be landed at New York. Those who choose to emigrate must leave Bicester for Liverpool on Monday next, May 24th.” Mr. Talton, a respectable tailor of Mixbury, Oxon, has this week sold the whole of his effects, with the intention of emigrating with his wife and family to America.—*County Chronicle*.

\* Mr. E. Newton, one of the speakers on the subject, observed, that it was a maxim that there was no wrong without a right. It had not unfrequently occurred that persons had been committed to prison and kept in confinement for *eleven* months, and upon being brought to trial they had been acquitted! To no power however could they appeal for the restitution of character! If a person was imprisoned for such a period barely upon the suspicion of crime, his character was blasted in the eyes of the world, and to what quarter was he to go for right against such a wrong? He was surprised this inconvenience had been suffered to remain so long; it was useless to talk of improvement of the laws, it was useless to listen to theoretical principles for the improvement of prison discipline, whilst they were thus deprived of the practical means of carrying those measures into effect.



**LEICESTERSHIRE.**—The expenses for this county from Easter sessions 1829 to those of 1830, amount to 19,024*l.* 10*s.* 5*d.* almost the whole of which was absorbed by criminal jurisprudence, law, and its contingencies, gaol, bridewell, assizes, judge's lodgings, constables, &c. &c. 725*l.* 15*s.* 5*d.* was all that was required for repairs of ridges, and surveyor's salary.

**CORNWALL.**—Government has recently established steam-packets, to sail regularly from Falmouth for the Mediterranean the beginning of every month; thus affording the traveller an expeditious passage either to Greece, Cadiz, or Egypt. To invalids this mode of conveyance will be most serviceable, as in the short period of six days they can inhale the salubrious air of the Mediterranean.

**BUCKS.**—A fair was held for the first time at Stony Stratford on the 30th April; there was a great show of beasts, sheep, and horses, which were nearly all sold, and, considering the depressed state of business in general, at prices that gave satisfaction to the sellers.

**SOMERSETSHIRE.**—There are not fewer than 4000 persons now unemployed in any profitable labour in Taunton and its immediate vicinity; and it is only a few weeks ago, that Mr. Dickinson, one of the members for the county, in presenting a petition to the House of Commons, asserted, that one-third of the population of Taunton was then actually receiving parish relief; estimating the population to be from 10,000 to 12,000, this proportion, however lamentable it may appear, will be found to be not far from the truth. About four years ago, the silk trade alone employed at least 2000 persons here: but from the depressed state of that manufacture, not more than one-third of that number, if even so many, may be said to be now in full work. Fifty years since there was an extensive manufacture of serges and light woollen cloths at Taunton, and there were then more than 500 wool-combers in the town; now it is believed not a single piece of serge is manufactured there in a year, and there are not more than five or six wool-combers at the most!

**KENT.**—The important local undertaking of the Canterbury Rail-Road has been brought into operation, and the rail-road to Whitstable opened for the purposes of business. The work has been five years in progress. The whole length is between 6 and 7 miles, and runs direct to Whitstable. There is a tunnel, 822 yards in length, carried through the Brethren Hills, which cost 13,000*l.* The first 4 miles are constructed upon an inclination of one foot in 90, down which waggons travel at the velocity of 25 miles an hour, merely from receiving the impulse of one man's exertions. The remaining distance, 3 miles, is a level, and here the waggons are attached to a locomotive steam-engine. The immense advantages which the district will derive from the facility of transmission may be anticipated from the circumstance that coals alone will experience a reduction of 6*s.* a chaldron for carriage. Passengers also will be conveyed for 9*d.* per head in 20 minutes—the usual time in land conveyance being nearly two hours.

**STAFFORDSHIRE.**—The Savings' Bank last Report of the little town of Shenstone states the amount of funds to be 18,217*l.* 12*s.* 1*d.*

**WALES.**—A county meeting was held at Welsh Pool, Montgomery, for the purpose of taking into consideration the present state of the Welsh judiciary, when a petition to Parliament was unanimously agreed to for the prevention of dividing the county of Montgomery as proposed by the Law Commissioners.

The county expenses of Montgomery amounted for the year ending April 22, 1830, to 5885*l.* 11*s.* 1*d.*, upwards of 2000*l.* of which were devoured by the law, jails, prisoners, vagrants, &c., and about 2000*l.* for county bridges.

We have much pleasure in announcing that the National Institution for the Preservation of Life from Shipwreck have ordered a silver medal and 4*l.* to be presented by their secretary to David Griffith, as a reward for his humane and spirited exertions in saving the lives of the passengers of the *Newry*. They have also given 2*l.* each to the three men by whom he was assisted.—*North Wales Chronicle*.

**IRELAND.**—A proclamation has been issued by the Lord Lieutenant for suppressing the "Society of the Friends of Ireland," which had been founded by Mr. O'Connell and his friends as mentioned in our last.

The proposed new duties announced by the Chancellor of the Exchequer for this country have aroused the attention of all parties, one being considered a direct attack on the Press; and almost every where meetings have been held to oppose their passing in the Legislature. In the Belfast petition the inhabitants declare "that every measure calculated to *shackle* or to *crush* the Press of Ireland, has a direct tendency to augment and perpetuate the moral and intellectual darkness too prevalent in this island. The Press is the Handmaid of Knowledge—the Herald of Social Order; and it is at once the duty and the interest of a free state, to encourage and to foster this useful instrument of mental improvement and civilization. Turbulence and disaffection have always been the consequence of national ignorance. It is only an enlightened population which can fully estimate the advantages of good government, and yield from the impulse of Reason, Information, and Affection, that obedience to the law which is exacted from the uninstructed by the servile terror of punishment alone." The petition from Galway states, "That your Petitioners are justly alarmed at the proposed Bill to assimilate the Stamp Duties of Ireland to those of England, and more particularly at a period when great distress pervades the entire country. That they attribute the introduction of this odious and oppressive impost to ignorance of the circumstances of the country, and of its inability to sustain this additional burthen. That they look upon it to be repugnant to every principle of justice to assimilate the Taxes of the *poorest* to those of the *wealthiest* country in the world. That the direct effect of the new Stamp Act will be to place an additional burthen on trade already unable to sustain more—to disqualify the poor from becoming artisans—to check industry, and thereby retard the improvement of the country and the development of its resources. That the Liberty of the Press, the Palladium of our Rights, is imminently endangered by the proposed additional tax—and they view with alarm any measure calculated to injure that powerful engine, so beneficial for the diffusion through the country of useful information, so essential to the preservation of our liberties and the correction of abuses!"



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*Whose Deaths are recorded in this Volume.*

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— 8 DEC 1949

















